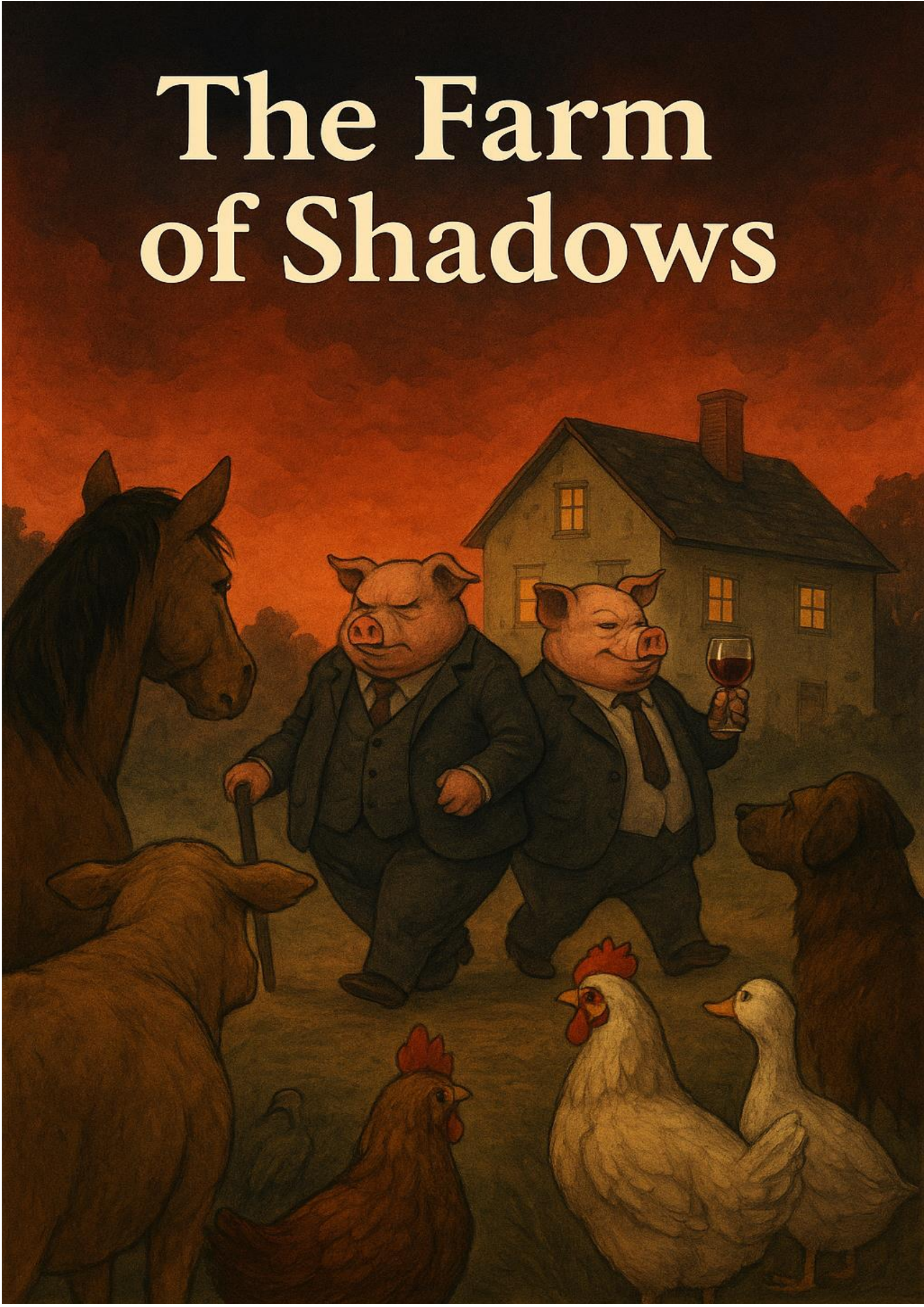
The Farm of Shadows



Hikaye Bitiş Sayfası: 20

📘 Vocabulary Practice – Hikayeden Sonra
📖 Reading Comprehension Questions – Hikayeden Sonra

The Farm of Shadows

In a small and quiet village, there was a lonely farm at the edge of the forest.
The forest was dark, and cold winds came from the mountains.
The farm looked peaceful from the outside, but inside, life was hard.

