

## Chapter 9 Mr Fogg Misses the Boat

While all this was happening, Mr Fogg and Aouda were out for a walk. Since Aouda had accepted his offer to take her to Europe, he had been thinking of what would be needed for her journey. An Englishman such as he might go round the world with no luggage except a small bag, but a lady could not be expected to do the same. So it was necessary to buy clothes for her, and all sorts of other things needed for travelling. Mr Fogg arranged everything with his usual calmness, and when the young woman said he was being too kind to her, he replied: 'All this is a part of my plan. Please say no more.'

Having bought everything they needed, Mr Fogg and the young woman went back to the hotel, where they were served with an excellent dinner. Then Aouda, who was rather tired, went to her room.

Mr Fogg spent the whole evening reading the newspapers. If he were a man who was ever surprised at anything, he would have been surprised at Passepartout's failure to return. But knowing that the *Carnatic* would not leave Hong Kong until the next morning, he did not worry about his missing servant. The next morning, though, Passepartout did not answer the bell when he rang for him.

Nobody knows what Mr Fogg thought when he was told that his servant had not come back. But he picked up his bag, called Aouda, and ordered a carriage to take them to the port. It was then four o'clock, and the *Carnatic* was going to leave at five.

When the carriage came to the door of the hotel, Mr Fogg and Aouda took their seats in it. Half an hour later they reached the port, and at that point Mr Fogg was informed that the *Carnatic* had left the night before.

Mr Fogg had expected to find both the boat and his servant, and now he had to do without either of them. But no

disappointment showed on his face, and when Aouda looked anxiously at him he simply remarked: 'It's nothing. It doesn't matter.'

At that moment somebody who had been watching him came up to Mr Fogg. It was Fix, who said good morning and then asked:

'Were you not one of the passengers on the *Rangoon* that came in yesterday?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Mr Fogg coldly, 'but I have not the honour of knowing you.'

'Excuse me, but I expected to find your servant here.'

'Do you know where he is?' asked the lady.

'What!' answered Fix. 'Isn't he with you?'

'No,' answered Aouda. 'We have not seen him since yesterday. Has he perhaps sailed on the *Carnatic*?'

'Without you? That is hardly possible,' answered the detective. 'But excuse my question, were you expecting to leave by the *Carnatic*?'

'Yes.'

'I, too, was hoping to leave by it, and I am very disappointed. The *Carnatic*, having completed its repairs, left Hong Kong nine hours earlier than expected without warning anybody, and now we must wait a week for the next steamer.'

As he said the words 'a week', Fix felt that he would burst with joy. Fogg staying a week in Hong Kong. There would be time to receive the warrant. Fortune was at last smiling on the officer of the law.

He did not feel so happy when he heard Phileas Fogg's next words.

'But there must be other ships in the port of Hong Kong.'

Mr Fogg, offering his arm to Aouda, went off to find a ship that might be leaving. Fix followed them. But for once fortune was against Mr Fogg. He searched for hours. He was ready to hire



a ship to take them to Yokohama, but he found none. Fix began to hope again.

Mr Fogg did not give up hope. He was about to continue his search, even as far as Macao if necessary, when a sailor came up to him.

‘Are you looking for a boat, sir?’ he asked.

‘You have a boat ready to sail?’ asked Mr Fogg.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Is it a fast boat?’

‘Between eight and nine miles an hour. Would you like to see it?’

‘Yes.’

‘You shall. Do you want to go for a sail?’

‘I want to go to Yokohama.’

The sailor opened his eyes and mouth wide.

‘You are joking, sir.’

‘No. I have missed the *Carnatic*, and I must be in Yokohama by the 14th at the latest so that I can catch the steamer for San Francisco.’

‘I’m sorry,’ said the sailor, ‘but it’s impossible.’

‘I’ll offer you a hundred pounds a day, and two hundred pounds more if I get there in time.’

‘Do you mean it?’

