

## Chapter 1 Mr Phileas Fogg and Passepartout

In the year 1872 Mr Phileas Fogg lived at Number 7 Savile Row, London. Mr Fogg was a member of the Reform Club,\* but as he never spoke about himself, nobody knew much else about him. He was certainly English, a fine-looking English gentleman. He was never seen at the bank or any other financial institution in the city. He was unknown to the world of shipowners and shipping. He was not a businessman. He was not a farmer. He was not a scientist. He was not a writer. He seemed to have no business or trade.

Mr Fogg was a member of the Reform Club, and that was all.

As he seemed to be without friends, it may be wondered how he had come to be a member of the Reform Club. It was quite simple. The head of the bank at which he kept his accounts had put his name on the list of those who wished to become members, and he was accepted.

Was Phileas Fogg rich? Yes, certainly. But how he had made his fortune nobody knew, and Mr Fogg was not the sort of man to tell anybody. He did not spend much money, although he did not seem to be one of those people who were particularly interested in saving it.

He talked very little; in fact nobody could have talked less. There was no secret about his habits and his daily life, but as he always did exactly the same things in exactly the same way every day, people wondered more and more about him and his past life.

Had he travelled? Probably, since nobody seemed as familiar with the world as he did. He appeared to have the most exact

\* Reform Club: one of a number of London clubs in which gentlemen who were voted in as members could spend time for a yearly charge.

knowledge of every country and town in the world. Sometimes when the members of the club talked about travellers who had disappeared or become lost in some distant or unknown place, Mr Fogg, in a few clear words, would explain what had probably happened to them. His explanations often proved to be quite correct. He was a man who must have travelled everywhere – at least in his mind and imagination.

What was quite certain was that for many years Phileas Fogg had not left London. Those who knew him a little better than others said that nobody had ever seen him anywhere except in London. Even in London the only place where he was seen out of doors was between his house and club. His only activities were reading the newspapers and playing cards. It was clear that Mr Fogg played not for money, but for the love of the game. For him a game of cards was a struggle, but a pleasant one.

Phileas Fogg, it appeared, had neither a wife nor children – which may happen to the most honest people. Nobody had ever heard of his father or mother, or whether he had brothers and sisters. He lived alone in his house in Savile Row, which nobody ever visited. Nothing was known about the inside of his house. One servant was enough to do the work. He had his meals at the club at exactly the same times every day, when he sat in the same room, at the same table, always alone. He only went home to sleep, always exactly at midnight.

His home in Savile Row was a simple one, but very comfortable. Since his habits were so regular, and he spent all day at his club, his servant's duties were light. But Phileas Fogg expected from his servant a very high degree of exactness and regularity.



It was October 2nd. Mr Fogg had just dismissed his servant, John Foster. John Foster had been guilty of a very serious irregularity:



the hot water that he had brought to his master's room was only eighty-four degrees instead of eighty-six – an inexcusable mistake. The servant had to go. Mr Fogg was now waiting for his new servant, who was expected between eleven o'clock and half past eleven.

Phileas Fogg was sitting in his armchair, his two feet together, his hands on his knees, his body straight and his head high. He was looking at the clock – a beautiful clock showing the seconds, the minutes, the hours, the days and the years. When half past eleven struck, Mr Fogg, according to his usual habit, would leave the house and go to his club.

At that moment there was a knock at the door. John Foster appeared.

'The new servant,' he announced.

A young man of about thirty years of age came in and greeted Fogg respectfully.

'You are a Frenchman and your name is John?' asked Mr Fogg.

'Jean, if you don't mind,' answered the young man. 'Jean Passepartout.\* My name suits me very well because I can do all sorts of things. I believe I am a good and honest person but I have had many trades in my time. I have sung in the streets, I have been an acrobat and a dancer on a tightrope, and I have taught these subjects. In Paris I was an officer in the fire service, so I can tell you stories of some of the most famous fires in that city. I left France five years ago. Wishing to know something of life in English homes, I came to England as a servant. Finding myself now without a situation, I have come to you. I have heard that you, sir, lead the quietest and most regular life of any man in England. This will suit me very well for I, too, wish to lead a quiet life in the future, and even to forget my name of Passepartout.'

\* Passepartout: a French word meaning 'go anywhere' or 'fit anything'. It is used to describe a key that will fit any lock.

'You will suit me,' answered Mr Fogg. 'I have been told that you are a good servant and a man to be trusted. You know my conditions?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well. What is the time by your watch?'

'Twenty-five minutes past eleven,' answered Passepartout, pulling out of his pocket a very large silver watch.

'You are slow,' said Mr Fogg.

'Excuse me, sir, but that is impossible.'

'You are four minutes slow,' said Mr Fogg. 'But it does not matter so long as you know it. And now, from this moment – 11.29 in the morning, Wednesday, 2nd October, 1872 – you are in my service.'