The farmer was a **cruel** man.
He woke the animals up early in the morning to make them work.
He shouted at them when they were slow, and he beat them with a stick because he wanted more food and money.
The animals worked day and night to please him, but he never thanked them.

The animals often dreamed of **freedom** while they were eating their little food.
The horse thought, “If only I could run free in the fields to feel the wind.”
The cow thought, “If only I could give milk for my friends, not for him.”
The chickens thought, “If only I could lay eggs to feed my family.”
And the pigs thought, “If only we could build a new world with no master.”

Every day was the same.
The sun rose slowly in the east, and the farmer walked into the yard with angry steps.
He gave orders to the horse, to the cows, and to the pigs.
He did not care if they were tired or hungry.
He only cared about filling his pockets with money.

The horse carried heavy wood from the forest.
His legs shook, but he continued to walk, because he was afraid of the stick.
The cows gave milk in cold barns.
They stood for hours, dreaming to go outside to see the sun.

The chickens laid eggs one after another, and the farmer took them away without saying a word.
The pigs cleaned the ground, and they **whispered** to each other while the farmer was not looking.

Sometimes, when the night was quiet, the animals looked at the stars.
They tried to imagine another life, far away from the farm.
The dog, lying near the gate, sighed deeply.
He wanted to be free, to protect his friends instead of protecting the farmer.

The farmer's children came sometimes to play in the yard.
They laughed loudly, throwing stones at the animals.
The animals stayed silent, because if they made noise, the farmer would punish them.
The pigs watched carefully.
They saw how unfair life was, and they began to think about change.

Deep in their hearts, every animal knew:
This farm was not their home.
It was a **prison** made by the farmer.
But they also knew something else — one day, when the right moment came, they would try to break free.

Sometimes, the animals remembered their younger days.
The horse remembered running freely in the green fields to feel the soft grass under his hooves.
He remembered the sound of the river when he drank cool water from it.
Now he only drank dirty water from the bucket.

The cow remembered being a calf.
Her mother had licked her gently to keep her warm.
She had slept under the sun with her family.
Now she slept in the cold barn, waiting to give milk every morning.

The chickens remembered scratching the ground to find seeds in the forest.
They remembered climbing small trees to hide from foxes.
But here, there was no forest, no freedom—only cages and the farmer's **shadow.**

The pigs remembered eating sweet apples from the orchard near the farm.

They remembered lying under the trees while the wind sang softly.

Now they only ate dry food that the farmer threw into the dirt.

The animals often asked themselves:

“Why do we live like this?

Why do we **suffer** every day to give everything to him, while he gives nothing back?”

The dog especially felt the pain.

He had once been **proud** to guard the farm with **courage.**

He wanted to protect life, not to control his friends.

But the farmer forced him to bark at the animals to keep them in fear.

The dog hated this job, because he loved the animals more than the master.

Every night, when the farmer locked the door of his house, the animals sighed.

They looked at the stars, **shining** bright in the sky, as if calling them to rise up.

The pigs **whispered** to each other again:

“One day, this will change. We will build a farm not for one, but for all.”

The animals often wondered why the farmer was so **cruel.**

He never smiled to them, and he never said a kind word.

He only used the stick to control them, and the whip to make them afraid.

Some said the farmer was born **greedy.**

Others said he became **cruel** because of his past.

Long ago, when he was a young boy, his family was very poor.

He had to work all day in the fields to **survive.**

He carried heavy stones with his father, and he cut wood from the forest to make fire.

While other children were playing, he was working hard.

One night, his family had no food to eat.

His mother cried, and his father shouted.

The boy learned to believe that life was only about food and money.

He promised himself never to be hungry again.

From that day, he worked only for himself.

When he grew older, he bought the farm.

At first, he thought he would take care of the animals.

But soon, he remembered his hunger and pain.

He told himself, “Animals are not friends. They are tools to make me rich.”

So he became harder, colder, and greedier.

The animals did not know all of his story, but they felt his anger every day.

They felt his footsteps on the ground when he walked into the yard.

They felt the air grow heavy when he shouted.

And they felt pain because his hands were never gentle.

Every morning, he woke them before the sun rose.

Every evening, he counted eggs, milk, and work.

And every night, he locked the doors, leaving the animals cold and hungry.

The animals **whispered** to each other in the dark:

“If he suffered once, why does he make us **suffer** now?

If he knows pain from his past, why does he give pain to us?”

The pigs **whispered** even more quietly:

“He will never change. He lives to control us.

