

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 8 ENGLISH/HANDOUT 14

LITERARY ANALYSIS

This week's homework focuses on Chapter 31 to Chapter 37 of *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Read the following summaries, before reading Chapters 36 and 37 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 31: "In which Fix the detective considerably furthers the interests of Phileas Fogg"

Fogg is twenty hours behind, and Passepartout is desolate for ruining his master. Fix, however, determines that Fogg is only 8 hours behind since he was counting the 11 hours they had to wait for the steamer. Fix comes up with the idea of traveling on a sledge with sails over the prairie. This came from a man who had offered to take Fix to Omaha on such a device. The man's name is Mudge and he is at the station. The sledges are used to go from fort to fort in the winter. Mudge says he can get Fogg to Omaha in a few hours.

The whole company of Fogg, Aouda, Passepartout, Fix, and Mudge embark on the sledge, wrapped against the cold wind. The distance is 200 miles. The sledge goes 40 miles an hour over the flat and frozen prairie. The sledge can go more directly than the railroad. There is still a chance. Passepartout wants to shake Fix's hand. There is danger, however, because of the wolves that follow them.

They make Omaha in time to jump on a train heading east. On the 10th of December they arrive at Chicago, with still 900 miles to New York. They have no trouble getting trains the rest of the way, and get to New York on the 11th of December, alas, 45 minutes after the steamer leaves for Liverpool!

Summary of Chapter 32: "In which Phileas Fogg engages in a direct struggle with bad fortune"

Another steamer is not due to leave New York until December 14, Fogg learns by consulting his Bradshaw schedule of steamers. Passepartout adds up all the trouble he has caused Fogg since the beginning of the trip and feels he will be the cause of his master's ruin. Fogg does not reprimand him, but keeps his attention focused ahead.

They cross the Hudson on a ferry to a hotel where Fogg sleeps well but the others, little. On the 12th, there are nine days, 13 hours, and 45 minutes left. He had counted on going on the China, the boat that left, because it was fast. Now he looks at other boats and picks a trading vessel, the Henrietta, to approach.

Andrew Speedy of Cardiff is the captain going to Bordeaux. Fogg tries to hire and then buy the boat to take him to Liverpool. The captain refuses. Finally, he agrees to take them at two thousand dollars apiece, eight thousand total. Thinking he does not have to go out of his way, Speedy agrees to take them to Bordeaux

Summary of Chapter 33: "In which Phileas Fogg shows himself equal to the occasion"

The Henrietta puts to sea but not with Captain Speedy at the bridge. Mr. Fogg is at the helm with Speedy in his cabin under lock and key. Fogg had bribed the crew to sail to Liverpool. He had been a sailor and knows what to do. The boat must go 3,000 miles in nine days. At first all goes well, and Passepartout is delighted. The crew loves Passepartout and his good humor and everyone works hard. Passepartout, however, is distrustful of Fix, who is very confused at the hijacking of the boat. Fix does not know where the vessel is going, and believes it is part of the robber's plan.

Passing Newfoundland, the cold increases and the wind shifts. Fogg has to furl the sails and increase the steam to keep on his course. A storm threatens the stability of the ship for two days, but Fogg knows how to navigate and stay on course. He does not decrease the steam but forces the ship to cross the waves. They are half way across the sea. The engineer tells Fogg that they are running out of coal, but he pushes on. On the 18th of December the coal is gone. Fogg sends for Captain Speedy. Speedy calls Fogg a pirate; Fogg tells the Captain he has to burn the boat for fuel to finish the journey. He buys the boat for \$60,000. Fix is furious that almost 20,000 pounds have been spent. Speedy is happy, and calls Fogg "Captain."

They begin to tear the boat apart, burning all the wood until the Henrietta is a flat hulk. With only 24 hours left and no more wood, they see the Irish coast. Queenstown is a port where steamers stop to leave mail. The mail goes to Dublin by express train and from Dublin to Liverpool by rapid boat. This is where Fogg can gain 12 hours by going to Queenstown instead of Liverpool directly.

