

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 8 ENGLISH/HANDOUT 12

Announcement: Midterm Assessment next week (Class 13). Please review Homework 1 to 10)

LITERARY ANALYSIS

This week's homework will focus on Chapter 19 to Chapter 24 of *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Read the following summaries, before reading Chapters 23 and 24 and answering the questions that follow. (Summaries from web resource: <http://www.novelguide.com/around-the-world-in-eighty-days/summaries/>)

(Suggested activity: **Teachers**, divide the class into smaller groups. Assign one chapter summary to each other. Each student will further condense the summary. Students could take turns to share their summaries and combine them to form a larger, coherent whole.)

Summary of Chapter Nineteen: "In which Passepartout takes a too great interest in his master, and what comes of it"

Passepartout wanders around in Hong Kong looking at the Chinese, Japanese, and Europeans on the street. Every city in the world seems to be populated with mixed cultures. Hong Kong is an English port and everywhere is "the evidence of English supremacy" (p. 95).

He finds Fix on the quay and asks if he is going with them to America, to which the detective answers, yes. They go into the steamer office to purchase tickets, but the clerk tells him that the Carnatic is going to leave that evening and not the next morning. On the way to tell his master the good news, he is persuaded by Fix to have a drink first. In the tavern, they see people lying around, for it is also an opium den.

It is here that Fix desperately tells Passepartout everything, hoping to gain his help in arresting Fogg. Passepartout at first thinks Fix is part of a conspiracy of the Reform Club members to delay Fogg so they can win the bet. When Fix finds out Passepartout's mistake, and that Fogg does not know about him, he reveals to Passepartout he is from Scotland Yard pursuing Fogg for robbing the Bank of England. The servant does not believe Fogg is guilty and mentions his "generosity and goodness" (p. 101). Fix then gives Passepartout a drink with opium in it, and he falls unconscious to the floor. Fix triumphantly announces that Fogg will never hear of the Carnatic's early departure now.

Summary of Chapter Twenty: "In which Fix comes face to face with Phileas Fogg"

Mr. Fogg conducts Aouda around Hong Kong to make purchases for her for the long journey. He tells her it is part of his plan when she says she doesn't want to be any trouble.

They return to the hotel for the night, not knowing the steamer Carnatic is leaving that evening. Fogg is surprised when Passepartout does not show up either that evening or the next morning when they have to leave. They go to the quay and learn that the Carnatic has already sailed. Fogg, however, takes the disappearance of his servant and the ship with his usual calm, calling it "an accident" (p. 103).

Just then a strange man approaches Fogg and asks if he was a passenger on the Rangoon. Fogg says yes. The man is Fix who says he thought he would find Fogg's servant with him. Aouda anxiously asks if Fix knows where he is, and he says no; he must wait for another steamer because the Carnatic left early, and no other steamer will leave for a week. Fix is happy that Fogg will be detained now.

Fogg takes Aouda's arm and says there are other vessels. He wanders around the docks looking for a boat to charter to Yokohama. He finds a boat, the Tankadere, but the sailor, John Bunsby, says he can't

go as far as Japan. Fogg offers him a hundred pounds per day, plus two hundred if they get to Yokohama on time. Fogg asks Aouda if she would be afraid, and she says no. The pilot says he cannot go directly to Yokohama, but he could go to Nagasaki or Shanghai, and the San Francisco steamer starts from Shanghai anyway. It leaves Shanghai four days hence, and if the sea is calm they will get there in time.

Fogg goes to the Hong Kong police station and leaves a description of Passepartout and some money to search for him. He does the same at the French consulate. John Bunsby and four seamen man the *Tankadere*, which is like a racing yacht. Fogg offers to take Fix with him so he can also reach his destination. Fix feels shame that he has to take Fogg's kindness and worries that Passepartout will show up to denounce him. He does not and the *Tankadere* leaves port.

Summary of Chapter Twenty-One: "In which the master of the *Tankadere* runs great risk of losing a reward of two hundred pounds"

The journey of 800 miles is risky on the Chinese seas in the current season where strong gales blow. At first, the weather is calm. Fogg urges Bunsby to use all speed as he stands at attention on the deck, with Aouda at his side. Fix is seated in the bow, keeping apart. He believes that Fogg will go as fast as he can to America to escape and has taken this route to throw off the police. Aouda worries about Passepartout who had saved her from death. They hope to be reunited in Yokohama.