We must change our own future.

We must build a life with freedom.”

Even in their pain, the animals tried to help each other.

They knew life was hard, but life was even harder when they were alone.

The horse was strong, but also gentle.

When the chickens were too small to reach the water bucket, the horse lowered his head and pushed the bucket closer with his nose.

The chickens clucked happily, “Thank you!” and the horse smiled softly.

The cow was kind.

She often gave a little milk secretly to the dog to make him **stronger.**

The dog licked her hand, not because he was hungry, but because he felt loved.

The dog, in return, stood guard every night.

When he heard **strange** sounds from the forest, he barked loudly to protect the others.

He did not bark for the farmer—he barked for his friends.

The animals felt safe because they knew the dog was **loyal.**

The pigs, although tired, always tried to teach.

They drew shapes on the ground with sticks.

They showed the chickens how to recognize letters.

The chickens could not learn fast, but they laughed while trying.

The pigs encouraged them, “Do not stop. Every mind can grow.”

Sometimes, while the sun was setting, the animals gathered together near the barn.

They shared stories from their past.

The cow told about warm summers in the meadow.

The horse told about rivers **shining** in the moonlight.

The birds sang songs to remind everyone of the forest.

In those short moments, the animals felt free.

They felt that they belonged with each other, not with the farmer.

They imagined a future where they would eat to be full, drink to be happy, and work to help, not to **suffer.**

But their dreams always ended when the farmer’s voice echoed across the yard.

He called their names one by one, not to praise them, but to command them.

The animals lowered their heads, their dreams broken once again.

Deep inside, they all knew:

The farm was not only a place of work.

It was a **prison** built by greed.

And one day, to **survive,** they would need to stand together—not only as animals, but as a family.

That night, the farm was quiet.

The farmer was sleeping in his warm bed, dreaming to count money and eat food.

But the animals were not sleeping.

They walked **silently** to the old barn, one by one, careful not to make a sound.

The dog watched the house carefully to see if the farmer was awake.

When the yard was safe, he nodded his head, and the animals entered.

Inside, the barn was cold and dark.

The chickens shivered, the cows **whispered,** and the pigs stood still.

The birds brought small sticks and dry leaves from the forest to make a little fire.

The fire burned slowly, and the barn filled with a warm light.

The animals looked at each other, and for the first time, they felt hope.

The oldest pig stepped forward.

His voice was low but firm:

“We cannot live like this anymore. We must fight to take the farm, to take our freedom.”

The horse moved nervously.

He asked, “But how can we do it? The farmer is strong, and he has the stick.”

The pig raised his head.

“He is only strong because we obey.

When we stand together, his power will be nothing.

If we all fight as one, he will run away.”

The animals fell silent.

They thought about their pain, their hunger, their lost dreams.

One by one, they began to agree.

The dog barked softly:

“I promise to guard the barn door, to keep the farmer away when we meet.”

The cow said gently:

“I promise to give my milk only for you, not for him.”

The chickens clucked:

“We promise to share our eggs with all the animals.”

The horse lifted his heavy hoof:

“I promise to use my strong legs to push the farmer out.”

And the birds flapped their wings:

“We promise to fly high, bringing news from the sky.”

At last, the pigs walked to the barn wall.

They took a piece of charcoal and began to write rules to remember their promises:

1. All animals are **equal.**
2. No animal will harm another animal.
3. The farm is for all, not for one.

The animals gathered around the wall.

They repeated the rules many times to keep them in their hearts.

While they were speaking, their voices grew louder, **stronger,** and braver.

For the first time, the animals felt united.

They believed that change was possible.

The oldest pig looked at them and **whispered:**

“Tonight we dream, but soon we act.

When the sun rises again, we will not be the same animals.

We will rise to take our freedom.”

After the rules were written on the barn wall, the animals stood in **silence.**

The fire burned slowly, and the shadows of their bodies moved on the wooden walls.

The dog’s ears moved quickly, listening carefully to every sound from outside.

But the night was quiet; the farmer was still asleep.

The oldest pig spoke again:

“Now we must make a plan.

It is not enough to have dreams; we need actions.

The farmer is strong when he has his stick, but he is weak when we are united.”

The horse lowered his head.

“I am ready to fight, but I fear hurting him too much.

I do not want to be **cruel,** only free.”

The pig answered, “We will not be **cruel.**

We will only push him away to protect our lives.

We fight because he gives us no choice.”

