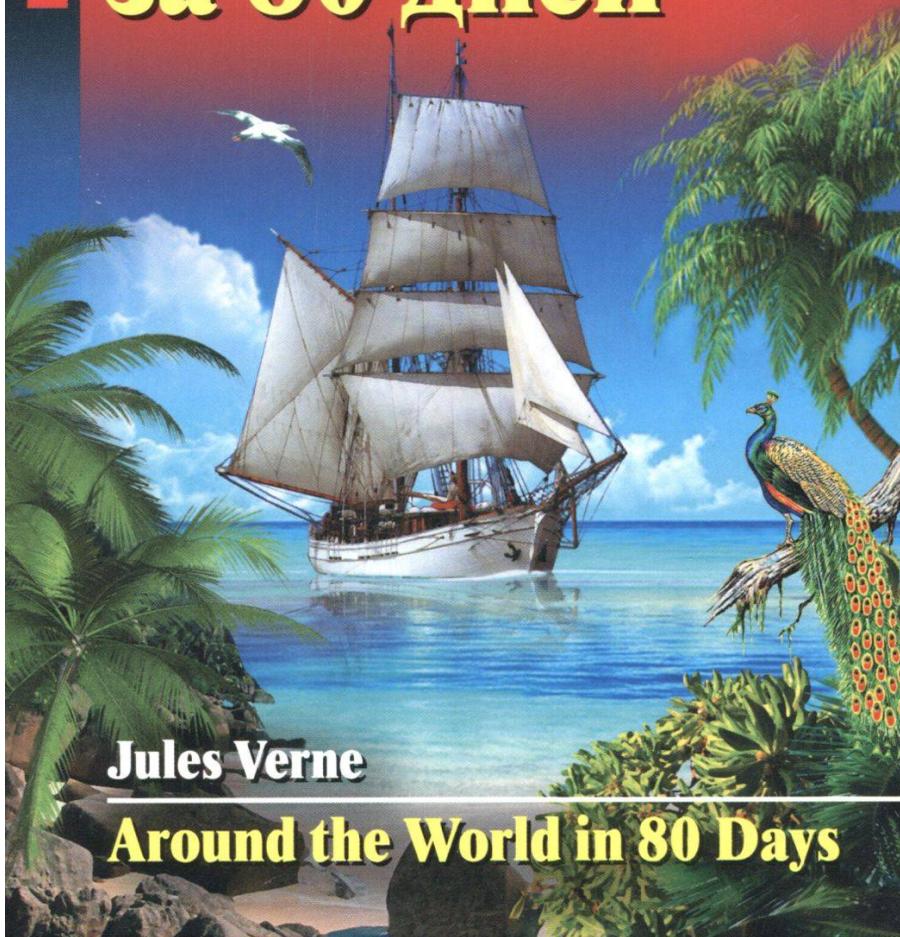


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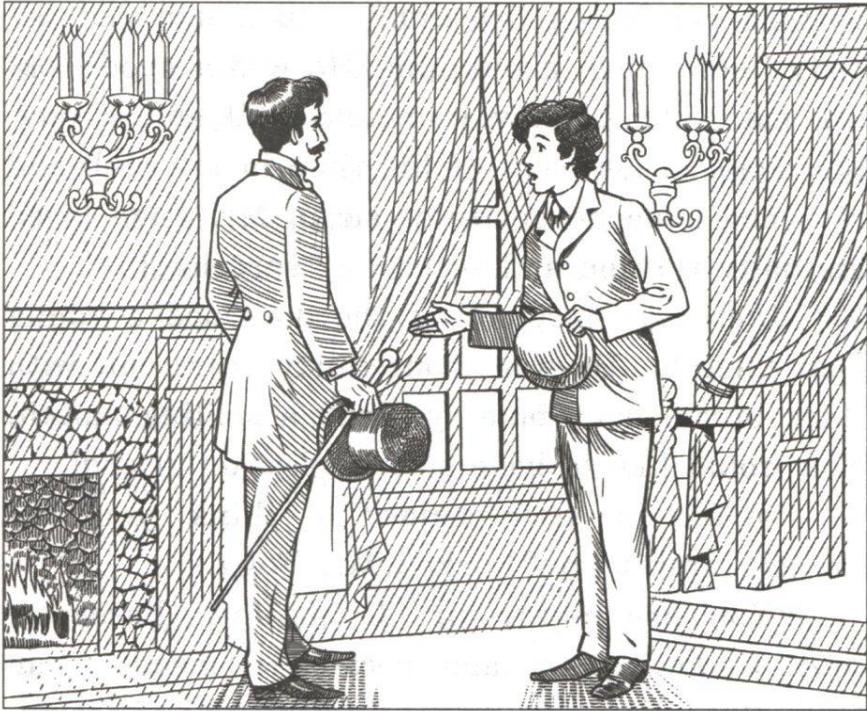
Elementary

Вокруг света за 80 дней



Jules Verne

Around the World in 80 Days



Chapter One

MR. FOGG AND HIS NEW SERVANT

On the 2nd of October, 1872, Mr. Fogg, an English gentleman, got very unhappy with his servant.

'James, this morning the water was two degrees colder than usual. So, you have to go. A new servant will come in 10 minutes.'

Mr. Fogg lived alone in a nice and comfortable house. He led a quiet life of a rich English

gentleman. He didn't talk much and nobody knew much about him. He was a good-looking man, about forty years old, tall and strong. Mr. Fogg spent most of his time in the club and returned home to get some sleep. Mr. Fogg loved his daily routine and hated any surprises!

There was a knock at the door and a young man came in. He was about thirty years old, with thick brown hair, blue eyes and a smiling mouth. You would like to have such a pleasant friend!

'What is your name? I think you are French, aren't you?' asked Mr. Fogg.

'You are right, sir. I am Jean Passepartout. I like my surname because it means I can find the way out of any difficult situation. I can get out of anything!'

Jean Passepartout had different jobs in his life. He was a travelling singer, a circus rider, a teacher of gymnastics, a fireman. These days he was tired of changes.

'Now I am in England because English people are very quiet. I want to be a servant to a real English gentleman. I want to work for you because people say you are the quietest man in Britain.'

'So, you are looking for a quiet life, aren't you?' asked Mr. Fogg and the young man nodded his head. Mr. Fogg looked at his watch and said, 'From

now, 11.29 on the 2nd of October 1872, you are my servant.'

The next moment Phileas Fogg put on his coat and left the house. Jean Passepartout was alone. First, he felt uncomfortable.

'What shall I do?' he thought and went to explore the rooms. Soon he liked the house, especially when he found his room. There was a timetable on the wall.

| | |
|-------|----------------------------------|
| 8.00 | Mr. Fogg gets up |
| 8.23 | Bring tea |
| 9.37 | Bring washing water (31 degrees) |
| 11.30 | Mr. Fogg goes to the Club |

Jean read the timetable and learnt the daily routine of Mr. Fogg. Everything was there and Passpartout smiled happily.

That was the day when Jean became Mr. Fogg's servant. From his first day at Mr. Fogg's house, Jean enjoyed his new job.

'This is just what I wanted! What a home-loving and regular gentleman! I have found my ideal master!'

Chapter Two

THE BET

Every day Mr. Fogg arrived at the Club at 12. First, he had his typical breakfast — some fish, some meat with mushrooms, some cheese and a cake. Some cups of tea, of course. At 1 o'clock he went to the reading-room. He spent four hours reading *The Times* and *The Standard* and *The Pall Mall*. Then he had dinner. At 7, Mr. Fogg's card partners arrived — all rich and respectable persons.

'Well, Ralph, what about that robbery?' 'I hope the bank won't lose the money. The police sent the detectives everywhere,' said the Director of the Bank of England.

'Have they got the robber's description?' 'First of all, he is not a robber at all.' 'What! A man who stole fifty-five thousand pounds, not a robber?'

'The *Times* says that he is a gentleman,' said Phileas Fogg. 'Listen! Three days ago, a well-dressed gentleman came in the bank. Some minutes later he left the bank with fifty-five thousand pounds.'

'I am sure the police will catch him.'

