

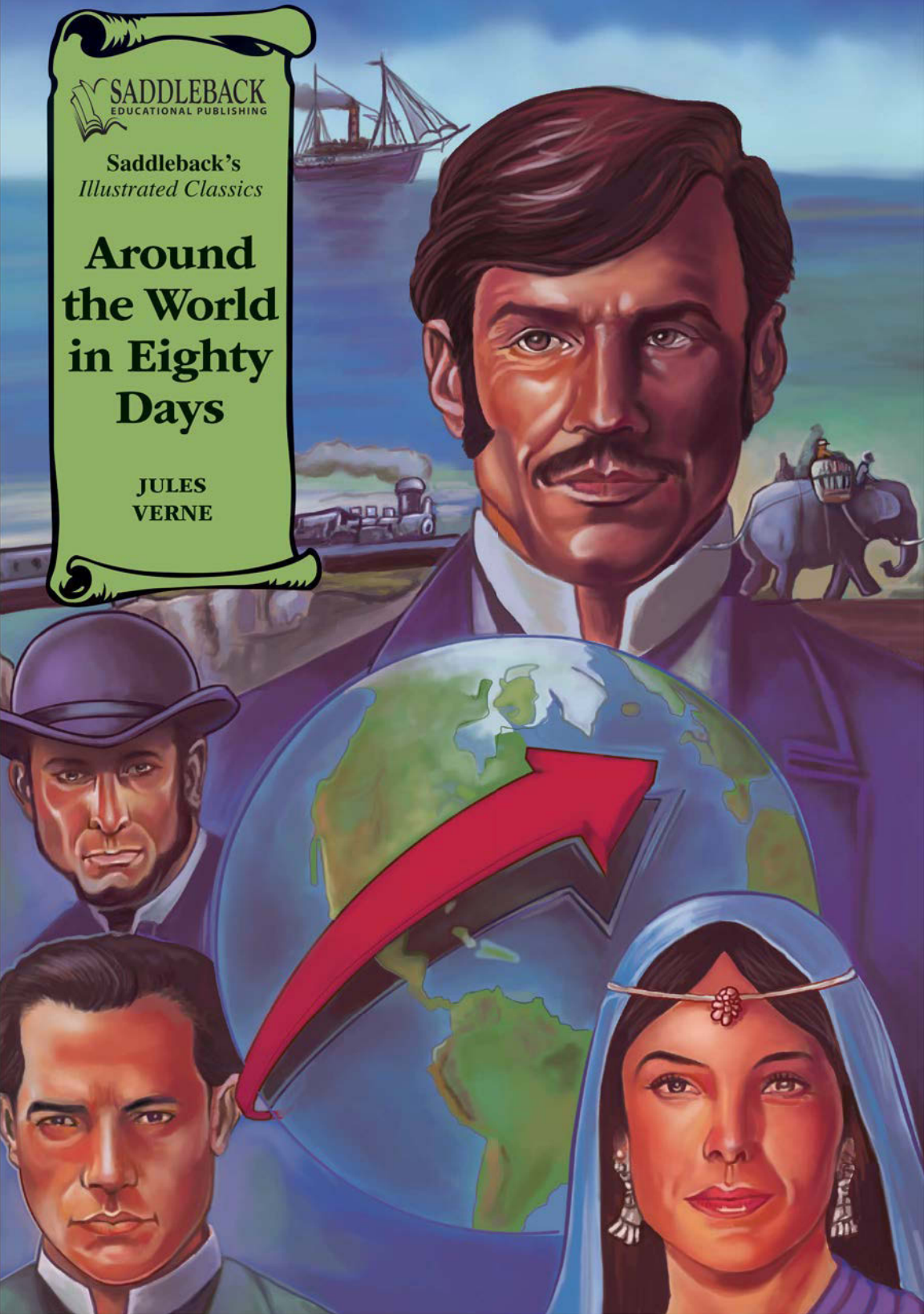


SADDLEBACK  
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

Saddleback's  
*Illustrated Classics*

# Around the World in Eighty Days

JULES  
VERNE



# Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*



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## Jules Verne

Jules Verne, a French novelist, was born in France in 1828. He studied law but instead became one of the very first science fiction writers.