The cow added softly:

“But what if he comes back with other men?

What if he brings weapons to hurt us?”

The birds lifted their wings:

“If he brings help from the village, we will see them early.

We will fly high, and we will shout warnings to you.

Together, we will be ready.”

The chickens clucked nervously:

“We are small. We cannot fight like the horse or the dog.

What can we do?”

The pigs smiled kindly:

“You can confuse him.

You can run around him, fly near his face, and make him blind for a moment.

That will give the others time to push him out.”

The chickens nodded, feeling **proud** to have a role.

As the night grew colder, the animals continued their meeting.

They shared ideas, **whispered** fears, and encouraged one another.

They knew the risk was great, but **freedom** was worth it.

The horse finally said:

“Tomorrow will not be like today.

When the sun rises, the farm will change forever.”

The animals repeated the rules one last time.

Then they blew out the small fire, leaving only smoke and warm ashes in the barn.

They walked back quietly to their places, careful not to wake the farmer.

That night, many animals could not sleep.

The horse stared at the stars, waiting for morning.

The cow licked her calf gently, whispering to her, “Soon, you will be free.”

The dog lay near the gate, his eyes open, ready to protect.

And the pigs looked at the barn wall again, imagining a future with no master.

While the farm was silent, the animals’ hearts were full of fire.

They were afraid, but they were also **stronger** than ever before.

The night passed slowly.

The barn was quiet, but every animal was awake in their hearts.

The wind came from the forest, moving the leaves gently.

The moonlight shone on the roof, watching the farm like a silent eye.

The horse could not close his eyes.

He walked in circles, whispering to himself:

“I must be strong tomorrow. I must use my legs to protect my friends.”

The cow lay beside her calf.

She licked its face softly, praying to see a future with no **chains.**

She remembered the pain of giving milk for the farmer every day,

and she promised herself never to let that happen again.

The chickens sat close together.

They were small, but they wanted to be brave.

One chicken said, “We are afraid.”

Another answered, “Yes, but we must fly near his face to help the others.”

They all clucked in agreement, feeling **courage** grow slowly inside them.

The dog stayed at the gate.

He listened carefully, growling whenever he heard sounds from the forest.

He thought: “Tomorrow I will not guard the farmer.

Tomorrow I will guard freedom.”

The pigs **whispered** quietly among themselves.

They looked at the barn wall where the rules were written.

They touched the words with their hooves, repeating them again and again to give themselves strength.

“Equal, safe, free… This is why we fight.”

Hours passed.

The stars **faded** slowly, and the sky began to change color.

It was the hour before dawn, when the world is silent but waiting.

The animals felt their hearts beat faster,

because they knew the moment was coming.

The oldest pig stood tall and said:

“Brothers and sisters, today is the day.

When the sun rises, we will act.

When the farmer comes to the barn, we will not fear him.

We will stand together, and we will take back our lives.”

The animals nodded.

The horse stamped his hooves.

The dog growled with **courage.**

The chickens flapped their wings.

The cows mooed softly to calm their calves.

The birds stretched their wings, ready to fly.

And then, the first light of the sun touched the farm.

The dark night ended, but a new **struggle** was about to begin.

The sun rose slowly in the east.

The cold night ended, and the farm came alive with the sound of birds.

The animals stood ready, their eyes fixed on the barn door.

Their hearts were beating fast, not only because of fear, but also because of hope.

The farmer woke up late that morning.

He stretched his arms, yawned, and took his stick to control the animals.

He thought, “Today I will take more milk, more eggs, more work.

These animals exist only to serve me.”

He walked heavily across the yard, the sound of his boots echoing from the ground.

The animals heard every step, and they grew restless.

The dog growled softly to **warn** them that the farmer was near.

When the barn door opened, light flooded inside.

The farmer stood tall with his stick, ready to give orders.

But the animals did not move back this time.

They stood together, shoulder to shoulder, wing to wing, hoof to hoof.

The horse took the first step forward.

His hooves hit the ground hard to show his strength.

The cows followed, forming a wall to block the farmer.

The chickens flew upward, screaming loudly, flapping their wings to confuse him.

The pigs shouted, “Now! Together!”

The farmer raised his stick high to hit them.

But before he could strike, the horse kicked the ground and charged.

The force of his body pushed the farmer back.

The cows ran forward, pressing him with their heavy bodies.

The chickens flew around his head, blinding his eyes by flapping their wings.