'That's impossible! The world is so big. He can easily hide himself in a big European city or in a small Indian village.'

Mr. Fogg didn't agree with this gentleman, 'The world used to be big. It has grown much smaller.'

'Of course, it has,' said Ralph. 'You can go round the world more quickly now. In three months, I think.'

'In eighty days,' answered Mr. Fogg. 'That is what the newspaper says.'

| | |
|--|----------------|
| From London to Suez (train and ship)..... | 7 days |
| From Suez to Bombay (ship)..... | 13 days |
| From Bombay to Calcutta (train)..... | 3 days |
| From Calcutta to Hong Kong (ship)..... | 13 days |
| From Hong Kong to Yokohama (ship)..... | 6 days |
| From Yokohama to San Francisco (ship)..... | 22 days |
| From San Francisco to New York (train) | 7 days |
| From New York to London (ship and train) .. | 9 days |
| Total | 80 days |

'Not in practice!'

'I am sure it is possible,' said Mr. Fogg.

'Well, then, do it.'

'Go around the world in eighty days? I will.'

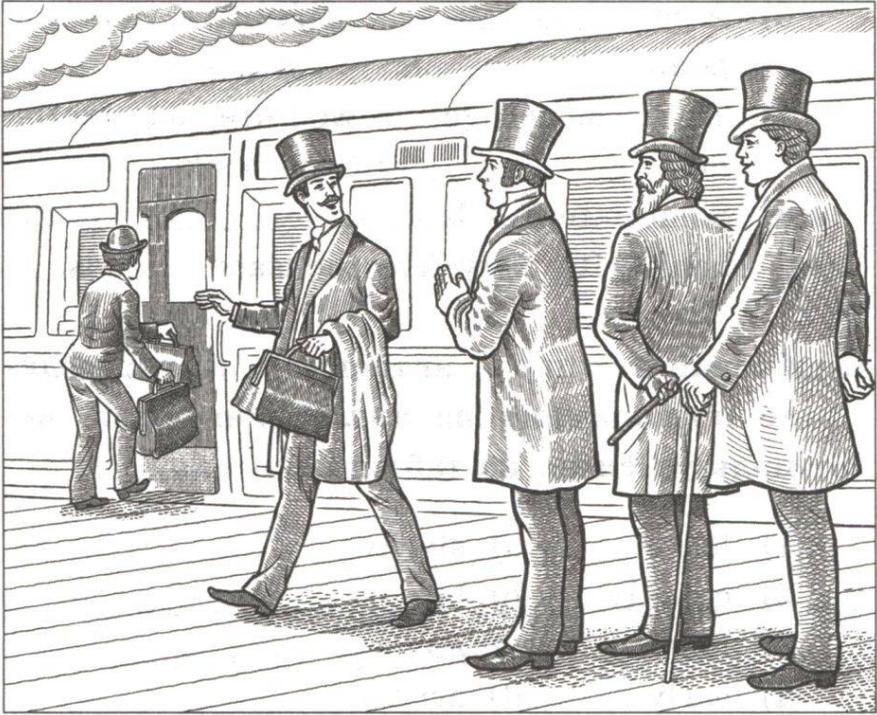
'When?'

'At once,' said Mr. Fogg to his friends. 'I bet you twenty thousand pounds! Will you take the bet?'

'Yes,' they answered.

'Very well,' said Phileas. 'The train starts to Dover at 8.45, and I will take it. Today is the 2nd of October. I shall be back in London in this room on the 21st of December, at 8.45 in the evening. Or you will get twenty thousand pounds, gentlemen.'

The next moment Mr. Fogg left the Club.



Chapter Three THE JOURNEY BEGINS

At ten minutes to eight, Phileas Fogg opened the door of his house and came in. He went to his bedroom and called loudly, 'Passepartout!'

Jean was in his room thinking about his regular and quiet future. He could not believe his ears. It was not the right hour!

'It can't be. Mr. Fogg comes home from the Club at eight o'clock. It is too early!'

'Passepartout!'

Jean left his room and was surprised to see his master back home at an unusual time.

'We are leaving in ten minutes for Dover,' said Phileas.

'Is Mr. Fogg going to leave home?'

'Yes. We are going to travel around the world.'

Passepartout's eyes opened wide — very wide! Then he jumped high on one leg and threw up his hands.

'Around the world!'

'In eighty days,' said Mr. Fogg, 'so we can't lose a moment. We must go now.'

'But the luggage?'

'I am not taking any of it. Only a small bag with two shirts, and three pairs of socks. The same for you. We will buy anything we want on the way. Hurry up.'

At eight o'clock, Passepartout was ready to go with a small bag in his hands. Mr. Fogg was ready too. In his bag, he had a large packet of banknotes.

'Take this bag, and look after it carefully. There are twenty thousand pounds in it,' he said to Jean.

The servant locked the front door, they crossed the street and took a carriage to Charing Cross Station. Phileas told Passepartout to get two first-class tickets for Paris. At the railway station five

gentlemen were waiting to see Phileas Fogg leave. They were the five members of the Club.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Mr. Fogg to his friends, 'I am leaving London, as you see. I will get stamps in my passport for each country. They will help you to check my journey, and you will see me again in eighty days.'

'We won't look at your passport,' said Ralph. 'You are an Englishman.'

'Well, then see you on the 21st of December, at 8.45 in the evening, in the Club! Goodbye, gentlemen!'

At 8.40, Phileas Fogg and Jean took their seats, and at 8.45 the train started in the dark night. The journey around the world began!

Chapter Four

MR. FIX, THE DETECTIVE

The next day English newspapers wrote about Mr. Fogg's journey. When the police saw his photo, they thought, 'He looks like the robber who stole the money.' They tried to learn some facts about Mr. Fogg but he was a mystery. Nobody could understand the reason for his bet. The police decided, 'Mr. Fogg is the bank robber. He started his journey to escape from the police.'

A telegram with the news came to Suez on the 9th of October. That day the ship Mongolia arrived in the port making a regular trip to Bombay by the Suez Canal.

At eleven o'clock a passenger came off the ship. He had a passport in his hands and asked a small thin man for help, 'Where can I get a stamp?'

The detective (it was him, Mr. Fix) took the passport. 'I have found the robber!' he thought and said, 'This isn't your passport.'

'No, it is my master's.'

'He must go to the Passport Office.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Passepartout.

'I must stop this man. I hope you won't get him a stamp,' cried Mr. Fix running into the Passport Office.

'I can't help you if his passport is OK, I am sorry,' said the Passport Officer.

Soon a tall Englishman came in the office.

'Are you Phileas Fogg?'

'Yes. I would like to get a stamp from Suez.'

'OK, sir.'

When they left, the Passport Officer said to Mr. Fix, 'He looks like an honest man.'

'He looks like the robber and he will not escape!'

Mr. Fogg told his servant to do some shopping and Jean stayed ashore.

'Well, do you like your trip?' asked him Mr. Fix.

'Yes, but I have to buy something. I must be careful about the time.'

'It is only noon!' said Mr. Fix.

Passepartout looked at his watch, 'Noon? It is ten!'

'Your watch is slow.'

'My watch is never slow!'

'I see,' said Mr. Fix. 'It shows London time. You must change the time for each new country.'

'What!' cried Passepartout. 'Never!'

'Well, then, it will not agree with the sun.'

'My watch is never slow! The sun will be wrong, then!'

As they went on, Passepartout talked to the stranger and told the story of his master's bet and

the journey. They had a lot of money with them, they tried to travel as fast as they could! Mr. Fix learned that Mr. Fogg lived alone in London and was a mysterious man.

An hour later, the police at Scotland Yard got a telegram:

From Suez, To London.

*I have found the bank robber, Phileas Fogg.
Send the arrest warrant to Bombay now. Fix, the
detective*

Ten minutes before the ship Mongolia left Suez, Mr. Fix came on board with a small bag and some money. He was on his way to Bombay.



