

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 8 ENGLISH/HANDOUT 9

This week, we will focus on Chapters 1 to 6 of Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Read the following excerpt from a discussion of the novel. (Web resource: <http://kickasstrips.com/2014/06/around-the-world-in-80-days-philias-foggs-original-journey/>)

Phileas Fogg's journey 'Around the World in 80 Days' is one of those ultimate travel classics that has inspired a whole host of other journeys, trips and books. Among the ones are:

Around the world in 80 Jobs
 Around the world in 80 Girls
 Around the world in 80 Clips
 Around the world in 80 Drinks
 Around the world in 80 Seconds
 Around the world in 80 Webcams
 Around the world in 80 Diets
 Around the world in 80 Dinners...or 800

But what is the original story actually about? Well it is about time to give you the full lowdown on the original and ever-inspiring 'Around the World in 80 Days' story by Jules Verne.

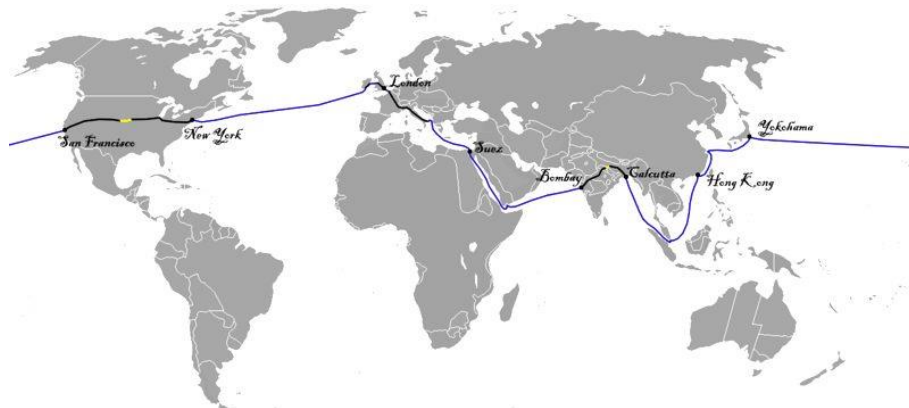
Around the World in Eighty Days (French: *Le tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours*) is a classic adventure novel by the French writer Jules Verne, published in 1873. In the story, Phileas Fogg of London and his newly employed French valet Passepartout attempt to circumnavigate the world in 80 days on a £20,000 wager (roughly £2 million today) set by his friends at the Reform Club. It is one of Verne's most acclaimed works.

The fictional story starts in London on Tuesday, October 1, 1872. Fogg is a rich English gentleman living in solitude. Despite his wealth, Fogg lives a modest life with habits carried out with mathematical precision. Very little can be said about his social life other than that he is a member of the Reform Club. Having dismissed his former valet, James Foster, for bringing him shaving water at 84 °F (29 °C) instead of 86 °F (30 °C), Fogg hires a Frenchman by the name of Jean Passepartout as a replacement.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS FOR A BET

At the Reform Club, Fogg gets involved in an argument over an article in *The Daily Telegraph* stating that with the opening of a new railway section in India, it is now possible to travel around the world in 80 days. He accepts a wager for £20,000 (equal to about £1.5 million today) from his fellow club members, which he will receive if he makes it around the world in 80 days. Accompanied by Passepartout, he leaves London by train at 8:45 P.M. on Wednesday, October 2, 1872, and is due back at the Reform Club at the same time 80 days later, Saturday, December 21, 1872.

The route he took looks as follows:



The Original “Around the World in 80 Days” Route Map as traveled by Phileas Fogg

London, United Kingdom to Suez, Egypt	rail and steamer across the Mediterranean Sea	7 days
Suez to Bombay, India	steamer across the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean	13 days
Bombay to Calcutta, India	rail	3 days
Calcutta to Victoria, Hong Kong	steamer across the South China Sea	13 days
Hong Kong to Yokohama, Japan	steamer across the South China Sea, East China Sea, and the Pacific Ocean	6 days
Yokohama to San Francisco, United States	steamer across the Pacific Ocean	22 days
San Francisco to New York City, United States	rail	7 days
New York to London	steamer across the Atlantic Ocean and rail	9 days
Total		80 days

LONDON TO SUEZ

Fogg and Passepartout start their epic journey by taking the Orient Express train which departs from London. They travel across France and the Alps to reach Venice. Here they move on to Brindisi where they change to a steamer that brings them across the Mediterranean sea to Suez in Egypt.

