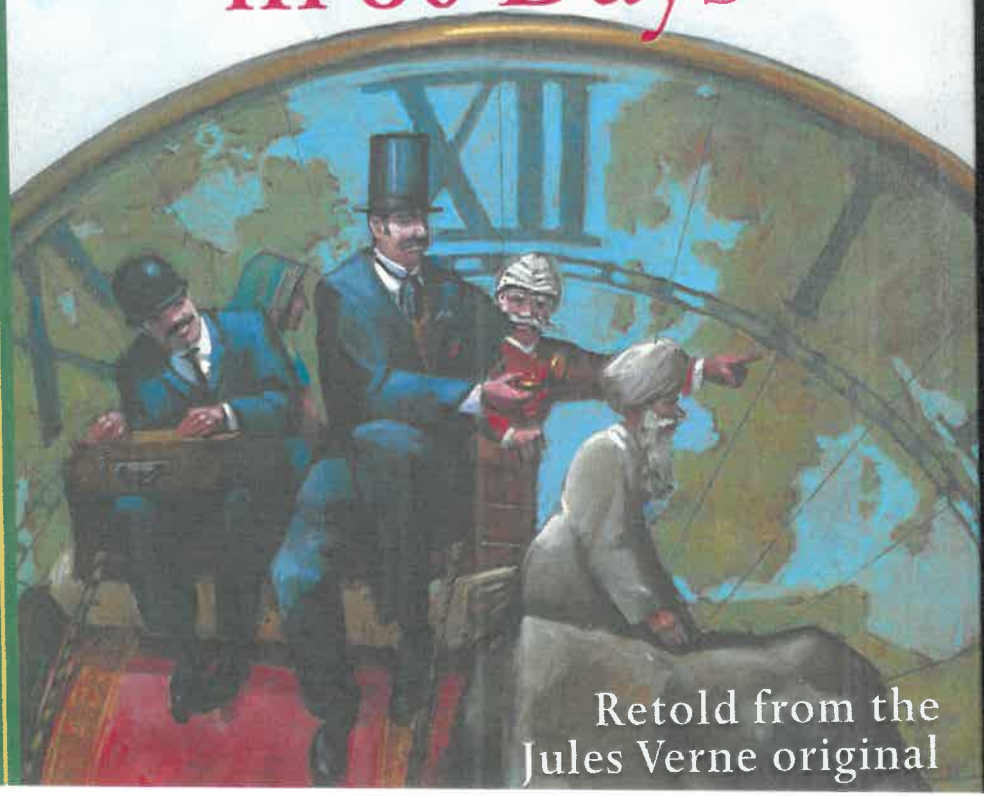
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Around the World in 80 Days



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Around the World in 80 Days

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CHAPTER 1

Phileas Fogg Finds a New Butler

Mr. Phileas Fogg lived at No. 7 Savile Row in London, England. Long ago, a famous poet had lived in his house. Some people said he looked like the poet, but they weren't related. Phileas was a tall man with dark hair and a serious face. On his last birthday, he had turned forty and his hair and whiskers had started to turn gray. Other than what he looked like and the fact that he was wealthy, no one knew much about Phileas Fogg.

With the exception of his butler, Phileas lived alone in the house on Savile Row. When he

wasn't at home, he could usually be found at the Reform Club. This was where he ate most of his meals. With the master of the house away for so much of the day, the butler did not have a long list of everyday duties. But his small list was important.

Phileas Fogg was very particular about how he wanted things done. They had to be done exactly right. In fact, just this morning he had fired his butler, James Forster, for bringing him shaving water that was two degrees too cold!

Now Phileas was sitting in an armchair in his living room. He was waiting for his new butler to arrive. There was a strange clock in a corner of the room. It showed the hours, the minutes, the seconds, the days, the months, and the years. Phileas timed his life by this clock. It was quite a sight when all the hands on the clock moved at once.

It was just a few minutes before eleven-thirty. At precisely eleven-thirty, Phileas would leave for the Reform Club. There was a knock at the door and James stepped inside. He had just finished packing and was on his way out the door.

He said, "The new butler, sir." Then he turned on his heel and left the room.

A young man of about thirty stepped forward and bowed. "My name is Jean Passepartout," he said.

"What time is it?" Phileas asked.

Passepartout pulled out his pocket watch and looked at it carefully. "Twenty-two minutes after eleven, sir," he said.

"Your watch is slow," Phileas replied.

"Pardon me, monsieur, but that is impossible—"

"Your watch is four minutes too slow," Phileas repeated. "Very well. From this very



moment, eleven twenty-six on Wednesday, October 2, 1867, you are now my butler."

With that said, Phileas Fogg got up from his chair, put on his hat, and left.

The sound of the closing door echoed through the empty halls. "Faith!" Passepartout whispered to himself. "I've seen figures at Madame Tussauds Wax Museum that are livelier than my new boss!"

Passepartout had been searching for the perfect place to work since leaving Paris five years earlier. When he learned that Phileas Fogg was looking for a new butler, he jumped at the chance to work for him. He knew Mr. Fogg was a man who liked things a certain way and Passepartout was looking for a good, solid routine. In fact, what Passepartout wanted above all else was an orderly life.

As he stepped out of the sitting room and into

the hallway, he thought about what had just happened. It would be hard to know how he and Mr. Fogg would get along from that short meeting. *Will I be able to do this job just as he wants me to?* Passepartout wondered.

Passepartout set off to explore the house from top to bottom. What he found was a house that was so clean it shined. Everything had a place! While looking around on the second floor, he came upon his own bedroom. There were electric bells and long speaking tubes to help him keep in touch with the lower floors. And there was an electric clock on the mantelpiece. It was just like the one in Mr. Fogg's living room. It even kept the exact same time.

"This will do!" Passepartout said. "This will do!"

He glanced over at the clock and noticed a piece of paper hanging on the wall. It was the schedule for all of his chores.

Perfect! Passepartout thought. *Now I can learn the routine as well.*

The entire day was planned. Phileas Fogg woke up at precisely eight o'clock in the morning. Breakfast was to be brought to him exactly twenty-three minutes later. At nine thirty-seven he liked to shave. Passepartout knew what he should be doing every second of every day. In fact, there was a system for everything! Even Mr. Fogg's clothes and shoes were numbered according to when they were worn, whether summer or fall.

Having seen the house from top to bottom, Passepartout said aloud, "We'll get along just fine, Mr. Fogg and I. This is just what I wanted!"

CHAPTER 2

Phileas Fogg Says Something He Might Regret

Phileas Fogg left his house and walked the five hundred and seventy-five steps to the Reform Club. He went straight to the dining room and sat down at his usual table. Just outside the dining room was a garden that he liked to look at. Phileas's usual waiter brought him his usual lunch, which, as usual, he finished at precisely twelve forty-seven.

After lunch, Phileas moved into the great hall to read the papers. He spent much of the day

there and then went back into the dining room for his supper. When he finished eating, he sat in the Reading Room with some other members of the club. At ten past six, he started playing cards with his friends.

Among Phileas's friends were Andrew Stuart, an engineer, and Thomas Flanagan, a landowner. John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin were also there. They both owned newspapers. Lastly there was Ralph Gauthier, who worked for the Bank of England. Everyone wanted to hear about the robbery that had taken place at the bank just three days ago. The robber had gotten away with a fortune of fifty-five thousand pounds. It had been all over the papers.

"Shall we get started, gentlemen?" John Sullivan asked. "I am looking forward to picking up our game of bridge."

They discussed who was to deal and then

started playing cards. As each man settled into the game, Thomas Flanagan asked, "Well, Ralph, what do you think about that robbery?"

"The bank will certainly lose the money!" Andrew Stuart cut in.

"On the contrary," Ralph said, "I think we'll be able to catch the robber! We've sent detectives across the country and to the four corners of the world. He won't slip through our fingers."

"So you know what he looks like, then?" Andrew asked.

"He's no regular robber, that's for sure," Ralph replied.

"He made off with so much money! What do you mean he's not a regular robber?!" Andrew laughed.

"He's a gentleman. At least that's what the papers are saying," Ralph responded.

Ralph told the group that a number of people had seen a well-dressed gentleman in the very

room where the money went missing. This had been on the same day that it was stolen. The police were convinced that it was this gentleman who had committed the crime, for no one else had been seen in the room. Ralph also told the men that the bank had offered a reward to the detective who managed to catch the thief. It was a very good reward, too—two thousand pounds!

"Where do you think he'll go then, if you've got men all around the world?" Andrew asked.

"Oh, the world is quite big enough to hide one smart fellow," Thomas said.

"It used to be," Phileas said as he dealt the cards around the table.

"What do you mean?" Andrew asked. "Has the world grown smaller?"

"Absolutely!" Ralph said. "I agree with Phileas. A man can travel so much faster these days. That is exactly why we're going to catch the

thief. We can keep one step ahead of him by having detectives in any corner of the world where he might be hiding."

"Ah," Andrew said, "but it's also how the thief could get away."

"Perhaps, but that doesn't change the fact that one man can now travel around the world in three months," Ralph said.

"Actually," Phileas interrupted, "it's just eighty days."

"Phileas is right," John said. "The paper said it would only take eighty days now that the great railroad in India is complete." He opened up the paper and showed it to his friends. "See here—it maps the whole trip out."

Each man took his turn looking at the paper. Right there in black and white was a description of how someone could travel around the world in eighty days.

"Even so," Ralph said, "that doesn't account

for bad weather, accidents, or any number of things that could throw a man off track."

"That's all included," Phileas said.

"What about problems with the railroad or getting lost?" Ralph argued.

"That's included as well. The paper has it all worked out, every possible thing that could go wrong, every last delay. It takes a mere eighty days to travel right around the world," Phileas said. He put down his cards and said, "Two trumps! I've won this hand!"

Andrew gathered up the cards, shuffled them, and then dealt. He said, "Maybe you're right, Phileas, but I still don't believe it can be done."

"I know it can be done," Phileas replied.

Andrew smiled. "If that's the case, then how about a bet? I'd wager four thousand pounds that it's impossible to go around the world in just eighty days."

"It's very possible," Phileas insisted.

"Well, why don't *you* do it then?!" Andrew said.

"I'd like nothing better," Phileas replied. "I will show you myself that I can make it around the world in just eighty days."

"So you'll take my wager?" Andrew asked.

Phileas smiled and said, "Absolutely. And I've got twenty thousand pounds at the bank that I'm willing to risk as well."

"Come now," Samuel said. "Are you both being serious?"

"I am!" Andrew shouted.

"As am I!" Phileas said.

"Very well," Thomas said. "We're all here to witness that Phileas Fogg shall attempt to win his bet with Andrew Stuart by traveling around the world in eighty days."

"Correct!" Phileas said. "I will make a tour of the world in eighty days or less."

The five men said together: "Very good!"

"Very good!" Phileas said. "There's a train

leaving for Dover at eight forty-five tonight. I shall be on it."

"This very evening?" Andrew asked.

"This very evening," Phileas replied. He took a small calendar out of his pocket and looked at it carefully. "Today is Wednesday, October 2. I will be back in this room at eight forty-five p.m. on Saturday, December 21, or else my money belongs to you!"

The men signed a piece of paper sealing the wager, as gentlemen do. Phileas remained calm even though he had just bet half his fortune. He took a deep breath and said, "Let's have one last round of cards, gentlemen, before I head out."

CHAPTER 3

Phileas Fogg Shocks His New Butler

Phileas Fogg left the Reform Club at exactly seven twenty-five. When he opened the door, he shouted for his new butler. "Passepartout!" he called out. "Passepartout!" he called again when he didn't get an answer.

"Passepartout!" Phileas shouted once more. Passepartout appeared at the bedroom door. "I've called you three times," Phileas said.

"But it's not yet midnight, sir," the butler replied.

"I know," Phileas said, "but we're leaving for Dover in ten minutes."

A puzzled grin spread over Passepartout's face. "Monsieur is leaving on a trip?"

"Yes," Phileas replied. "We are going on a trip around the world." He paused. "We must be back in eighty days." Passepartout opened his eyes wide. Then he raised his eyebrows and held up his hands in disbelief.

"A tour of the world?" he asked in shock.

"In eighty days," Phileas repeated. "We haven't a moment to spare."

"But that's not enough time to pack your trunk, sir," Passepartout said.

"We're not taking trunks. Just carpetbags with two shirts and three pairs of socks each. We'll have to buy anything else we need along the way."

Passepartout left the room feeling stunned. Carpetbags were so small—they barely had

enough room for what one needed for an overnight trip. *Around the world*, he thought. *And in eighty days! Is the monsieur crazy?*

Passepartout had everything packed by eight o'clock. He carefully shut the door to his room and went downstairs to where Phileas was waiting. Phileas carried two travel guides under his arm—one for the railways and one for the boats. He put both books and his wallet into the carpetbag Passepartout held out for him.

"You haven't forgotten anything?" Phileas asked.

"Not a thing, sir," Passepartout said.

"My hat and cloak?" Phileas asked.

"Right here, sir." Passepartout handed them to him. Phileas took his hat and coat and handed his bag to his butler. "Now be careful with my bag," he said. "There's twenty thousand pounds in it!" Passepartout was so shocked that he nearly dropped the bag.

The two went outside and stepped into a waiting cab. It took them directly to the railroad station. Once inside, Phileas bought the tickets.

At twenty minutes before nine, Phileas and Passepartout found their seats in the first-class cabin. They had made it to the train with five minutes to spare. Passepartout held on tightly to the carpetbag with monsieur's money. He still couldn't quite believe what was happening. The train's whistle blew, and they were off!