The popular interest in science in the 1800s led Verne to write very realistic and detailed stories that used science and technology. In these stories he wrote about such modern things as airplanes, submarines, television, guided missiles, and space satellites before they were even invented. His detailed descriptions of these items even accurately predicted their real uses. The *Nautilus*, the submarine that he wrote about in *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* and which also appears in *The Mysterious Island*, was written about twenty-five years before the first successful power submarine was invented.

Verne also knew a great deal about geography and used this knowledge to make his stories of travel and adventure seem quite real. In *Around the World in 80 Days*, the main character Phileas Fogg, on a bet, makes a trip around the world in the then unheard of time of eighty days. The realistic geographical descriptions of this daring feat made the book one of Verne's most popular works.

Jules Verne died in 1905.

*Jules Verne*

# *Around the World in Eighty Days*



Phileas Fogg



Passepartout



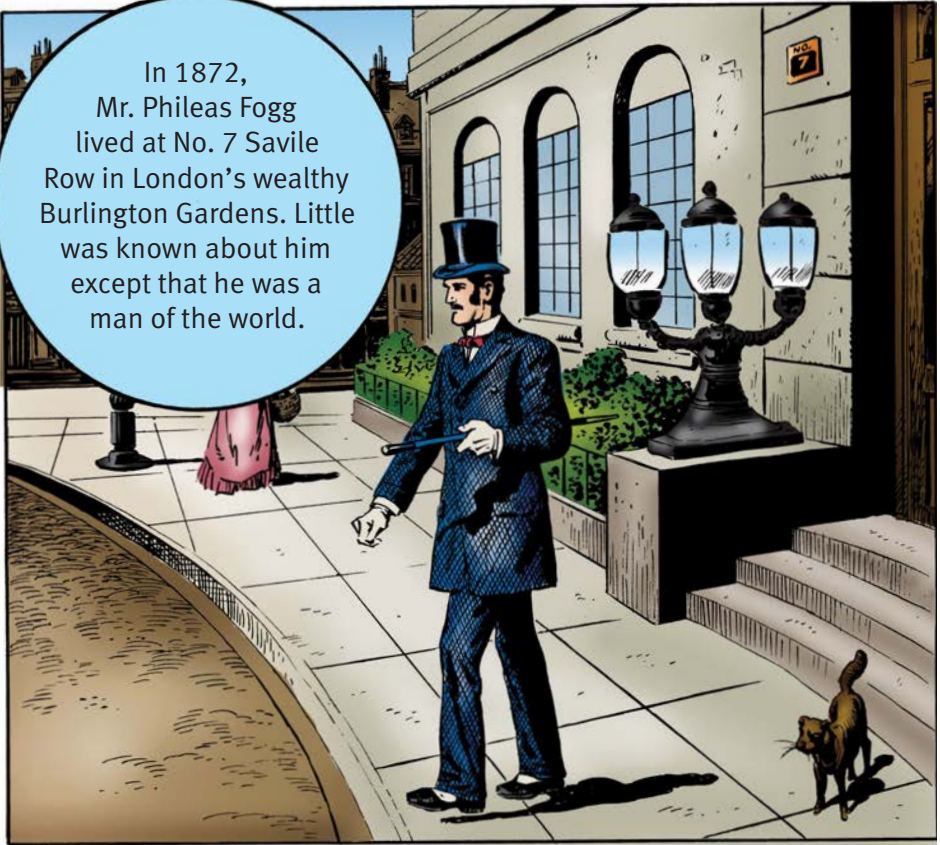
Detective Fix



Aouda



In 1872,  
Mr. Phileas Fogg  
lived at No. 7 Savile  
Row in London's wealthy  
Burlington Gardens. Little  
was known about him  
except that he was a  
man of the world.



He was one of the most noted  
members of the Reform Club,  
though he did not work for  
a living and always tried to  
avoid calling attention to  
himself.

