

## Chapter 6 Stopped by the Police

The train was just about to leave Allahabad Station, and the Indian guide was waiting for his wages. Mr Fogg gave him the money he had promised, and no more, which rather surprised Passepartout, who knew how helpful the man had been. In fact, if the priests of the Pillaji temple later came to hear how he had helped in carrying off the woman that they were going to burn, they would never forgive him, and his life would be in danger. Then there was the question of the elephant. What was to be done with this animal that had been bought at such a high price?

But Phileas Fogg had already come to a decision. He turned to the Indian and said: 'You have been useful and kind. I have paid you for your service but not for your honesty and loyalty. Do you want this elephant? If so, it is yours.'

'You are giving me a fortune!' the man cried in answer.

'Take it, and even then I shall feel that I owe you something.'

'Excellent!' cried Passepartout. 'Take it, my friend. It is your reward!'



A few minutes later, Phileas Fogg, Sir Francis Cromarty and Passepartout, together with Aouda, were in a comfortable railway carriage making their way towards Benares. This town was eighty miles away from Allahabad, but they reached it in two hours.

During this journey the young woman returned completely to her health and senses. It may be better imagined than described how surprised she was to find herself dressed in European clothes, in a comfortable railway carriage, among companions who were total strangers to her! Sir Francis Cromarty told her the story of how she had been saved. He spoke of the great kindness of Phileas Fogg, who had put his life in danger to save her, and of how the daring plan of Passepartout had succeeded.

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In answer to these praises Mr Fogg said nothing, and Passepartout said simply, 'Oh, it's not worth talking about!'

Aouda thanked those who had saved her, more by her tears than by her words. Then, as she thought of the terrible time through which she had passed, and of the continuing danger she faced in India, she was frightened.

Phileas Fogg understood what she was thinking, and to put her mind at rest and comfort her, offered – in his coldest manner – to take her to Hong Kong, where she could stay until everything had been forgotten. Aouda accepted the offer gratefully. By chance one of her uncles lived there and was one of the chief traders of that small British island.

At half past twelve the train stopped at Benares. Here Sir Francis Cromarty left them, after wishing them every success on their journey.

'I hope that you reach London in time to win your bet,' he said.

Aouda said that she would never forget how much he had helped in saving her from a terrible death. Passepartout shook hands with him with such force that Sir Francis almost cried out in pain. Mr Fogg touched his hand lightly, and said, 'Thank you.'

The train continued towards Calcutta, and arrived there the next morning at seven o'clock. The boat did not leave until midday, and so Mr Fogg was five hours early.

As the travellers were leaving the station, a policeman came up to their leader and said: 'Mr Phileas Fogg?'

'Yes,' he answered, 'that is my name.'

'Is this man your servant?' asked the policeman.

'Yes.'

'Please follow me, both of you.'

Mr Fogg made no movement of surprise. The policeman was an officer of the law, and for every Englishman the law is something to be obeyed. Passepartout, being a Frenchman, tried to

argue. But the policeman tapped him with his stick, and Phileas Fogg ordered him to obey.

'May this young lady come with us?' asked Mr Fogg.

'She may,' answered the policeman.

The policeman led them towards a four-wheeled carriage with two horses. They got in and drove off. Nobody spoke during the journey, which lasted about twenty minutes.

At the police station they were taken into a room and told that they would be brought before a judge at half past eight. The policeman then left them, locking the door behind him.

'Well, we're caught!' cried Passepartout.

Aouda turned to Mr Fogg, saying, 'You must leave me! It is because of me that the police have taken you! It is because you saved me!'

Fogg answered simply that that was not possible. To be brought before a judge for having saved a woman from those who were going to burn her? Impossible. There must be a mistake. Mr Fogg added that in any case he would not leave Aouda behind, and that he would take her with him to Hong Kong.

'But the boat leaves at twelve o'clock!' said Passepartout.

'Before twelve o'clock we shall be on board the boat,' answered Mr Fogg.

He said it so seriously and naturally that Passepartout could not help saying to himself, 'Yes, of course, that is certain. Before twelve o'clock we shall be on board.'

At half past eight the door opened. The policeman came in and then took the prisoners to the courtroom. The judge appeared a few moments later, and sat down.

'Call the first case,' he said.

'Phileas Fogg!' called out an officer.

'I am here,' answered Fogg.

'Passepartout!'

'I am here!' answered Passepartout.

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'Very well,' said the judge. 'For the last two days we have been watching the trains from Bombay.'

'But why?' asked Passepartout. 'What have we done?'

'You will see,' said the judge. 'Call the priests.'

The door was opened, and three Indian priests came into the hall.

'That's what it is!' said Passepartout to himself. 'Those are the ones who were going to burn our young lady!'

The priests stood in front of the judge, while the official read out the complaint – that Phileas Fogg and his servant had broken the law by behaving in a violent and disorderly way while on land which formed part of a temple.

'You have heard the complaint?' asked the judge.

'I have,' answered Mr Fogg, looking at his watch.

'Is it true?'

'Yes, it is true, and I am waiting to hear those priests tell you what they were going to do at the Pillaji temple when we stopped them.'

The priests looked at each other in surprise. They seemed not to understand what Fogg had said.

'Yes!' cried Passepartout impatiently. 'At the temple of Pillaji, where they were going to burn the poor girl!'

The priests looked more and more surprised, and the judge was totally confused.

'Burn who?' asked the judge. 'Who were they going to burn in the middle of the town of Bombay?'

'Bombay?' cried Passepartout.

'Yes, of course. We know nothing about the temple of Pillaji; we are talking about the temple of Malabar Hill, in Bombay.'

'And in proof,' added the official, 'here are the shoes.' And he held up the shoes.

'My shoes!' cried Passepartout.

Phileas Fogg and his servant had quite forgotten what had

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