The rest of the essay discusses their journey from Suez to India, India to Japan, towards and in the United States, and back to the UK.

DISCUSSION/SHARING

Have you visited or lived in one of the countries represented in *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Briefly describe your experience. (Or discuss any foreign country you have visited, or explain why you want to travel to another country that you wish to visit.)

Read selections from *Around the World in Eighty Days* and respond to the questions about each selection.

SELECTION 1

Chapter 1 Summary

On October 2, 1872, Mr. Phileas Fogg of No. 7, Savile Row, Burlington Gardens, London, is hiring a new servant, after firing James Forster for bringing his shaving water at 84 degrees instead of 86 degrees Fahrenheit. Fogg is a gentleman and man of the world, a prominent but mysterious member of the Reform Club. He is never seen anywhere in London except at his club, at which he arrives the same time every day for luncheon and departs every night at midnight. No one knows what he does; he is not a landowner, a businessman, merchant, or scientist. He appears to be rich but not showy. He gives his money to charitable purposes, but he communicates little to anyone. He does nothing but read the papers, dine, and play whist with the same men. Though he often wins at cards, he gives the money to charity. He plays for love of the game.

Fogg seems to be a world traveler because he knows about every spot around the globe, yet no one sees him travel. He has no wife or children but lives alone in a rather plain but comfortable house with one manservant. Fogg is watching the clock this day, and when there is a knock on the door, he lets in a man of thirty, whom he interviews for the position of manservant. The man introduces himself as Jean Passepartout, an honest Frenchman, jack-of-all trades. He has been a singer, gymnast, circus performer, a tightrope walker, a fireman, and a valet. He had heard of Fogg's strict requirements and wanted to work for him, to lead a quiet and orderly life.

Fogg tests him by asking what time it is. Passepartout brings out his large watch and says "twenty-two minutes after eleven" (p. 15). Fogg corrects him, saying he is four minutes slow. They synchronize their watches as a gesture of formal contract, and Fogg has effectively hired his new man. Without any other word, Fogg leaves Passepartout in his house and goes to his club.

Chapter I

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG AND PASSEPARTOUT ACCEPT EACH OTHER, THE ONE AS MASTER, THE OTHER AS MAN

Mr. Phileas Fogg lived, in 1872, at No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1814. He was one of the most noticeable members of the Reform Club, though he seemed always to avoid attracting attention; an enigmatical personage, about whom little was known, except that he was a polished man of the world. People said that he resembled Byron—at least that his head was Byronic; but he was a bearded, tranquil Byron, who might live on a thousand years without growing old.

Certainly an Englishman, it was more doubtful whether Phileas Fogg was a Londoner. He was never seen on 'Change, nor at the Bank, nor in the counting-rooms of the "City"; no ships ever came into London docks of which he was the owner; he had no public employment; he had never been entered at any of the Inns of Court, either at the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn; nor had his voice ever resounded in the Court of Chancery, or in the Exchequer, or the Queen's Bench, or the Ecclesiastical Courts. He certainly was not a manufacturer; nor was he a merchant or a gentleman farmer. His name was strange to the scientific and learned societies, and he never was known to take part in the sage deliberations of the Royal Institution or the London Institution, the Artisan's Association, or the Institution of Arts and Sciences. He belonged, in fact, to none of the numerous societies which swarm in the English capital, from the Harmonic to that of the Entomologists, founded mainly for the purpose of abolishing pernicious insects.

Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform, and that was all.

The way in which he got admission to this exclusive club was simple enough.

He was recommended by the Barings, with whom he had an open credit. His cheques were regularly paid at sight from his account current, which was always flush.

Was Phileas Fogg rich? Undoubtedly. But those who knew him best could not imagine how he had made his fortune, and Mr. Fogg was the last person to whom to apply for the information. He was not lavish, nor, on the contrary, avaricious; for, whenever he knew that money was needed for a noble, useful, or benevolent purpose, he supplied it quietly and sometimes anonymously. He was, in short, the least communicative of men. He talked very little, and seemed all the more mysterious for his taciturn manner. His daily habits were quite open to observation; but whatever he did was so exactly the same thing that he had always done before, that the wits of the curious were fairly puzzled.