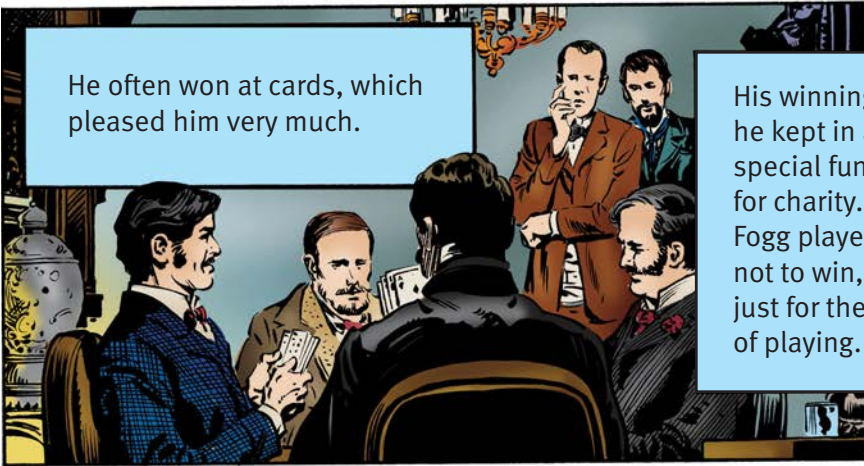


Was Phileas Fogg rich? He must  
have been! But those who knew  
him best could not imagine how  
he had made his fortune.

For years he had passed every single day from 11:30 A.M. to exactly 12:00 midnight at the club. He talked very little, and all he ever did there was read the paper and play cards.

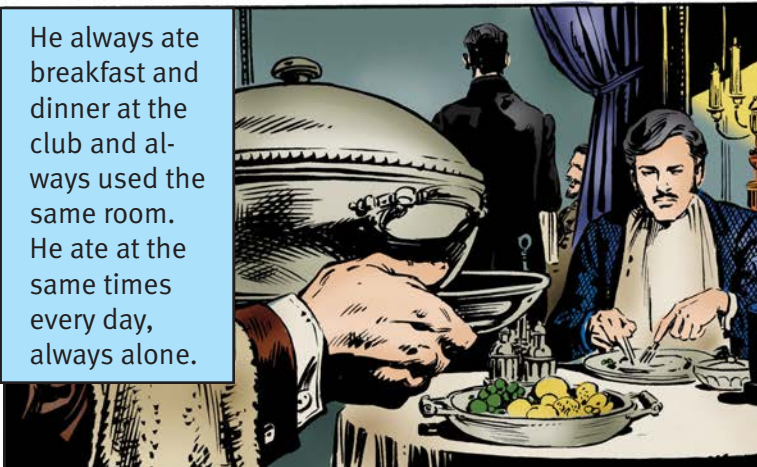


He often won at cards, which pleased him very much.



His winnings he kept in a special fund for charity. Mr. Fogg played not to win, but just for the fun of playing.

He always ate breakfast and dinner at the club and always used the same room. He ate at the same times every day, always alone.



When he dined, all the cooks of the club's kitchen worked together to crowd his table with their finest food and drink.



If to live in this style seems strange to others, then there certainly must be some good in being strange.



Though at home only a few hours each day, Mr. Fogg wanted his only servant to be perfect. On the second of October, for example, he had fired one man for bringing his shaving water at eighty-four degrees instead of eighty-six. Then he looked about for someone else.

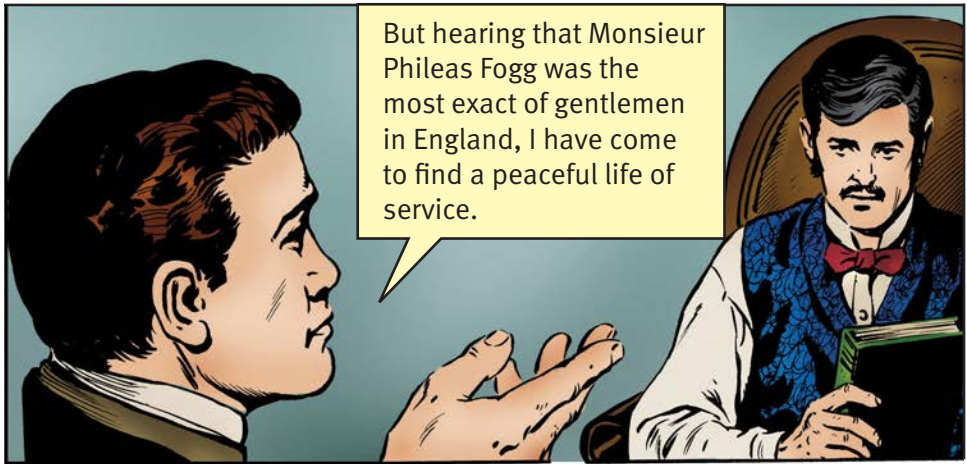


You are a Frenchman, and your name is John?

