

Around the World in 80 Days

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TIMELESS CLASSICS



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A Daring Bet

In 1872, Mr. Phileas Fogg lived in a fashionable part of London. People there knew almost nothing about him.

Was Phileas Fogg rich? Certainly, he was rich. And he was often generous. But how had he made his money? No one would think of asking him such a question.

He spoke very little. This made him seem even more mysterious. His daily habits could easily be observed. But everything he did was precisely what he had always done.

Had he traveled? Most likely he had. No one seemed to know the world better.

He seemed to have neither wife nor children. He lived alone—a single servant was all he needed. But Phileas Fogg was not an easy master. On the first of October, he fired his servant, James

Forster. Forster had brought him shaving water that was 84 degrees instead of 86!

On October 2, Mr. Fogg waited for his new servant to arrive. He watched his clock. It showed the hours, the minutes, the seconds, the days, the months, and the years.

Then Fogg heard someone knocking. When he answered the door, a young man of about 30 stepped forward and bowed.

“You are a Frenchman, I believe,” said Phileas Fogg, “and your name is John?”

“*Jean*, if you please, monsieur,” the man said. “*Jean Passepartout*. You probably know that *passepartout* means ‘go everywhere’ in French. I have this name because I have gone from one business to another. I’ve been a singer and a circus-rider. I’ve been a professor of gymnastics and a fireman. But I left France to become a valet in England. I heard that you are the most exact and regular gentleman in the country. I have come to you with the hope of living a quiet life. I now wish to forget the name *Passepartout*.”

“*Passepartout* suits me,” Mr. Fogg said. “I have heard many good things about you. It is now exactly twenty-nine minutes past eleven A.M. Today is Wednesday, October second, and you

are now in my service.”

With that, Phileas Fogg put on his hat and went out the door. He said not a word. Passepartout was alone in the house.

During his brief talk with Mr. Fogg, Passepartout had studied him carefully. Mr. Fogg seemed to be about 40 years old. He was a tall, well-built man. His features were fine and handsome. His hair and whiskers were light. His eyes were calm and clear.

Fogg never made a move that was not necessary. He never took an extra step. Wherever he went, he went by the shortest route. He avoided most people’s company, knowing they would slow him down.

Passepartout had searched in vain for a master after his own heart. He was an honest man, with a pleasant face. He had a good, round head. It was the kind of head one likes to see on the shoulders of a friend. His body was compact, solid, and muscular.

Now Passepartout explored Mr. Fogg’s house from top to bottom. It was warm and quiet and very clean—like a snail’s shell.

Above the clock, Passepartout found a list of his duties. Tea and toast were to be served at

23 minutes past eight. Shaving water was to be brought at 37 minutes past nine. The duties went on and on until midnight, when Mr. Fogg went to bed.

Mr. Fogg's clothes were many, and in the best taste. Each pair of pants, each coat and vest had a number. The numbers showed the time of year they were to be worn. The same system was used for his shoes.

Passepartout rubbed his hands. A wide smile spread across his face.

This is exactly what I wanted! he said to himself. *We shall get along very well, Mr. Fogg and I! What a regular gentleman he must be—a real machine!*

After leaving the house, Phileas Fogg walked to the Reform Club. He took his place at his usual table and ate his breakfast. At 13 minutes to one, he read a newspaper. At a quarter to four he read another paper until dinner time. After dinner, five other members of the Reform Club arrived. They usually played a game of whist with Mr. Fogg.

Flanagan was a brewer. Stuart was an engineer. Sullivan and Fallentin were bankers. And Ralph was a director of the Bank of England.

“Well,” said Flanagan to the other men, “what

do you think about the big robbery?”

“It’s a shame,” Stuart said. “I daresay the money will never be found.”

“On the contrary,” Ralph said. “I think the robber *will* be found. Detectives have been sent to ports all around the world. The robber will have to be very clever to slip through.”

All of London was gossiping about the robbery. Three days earlier, 55,000 pounds had been stolen from the Bank of England! The papers had described the thief as a well-dressed gentleman.

“The chances are in favor of the thief,” Stuart said. “After all, he could hide anywhere. The world is big enough.”

“It was once,” Phileas Fogg said, in a low tone. Then he handed the cards to Flanagan, saying, “Cut, sir.”

“Huh? What do you mean by *once*?” asked Stuart. “Has the world grown smaller?”

“It has!” Ralph said. “A man can now go around the world a hundred times faster than he could a hundred years ago.”

“A man can now go around the world in eighty days,” Phileas Fogg announced. “I have a newspaper article that says exactly that.”

“*Perhaps* in eighty days!” Stuart objected. “But that doesn’t account for bad weather, shipwrecks, railway accidents, and so on.”

“All those things *are* taken into account,” Mr. Fogg said, throwing down two trumps.

Stuart was excited. “So you say, Fogg. I’ll bet you four thousand pounds that such a trip is impossible.”

“On the contrary, it’s quite possible,” Mr. Fogg insisted.

“Well, make the bet then!” Stuart cried.

“Nothing would please me more,” Phileas Fogg said. “I must warn you, though, that I am confident of my success. But if I should lose, I shall pay you twenty thousand pounds.”

“Twenty thousand pounds!” Sullivan cried out in astonishment. “Why, you’d lose it all if a single accident made you late!”

“The unforeseen does not exist,” Phileas Fogg said quietly. “I bet twenty thousand pounds that I can make a tour of the world in eighty days. Each of you bet four thousand pounds that I will fail. Do all of you accept?”

“We accept,” said the five men.

“Very well,” Fogg said. “The train leaves for Dover at a quarter to nine. I will take it.”

“This very evening?” Stuart gasped.

“This very evening,” Fogg assured him. “This is the second day of October. In eighty days, I shall be back here in this very room at the Reform Club. Let me see: That shall be the twenty-first of December, at a quarter to nine P.M. If I fail, my twenty thousand pounds will belong to you, gentlemen.”

The bet was signed by every man. The 20,000 pounds was half of Fogg’s fortune. The other half he would need for his journey.

The clock struck seven. The gentlemen offered to stop the game so that Mr. Fogg could get ready for his trip.

“I’m quite ready now,” Fogg said calmly. “Let us continue the game, gentlemen.”

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En Route to Egypt

When the game was over, Mr. Fogg had won more than 20 pounds. At precisely 25 minutes after seven, he left the Reform Club.

Passepartout had expected his master to return at midnight. Imagine his surprise!

“We leave for Dover in ten minutes,” Mr. Fogg announced.

Passepartout was puzzled. “Monsieur is going to leave home?” he asked.

“Indeed,” Phileas Fogg said. “You and I are going around the world in eighty days!”

Passepartout was stunned. “But the trunks . . .” he sputtered.

“We’ll pack no trunks, only a small bag,” Mr. Fogg said. “Don’t fret! We’ll buy extra clothes along the way. Make haste!”

Passepartout dashed to his room. “All I wanted