Chapter Five INDIA, BOMBAY

It was a long way from Suez to Bombay. What did Mr. Fogg and Passepartout do on board the ship? Phileas Fogg spent most of the time in the cabin. He had a big black book and there he wrote down the time and the day of their arrivals and departures. He always knew if they were late or early on their way around the world in 80 days. As for Passepartout, he enjoyed the sea voyage, the

food, and the warm sun and the company of Mr. Fix on board the ship.

'Are you going to Bombay, too?' Passepartout asked Mr. Fix when he first met him on the deck.

'Yes,' answered Mr. Fix. 'I am an agent of the Peninsular Company.'

Everything went well, and the ship arrived in Bombay two days earlier because of the north-west wind.

'Now for the journey across India. There is a new railway from Bombay to Calcutta,' thought Mr. Fogg and asked his servant to buy the tickets. Then he went to the Passport Office for a new stamp.

Detective Fix went to the police station and asked for a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Fogg. It wasn't there, so the detective could do nothing. He decided to stay in Bombay and wait for it.

On his way to the train station, Passepartout enjoyed the colourful streets of Bombay. When he saw a wonderful Indian temple, he decided to get inside. He didn't know two things. No foreigner could come into it. Nobody could enter an Indian temple in their shoes.

Passepartout came in and the next moment three young Indians in orange clothes attacked him. They threw Jean down on the floor, taking off his shoes and socks. Then they started to beat him, shouting

angrily. Jean was a strong man, pushed the men and ran out of the temple.

Jean wasn't late for the train, but he had no hat on his head, no shoes on his feet and no bag with his clothes in his hands.

'I hope it won't happen to you again,' Phileas said in his quiet voice. They took their seats and a moment later the train started. Soon they were asleep. All through the night the train went on its way.

Next morning, it stopped at a small town, and Passepartout bought a pair of traditional Indian shoes. Now Jean was very much on his master's side. He didn't want any delays, any accidents on the way. He wanted Phileas to win his bet and come back to England in 80 days.

At 12 o'clock, the train stopped near a small station in the middle of the forest and a train conductor cried, 'All passengers will get out of the train!'

Mr. Fogg looked at Passepartout in surprise. Jean jumped down on to the track, disappeared for a minute or two, and came back, 'Sir, no more railway!'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that the track has come to an end!'

Chapter Six

OFF THE TRAIN. ON THE ELEPHANT

'Why do we have to get out?'

'Because there is no more railway. The track begins again at Allahabad, about fifty miles from here,' said the conductor.

'But the newspapers say the railway is open now. Look!' Mr. Fogg showed him the Times.

The conductor smiled, 'The Times is wrong. Everybody knows that.'

He was right. All passengers left the train quickly, took carriages or horses and went off.

'It will ruin our journey!' thought Passepartout.

Mr. Fogg thought for a moment and then said, 'Jean, this is not serious. We are two days early. I am sure we shall get to Calcutta in time for our ship to Hong Kong. Now we have to find a means of transport to get to Allahabad where the railway starts again.'

They went to the village but didn't find any carriage, any horse there.

'We'll walk,' said Mr. Fogg.

Jean didn't like the idea. He looked around and suddenly cried happily:

'I have found a means of transport!'

'What is that?'

'An elephant! Over there! Under the tree!'

They went to the elephant's owner but the Indian didn't want to help them. Phileas Fogg started at ten pounds an hour. 'No? Twenty? No? Forty? OK, I want to buy your elephant. One thousand pounds? No?'

Passepartout gave a jump every time the price went up. In the end, Mr. Fogg bought the elephant for two thousand pounds.

'I have to win the bet!' was all Phileas said quietly.

Then, they found a guide, a young Indian boy. He knew his business very well and soon Mr. Fogg and his servant started their way through the jungle.

They travelled all day, sitting on the chairs on the elephant's back. The guide stopped the elephant every two hours. It ate some grass, drank some water and the travellers had some rest too. Then they went on and on.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the travellers got inside a thick forest. Suddenly the elephant stopped. Nobody knew why. The Indian boy got off the elephant and went quietly into the forest.

'There is a danger. They mustn't see us!' Soon they heard the voices and the music. Then they saw a lot of people in long orange clothes. Around

them, there were some women and children. They all were half walking, half dancing, half shouting, half singing. Behind them, on a big platform, there was a figure of an ugly woman with four arms, dark red body, wild eyes and an open bloody mouth. Then followed the people in orange clothes with a beautiful young woman in a golden dress. She was very weak and could hardly walk. The men at the back, armed with swords and guns, were carrying a dead body of an old man. It was dressed in beautiful rich clothes of an Indian prince.



Chapter Seven SAVING AOUDA

'It is a Indian custom,' said the Indian sadly. 'When a rich man dies, his wife dies in fire with his dead body. They will burn this poor woman tomorrow morning.'

'What a terrible custom!' cried Passepartout. 'The poor girl!'

'This woman doesn't want to die. I think they have put some poison in her food. She looks sleepy and doesn't know what is happening.'

'Where are they taking her?'

'To the temple. There she will spend the night, waiting for her death.'

There was a long silence.

'We will save this young woman. I am still twelve hours early,' said Mr. Fogg.

'You are a man of heart!' cried Jean.

'Sometimes,' said Phileas Fogg simply. 'When I have time.'

'Sir,' said the guide, 'I must tell you that we risk our lives.'

The guide told them the story of that beautiful woman. Aouda came from a rich Bombay family. When her parents died, she had to marry that old man. Three months later he died. Aouda tried to escape but they caught her.

'First, we will wait till everybody goes to sleep. Then, we will try to get inside and take her away,' said Mr. Fogg bravely.

When the night came, the company came to the temple. They didn't hear any voices, but they saw some guards, walking up and down in front of the temple.

'What shall we do?'

'A hole in the wall of the temple.'

'Maybe, the guards are watching her inside, too.'

'We must save her.'

The three men got to temple. They went to work, making as little noise as possible. Suddenly they heard a cry from inside and had to run away.

'We can do nothing,' said the boy.

'Let us wait,' said Mr. Fogg. 'I still have some time.'

'What are you hoping for? In a few hours, the morning will come and...' said Jean.

'The chance can come at the last moment,' said Phileas quietly.

Suddenly, Passepartout had an idea. He thought no more, but ran quietly among the trees.

Soon the sun rose and the temple doors opened. Some men brought Aouda out of the temple. She didn't move when they put her on top of the wood, next to her dead husband. Some men brought fire to wood. At that moment Mr. Fogg was ready to jump forward towards her.

Suddenly everything changed. With the cries of horror, the Indians fell down with their eyes to the ground.

What a terrible sight! The old husband came alive. He got up, took his wife in his strong arms, and came down through the fire.

Then he made his way to Mr. Fogg, carrying the woman easily.

'Let's get away!' Passepartout said.

A minute later, they were on the elephant running as fast as it could. Aouda had no idea of what was going on. She was sleeping.

When they reached Allahabad, Mr. Fogg found a hotel room for Aouda. Jean bought clothes for her. When the train for Calcutta was ready to go, the young woman was much better, but still quite weak.

Before Mr. Fogg, Jean and Aouda got on the train, Phileas paid the guide.

'Here is your money. You are a very kind, brave and honest boy. Do you want an elephant? If so, it is yours,' said the Englishman to the smiling Indian boy.

Chapter Eight

INDIA, CALCUTTA

Five minutes later, Mr. Fogg, Passepartout and Aouda were on the way to Allahabad. During this journey the young woman learned the story of her successful escape — about her night in the temple, about Passepartout and the fire. Aouda thanked Phileas and Jean more by her tears than by her words.

'Would you like to go to Hong Kong with us?' Mr. Fogg said coldly.

'Oh, thank you very much. I can stay with my uncle there,' Aouda said happily.

When the train arrived at Calcutta, Phileas Fogg had five hours before the ship left to Hong Kong.

When the three travellers left the train station, a policeman came up to them.

'Mr. Phileas Fogg?'

'Yes.'

'Is this man your servant?'

'Yes.'

'Please follow me,' he said and took Mr. Fogg, Jean and Aouda to court. Soon a judge came in.

'Phileas Fogg?'

'I am here.'

'Passepartout?'

'I am here!'