The dog jumped, barking fiercely, his teeth close to the farmer’s boots.

The farmer shouted **angrily,** “Back! Back, you animals!”

But his voice was weak because fear entered his heart.

He had always been strong only when they obeyed.

Now, united, they were **stronger** than him.

The animals pushed harder.

The horse kicked again.

The pigs screamed louder.

The farmer lost his balance and fell into the mud.

His clothes were covered with dirt, and his stick slipped from his hand.

He tried to stand up, but the dog barked and ran at him.

The farmer's face turned **pale.**

He looked around, but there was no one to help him.

From the village, no man came, no friend came—only **silence.**

The farmer stumbled backward, his boots sinking in the mud.

He looked once more at the animals.

They stared back, eyes **shining** with fire and **freedom.**

At that moment, he knew: the farm no longer belonged to him.

The farmer turned and ran, his footsteps echoing through the yard.

The dog chased him to the gate but stopped when he was sure the man was gone.

The animals filled the air with cries of victory.

"We are free! We are free!" they shouted together.

The sound rose high to the sky, carried by the morning wind.

For the first time, the farm was not the farmer's **prison.**

It was the animals' home.

The farmer ran as fast as he could across the muddy yard.

His boots were heavy with dirt, and his breath was broken by fear.

He looked back many times, afraid that the animals would follow him.

But the animals did not need to chase him anymore—he was already **defeated.**

The dog barked loudly from the gate to **warn** him never to return.

The sound echoed far away, reaching the trees and the hills.

The birds flew high above the barn, circling the sky to watch his **escape.**

The farmer's stick lay forgotten in the mud.

The pigs walked slowly toward it.

The oldest pig lifted it carefully with his teeth, then threw it far away.

"No more **chains,** no more beatings," he said.

The animals cheered, their voices rising to the heavens.

The horse stood tall, his chest moving quickly because of the fight.

He looked at the barn door and **whispered:**

“At last, my strength was used to protect, not to suffer.”

The cows gathered near the wall.

They mooed softly, calming their calves.

They felt lighter, as if the heavy **chains** had fallen from their necks.

They promised themselves never to give milk for a master again.

The chickens fluttered around the yard.

They laughed and clucked, **proud** to have blinded the farmer.

One chicken said, “We are small, but together we are strong.”

The others agreed, clapping their wings happily.

The pigs stood in the center of the yard.

They looked at the animals, then at the rising sun.

The oldest pig spoke:

“Today, the farm belongs to us.

Not to one, not to a master, but to all of us together.”

The animals shouted in one voice:

“Freedom! Freedom!”

Their cry filled the morning air.

The forest echoed back their voices, as if the trees themselves were cheering.

The wind carried their words far away, perhaps even to the village, where the farmer hid with **shame.**

For the first time, the animals felt the warmth of the sun not as slaves, but as free beings.

They stood proudly in the yard, their shadows long on the ground.

And deep in their hearts, they believed this was the beginning of a new life.

But none of them knew what challenges would come next.

Freedom was sweet, but it was also heavy.

They had won the fight, but now they had to build a future.

The farm was silent after the farmer left.

The animals stood in the yard, looking at each other with **shining** eyes.

For the first time, they felt the ground under their hooves and paws not as a **prison,** but as their own land.

That morning, they did not wait for orders.

They chose to work freely, each animal helping in their own way.

The horse pulled the cart proudly, carrying wood from the forest.

But this time, he smiled while working, because his strength was used for his family.

The cows gave their milk happily.

They shared it with the chickens, the pigs, and the dog.

Everyone drank together, and laughter filled the barn.

The chickens laid eggs not to be stolen, but to be shared.

They clucked loudly, feeling **proud** to give something for the farm.

The pigs began to organize.

They stood near the barn wall, where the rules were written.

They said, “We must build a new life.

We must work together to keep this farm strong.”

The animals agreed.

They repaired the fences, cleaned the barn, and planted seeds in the fields.

They sang songs while they worked.

The dog ran happily around them, no longer guarding the farmer, but guarding **freedom.**

At night, the animals gathered together again.

They sat near the barn, eating and drinking what they had produced themselves.

The birds sang songs to celebrate.

The pigs read the rules loudly, and the animals repeated them.

“All animals are **equal.**

No animal will harm another animal.

The farm is for all, not for one.”

The animals felt **proud.**

They believed they had created something beautiful, something fair.