By the 8th of November the boat has made 100 miles, carrying all its sail, going at full speed. Fogg and Aouda invite Fix to eat with them, and he has to accept, having no provisions of his own. Fogg says that it all figures into his "general expenses" (p. 110).

After they cross the Tropic of Cancer, the sea is rough and the barometer shows a storm coming. It is a typhoon. All sail is taken in and a storm jib hoisted to hold the wind from behind. Bunsby tells the passengers to go below, but they do not. The storm is violent and lifts the boat on mountainous waves, but the boat's speed is equal to the waves. The pilot's skill saves them until the wind shifts the boat sideways in the troughs. Then the pilot tells Fogg they need to make for a port on the coast. He agrees but says it must be Shanghai.

The storm almost does them in, but Aouda does not complain as they cling to the deck. There is no break the next day. That night they must reach Shanghai to catch the steamer, but they have lost time. With forty-five miles to go, they have only six hours. They see the steamer leave Yokohama on time for America and shoot off a cannon to signal it.

Summary of Chapter Twenty-two: "In which Passepartout finds out that, even at the antipodes, it is convenient to have some money in one's pocket"

The *Carnatic* left Hong Kong for Japan with Passepartout aboard. He came to in his cabin after staggering to the boat in his drug stupor and collapsing. The next day he remembers the plot of Fix to drug him and follow his master. He considers once more whether to tell Fogg about Fix but thinks perhaps he will wait till they arrive in England and then have a laugh about it.

When he goes to find his master on board, he is surprised that neither he nor Aouda are there. Finally he remembers that he did not deliver the message to Fogg that the departure time had changed. He berates himself for ruining his master and vows he will get Fix. Realizing he has no money when he gets to Japan, he eats enough for three people on the journey.

Passepartout wanders around in Yokohama seeing all races of people, finally ending up in the Japanese quarter called *Benten*. Yokohama is a main traffic route in the Pacific, and surely he can find some help there while he looks for Fogg. He is hungry, but there is no food in sight for him, as he spends the night near the harbor.

Summary of Chapter Twenty-three: “In which Passepartout’s nose becomes outrageously long”

Passepartout is hungry the next morning and thinks of selling his watch but cannot bring himself to do this. He sells his European clothes instead for a Japanese outfit and has some change left over for food. He thinks of going on a steamer as a cook to get to America, but as he goes along he gets a better idea when he sees a sign in English advertising Japanese acrobats. They are putting on a last performance before embarking for the United States.

Passepartout gets an interview and first desires to be a servant, but the proprietor, calling himself the Honorable William Batulcar, says Passepartout should be a clown because the French know how to grimace. He is engaged as part of the Long Noses, or acrobats who wear long false noses as perches for other acrobats to balance upon.

The performance has juggling acts and gymnasts. The Long Noses are dedicated to the god Tingou and dress in medieval clothes with noses of bamboo between five and ten feet long. Passepartout remembers his youth in a circus. He takes his place at the bottom of a human pyramid. It begins to reach towards the ceiling, when suddenly, the pyramid falls. Passepartout sees Fogg and Aouda in the audience and runs to them, leaving the other acrobats on the floor. Batulcar is furious, but Fogg pays him damages, and the party rushes off to catch the steamer to America with Passepartout still dressed in his costume and long nose.

Summary of Chapter Twenty-Four: “During which Mr. Fogg and party cross the Pacific Ocean”

We left Fogg and Aouda on the Tankadere firing a cannon and flying the flag half-mast as a signal to the American steamer as it leaves Shanghai. Thus, Fogg and Aouda are able to stop and board the steamer as it makes for Nagasaki and Yokohama on the way to San Francisco. When they get to Yokohama on November 14 they board the Carnatic, and find that Passepartout had been on it and is now in Yokohama. The San Francisco boat would leave that evening, so Fogg and Aouda lose no time in finding Passepartout. They try the French and English consulates first and then wander the streets, looking for their friend.