They make Ireland and disembark. Fix wants to arrest Fogg but hesitates. They all take the train to Dublin and then on to Liverpool. This is where Fogg is finally arrested. It is almost noon on December 21, and he is 6 hours from London and the finish line.

Summary of Chapter 34: "In which Phileas Fogg at last reaches London"

Fogg is in prison, and Aouda is in shock. Passepartout explains everything to her, but she weeps. Passepartout again blames himself and weeps too. They remain near Fogg's cell.

Fogg, however, is as outwardly calm as ever, though inwardly, he is not resigned. He waits for something. He puts his watch on the table keeping his eye on it. Fogg suddenly realizes that his watch is two hours fast. He calculates whether he could take an express to London. At two-thirty he is released by a repentant Fix who says the real criminal was caught, and Fogg is free to go. It was all a mistake.

Fogg walks out the door and knocks Fix down. Fix does not object. They find they are too late for the express train, so Fogg orders a special train. The train has several delays and arrives in London at ten minutes to nine, five minutes too late. He has lost.

Summary of Chapter 35: "In which Phileas Fogg does not have to repeat his orders to Passepartout twice"

Fogg goes home and sends Passepartout to buy food. He accepts his fate with "habitual tranquility" (p. 189). After all that he has been through, he realizes that he has failed by something "he could not have foreseen" (p. 189). The only money he has left is what he owes on the bet. He is ruined. Aouda is full of grief for Fogg. She worries he will think of suicide, and Passepartout decides to keep an eye on him.

The next day Fogg tells them that he blames no one, when Passepartout blames himself for the failure. Fogg says he will speak to Aouda in the evening, but wants to spend the day alone. This is Sunday, and Fogg does not go to his club. He shuts himself up and puts his affairs in order.

At half past seven in the evening, Fogg goes to speak to Aouda. He apologizes for bringing her to England. He had planned on giving her money and now what little he has, he gives to her, as he needs nothing. He mentions that he has no friends, but Aouda declares she is not only his friend, she proposes that they get married.

Fogg is very happy and declares he loves her. Fogg tells Passepartout to go get the Reverend Samuel Wilson to marry them, on tomorrow, Monday.

The Final Two Chapters of *Around the World in 80 Days*

Chapter XXXVI

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG'S NAME IS ONCE MORE AT A PREMIUM ON 'CHANGE

It is time to relate what a change took place in English public opinion when it transpired that the real bankrobber, a certain James Strand, had been arrested, on the 17th day of December, at Edinburgh. Three days before, Phileas Fogg had been a criminal, who was being desperately followed up by the police; now he was an honourable gentleman, mathematically pursuing his eccentric journey round the world.

The papers resumed their discussion about the wager; all those who had laid bets, for or against him, revived their interest, as if by magic; the "Phileas Fogg bonds" again became negotiable, and many new wagers were made. Phileas Fogg's name was once more at a premium on 'Change.

His five friends of the Reform Club passed these three days in a state of feverish suspense. Would Phileas Fogg, whom they had forgotten, reappear before their eyes! Where was he at this moment? The 17th of December, the day of James Strand's arrest, was the seventy-sixth since Phileas Fogg's departure, and no news of him had been received. Was he dead? Had he abandoned the effort, or was he continuing his journey along the route agreed upon? And would he appear on Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter before nine in the evening, on the threshold of the Reform Club saloon?

The anxiety in which, for three days, London society existed, cannot be described. Telegrams were sent to America and Asia for news of Phileas Fogg. Messengers were dispatched to the house in Saville Row morning and evening. No news. The police were ignorant what had become of the detective, Fix, who had so unfortunately followed up a false scent. Bets increased, nevertheless, in number and value. Phileas Fogg, like a racehorse, was drawing near his last turning-point. The bonds were quoted, no longer at a hundred below par, but at twenty, at ten, and at five; and paralytic old Lord Albemarle bet even in his favour.