Then the door opened and three people in long orange clothes came in. Passepartout's eyes opened wide.

'These are the ones who stole my shoes in Bombay temple!'

'You have broken the Indian law. Nobody can wear shoes in Indian temples. And as a proof here are your shoes,' the judge said and put them on his desk.

'My shoes!' cried Passepartout and Detective Fix smiled.

Yes, Mr. Fix was in the courtroom. He knew his business very well. He had been to the temple in Bombay and spoke to the people in orange clothes. They came to Calcutta with the detective to get money.

'Do you agree?' said the judge. 'Jean Passepartout, you will stay in prison for 14 days and pay 300 pounds. Mr. Fogg, you will stay in prison for 7 days and pay 150 pounds.'

Mr. Fix smiled happily again. 'I am sure the warrant for Mr. Fogg's arrest will arrive before than!'

Passepartout felt terrible. 'It will ruin the journey!'

Mr. Fogg stood up and said coldly, 'I offer bail.'

'It is your right. The bail is two thousand pounds,' said the judge.

'I will pay it,' said Phileas Fogg, to the horror of Mr. Fix.

And he took a packet of banknotes out of his bag and put it on the desk.

'Let us go,' said Phileas to Jean and Aouda.

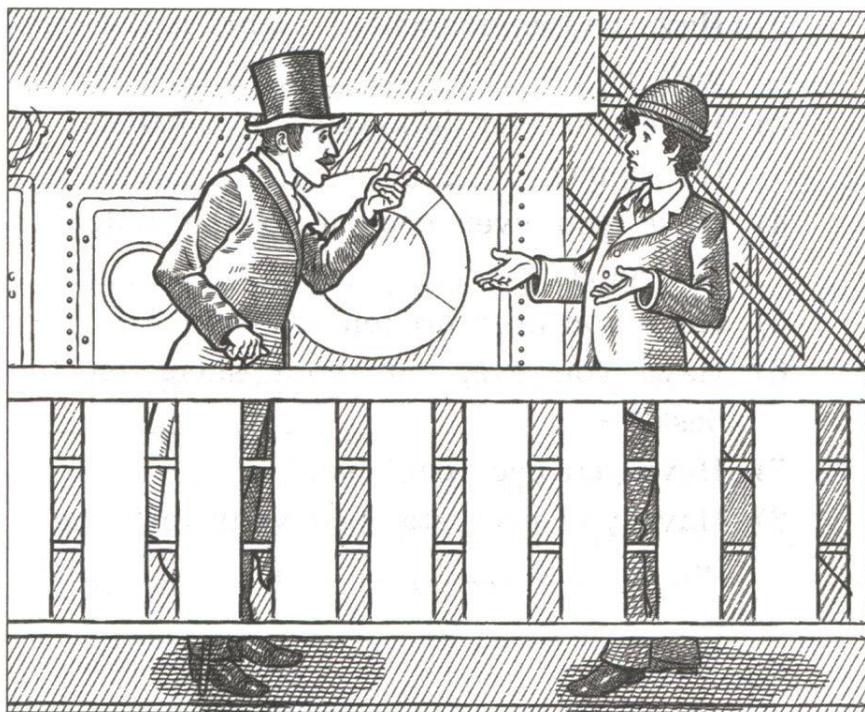
'But they must give me back my shoes!' cried Passepartout angrily.

'What expensive shoes!' he said and put his shoes on. 'More than a thousand pounds each! And they are not very comfortable!'

The three travellers left the court and Mr. Fix followed them. 'I want to see what they will do next.'

They took a carriage and reached the port to take the ship to Hong Kong. The detective stamped his feet angrily. 'He has gone! And two thousand pounds have gone too! The robber!

I will follow him to the end of the world and take him back to England!'



Chapter Nine HONG KONG

On the ship to Hong Kong, Aouda had eleven days to learn Mr. Fogg better. Her kindly feelings to Phileas shone at all times from her lovely eyes. As for Mr. Fogg, he listened to Aouda with the greatest politeness, but he never let his face show any emotion.

Aouda, at first, did not understand him, but Passepartout explained the eccentric character of

his master. He told her the reason for their journey round the world, and she smiled and clapped her hands.

Detective Fix was on board the ship, too.

'Who is that young woman? Is the warrant on the way to Hong Kong?' Mr. Fix couldn't answer those questions. So, one morning, he left his cabin to meet Passepartout on the deck.

'Mr. Fix!' Passepartout cried. 'I left you at Bombay, and here you are again! Are you, too, travelling around the world?'

'Is Mr. Fix following us? Why?' Jean thought, and then he had an idea. 'I think that he is a spy. He is working for those five gentlemen from the club. He is watching Mr. Fogg because of the bet!'

He decided to say nothing about Mr. Fix to his master. 'I will watch Mr. Fix closely. I will do my best to protect my master,' Jean thought.

One morning, the weather got worse and a heavy storm began. When the ship finally arrived in Hong Kong, it was a day late.

'Are we too late for the Carnatic, the ship to Japan? The timetable says she left Hong Kong yesterday,' Jean was worried when the travellers came to the office of the ship company. But Phileas Fogg wasn't worried at all. He asked the man in the

office, 'When will the next ship leave Hong Kong for Japan?'

'Tomorrow morning. It will be the Carnatic. The ship has a problem with the engine.'

Here was luck, indeed! But Mr. Fogg didn't show any surprise.

The travellers had sixteen hours in Hong Kong. Mr. Fogg took Aouda to the best hotel in Hong Kong and went out to look for her uncle. Two hours later, he came back with bad news, 'Your uncle left Hong Kong two years before. Now he is in Holland.'

The young woman couldn't speak for a minute, then she said quietly, 'What shall I do?'

'That is easy. Come to Europe with us. You won't change our timetable, anyway,' said Mr. Fogg. Then, he told Passepartout to book three cabins on board the ship to Japan.

When Jean arrived at the port, he saw Mr. Fix. The detective looked very sad. 'No warrant has arrived!' That was his last chance to get Mr. Fogg because Hong Kong was the last British territory on the way!

Passepartout smiled when he saw an unhappy face of the detective. 'The gentlemen are going to lose their money, and Mr. Fix is unhappy about that.'

'Well, Mr. Fix, are you coming with us to America?' asked Passepartout with a smile.

'Yes,' answered Mr. Fix, between closed teeth.

'I knew it!' cried Passepartout, with a laughter.

They came into the ticket office and booked the cabins at the Carnatic.

'The ship is fine now. We are leaving at 8 o'clock this evening. Not tomorrow,' said the man in the office.

'Great!' said Passepartout. 'I must tell my master now. He will be happy.'

Chapter Ten

EXTREME STEP

At this moment the detective decided to tell Passepartout everything. It was the only way to keep Mr. Fogg in Hong Kong. When they left the office, Mr. Fix said to Jean:

'Will you come and drink a glass of wine with me? We have a lot of free time.'

Passepartout agreed and they came into a bar. Mr. Fix ordered a bottle of a strong wine.

'It will do you no harm,' the detective said. Jean liked the wine and drank a glass, then two glasses, three, and more. Mr. Fix drank little and watched the Frenchman closely. While they were talking about their future voyage to Japan, Jean remembered:

'I must go. My master doesn't know about the change in the hour of sailing.'

'Wait a moment,' said Mr. Fix. 'There's a lot of time. I have something to say to you. It is about your master. I am sure that it will be of great interest to you.'

Passepartout sat down again. Mr. Fix called for another bottle of wine.

'What do you have to tell me?' asked Passepartout.

'Do you know who I am?' asked Mr. Fix.

'Of course, I know that!' said Passepartout, smiling. 'You are an agent of the members of the club. You want my master to lose the bet!'

Mr. Fogg thought for a minute. He didn't have the warrant and he had to stop Mr. Fogg.

'I am a police detective.'

'You, a detective?'

'Yes, here are my papers.'

The servant was too surprised to speak.

'Mr. Fogg's bet,' the Englishman said, 'is only a trick. He has told you a lie.'

'Why?' asked Passepartout.

'Listen. On September 28th, someone stole fifty-five thousand pounds from the Bank of England. Now look at this description of the robber. It is exactly that of your master!'