“Chance” (p. 127) leads Fogg to the circus. He did not recognize Passepartout in his long nose, but the servant spied the master, and they are reunited. Aouda tells their story to Passepartout as they voyage on the steamer to America. Passepartout does not divulge anything about Mr. Fix. He feels it is not time to reveal the secret, so he blames himself for being drunk and having smoked opium at a tavern and thus was unable to tell them about the ship leaving. Fogg hears this excuse with coldness but does not reprimand his servant. He gives him money to buy new clothes.

The American ship is called the General Grant, a large paddle-wheel steamer. She makes twelve miles an hour and can cross the ocean in twenty-one days. Fogg hopes to reach San Francisco by December 2, New York by the 11th, and London by the 20th, with time to spare till the deadline of the 21st.

There is a full ship of English, Americans, and Chinese. Fogg is calm as usual, and Aouda is becoming quite attached to him. She becomes friends with Passepartout who sees the state of her heart. He praises his master to her and tells her the worst part of the journey is over.

On the 23rd of November, Fogg is at the antipodes of London, in the Pacific, having spent 52 of his 80 days. He has only 28 days to get half way around the world. Yet he has finished two-thirds of the trip because of long necessary detours. The rest of the journey will be a straight one. No one yet knows Fix is on board.

Fix had finally received the arrest warrant in Yokohama when it was too late. The irony is that the warrant came from Bombay on the Carnatic, the ship Fix would have been on had he not sabotaged Fogg from getting on it. Fix decides he will have to wait until London to use it, so he is forced into following Fogg to America first. When he sees Passepartout, he decides to hide in his cabin, but he runs into him on deck and Passepartout beats Fix up.

Afterwards, Fix persuades Passepartout that he is on Fogg's side now. He admits to all the things he did to ruin the journey, but now he wants him to get to London on time and will help him. Passepartout believes him but warns him if he betrays them, he will beat him up again. The ship reaches San Francisco on December 3, and Fogg is happy. He has neither gained nor lost a day.

Reading Selections from *Around the World in 80 Days*

Chapter XXIII

IN WHICH PASSEPARTOUT'S NOSE BECOMES OUTRAGEOUSLY LONG

The next morning poor, jaded, famished Passepartout said to himself that he must get something to eat at all hazards, and the sooner he did so the better. He might, indeed, sell his watch; but he would have starved first. Now or never he must use the strong, if not melodious voice which nature had bestowed upon him. He knew several French and English songs, and resolved to try them upon the Japanese, who must be lovers of music, since they were for ever pounding on their cymbals, tam-tams, and tambourines, and could not but appreciate European talent.

It was, perhaps, rather early in the morning to get up a concert, and the audience prematurely aroused from their slumbers, might not possibly pay their entertainer with coin bearing the Mikado's features. Passepartout therefore decided to wait several hours; and, as he was sauntering along, it occurred to him that he would seem rather too well dressed for a wandering artist. The idea struck him to change his garments for clothes more in harmony with his project; by which he might also get a little money to satisfy the immediate cravings of hunger. The resolution taken, it remained to carry it out.

It was only after a long search that Passepartout discovered a native dealer in old clothes, to whom he applied for an exchange. The man liked the European costume, and ere long Passepartout issued from his shop accoutred in an old Japanese coat, and a sort of one-sided turban, faded with long use. A few small pieces of silver, moreover, jingled in his pocket.

"Good!" thought he. "I will imagine I am at the Carnival!"

His first care, after being thus "Japanesed," was to enter a tea-house of modest appearance, and, upon half a bird and a little rice, to breakfast like a man for whom dinner was as yet a problem to be solved.

"Now," thought he, when he had eaten heartily, "I mustn't lose my head. I can't sell this costume again for one still more Japanese. I must consider how to leave this country of the Sun, of which I shall not retain the most delightful of memories, as quickly as possible."

It occurred to him to visit the steamers which were about to leave for America. He would offer himself as a cook or servant, in payment of his passage and meals. Once at San Francisco, he would find some means of going on. The difficulty was, how to traverse the four thousand seven hundred miles of the Pacific which lay between Japan and the New World.

Passepartout was not the man to let an idea go begging, and directed his steps towards the docks. But, as he approached them, his project, which at first had seemed so simple, began to grow more and more formidable to his mind. What need would they have of a cook or servant on an American steamer, and what confidence would they put in him, dressed as he was? What references could he give?