A great crowd was collected in Pall Mall and the neighbouring streets on Saturday evening; it seemed like a multitude of brokers permanently established around the Reform Club. Circulation was impeded, and everywhere disputes, discussions, and financial transactions were going on. The police had great difficulty in keeping back the crowd, and as the hour when Phileas Fogg was due approached, the excitement rose to its highest pitch.

The five antagonists of Phileas Fogg had met in the great saloon of the club. John Sullivan and Samuel Fallentin, the bankers, Andrew Stuart, the engineer, Gauthier Ralph, the director of the Bank of England, and Thomas Flanagan, the brewer, one and all waited anxiously.

When the clock indicated twenty minutes past eight, Andrew Stuart got up, saying, "Gentlemen, in twenty minutes the time agreed upon between Mr. Fogg and ourselves will have expired."

"What time did the last train arrive from Liverpool?" asked Thomas Flanagan.

"At twenty-three minutes past seven," replied Gauthier Ralph; "and the next does not arrive till ten minutes after twelve."

"Well, gentlemen," resumed Andrew Stuart, "if Phileas Fogg had come in the 7:23 train, he would have got here by this time. We can, therefore, regard the bet as won."

"Wait; don't let us be too hasty," replied Samuel Fallentin. "You know that Mr. Fogg is very eccentric. His punctuality is well known; he never arrives too soon, or too late; and I should not be surprised if he appeared before us at the last minute."

"Why," said Andrew Stuart nervously, "if I should see him, I should not believe it was he."

"The fact is," resumed Thomas Flanagan, "Mr. Fogg's project was absurdly foolish. Whatever his punctuality, he could not prevent the delays which were certain to occur; and a delay of only two or three days would be fatal to his tour."

"Observe, too," added John Sullivan, "that we have received no intelligence from him, though there are telegraphic lines all along his route."

"He has lost, gentleman," said Andrew Stuart, "he has a hundred times lost! You know, besides, that the China the only steamer he could have taken from New York to get here in time arrived yesterday. I have seen a list of the passengers, and the name of Phileas Fogg is not among them. Even if we admit that fortune has favoured him, he can scarcely have reached America. I think he will be at least twenty days behind-hand, and that Lord Albemarle will lose a cool five thousand."

"It is clear," replied Gauthier Ralph; "and we have nothing to do but to present Mr. Fogg's cheque at Barings to-morrow."

At this moment, the hands of the club clock pointed to twenty minutes to nine.

"Five minutes more," said Andrew Stuart.

The five gentlemen looked at each other. Their anxiety was becoming intense; but, not wishing to betray it, they readily assented to Mr. Fallentin's proposal of a rubber.

"I wouldn't give up my four thousand of the bet," said Andrew Stuart, as he took his seat, "for three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine."

The clock indicated eighteen minutes to nine.

The players took up their cards, but could not keep their eyes off the clock. Certainly, however secure they felt, minutes had never seemed so long to them!

"Seventeen minutes to nine," said Thomas Flanagan, as he cut the cards which Ralph handed to him.

Then there was a moment of silence. The great saloon was perfectly quiet; but the murmurs of the crowd outside were heard, with now and then a shrill cry. The pendulum beat the seconds, which each player eagerly counted, as he listened, with mathematical regularity.

"Sixteen minutes to nine!" said John Sullivan, in a voice which betrayed his emotion.

One minute more, and the wager would be won. Andrew Stuart and his partners suspended their game. They left their cards, and counted the seconds.

At the fortieth second, nothing. At the fiftieth, still nothing.

At the fifty-fifth, a loud cry was heard in the street, followed by applause, hurrahs, and some fierce growls.

The players rose from their seats.

At the fifty-seventh second the door of the saloon opened; and the pendulum had not beat the sixtieth second when Phileas Fogg appeared, followed by an excited crowd who had forced their way through the club doors, and in his calm voice, said, "Here I am, gentlemen!"

Chapter XXXVII

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT PHILEAS FOGG GAINED NOTHING BY HIS TOUR AROUND THE WORLD, UNLESS IT WERE HAPPINESS

Yes; Phileas Fogg in person.