'You are wrong!' cried Passepartout. 'My master is the most honest man in the world!'

'How do you know that? You don't even know him well. You became his servant on the day he left England. He left in a great hurry, didn't he? He left without any luggage, didn't he? He took a very large sum of money with him, didn't he? Do you mean to tell me that Mr. Fogg is an honest man?'

Passepartout was silent. What? Mr. Fogg, a robber? His brave master who saved Aouda?

Thinking wasn't easy for Jean because of that strong wine.

'What do you want me to do?' Passepartout asked the detective at last.

'Listen! Now I am waiting for a warrant for his arrest. You must help me to keep him in Hong Kong.'

'Help you?'

'You will get two thousand pounds for that!'

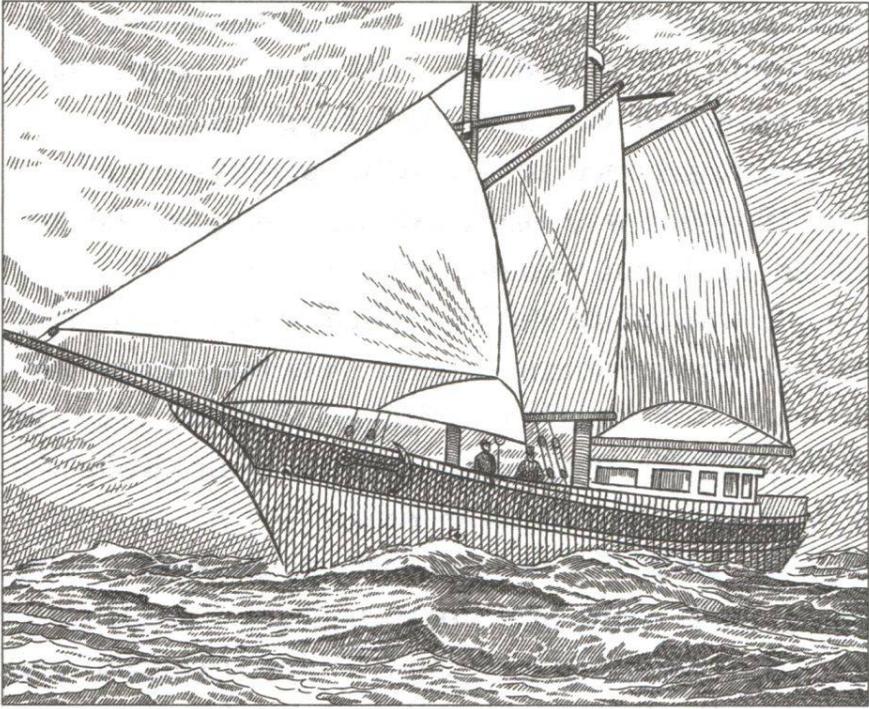
'Never!' cried Passepartout.

'Very well. Let's forget about it. Have another drink. It will do you good.'

Passepartout drank another glass of wine. The next moment he fell from his chair and lay on the floor without moving.

'Great! Mr. Fogg won't learn about the changes in the timetable. He will stay in Hong Kong. Soon I will get him!'

Then Mr. Fix paid for the drinks and went out.



Chapter Eleven

MR. FOGG MISSES THE SHIP

In the evening Phileas didn't worry about his missing servant. He stayed quiet in the morning when he found out that Passepartout was not in the hotel. Mr. Fogg made no comment, but went to the port. There he learned that the Carnatic had sailed, but his face didn't show any disappointment.

At that moment a gentleman came up to Mr. Fogg and Aouda. It was Mr. Fix.

'Excuse me, sir. You were a passenger from the ship that arrived from Calcutta, weren't you?'

'Yes,' answered Phileas Fogg. 'But...'

'Sir, I hoped to find your servant here.'

'So did we,' said Aouda. 'Maybe, he has sailed to Japan without us.'

'I wanted to go to Japan, too, but the ship sailed twelve hours earlier. Now we must wait a week for another ship,' said Mr. Fix and thought, 'Mr. Fogg will stay in Hong Kong for a week! I will arrest the robber!'

'I think there are other ships in Hong Kong port,' said Mr. Fogg in a quiet voice.

It wasn't easy to find a ship ready to sail but the Englishman didn't lose his hope.

'Are you looking for the best boat, sir?' a sailor asked, coming up to the travellers. 'Do you want her for a sea excursion?'

'No, for a voyage. Will you take me to Yokohama? I've missed the ship, and I must be at Yokohama to catch the ship for San Francisco.'

'Yokohama, sir? Sorry, that's impossible!'

'I'll pay you a hundred pounds a day, and two hundred pounds more if I arrive in time.'

The sailor wanted to get the money but the voyage was long and dangerous.

'Look, sir,' said the sailor. 'I can take you to Shanghai. It will be a safe voyage.'

'But I want to catch the San Francisco ship at Yokohama.'

'You will, sir. She doesn't start from Yokohama. She stops there, but she really starts her journey to San Francisco at Shanghai. She leaves Shanghai at seven in the evening, on the 11th. That gives us four clear days. If we have the right weather, we can arrive on time and you will catch the ship.'

'Very well. Are you the captain of the boat?'

'Yes, sir. My name is John Bunsby.'

Phileas Fogg turned to Mr. Fix. 'Would you like to join us, sir?' The detective agreed and they decided to be on board in half an hour.

Then, Mr. Fogg and Aouda went to the police station. There they gave a description of Passepartout and left enough money to send him back to Europe.

When they arrived at the port, the boat was ready to start. Mr. Fix was on board, too.

'Mr. Fogg is very kind to take me on board. But he is a robber, a kind and polite robber, indeed,' thought the detective, looking carefully around. He was afraid that Passepartout might come to the port.

Soon the boat took the wind and flew out into the sea.

'But I want to catch the San Francisco ship at Yokohama.'

'You will, sir. She doesn't start from Yokohama. She stops there, but she really starts her journey to San Francisco at Shanghai. She leaves Shanghai at seven in the evening, on the 11th. That gives us four clear days. If we have the right weather, we can arrive on time and you will catch the ship.'

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Chapter Twelve

THE STORM

At sunrise next morning, the wind grew stronger and the sky got dark.

'Well, we are going to have a storm,' John Bunsby told Mr. Fogg.

'Is it coming from the north or the south?' asked Mr. Fogg simply.

'From the south.'

'That is good news,' said Mr. Fogg. 'It will carry us in the right direction.'

'Oh, yes. We have these strong winds near China this time of the year but they are dangerous,' said the captain and he was right.

The weather got worse and the boat went up and down in the sea. With the wind behind them and the heavy rain, it was difficult for the captain. All the sails except one were taken down. All the doors were locked so that no water could come in. They waited.

The captain asked his passengers to stay in their cabins.

'I don't like it because there is little air,' said Mr. Fogg and stayed on the deck. Aouda didn't leave the deck and watched the Englishman proudly. His face

didn't change when the biggest waves hit the boat again and again.

At night, the storm grew stronger and more dangerous. John Bunsby came up to Mr. Fogg and said:

'I think, sir, we should find a port in China.'

'I know only one port in China. Shanghai.'

It took the captain some minutes to understand Mr. Fogg's words.

'Very well, sir. Let us go to Shanghai.'

And so the boat kept on its way to the north through the high waves, strong winds and dark night.

'It is a real wonder that the boat isn't going down the water,' thought Mr. Fix. He was afraid of the storm and felt terrible and unhappy.

At midday, the storm finally stopped. The passengers were now able to take some food and to take a rest. The captain put up all the sails and the boat moved at a good speed to Shanghai. Now Mr. Fogg was not more than forty-five miles from the ship to Yokohama, but he had only six hours to catch it.

'We have to sail at the speed of nine miles an hour, but the wind is weakening!' thought the captain. He didn't want to be late and lose his money.

Mr. Fogg stayed quiet and cold.

'His journey is in danger!' the detective thought happily.

At 7 o'clock the passengers saw a long black chimney of the ship, with black smoke coming out of it. It was the ship to Yokohama sailing from Shanghai at its usual time.