As he was reflecting in this wise, his eyes fell upon an immense placard which a sort of clown was carrying through the streets. This placard, which was in English, read as follows:

ACROBATIC JAPANESE TROUPE,
HONOURABLE WILLIAM BATULCAR, PROPRIETOR,
LAST REPRESENTATIONS,

PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE TO THE UNITED STATES, OF THE
 LONG NOSES! LONG NOSES!
 UNDER THE DIRECT PATRONAGE OF THE GOD TINGOU! GREAT ATTRACTION!
 "The United States!" said Passepartout; "that's just what I want!"

He followed the clown, and soon found himself once more in the Japanese quarter. A quarter of an hour later he stopped before a large cabin, adorned with several clusters of streamers, the exterior walls of which were designed to represent, in violent colours and without perspective, a company of jugglers.

This was the Honourable William Batulcar's establishment. That gentleman was a sort of Barnum, the director of a troupe of mountebanks, jugglers, clowns, acrobats, equilibrists, and gymnasts, who, according to the placard, was giving his last performances before leaving the Empire of the Sun for the States of the Union.

Passepartout entered and asked for Mr. Batulcar, who straightway appeared in person.

"What do you want?" said he to Passepartout, whom he at first took for a native.

"Would you like a servant, sir?" asked Passepartout.

"A servant!" cried Mr. Batulcar, caressing the thick grey beard which hung from his chin. "I already have two who are obedient and faithful, have never left me, and serve me for their nourishment and here they are," added he, holding out his two robust arms, furrowed with veins as large as the strings of a bass-viol.

"So I can be of no use to you?"

"None."

"The devil! I should so like to cross the Pacific with you!"

"Ah!" said the Honourable Mr. Batulcar. "You are no more a Japanese than I am a monkey! Who are you dressed up in that way?"

"A man dresses as he can."

"That's true. You are a Frenchman, aren't you?"

"Yes; a Parisian of Paris."

"Then you ought to know how to make grimaces?"

"Why," replied Passepartout, a little vexed that his nationality should cause this question, "we Frenchmen know how to make grimaces, it is true but not any better than the Americans do."

"True. Well, if I can't take you as a servant, I can as a clown. You see, my friend, in France they exhibit foreign clowns, and in foreign parts French clowns."

"Ah!"

"You are pretty strong, eh?"

"Especially after a good meal."

"And you can sing?"

"Yes," returned Passepartout, who had formerly been wont to sing in the streets.

"But can you sing standing on your head, with a top spinning on your left foot, and a sabre balanced on your right?"

"Humph! I think so," replied Passepartout, recalling the exercises of his younger days.

"Well, that's enough," said the Honourable William Batulcar.

The engagement was concluded there and then.

Passepartout had at last found something to do. He was engaged to act in the celebrated Japanese troupe. It was not a very dignified position, but within a week he would be on his way to San Francisco.

The performance, so noisily announced by the Honourable Mr. Batulcar, was to commence at three o'clock, and soon the deafening instruments of a Japanese orchestra resounded at the door. Passepartout, though he had not been able to study or rehearse a part, was designated to lend the aid of his sturdy shoulders in the great exhibition of the "human pyramid," executed by the Long Noses of the god Tingou. This "great attraction" was to close the performance.

Before three o'clock the large shed was invaded by the spectators, comprising Europeans and natives, Chinese and Japanese, men, women and children, who precipitated themselves upon the narrow benches and into the boxes opposite the stage. The musicians took up a position inside, and were vigorously performing on their gongs, tam-tams, flutes, bones, tambourines, and immense drums.

The performance was much like all acrobatic displays; but it must be confessed that the Japanese are the first equilibrists in the world.

One, with a fan and some bits of paper, performed the graceful trick of the butterflies and the flowers; another traced in the air, with the odorous smoke of his pipe, a series of blue words, which composed a compliment to the audience; while a third juggled with some lighted candles, which he extinguished successively as they passed his lips, and relit again without interrupting for an instant his juggling. Another reproduced the most singular combinations with a spinning-top; in his hands the revolving tops seemed to be animated with a life of their own in their interminable whirling; they ran over pipe-stems, the edges of sabres, wires and even hairs stretched across the stage; they turned around on the edges of large glasses, crossed bamboo ladders, dispersed into all the corners, and produced strange musical effects by the combination of their various pitches of tone. The jugglers tossed them in the air, threw them like shuttlecocks with wooden battledores, and yet they kept on spinning; they put them into their pockets, and took them out still whirling as before.