Had he travelled? It was likely, for no one seemed to know the world more familiarly; there was no spot so secluded that he did not appear to have an intimate acquaintance with it. He often corrected, with a few clear words, the thousand conjectures advanced by members of the club as to lost and unheard-of travellers, pointing out the true probabilities, and seeming as if gifted with a sort of second sight, so often did events justify his predictions. He must have travelled everywhere, at least in the spirit.

It was at least certain that Phileas Fogg had not absented himself from London for many years. Those who were honoured by a better acquaintance with him than the rest, declared that nobody could pretend to have ever seen him anywhere else. His sole pastimes were reading the papers and playing whist. He often won at this game, which, as a silent one, harmonised with his nature; but his winnings never went into his purse, being reserved as a fund for his charities. Mr. Fogg played, not to win, but for the sake of playing. The game was in his eyes a contest, a struggle with a difficulty, yet a motionless, unwearying struggle, congenial to his tastes.

Phileas Fogg was not known to have either wife or children, which may happen to the most honest people; either relatives or near friends, which is certainly more unusual. He lived alone in his house in Saville Row, whither none penetrated. A single domestic sufficed to serve him. He breakfasted and dined at the club, at hours mathematically fixed, in the same room, at the same table, never taking his meals with other members, much less bringing a guest with him; and went home at exactly midnight, only to retire at once to bed. He never used the cosy chambers which the Reform provides for its favoured members. He passed ten hours out of the twenty-four in Saville Row, either in sleeping or making his toilet. When he chose to take a walk it was with a regular step in the entrance hall with its mosaic flooring, or in the circular gallery with its dome supported by twenty red porphyry Ionic columns, and illumined by blue painted windows. When he breakfasted or dined all the resources of the club—its kitchens and pantries, its buttery and dairy—aided to crowd his table with their most succulent stores; he was served by the gravest waiters, in dress coats, and shoes with swan-skin soles, who proffered the viands in special porcelain, and on the finest linen; club decanters, of a lost mould, contained his sherry, his port, and his cinnamon-spiced claret; while his beverages were refreshingly cooled with ice, brought at great cost from the American lakes.

If to live in this style is to be eccentric, it must be confessed that there is something good in eccentricity.

The mansion in Saville Row, though not sumptuous, was exceedingly comfortable. The habits of its occupant were such as to demand but little from the sole domestic, but Phileas Fogg required him to be almost superhumanly prompt and regular. On this very 2nd of October he had dismissed James Forster, because that luckless youth had brought him shaving-water at eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit instead of eighty-six; and he was awaiting his successor, who was due at the house between eleven and half-past.

Phileas Fogg was seated squarely in his armchair, his feet close together like those of a grenadier on parade, his hands resting on his knees, his body straight, his head erect; he was steadily watching a complicated clock which indicated the hours, the minutes, the seconds, the days, the months, and the years. At exactly half-past eleven Mr. Fogg would, according to his daily habit, quit Saville Row, and repair to the Reform.

A rap at this moment sounded on the door of the cosy apartment where Phileas Fogg was seated, and James Forster, the dismissed servant, appeared.

"The new servant," said he.

A young man of thirty advanced and bowed.

"You are a Frenchman, I believe," asked Phileas Fogg, "and your name is John?"

"Jean, if monsieur pleases," replied the newcomer, "Jean Passepartout, a surname which has clung to me because I have a natural aptness for going out of one business into another. I believe I'm honest, monsieur, but, to be outspoken, I've had several trades. I've been an itinerant singer, a circus-rider, when I used to vault like Leotard, and dance on a rope like Blondin. Then I got to be a professor of gymnastics, so as to make better use of my talents; and then I was a sergeant fireman at Paris, and assisted at many a big fire. But I quitted France five years ago, and, wishing to taste the sweets of domestic life, took service as a valet here in England. Finding myself out of place, and hearing that Monsieur Phileas Fogg was the most exact and settled gentleman in the United Kingdom, I have come to monsieur in the hope of living with him a tranquil life, and forgetting even the name of Passepartout."