'Put down the flag,' said Mr. Fogg.

It was like a SOS signal at those times.

'I hope that the ship captain won't see it,' thought the detective hopefully.

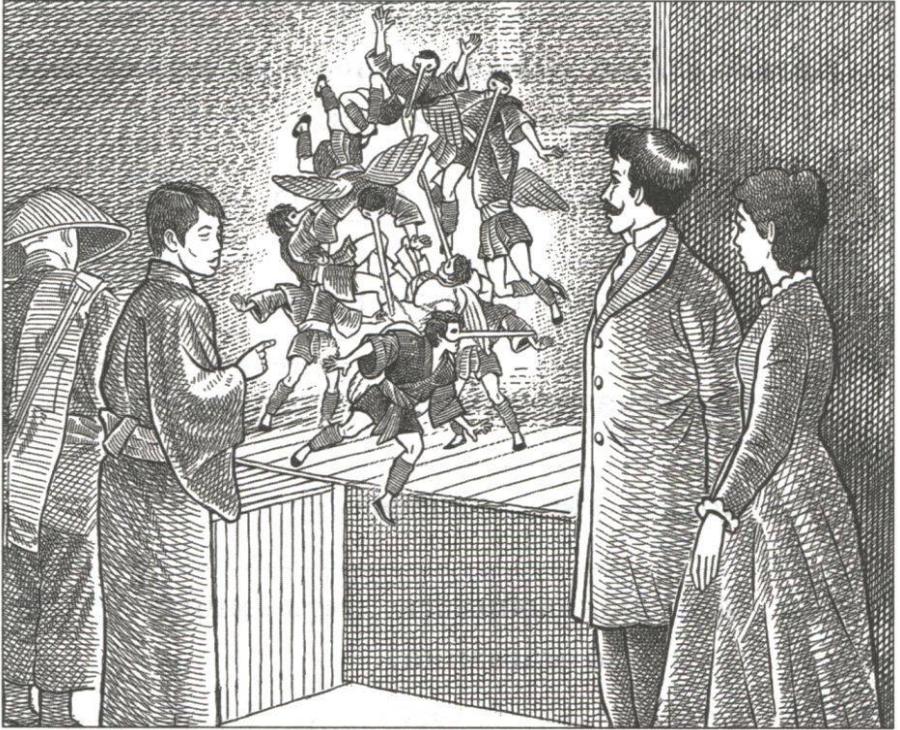
'Signal the ship,' said Mr. Fogg.

The captain had a small cannon on deck. He used it to send signals during bad weather. He filled it with gunpowder.

'Fire!' said Mr. Fogg without any doubt and the cannon fired.

Every eye on board the boat was looking at the ship. Still she kept her course.

Suddenly the ship captain saw the boat's flag down and turned his ship. A few minutes later, Phileas Fogg paid John Bunsby five hundred and fifty pounds. Then he, Aouda, and Fix got on board the ship for Yokohama, where it arrived on time, on the morning of November 14th.



Chapter Thirteen

JAPANESE ACROBAT

Where was Jean Passepartout on the 14th of November? Surprisingly, but he was in Yokohama, too.

We left him in Hong Kong sleeping in the bar. Finally, he woke up, got up with difficulty and left the bar.

'The Carnatic, the Carnatic,' he said again and again on his way to the port.

Luckily, he found the ship ready to leave, climbed on board and fell senseless on the deck.

A sailor carried him to a cabin and Passepartout slept there until the following morning.

'What will Mr. Fogg say to me? Well, I have caught the ship, that is the main thing,' — he thought.

Jean tried to find Mr. Fogg and Aouda on board the Carnatic, but they were not there. Suddenly he remembered everything,

'I had to tell my master about the changes in the timetable but I didn't. Now Mr. Fogg and Aouda have missed the ship. My master will lose his bet! Maybe, the detective has caught Mr. Fogg and he is in prison now!'

Now, here was he, Passepartout, on the road to Japan.

'What shall I do? I am coming to Japan but I have no money at all.'

It is impossible to describe how much he ate and drank during his voyage. He ate and drank for his master, for Aouda and for himself. He ate as if Japan were a country with no food at all.

On the morning of the 14th the Carnatic arrived at the port of Yokohama. Passepartout got off the ship and went walking about the streets.

'Shall I go to the French or British consul? No, I don't want to tell them my story.'

Suddenly he came to a Japanese theatre with 'Company of Japanese Acrobats' on the window.

'When I was young, I worked in the circus. I can try to get a job here. I don't want to die of hunger,' he thought and came into the theatre.

Jean found the manager and asked him if they needed an acrobat. Luckily, the manager needed one and Jean got a job. He became one of the 'Long Noses'!

They did the most amazing balancing trick in the circus show. Each acrobat had a long nose, made of bamboo, five or six feet long. A group of acrobats lay down on the floor with their noses up. A second group balanced themselves upon the noses of the first group. A third group stood on the noses of the second. That was how they made a human pyramid!

That evening, on the 14th of November, Passepartout worked with the first group of acrobats. The music began to play and the audience clapped like mad. Their pyramid reached the ceiling of the circus hall! Suddenly, it began to shake. One

of the Long Noses jumped to his feet with the words, 'Master! Master! I've found you!'

The voice was that of Passepartout!

The acrobats lost their balance and the pyramid fell like a house of cards.

'Well, that is fine. Nice to see you, Jean. Let us go to the ship, then,' said Mr. Fogg coldly.

Half an hour later, the Englishman, Aouda and Jean were all on board the American ship the General Grant.

'In 21 days the ship will cross the Pacific, I am sure. I will be in San Francisco on the 2nd of December, in New York on the 11th, in London on the 20th! Everything is going well,' thought Mr. Fogg.

Chapter Fourteen

CROSSING THE PACIFIC OCEAN

During the voyage across the Pacific Ocean nothing important happened. The sea was calm, Mr. Fogg was clam, too, and said little, as usual.

Aouda liked Mr. Fogg more and more, 'He has done so much to me.'

Jean was calm and happy, too.

'The most difficult part of the journey is over now. Finally, we left those strange countries of China and Japan. We will cross America by train and the Atlantic Ocean by ship. I hope we will finish our journey round the worlds in good time.'

But where was Mr. Fix at that moment?

He was, in fact, on the General Grant.

In Yokohama he had found the warrant of arrest at the English Consul's office.

'It is forty days old! It is useless now because Mr. Fogg is outside the reach of the English law. Very well,' said Fix, 'it will be useful in England. I will follow him there!'

He bought the ticket for the General Grant and came on board the ship. To his surprise, he saw not only Mr. Fogg and Aouda but also Jean.

'I will hide in the cabin,' the detective decided.

One morning he went out of his cabin and suddenly found himself face to face with Passepartout.

Without saying a word, Jean jumped on the detective and caught him by the throat. The servant attacked Mr. Fix striking him again and again. Some Americans were happy to see the fight and bet on the result. Finally, the servant demonstrated the superiority of the French system of boxing.

'No more!' cried the detective. 'Listen! Now I don't want to stop Mr. Fogg. I want to help him.'

'Ah,' said Passepartout, 'at last you have realised that he is an honest man!'