It is useless to describe the astonishing performances of the acrobats and gymnasts. The turning on ladders, poles, balls, barrels, &c., was executed with wonderful precision.

But the principal attraction was the exhibition of the Long Noses, a show to which Europe is as yet a stranger.

The Long Noses form a peculiar company, under the direct patronage of the god Tingou. Attired after the fashion of the Middle Ages, they bore upon their shoulders a splendid pair of wings; but what especially distinguished them was the long noses which were fastened to their faces, and the uses which they made of them. These noses were made of bamboo, and were five, six, and even ten feet long, some straight, others curved, some ribboned, and some having imitation warts upon them. It was upon these appendages, fixed tightly on their real noses, that they performed their gymnastic exercises. A dozen of these sectaries of Tingou lay flat upon their backs, while others, dressed to represent lightning-rods, came and frolicked on their noses, jumping from one to another, and performing the most skilful leaps and somersaults.

As a last scene, a "human pyramid" had been announced, in which fifty Long Noses were to represent the Car of Juggernaut. But, instead of forming a pyramid by mounting each other's shoulders, the artists were to group themselves on top of the noses. It happened that the performer who had hitherto formed the base of the Car had quitted the troupe, and as, to fill this part, only strength and adroitness were necessary, Passepartout had been chosen to take his place.

The poor fellow really felt sad when—melancholy reminiscence of his youth!—he donned his costume, adorned with vari-coloured wings, and fastened to his natural feature a false nose six feet long. But he cheered up when he thought that this nose was winning him something to eat.

He went upon the stage, and took his place beside the rest who were to compose the base of the Car of Juggernaut. They all stretched themselves on the floor, their noses pointing to the ceiling. A second group of artists disposed themselves on these long appendages, then a third above these, then a fourth, until a human monument reaching to the very cornices of the theatre soon arose on top of the noses. This elicited loud applause, in the midst of which the orchestra was just striking up a deafening air, when the pyramid tottered, the balance was lost, one of the lower noses vanished from the pyramid, and the human monument was shattered like a castle built of cards!

It was Passepartout's fault. Abandoning his position, clearing the footlights without the aid of his wings, and, clambering up to the right-hand gallery, he fell at the feet of one of the spectators, crying, "Ah, my master! my master!"

"You here?"

"Myself."

"Very well; then let us go to the steamer, young man!"

Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passepartout passed through the lobby of the theatre to the outside, where they encountered the Honourable Mr. Batulcar, furious with rage. He demanded damages for the "breakage" of the pyramid; and Phileas Fogg appeased him by giving him a handful of banknotes.

At half-past six, the very hour of departure, Mr. Fogg and Aouda, followed by Passepartout, who in his hurry had retained his wings, and nose six feet long, stepped upon the American steamer.

Chapter XXIV

DURING WHICH MR. FOGG AND PARTY CROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN

What happened when the pilot-boat came in sight of Shanghai will be easily guessed. The signals made by the Tankadere had been seen by the captain of the Yokohama steamer, who, espying the flag at half-mast, had directed his course towards the little craft. Phileas Fogg, after paying the stipulated price of his passage to John Busby, and rewarding that worthy with the additional sum of five hundred and fifty pounds, ascended the steamer with Aouda and Fix; and they started at once for Nagasaki and Yokohama.

They reached their destination on the morning of the 14th of November. Phileas Fogg lost no time in going on board the Carnatic, where he learned, to Aouda's great delight—and perhaps to his own, though he betrayed no emotion—that Passepartout, a Frenchman, had really arrived on her the day before.

The San Francisco steamer was announced to leave that very evening, and it became necessary to find Passepartout, if possible, without delay. Mr. Fogg applied in vain to the French and English consuls, and, after wandering through the streets a long time, began to despair of finding his missing servant. Chance, or perhaps a kind of presentiment, at last led him into the Honourable Mr. Batulcar's theatre. He certainly would not have recognised Passepartout in the eccentric mountebank's costume; but the latter, lying on his back, perceived his master in the gallery. He could not help starting, which so changed the position of his nose as to bring the "pyramid" pell-mell upon the stage.