Phileas Fogg took his hat with his left hand, put it on his head with a machine-like movement, and left the house without another word.

After he had put his right foot in front of his left 575 times, and his left foot 576 times in front of his right, he reached the fine building of the Reform Club. In the dining room there he took his usual place at his usual table. At 12.47 he got up and went into the reading room, where one of the servants gave him a copy of *The Times* newspaper. He read this until 3.45, when he took up the *Standard*, and read that until dinner. At 5.40 he was back again in the reading room, and gave his attention to the *Morning Chronicle*. Half an hour later he was joined by a few of the other members. They began talking about a great bank robbery that had taken place the day before, in which the robber had stolen fifty-five thousand pounds in bank notes.

'The bank will lose its money, I think,' said one of them, a man named Andrew Stuart.

'I don't think so,' said another, Thomas Flanagan. 'The thief will be caught before long. As all the ports are being carefully watched by the police, he will find it difficult to leave the country.'



‘The *Morning Chronicle* thinks that the person who has taken the money is not an ordinary thief, but an educated man,’ said Mr Fogg.

They went on talking about the chances of the robber being caught, and of the different ways in which he could escape from the country.

Some of the gentlemen said that the world was so large that, if he managed to leave the country, a robber could easily hide from those who were trying to catch him. But Phileas Fogg did not agree with them.

‘The world,’ he said, ‘is no longer a big place. Fast ships and trains have changed everything. For example, we now have the Suez Canal, and there are railways running across India and the United States.’

Then they began to talk about how long it would take to go round the world. Most of them thought that three months would be needed, but Phileas Fogg said that eighty days would be enough.

To prove his claim, Mr Fogg took a piece of paper and wrote down:

London to Suez by Calais and Brindisi

(railway and steamer)	7 days
Suez to Bombay (steamer)	13 "
Bombay to Calcutta (railway)	3 "
Calcutta to Hong Kong (steamer)	13 "
Hong Kong to Yokohama (steamer)	6 "
Yokohama to San Francisco (steamer)	22 "
San Francisco to New York (railway)	7 "
New York to London (steamer and railway)	9 "

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80 days

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Mr Stuart said that it was impossible, and offered to bet four thousand pounds that he was right. Phileas Fogg said that he was ready to go round the world himself in eighty days; and that he was ready to start that same evening. He said that he would not only agree to the bet of four thousand pounds with Mr Stuart, but that he would be prepared to bet twenty thousand pounds of his fortune that he could go round the world in eighty days.

His five friends accepted the bet, and Mr Fogg warned them that they would have to pay for his journey.

‘So that is agreed and arranged,’ said Mr Fogg. ‘I believe that a train leaves for Dover at 8.45 this evening. I shall travel by it.’

‘This evening?’ cried Mr Stuart, in a very surprised voice.

‘This evening,’ answered Fogg, as calmly as if it were a matter of going to the next street. ‘As this is Wednesday, 2nd October, I ought to be back in the reading room of the Reform Club on Saturday, 21st December, at 8.45 in the evening, and if I am not, the twenty thousand pounds now in my bank will belong to you gentlemen.’

Seven o’clock struck as he was speaking, and the others advised him to hurry off immediately and get ready for his journey. But he said there was no need for him to leave them just yet, as he was always ready; and so it was 7.25 before he said goodbye and left the club.

Twenty-five minutes later he opened the door of his house and found Passepartout waiting for him.

Passepartout was feeling very happy. He had been examining the house, and the things in it, and had noticed its strict organization. Everything showed that his master was a man who lived a quiet and regular life. It was clear that he never went away on journeys, and never went hunting or shooting.

‘This will suit me perfectly,’ he said to himself. ‘I have had many years of change and adventure, and I ask for nothing better



than to lead a quiet and regular life with my new master. Excellent!’

Just then his master came in.

‘We must leave in ten minutes for Dover and Calais,’ said Phileas Fogg. ‘We have only eighty days in which to go round the world, so we must not waste any time.’

The calmness with which he gave this information to his servant left that good Frenchman almost breathless with surprise.

‘Round the world?’

‘Yes, round the world.’

‘In eighty days?’

‘In eighty days.’

‘Leaving in ten minutes’ time?’

‘Exactly.’

‘But what about the things we are to take with us? What about packing?’

‘We will take nothing with us except our night clothes. Everything else we shall buy on the way.’

By eight o’clock Passepartout had done the few things that were to be done: he had packed a small travelling bag, and had locked up the rooms. Into the bag Mr Fogg put a large packet of bank notes; he then told his servant to take care of the bag, as there were twenty thousand pounds in it.

They locked the front door, crossed the street, hired a carriage, and drove quickly to Charing Cross Station. At the station the five members of the Reform Club were waiting to see Phileas Fogg leave. He explained to them that he had a passport which he would ask officials to sign at every important place on his journey, to prove that he had been there.

At 8.45 the train began to move; the journey around the world had begun.