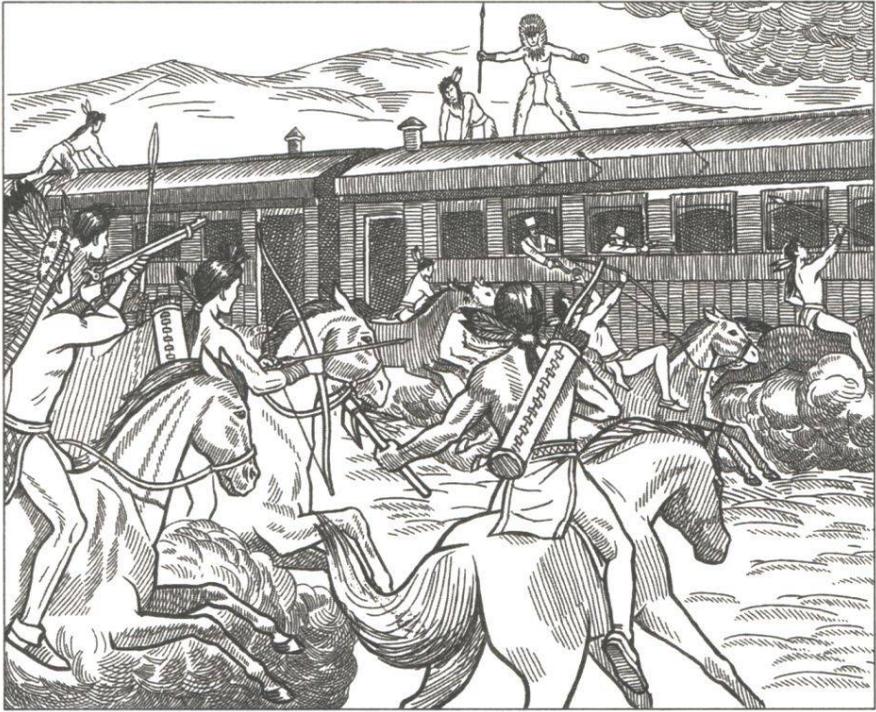
'Perhaps,' said Mr. Fix. 'Now I will do everything to help him get to England as quickly as possible. There, you and me will learn for certain if Mr. Fogg is a robber or not. Well, are we friends?'

'Friends, no!' answered Passepartout firmly. 'Allies, yes. Not friends. If you start playing any more games with me, I will break your neck!'

'Agreed,' said Fix calmly. 'An English detective can do a lot of things. But don't tell him about the bar in Hong Kong. Don't tell him that I am a detective, either. Then, I will help him to get to London on time!'

And with that, he went off.

Two days later, on December 3rd, the General Grant went through the Golden Gate and into San Francisco. So, Mr. Fogg arrived in America without losing a single day.



Chapter Fifteen AMERICAN INDIANS

As soon Mr. Fogg got on shore, he asked what time the first train left for New York. Luckily, he had a whole day to spend in San Francisco. He took a carriage to the International Hotel, and there they booked rooms for the day.

After a good breakfast, Phileas and Aouda decided to go to the office of the English Consul. They wanted to get stamps in their passports. When

they came out of their rooms, they met Passepartout.

'We are going to travel through a wild part of the country. They say that the Red Indians sometimes attack and rob the trains. Isn't it a good idea to buy some revolvers?'

'I don't think it is necessary but you can go and buy some if you like,' answered Mr. Fogg quietly.

When Phileas returned to the hotel, Passepartout showed his master some revolvers. Phileas did no more than raise his eyebrows and put the revolvers in his bag.

It was six in the evening when their train left San Francisco to make the seven-day journey to New York. Fix took his seat in their carriage, but they talked little.

In the morning, the train followed the beautiful Sierra Mountains with fantastic views. The train ran up and round the sides of the mountains or passed along the bottom of the narrow valleys.

At three in the afternoon the train suddenly stopped. The travellers looked out of the window and saw thousands of buffaloes. The big animals were crossing the track. Now the travellers could only wait. They waited for three long hours and darkness came down before the track was clear again. Then the train could start again — past the

Great Salt Lake, through Wyoming Territory, on over the Rockies, and down to the American plains.

The next morning, everybody on the train heard the Red Indians. They heard guns and shouts. Bang! Bang! Bang! Then the passengers saw a band of the Red Indians galloping their fast horses.

'We must defend ourselves!' cried Passepartout, and gave a revolver to Phileas, to Fix, and even to Aouda. With a revolver in her hand, she fired through the broken window at any Indian she could see.

In their usual way, the Red Indians jumped on the steps of the moving train and climbed onto the roof of the carriages. They fired their guns and the passengers answered with their revolvers. Some of the Indians jumped on the engine and injured the engine driver. One Indian tried to stop the train but he didn't know how to do it. He opened the steam pipe and the train flew off at full speed.

The end must come before long. Fighting went on for fifteen minutes.

'The Indians will win if we don't stop the train. Somebody has to get to the engine. In five minutes we will arrive at Kearney Station and the soldiers can help us,' said one of the passengers.

'The train will stop,' said Phileas Fogg. He was ready to run out of the carriage.

'Stay where you are, sir,' cried Passepartout.
'This is my job.'

The next moment the servant opened the door and climbed under the train to the engine. The Indians didn't see him and he was lucky to undo the heavy iron hooks that joined the engine to the carriages. The train began to run more and more slowly, while the engine flew forward with new speed.

The train went on and on for a few minutes but soon came to a stop near Kearney Station. The soldiers heard the shots and hurried up to the train. The Indians didn't wait for them and ran off. They took three prisoners with them. Jean Passepartout disappeared!

Chapter Sixteen

THE ICE-YACHT

Aouda and Phileas Fogg were safe, Mr. Fix was wounded in his arm.

'What has happened to Jean? Have the Indians killed him?' said the young woman and the tears ran down her face.

'I will find him dead or alive,' Phileas told Aouda simply. He felt that it was his duty. 'I can miss the ship from New York. It will ruin my journey,' he thought. Then he said, 'Let's waste no time!'

He went to Kearney Station office and said:

'Three people are missing. I am going to look for those brave men who saved our lives.'

'Well, sir. You have a brave heart and will not go alone. Now! Who wants to join this gentleman?' the captain said, turning to his soldiers.

Soon he chose thirty of them with an officer at the head.

Fix wanted to go with them, but Phileas said, 'You will do me a greater service if you stay with this young lady.'

'I will stay,' the detective said and the company left.

Aouda stayed in the station waiting-room and thought of Phileas Fogg. He became a hero in her eyes. Fix walked nervously up and down the platform.

At two in the afternoon, they heard the noise of the engine. It was the engine of their train. The driver had come to his senses and managed to get the engine back to Kearney Station. There he found the train with the passengers ready to continue their journey.

Aouda came up to the engine driver.

'Are you leaving?' she asked.

'Right now.'

'But the prisoners? Can you wait for them to return?'

'I am sorry, we can't. We are already three hours late.'

'When does the next train come from San Francisco?'

'Tomorrow evening.'

The train left Kearney Station and Aouda and the detective stayed there waiting for Mr. Fogg and the soldiers.

'It will cost Mr. Fogg twenty thousand pounds,' thought Aouda.

Some hours passed. The weather grew worse, the cold was stronger. Aouda went to the end of the

platform. She saw nothing through the snow and she heard nothing. Then night came but the soldiers and Mr. Fogg didn't come back. Aouda couldn't go to sleep because her imagination showed thousands of dangers.

In the morning they heard the shots and then saw the party with Mr. Fogg at the head. Near him there were Passepartout and the other two passengers.

'There was a battle ten miles south of Kearney Station. Passepartout and his two companions were fighting against the Indians, when we arrived and helped them to escape,' said Phileas Fogg to Aouda.

'Where is the train?' Passepartout cried.

'Gone,' answered Mr. Fix. 'The next one will come this evening.'

'Ah!' was all that the gentleman answered. He knew that he was twenty hours late.

'You have eight hours. Do you wish to try to do it?'

'On foot?' asked Mr. Fogg.

'No, on a sledge, a sledge with sails — an ice-yacht! I know Mr. Mudge can help us.'

A few minutes later, Mr. Fogg was looking at an unusual vehicle. It was a sort of a sledge, and on which five or six people could sit. In its front it had a big sail to catch the wind.

In a few moments, the travellers got into the ice-yacht and started their way to Omaha. They hoped to catch a train to New York from there. Mr. Mudge put up the sail and, under the pressure of the wind, the ice-yacht went over the hard snow at a speed of forty miles an hour.

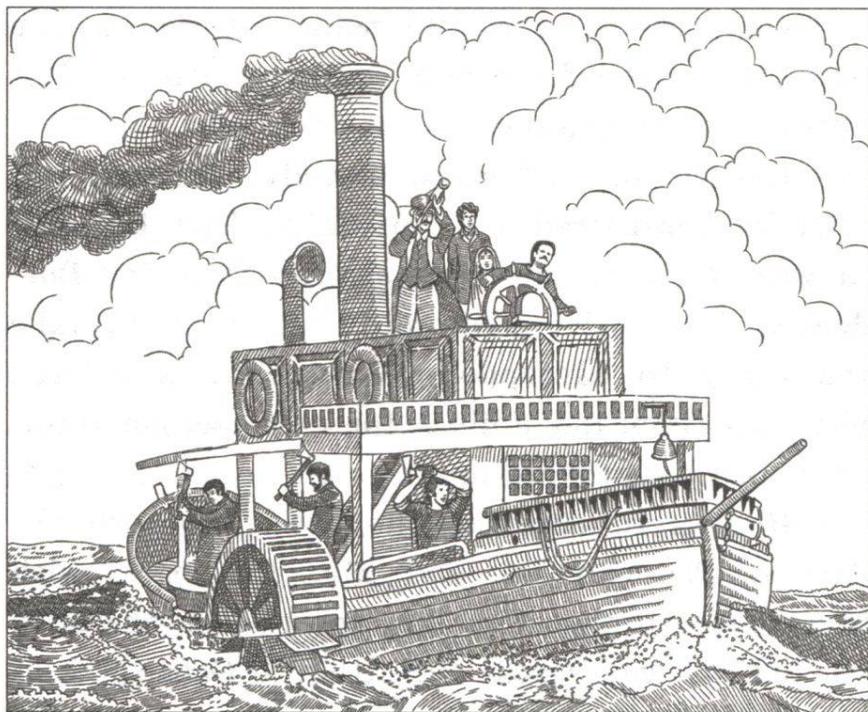
They had two hundred miles to go. What a journey! The travellers could not speak because of the wind and the cold. The ice-yacht went over snowy land as a ship over the sea.

An hour later, he lowered the sail, and the ice-yacht stopped in front of the Omaha station. The party had time to run into the carriage, and then the train was off.

The next day, the 10th, at four in the afternoon, they reached Chicago and passed immediately from one train into another. They were off again!

At nine thirty-five, on the evening of the 11th, their train stopped near the port.

The China, the ship for Liverpool, had left twenty minutes before!



Chapter Seventeen

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

What could the travellers do now? There was no other passenger ship to England for several days. Passepartout and Aouda were very unhappy. Mr. Fogg was the only one who slept well that night.

Next morning Phileas got up at seven, as usual. He had nine days, thirteen hours, and forty-five minutes to get to London on time.

He left the hotel and made his way to the port. He looked for a ship ready to sail. At last he saw the Henrietta.

Her captain, Andrew Speedy, was an unfriendly red-haired man of fifty. The Henrietta was ready to sail in an hour's time for Bordeaux. First, the captain didn't want to take the party to Liverpool. When Phileas offered him two thousand dollars for each person, however, he changed his mind.

Phileas returned to the hotel, and brought Aouda, Passepartout and Mr. Fix back with him on board the ship. At nine o'clock the ship started his way across the Atlantic Ocean.

At noon the next day, the crew had a new captain. It was Phileas Fogg. Captain Speedy was locked up in his cabin, shouting like a mad thing.

What had happened was very simple. Phileas Fogg wanted to go to Liverpool; the captain didn't want it. He broke his promise. So Mr. Fogg had nothing to do but gave some money to the sailors. They hated their rude and unfriendly captain and locked him in his cabin. Now Mr. Fogg was the master of the ship and it was on the way to Liverpool.

On the 13th of December, the wind blew harder and Mr. Fogg had to put down the sails and use

more steam. But the ship went more slowly because of long waves.

The 16th of December was the seventy-fifth day that had passed since leaving London. On this day, the engineer came up to Mr. Fogg.

'Sir, we had enough coal to get to Bordeaux. You want to get to Liverpool as quickly as possible. We need more coal or wood ...'

Mr. Fogg listened to the engineer carefully and told him to bring Captain Speedy.

'Pirate!' Captain Speedy cried with a purple face.

'I have sent for you, sir, to ask you to sell me your ship.'

'No!'

'I have to burn her.'

'Burn my ship!'

'At least her wooden part because we need more wood.'

'Burn my ship! The ship costs fifty thousand dollars!'

'Here are sixty thousand.'

'Shall I have the iron part and the engine?' asked the captain.

'Oh, yes. I am only buying the wood.'

On that day and the following one, the deck, the masts, the cabins, the furniture went into the fire. The sailors burnt everything that could be burnt.

The Henrietta looked like a pontoon now. At last, they saw the Irish coast. At ten in the evening they were passing Queenstown. Phileas Fogg had twenty-four hours to reach London — and no wood to burn! nearly all the wood had been used up!

'We will get off at Queenstown,' said Phileas calmly. He wanted to get to Liverpool by a very fast boat which took the mail from Queenstown to England.

With Aouda, Passepartout, and Fix, he jumped into a train at half-past one, reached Dublin at the break of the day, and immediately boarded a fast mail boat for Liverpool.

At twenty minutes before noon, on the 21st of December, Phileas Fogg finally arrived in Liverpool. He was now only six hours from London.

But at this moment Mr. Fix came up to him, put a hand on his shoulder, and showed his warrant.

'Phileas Fogg, I am a police officer. I arrest you in the name of the Queen!'

Chapter Eighteen

A QUESTION OF TIME

Phileas Fogg was a prisoner at Liverpool police station. He looked at his watch. It was two o'clock. He had to be at the Club at eight forty-five.

At thirty-three minutes past two the door opened and the detective ran in. He could hardly speak.

'Sir, I am very sorry. A mistake. The robber was arrested three days ago. You are free.'

Phileas rose to his feet quickly for the first and last time in his life. He hit Mr. Fox in his face very hard. The travellers ran out, jumped into a carriage, and in a few minutes arrived at the station. The London train wasn't there. They were too late.

Phileas Fogg then ordered a special train. There were some delays along the line, and when their train arrived in London, it was ten minutes to nine.

Phileas Fogg arrived five minutes behind time!
He lost his bet!

Was he very unhappy about it? Jean and Aouda were unhappier about the bet than Phileas. He had a new plan.

At home, he stayed in his room all day but at half past seven, he came down to have a talk to Aouda. Surprisingly, he was not sad. He looked at Aouda and smiled.

'I am sorry, Aouda. I brought you to England and now I am ruined.'

'What will become of you now?'

'For myself, I need little.'

'Your friends... your relatives...'

'I have no friends. I have no relatives.'

'Do you want to have a relative and a friend? Will you ask me to be your wife?'

Mr. Fogg's eyes opened wide and his arms went round her.

'I love you. I love you, and have loved you for many days!'

Some minutes later, Mr. Fogg rang for Passepartout, and he came at once. Mr. Fogg had Aouda's hand in his hand.

'Jean, can you speak to Mr. Wilson, at my church? Isn't it too late?'

'Never too late.'

It was then five minutes after eight.

'It will be for tomorrow, Monday?' the servant asked.

'For tomorrow, Monday!' answered Mr. Fogg and Aouda.

Passepartout went off, running as fast as he could. At eight thirty-five Jean was back. He was red in his face and couldn't speak.

'What is the matter?' asked Mr. Fogg.

'M-m-marriage... i-i-im-impossible... t-t-t-t-to-morrow!'

'What! Why?'

'T-t-t-to-tomorrow is Sunday!'

'Monday,' said Mr. Fogg.

'No, today is Saturday. You have made a mistake of one day. We arrived twenty-four hours ahead of time. But there are only ten minutes left!'

Phileas gave a cry, clapped a hand to his head, ran from the house, jumped into a cab, promised a hundred pounds to the driver, and, after running over two dogs and running into five carriages, arrived at the Reform Club.

Of course! When you go round the world to the west, you lose one day. When you go round the world to the east, you have one more day.

Mr. Fogg's friends were at the card table in the Club. Nobody said anything, because there were not really happy. They didn't want to win the bet because they liked Phileas Fogg.

'Eight forty-three,' said one of them.

At eight forty-four, Phileas Fogg opened the door and said in his calm voice:

'Gentlemen, here I am!'

Yes! Phileas Fogg in person.