All this Passepartout learned from Aouda, who recounted to him what had taken place on the voyage from Hong Kong to Shanghai on the Tankadere, in company with one Mr. Fix.

Passepartout did not change countenance on hearing this name. He thought that the time had not yet arrived to divulge to his master what had taken place between the detective and himself; and, in the account he gave of his absence, he simply excused himself for having been overtaken by drunkenness, in smoking opium at a tavern in Hong Kong.

Mr. Fogg heard this narrative coldly, without a word; and then furnished his man with funds necessary to obtain clothing more in harmony with his position. Within an hour the Frenchman had cut off his nose and parted with his wings, and retained nothing about him which recalled the sectary of the god Tingou.

The steamer which was about to depart from Yokohama to San Francisco belonged to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and was named the General Grant. She was a large paddle-wheel steamer of two thousand five hundred tons; well equipped and very fast. The massive walking-beam rose and fell above the deck; at one end a piston-rod worked up and down; and at the other was a connecting-rod which, in changing the rectilinear motion to a circular one, was directly connected with the shaft of the paddles. The General Grant was rigged with three masts, giving a large capacity for sails, and thus materially aiding the steam power. By making twelve miles an hour, she would cross the ocean in twenty-one days. Phileas Fogg was therefore justified in hoping that he would reach San Francisco by the 2nd of December, New York by the 11th, and London on the 20th—thus gaining several hours on the fatal date of the 21st of December.

There was a full complement of passengers on board, among them English, many Americans, a large number of coolies on their way to California, and several East Indian officers, who were spending their vacation in making the tour of the world. Nothing of moment happened on the voyage; the steamer, sustained on its large paddles, rolled but little, and the Pacific almost justified its name. Mr. Fogg was as calm and taciturn as ever. His young companion felt herself more and more attached to him by other ties than gratitude; his silent but generous nature impressed her more than she thought; and it was almost unconsciously that she yielded to emotions which did not seem to have the least effect upon her protector. Aouda took the keenest interest in his plans, and became impatient at any incident which seemed likely to retard his journey.

She often chatted with Passepartout, who did not fail to perceive the state of the lady's heart; and, being the most faithful of domestics, he never exhausted his eulogies of Phileas Fogg's honesty, generosity, and devotion. He took pains to calm Aouda's doubts of a successful termination of the journey, telling her that the most difficult part of it had passed, that now they were beyond the fantastic countries of Japan and China, and were fairly on their way to civilised places again. A railway train from San Francisco to New York, and a transatlantic steamer from New York to Liverpool, would doubtless bring them to the end of this impossible journey round the world within the period agreed upon.

On the ninth day after leaving Yokohama, Phileas Fogg had traversed exactly one half of the terrestrial globe. The General Grant passed, on the 23rd of November, the one hundred and eightieth meridian, and was at the very antipodes of London. Mr. Fogg had, it is true, exhausted fifty-two of the eighty days in which he was to complete the tour, and there were only twenty-eight left. But, though he was only half-way by the difference of meridians, he had really gone over two-thirds of the whole journey; for he had been obliged to make long circuits from London to Aden, from Aden to Bombay, from Calcutta to

Singapore, and from Singapore to Yokohama. Could he have followed without deviation the fiftieth parallel, which is that of London, the whole distance would only have been about twelve thousand miles; whereas he would be forced, by the irregular methods of locomotion, to traverse twenty-six thousand, of which he had, on the 23rd of November, accomplished seventeen thousand five hundred. And now the course was a straight one, and Fix was no longer there to put obstacles in their way!

It happened also, on the 23rd of November, that Passepartout made a joyful discovery. It will be remembered that the obstinate fellow had insisted on keeping his famous family watch at London time, and on regarding that of the countries he had passed through as quite false and unreliable. Now, on this day, though he had not changed the hands, he found that his watch exactly agreed with the ship's chronometers. His triumph was hilarious. He would have liked to know what Fix would say if he were aboard!

"The rogue told me a lot of stories," repeated Passepartout, "about the meridians, the sun, and the moon! Moon, indeed! moonshine more likely! If one listened to that sort of people, a pretty sort of time one would keep! I was sure that the sun would some day regulate itself by my watch!"