The stars shone above them, and the wind moved gently through the trees, as if nature itself was blessing their new world.

But deep inside, a small **shadow** waited.
The pigs had begun to take the best food.
They told the others, “We are your leaders. We need more strength to guide you.”
The animals accepted these words, because they still trusted the pigs.

They did not know that **freedom,** so hard to win, could also be easy to lose.

Days passed quickly.
Every morning, the animals woke up early not to obey, but to build their new life.
They worked with joy, singing songs while planting seeds and cleaning the fields.
The horse carried heavy stones to build a new path.
The cows watered the grass for the calves.
The chickens searched in the ground to find worms and shared them with the smaller birds.

At first, the pigs worked like everyone else.
They helped to repair the barn and write new letters on the wall.
But slowly, they began to change.
They started giving themselves bigger portions of food.
When the animals asked why, the pigs said,
“We are leaders now. We need more food to think, more food to guide.”

The animals were surprised.
The horse **whispered,** “We all worked together. Why do they eat more?”
The cow replied, “Maybe they are right. Maybe they need strength to teach us.”
The dog growled softly, but he said nothing.
The chickens clucked quietly, afraid to speak loudly.

One evening, when the animals gathered in the yard,
they noticed the pigs sitting higher, on a wooden box they had taken from the farmer’s house.
The pigs looked bigger and **stronger** because of the extra food.
They spoke to the animals:

“We are not only your friends; we are your guides.

You must trust us, you must follow us.”

The animals repeated the rules again, but their voices were **weaker.**

They still believed in **freedom,** but something felt different.

While the pigs smiled with confidence, the others felt small.

A **shadow** of doubt entered their hearts.

A few weeks later, the animals noticed something new.

The pigs no longer slept in the barn with the others.

One evening, the horse saw them carrying blankets and baskets to the farmer’s house.

The chickens clucked in surprise.

“Why are they going there? The farmer is gone. That house is not for us.”

The cow shook her head slowly.

“That place is too warm, too soft. It was built for humans, not for animals.”

The dog growled quietly:

“I smell danger. When animals live like humans, something is wrong.”

The next morning, the pigs came out of the farmer’s house.

They looked clean and comfortable, their faces **shining** with pride.

The oldest pig spoke to the animals:

“We must live in the house.

We need better light to read, better chairs to write, and better rooms to plan.

We do this not for ourselves, but for all of you.”

The animals listened, **confused.**

They wanted to believe the pigs, because they still remembered how the pigs had led the fight.

But deep inside, they felt **uneasy.**

The house had always been the symbol of the farmer’s power.

Now it was the pigs’ home.

That night, while the animals slept cold in the barn,

the pigs slept warmly in soft beds, eating food from golden plates they found in the kitchen.

The other animals **whispered** to each other:

“Something is changing. **Freedom** was supposed to be **equal,** but now it feels different.”

Yet no one spoke loudly.

They were afraid to question their new leaders.

They told themselves, “Maybe tomorrow will be better. Maybe the pigs know what they are doing.”

But the stars above the farm seemed colder.

The wind carried no song.

And the animals felt, for the first time since their **freedom,** that their dream was beginning to fade.

Days turned into weeks, and the pigs changed more and more.

At first, they only slept in the farmer’s house.

But soon, they began to take his clothes from the old closet.

One morning, the animals saw the oldest pig walking with a black coat on his back.

The chickens gasped:

“He walks like a man!”

The horse **whispered,** “This is not what we fought for.”

But the pigs smiled and said,

“We wear these clothes to look important when we meet others.

It is not for pride, it is for the farm.”

Later, the pigs began to walk on two legs.

At first, they practiced secretly in the yard at night.

But one day, the animals saw them standing tall, step by step, like humans.

The cows lowered their heads.

The dog growled softly, but he stayed silent.

The birds flew higher to **escape** the **strange** sight.

The pigs also discovered bottles of wine in the farmer’s kitchen.

They drank happily, laughing loudly while the other animals watched from outside.

When the animals asked, “Why do you drink?” the pigs answered,

“It gives us strength to think.

We drink not for pleasure, but to guide you better.”

Every day, the pigs became more like the farmer.

They carried sticks, shouted orders, and looked down on the others.

They still repeated the rules, but some words changed slowly.

The first rule, “All animals are equal,” became:

“All animals are **equal,** but some animals are more **equal** than others.”

The animals stared at the wall in **silence.**

They remembered the night when they had written the rules together.