‘I mean it.’

The sailor walked off for a few moments to think. He looked at the sea, his feelings torn between the wish to earn such a large sum of money and the fear of going so far in a small boat. Fix waited in a state of the greatest anxiety.

During this time Mr Fogg had turned towards Aouda.

‘You will not be afraid?’ he asked.

‘With you, no, Mr Fogg,’ she answered.

The sailor came up to them again.

‘Well, Captain?’ said Mr Fogg.

‘Well, sir, I cannot put my life into danger, nor those of my men, nor yours, on such a long journey in a small boat and at this time of the year. Besides, we shall not get there in time, since it is 1,650 miles from Hong Kong to Yokohama.’

‘1,600,’ said Mr Fogg.

‘It’s the same thing.’

Fix breathed again.

‘But there may be another way out of the difficulty.’

‘And what is that?’ asked Phileas Fogg.

‘By going to Nagasaki, in the extreme south of Japan, a distance of 1,100 miles, or to Shanghai, which is 800 miles from Hong Kong. By going to Shanghai we would stay close to the coast of China, which would be safer; and besides, the winds blow in that direction this time of the year.’

‘Captain,’ answered Phileas Fogg, ‘I am supposed to take the American steamer at Yokohama, and not at Shanghai or at Nagasaki.’

‘But why?’ answered the captain. ‘The San Francisco steamer does not start from Yokohama. It stops there and at Nagasaki, but it really starts its journey at Shanghai.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Quite sure.’

‘And when does the steamer leave Shanghai?’

‘On the 11th at seven o’clock in the evening. So we have four days ahead of us. Four days, that’s ninety-six hours, so that at the speed of eight miles an hour, which is possible with a good wind and if the sea is calm, we can do the 800 miles that separate us from Shanghai.’

‘And you can leave . . . ?’

‘In an hour. I only need enough time to get the food on board and the sails raised.’

‘Very well. I agree. Are you the master of the boat?’

‘Yes. John Bunsby, master of the *Tankadere*.’



‘Shall I give you some of the money now?’

‘If you don’t mind.’

‘Here are two hundred pounds. Sir,’ added Phileas Fogg, turning towards Fix, ‘if you would like to join us . . .’

‘Sir,’ answered Fix, ‘I was going to ask you to take me.’

‘Very well. In half an hour we shall be on board.’

‘But poor Passepartout,’ said Aouda, who was very anxious about the disappearance of the servant.

‘I will do all I can for him,’ answered Phileas Fogg.

And while Fix, in a very bad temper, was heading for the boat, the other two went to the police station of Hong Kong. There Phileas Fogg gave a description of Passepartout and left enough money to send him back to Europe. Then, after calling at the hotel to collect their luggage, they, too, went off to find the boat.

Three o’clock struck. The *Tankadere* was ready to raise its sails.

Besides John Bunsby there were four men on the boat – four strong and clever sailors who knew the China Sea perfectly. John Bunsby himself, a man of about forty-five years old, with sharp eyes and an active body, was a person whom anyone could trust.

Phileas and Aouda went on board. Fix was already there. They all went down into a small, but clean, cabin.

‘I am sorry not to be able to offer you anything better than this,’ said Mr Fogg to Fix.

The detective felt uncomfortable. He was not happy about being on the receiving end of Mr Fogg’s kindness.

‘He’s a very polite thief,’ Fix reminded himself, ‘but he is a thief, all the same.’

At ten minutes past three the sails were raised. Mr Fogg and Aouda were standing on the ship’s deck looking at the land for the last time in case Passepartout appeared.

Fix was clearly anxious. The unfortunate Frenchman, whom he had treated so badly, might still come, and then there would be an explanation not at all to the liking of the detective. But he

did not appear. No doubt he was still suffering from what he had been given to drink.

Then John Bunsby threw off the ropes, and the *Tankadere* made its way at great speed towards the north.