Passepartout was ignorant that, if the face of his watch had been divided into twenty-four hours, like the Italian clocks, he would have no reason for exultation; for the hands of his watch would then, instead of as now indicating nine o'clock in the morning, indicate nine o'clock in the evening, that is, the twenty-first hour after midnight precisely the difference between London time and that of the one hundred and eightieth meridian. But if Fix had been able to explain this purely physical effect, Passepartout would not have admitted, even if he had comprehended it. Moreover, if the detective had been on board at that moment, Passepartout would have joined issue with him on a quite different subject, and in an entirely different manner.

Where was Fix at that moment?

He was actually on board the General Grant.

On reaching Yokohama, the detective, leaving Mr. Fogg, whom he expected to meet again during the day, had repaired at once to the English consulate, where he at last found the warrant of arrest. It had followed him from Bombay, and had come by the Carnatic, on which steamer he himself was supposed to be. Fix's disappointment may be imagined when he reflected that the warrant was now useless. Mr. Fogg had left English ground, and it was now necessary to procure his extradition!

"Well," thought Fix, after a moment of anger, "my warrant is not good here, but it will be in England. The rogue evidently intends to return to his own country, thinking he has thrown the police off his track. Good! I will follow him across the Atlantic. As for the money, heaven grant there may be some left! But the fellow has already spent in travelling, rewards, trials, bail, elephants, and all sorts of charges, more than five thousand pounds. Yet, after all, the Bank is rich!"

His course decided on, he went on board the General Grant, and was there when Mr. Fogg and Aouda arrived. To his utter amazement, he recognised Passepartout, despite his theatrical disguise. He quickly concealed himself in his cabin, to avoid an awkward explanation, and hoped—thanks to the number of passengers—to remain unperceived by Mr. Fogg's servant.

On that very day, however, he met Passepartout face to face on the forward deck. The latter, without a word, made a rush for him, grasped him by the throat, and, much to the amusement of a group of Americans, who immediately began to bet on him, administered to the detective a perfect volley of blows, which proved the great superiority of French over English pugilistic skill.

When Passepartout had finished, he found himself relieved and comforted. Fix got up in a somewhat ruffled condition, and, looking at his adversary, coldly said, "Have you done?"

"For this time—yes."

"Then let me have a word with you."

"But I—"

"In your master's interests."

Passepartout seemed to be vanquished by Fix's coolness, for he quietly followed him, and they sat down aside from the rest of the passengers.

"You have given me a thrashing," said Fix. "Good, I expected it. Now, listen to me. Up to this time I have been Mr. Fogg's adversary. I am now in his game."

"Aha!" cried Passepartout; "you are convinced he is an honest man?"

"No," replied Fix coldly, "I think him a rascal. Sh! don't budge, and let me speak. As long as Mr. Fogg was on English ground, it was for my interest to detain him there until my warrant of arrest arrived. I did everything I could to keep him back. I sent the Bombay priests after him, I got you intoxicated at Hong Kong, I separated you from him, and I made him miss the Yokohama steamer."

Passepartout listened, with closed fists.

"Now," resumed Fix, "Mr. Fogg seems to be going back to England. Well, I will follow him there. But hereafter I will do as much to keep obstacles out of his way as I have done up to this time to put them in his path. I've changed my game, you see, and simply because it was for my interest to change it. Your interest is the same as mine; for it is only in England that you will ascertain whether you are in the service of a criminal or an honest man."

Passepartout listened very attentively to Fix, and was convinced that he spoke with entire good faith.

"Are we friends?" asked the detective.

"Friends?—no," replied Passepartout; "but allies, perhaps. At the least sign of treason, however, I'll twist your neck for you."

"Agreed," said the detective quietly.

Eleven days later, on the 3rd of December, the General Grant entered the bay of the Golden Gate, and reached San Francisco.

Mr. Fogg had neither gained nor lost a single day.

1. Summarize Passepartout's description of Yokohama.

2. Explain the changing feelings of Mrs. Aouda toward Phileas Fogg.

(Suggested activity: **Teachers**, in the spirit of Verne's novel, present the PPT slides about steam punk and critique the steampunk short film accessible at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TZa4Dh_Ay9A)