They remembered the fire, the hope, the promise of equality.

Now the words were **twisted,** the meaning stolen.

The horse **whispered** sadly:

“We dreamed to be free.

But **freedom** has turned into another prison.”

The cows, the chickens, and even the dog lowered their heads.

They felt powerless to resist, because the pigs now held the stick, the food, and the power.

And so, while the pigs grew fatter and prouder,

the other animals worked harder, ate less, and spoke less.

The farm was free in name, but not in **truth.**

Time passed, and the pigs changed completely.

They no longer looked like animals.

They walked on two legs, carried sticks with power, and shouted orders like the farmer once did.

They wore clothes from the farmer’s closet and drank wine every night.

The other animals watched **silently.**

They wanted to speak, but fear closed their mouths.

When they worked in the fields, the pigs gave them less food.

When they were tired, the pigs told them to work harder.

The farm was free in name, but not free in **truth.**

One evening, the animals gathered near the barn.

They heard laughter from the farmer's old house.

The windows shone brightly, and the smell of cooked meat filled the air.

The pigs were inside, sitting at a large table.

And beside them, the animals saw something shocking: the farmer himself.

The pigs and the farmer drank together, laughed together, and played cards.

They looked almost the same.

Their faces were red with wine, their voices loud with pride.

The animals pressed their faces to the glass, trying to see.

But soon, they could not tell who was who.

Was it a pig? Was it a man?

No one could answer.

The horse **whispered:**

"We fought to **escape** him.

But now we live with him again."

The cows lowered their heads.

The chickens cried softly.

The dog sighed, lying **silently** near the barn door.

Freedom had been won by **courage,** but it was lost by **silence.**

The farm that was once full of hope had turned back into a **prison.**

And so, the animals understood the bitter **truth:**

Sometimes, while you fight to break one chain, another chain is already waiting to take its place.

📓 Vocabulary Practice – The Farm of Shadows

1. Match the Words with Their Meanings

Eşleştirme yapın.

a) cruel
b) greedy
c) chains
d) prison
e) escape
f) courage
g) uneasy
h) defeated
i) shadow
j) twisted
k) whisper
l) pale
m) loyal
n) shame
o) betray

1) cesaret
2) zalim
3) zincirler
4) hapishane
5) kaçmak
6) yenilmiş
7) gölge
8) bencil / açgözlü
9) rahatsız, huzursuz
10) eğrilmiş / bozulmuş
11) fısıldamak
12) solgun
13) sadık
14) utanç
15) ihanet etmek

2. Fill in the Blanks

1) The farmer was very _____ and wanted more food every day.

2) The animals felt _____ when the pigs moved into the farmer’s house.

3) The dog showed great _____ when he barked at the farmer.

4) The pigs changed the rules; the words were _____ and lost their meaning.

5) The farm was like a _____, not a home.

6) He looked _____ after running all day without food.

7) The horse was always _____, never leaving his friends.

8) She began to _____ secrets while nobody was listening.

9) He felt deep _____ after lying to his friend.

10) They felt _____ after losing the fight.

3. Translation Challenge

1) Çocuk hapishaneden kaçmak istedi.

2) O kadar açgözlü ki her şeyi kendine istiyor.

3) Gece ormanda büyük bir gölge gördüm.

4) Köpek çok cesaret gösterdi.

5) Savaşta tamamen yenildiler.

6) O bana ihanet etti ve ben büyük bir utanç duydum.

7) Yaşlı adamın yüzü çok solgundu.

8) Çocuk annesine çok sadıktı.

4. Make Your Own Sentences

Her kelimeyle kendi cümleni yaz:
- cruel
- greedy
- courage
- prison
- escape
- betray
- loyal
- shadow

📖 Reading Comprehension Questions – The Farm of Shadows

1) Why were the animals unhappy with the farmer?

2) What plan did the animals make in the barn at night?

3) How did the horse, the cow, the chickens, the dog, and the birds each help in the fight?

4) What happened when the farmer tried to use his stick against the animals?

5) How did the animals feel after they pushed the farmer out of the farm?

6) Why did the pigs start taking more food than the other animals?

7) What changes happened when the pigs moved into the farmer's house?

8) How did the pigs become more like humans over time?

9) What was written on the barn wall at first? How did it change later?

10) What did the animals see when they looked into the farmer's house at the end of the story?

11) What lesson can we learn from the animals' loss of freedom?