The reader will remember that at five minutes past eight in the evening—about five and twenty hours after the arrival of the travellers in London—Passepartout had been sent by his master to engage the services of the Reverend Samuel Wilson in a certain marriage ceremony, which was to take place the next day.

Passepartout went on his errand enchanted. He soon reached the clergyman's house, but found him not at home. Passepartout waited a good twenty minutes, and when he left the reverend gentleman, it was thirty-five minutes past eight. But in what a state he was! With his hair in disorder, and without his hat, he ran along the street as never man was seen to run before, overturning passers-by, rushing over the sidewalk like a waterspout.

In three minutes he was in Saville Row again, and staggered back into Mr. Fogg's room.

He could not speak.

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

"My master!" gasped Passepartout—"marriage—impossible—"

"Impossible?"

"Impossible—for to-morrow."

"Why so?"

"Because to-morrow—is Sunday!"

"Monday," replied Mr. Fogg.

"No—to-day is Saturday."

"Saturday? Impossible!"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes!" cried Passepartout. "You have made a mistake of one day! We arrived twenty-four hours ahead of time; but there are only ten minutes left!"

Passepartout had seized his master by the collar, and was dragging him along with irresistible force.

Phileas Fogg, thus kidnapped, without having time to think, left his house, jumped into a cab, promised a hundred pounds to the cabman, and, having run over two dogs and overturned five carriages, reached the Reform Club.

The clock indicated a quarter before nine when he appeared in the great saloon.

Phileas Fogg had accomplished the journey round the world in eighty days!

Phileas Fogg had won his wager of twenty thousand pounds!

How was it that a man so exact and fastidious could have made this error of a day? How came he to think that he had arrived in London on Saturday, the twenty-first day of December, when it was really Friday, the twentieth, the seventy-ninth day only from his departure?

The cause of the error is very simple.

Phileas Fogg had, without suspecting it, gained one day on his journey, and this merely because he had travelled constantly eastward; he would, on the contrary, have lost a day had he gone in the opposite direction, that is, westward.

In journeying eastward he had gone towards the sun, and the days therefore diminished for him as many times four minutes as he crossed degrees in this direction. There are three hundred and sixty degrees on the circumference of the earth; and these three hundred and sixty degrees, multiplied by four minutes, gives precisely twenty-four hours—that is, the day unconsciously gained. In other words, while Phileas Fogg, going eastward, saw the sun pass the meridian eighty times, his friends in London only saw it pass the meridian seventy-nine times. This is why they awaited him at the Reform Club on Saturday, and not Sunday, as Mr. Fogg thought.

And Passepartout's famous family watch, which had always kept London time, would have betrayed this fact, if it had marked the days as well as the hours and the minutes!

Phileas Fogg, then, had won the twenty thousand pounds; but, as he had spent nearly nineteen thousand on the way, the pecuniary gain was small. His object was, however, to be victorious, and not to win money. He divided the one thousand pounds that remained between Passepartout and the unfortunate Fix, against whom he cherished no grudge. He deducted, however, from Passepartout's share the cost of the gas which had burned in his room for nineteen hundred and twenty hours, for the sake of regularity.

That evening, Mr. Fogg, as tranquil and phlegmatic as ever, said to Aouda: "Is our marriage still agreeable to you?"

"Mr. Fogg," replied she, "it is for me to ask that question. You were ruined, but now you are rich again."

"Pardon me, madam; my fortune belongs to you. If you had not suggested our marriage, my servant would not have gone to the Reverend Samuel Wilson's, I should not have been apprised of my error, and—"

"Dear Mr. Fogg!" said the young woman.

"Dear Aouda!" replied Phileas Fogg.

It need not be said that the marriage took place forty-eight hours after, and that Passepartout, glowing and dazzling, gave the bride away. Had he not saved her, and was he not entitled to this honour?

The next day, as soon as it was light, Passepartout rapped vigorously at his master's door. Mr. Fogg opened it, and asked, "What's the matter, Passepartout?"

"What is it, sir? Why, I've just this instant found out—"

"What?"

"That we might have made the tour of the world in only seventy-eight days."