"Passepartout suits me," responded Mr. Fogg. "You are well recommended to me; I hear a good report of you. You know my conditions?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Good! What time is it?"

"Twenty-two minutes after eleven," returned Passepartout, drawing an enormous silver watch from the depths of his pocket.

"You are too slow," said Mr. Fogg.

"Pardon me, monsieur, it is impossible—"

"You are four minutes too slow. No matter; it's enough to mention the error. Now from this moment, twenty-nine minutes after eleven, a.m., this Wednesday, 2nd October, you are in my service."

Phileas Fogg got up, took his hat in his left hand, put it on his head with an automatic motion, and went off without a word.

Passepartout heard the street door shut once; it was his new master going out. He heard it shut again; it was his predecessor, James Forster, departing in his turn. Passepartout remained alone in the house in Saville Row.

1. Describe Phileas Fogg's eccentricity.

SELECTION 2

Chapter 4 Summary

Phileas Fogg leaves the Reform Club at twenty-five minutes past seven, having won twenty guineas at whist. Passepartout is surprised to see his master before midnight, his usual time for coming home, according to the schedule. Fogg announces they are leaving for Dover in ten minutes to travel around the world. Passepartout is astonished and complains about having to pack the trunks. Fogg tells him they will take a single carpetbag with a few items and buy the rest as they need it.

Passepartout collapses into a chair, worrying that he had been looking for peace, and now things were changing. They would travel! Perhaps he would get to see Paris again, his home that he has not seen for five years. He packs the one bag, and by 8:00 p.m. man and master are ready. Fogg has with him a Bradshaw schedule of trains and steamships and puts twenty thousand pounds from his safe into the carpetbag for expenses. He tells Passepartout never to let the bag out of his sight.

Outside the railway station, they see a beggar woman with a child in her arms. Fogg gives her the twenty guineas he won at whist, and Passepartout feels his eyes tear up at his master's kindness. Two train tickets to Paris are purchased, and then they spot the five members of the Reform Club waiting to see them off.

Fogg tells the members they can examine his passport with the visa stamps when he gets back to prove he has been around the world. They say they trust his word as a gentleman. Fogg pledges to return on December 21, 1872, at a quarter before 9 p.m. The rain begins to fall as the train pulls out. Suddenly Passepartout remembers he has not turned out the gas in his room. Fogg tells him he will have to pay the bill when they return. (Web resource: <http://www.novelguide.com/around-the-world-in-eighty-days/summaries/chapter-4>)

Chapter IV

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG ASTOUNDS PASSEPARTOUT, HIS SERVANT

Having won twenty guineas at whist, and taken leave of his friends, Phileas Fogg, at twenty-five minutes past seven, left the Reform Club.

Passepartout, who had conscientiously studied the programme of his duties, was more than surprised to see his master guilty of the inexactness of appearing at this unaccustomed hour; for, according to rule, he was not due in Saville Row until precisely midnight.

Mr. Fogg repaired to his bedroom, and called out, "Passepartout!"

Passepartout did not reply. It could not be he who was called; it was not the right hour.

"Passepartout!" repeated Mr. Fogg, without raising his voice.

Passepartout made his appearance.

"I've called you twice," observed his master.

"But it is not midnight," responded the other, showing his watch.

"I know it; I don't blame you. We start for Dover and Calais in ten minutes."

A puzzled grin overspread Passepartout's round face; clearly he had not comprehended his master.

"Monsieur is going to leave home?"

"Yes," returned Phileas Fogg. "We are going round the world."

Passepartout opened wide his eyes, raised his eyebrows, held up his hands, and seemed about to collapse, so overcome was he with stupefied astonishment.

"Round the world!" he murmured.

"In eighty days," responded Mr. Fogg. "So we haven't a moment to lose."

"But the trunks?" gasped Passepartout, unconsciously swaying his head from right to left.

"We'll have no trunks; only a carpet-bag, with two shirts and three pairs of stockings for me, and the same for you. We'll buy our clothes on the way. Bring down my mackintosh and traveling-cloak, and some stout shoes, though we shall do little walking. Make haste!"