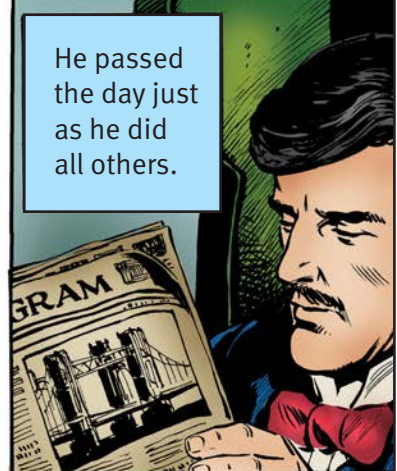


Jean, if you please. Jean Passepartout. It is a name that was given to me because of many different jobs. I have been a singer, a circus rider, a tightrope walker, a teacher of gymnastics, and a fireman in Paris.



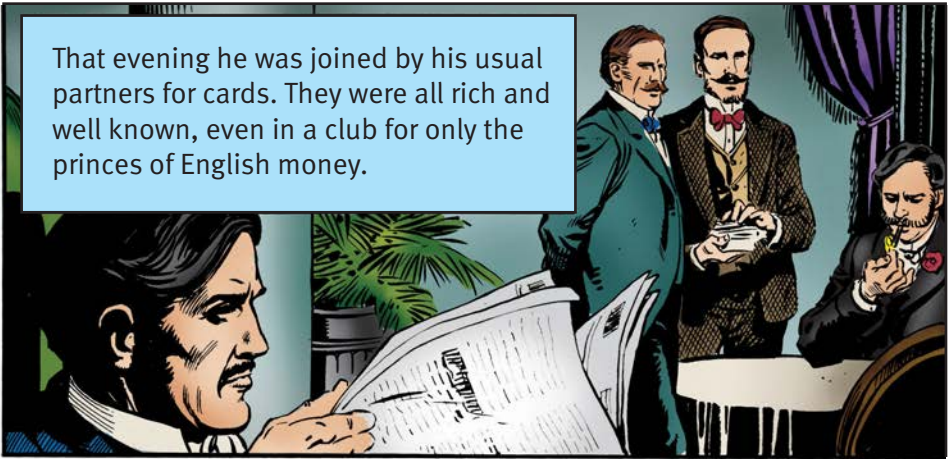


That morning, as on every other, Mr. Phileas Fogg placed his right foot in front of his left foot 575 times and reached the Reform Club at the usual hour.





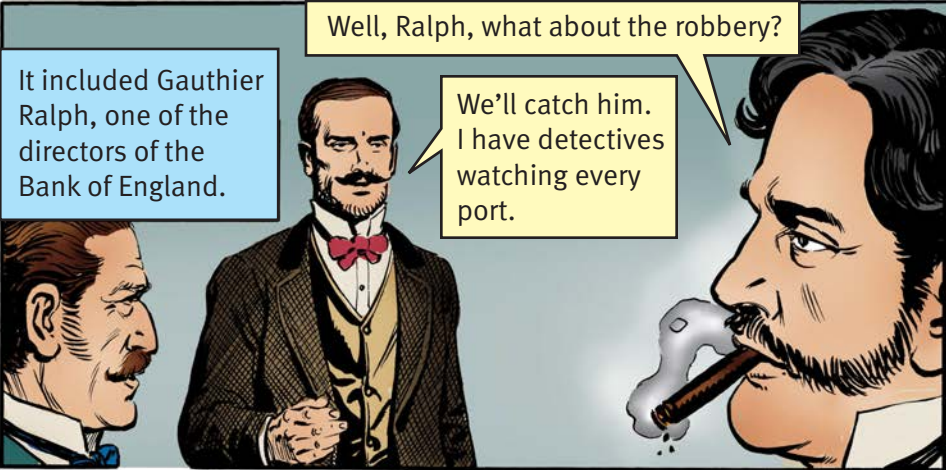
That evening he was joined by his usual partners for cards. They were all rich and well known, even in a club for only the princes of English money.



Well, Ralph, what about the robbery?

It included Gauthier Ralph, one of the directors of the Bank of England.

We'll catch him. I have detectives watching every port.



But do they know what to look for?

The Daily Telegram says he's a gentleman.



The robbery was the talk of the town. A package of notes worth 55,000 pounds had been taken from the Bank of England. The daring thief had simply picked them up from a table and walked off.

The card game began, but between hands, talk of the robbery started up again.

I say that the chances are in the robber's favor. The world is a big place.

It was once. Cut the cards, sir.

Again there was quiet as the hand was played.



Well now, just because you can go 'round the world in three months...

Correction: in eighty days!



That is true, as the Daily Telegram says, now that the Great Indian Railroad is open.

But what of bad weather, train wrecks and such?

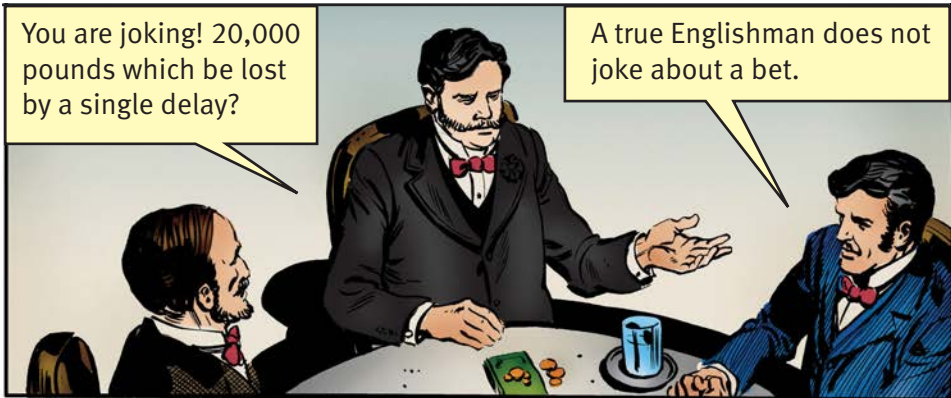
It's still eighty days.



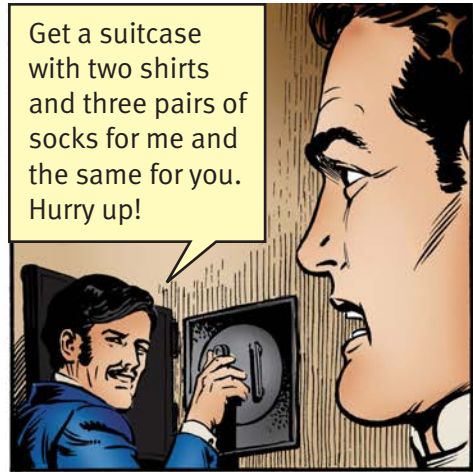
I'd bet that can't be done!

Very well. I have 20,000 pounds at Barings which I will bet.







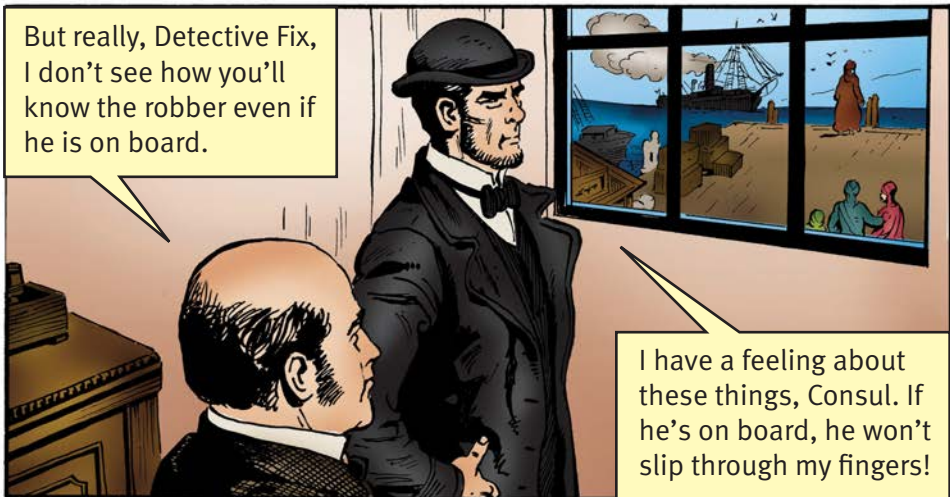


They got to the station at twenty past eight, and Phileas Fogg reached for the twenty guineas he had just won at cards.



Then Phileas Fogg and his servant boarded the train. Moments later it glided from the station.

Six days later, two men waited at the Suez Canal for the ship Mongolia. It had come from Italy and was on its way to India.



Fix was quite surprised. The wording on this man's passport was the same as that sent to him by Scotland Yard for the bank robber.