Passepartout tried to reply, but could not. He went out, mounted to his own room, fell into a chair, and muttered: "That's good, that is! And I, who wanted to remain quiet!"

He mechanically set about making the preparations for departure. Around the world in eighty days! Was his master a fool? No. Was this a joke, then? They were going to Dover; good! To Calais; good again! After all, Passepartout, who had been away from France five years, would not be sorry to set foot on his native soil again. Perhaps they would go as far as Paris, and it would do his eyes good to see Paris once more. But surely a gentleman so chary of his steps would stop there; no doubt—but, then, it was none the less true that he was going away, this so domestic person hitherto!

By eight o'clock Passepartout had packed the modest carpet-bag, containing the wardrobes of his master and himself; then, still troubled in mind, he carefully shut the door of his room, and descended to Mr. Fogg.

Mr. Fogg was quite ready. Under his arm might have been observed a red-bound copy of Bradshaw's Continental Railway Steam Transit and General Guide, with its timetables showing the arrival and departure of steamers and railways. He took the carpet-bag, opened it, and slipped into it a goodly roll of Bank of England notes, which would pass wherever he might go.

"You have forgotten nothing?" asked he.

"Nothing, monsieur."

"My mackintosh and cloak?"

"Here they are."

"Good! Take this carpet-bag," handing it to Passepartout. "Take good care of it, for there are twenty thousand pounds in it."

Passepartout nearly dropped the bag, as if the twenty thousand pounds were in gold, and weighed him down.

Master and man then descended, the street-door was double-locked, and at the end of Saville Row they took a cab and drove rapidly to Charing Cross. The cab stopped before the railway station at twenty minutes past eight. Passepartout jumped off the box and followed his master, who, after paying the cabman, was about to enter the station, when a poor beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, her naked feet smeared with mud, her head covered with a wretched bonnet, from which hung a tattered feather, and her shoulders shrouded in a ragged shawl, approached, and mournfully asked for alms.

Mr. Fogg took out the twenty guineas he had just won at whist, and handed them to the beggar, saying, "Here, my good woman. I'm glad that I met you;" and passed on.

Passepartout had a moist sensation about the eyes; his master's action touched his susceptible heart.

Two first-class tickets for Paris having been speedily purchased, Mr. Fogg was crossing the station to the train, when he perceived his five friends of the Reform.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "I'm off, you see; and, if you will examine my passport when I get back, you will be able to judge whether I have accomplished the journey agreed upon."

"Oh, that would be quite unnecessary, Mr. Fogg," said Ralph politely. "We will trust your word, as a gentleman of honour."

"You do not forget when you are due in London again?" asked Stuart.

"In eighty days; on Saturday, the 21st of December, 1872, at a quarter before nine p.m. Good-bye, gentlemen."

Phileas Fogg and his servant seated themselves in a first-class carriage at twenty minutes before nine; five minutes later the whistle screamed, and the train slowly glided out of the station.

The night was dark, and a fine, steady rain was falling. Phileas Fogg, snugly ensconced in his corner, did not open his lips. Passepartout, not yet recovered from his stupefaction, clung mechanically to the carpet-bag, with its enormous treasure.

Just as the train was whirling through Sydenham, Passepartout suddenly uttered a cry of despair.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"Alas! In my hurry—I—I forgot—"

"What?"

"To turn off the gas in my room!"

"Very well, young man," returned Mr. Fogg, coolly; "it will burn—at your expense."

2. What did Passepartout pack for the trip? What would you need to pack for a trip around the world?

3. Compare and contrast Passepartout and Fogg. Use evidence from the selection to support your ideas.

ESSAY

For this week's homework, we will write a character analysis essay. You could write about Adrian Mole or any fictional character with whom you are familiar.

Here are the instructions in your homework:

Think about your overall impressions of your chosen fictional character. What is she or he like? What are some of her or his most interesting/meaningful/significant personality traits? Why? In this assignment you'll need to state and support your opinion of this character.

Choose two or three traits that character exhibits throughout the story and find support that explains HOW you know these are her/his traits and WHY they are significant to the story (how they complicate the action or how they interact with other characters).

Try writing the first paragraph (i.e., the introduction) of your character analysis essay.

First brainstorm ideas:

Introduction: