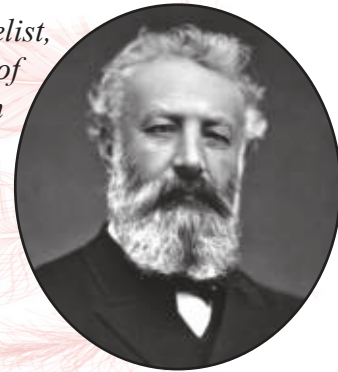


## 4.3 Around the World in Eighty Days

*Jules Gabriel Verne (1828 to 1905) was a French novelist, poet, and playwright. Verne wrote widely popular series of adventure novels including Journey to the Center of the Earth (1864), Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (1870), and Around the World in Eighty Days (1873).*

*Verne is generally considered a major literary author in France and most of Europe, Verne has been the second most-translated author in the world.*



### Characters

#### Major Characters

- Phileas Fogg
- Passepartout
- Aouda
- Detective Fix

#### Minor Characters

- Sir Francis Cromarty
- John Bunsby
- The Reform Club Members
- The Parsee Guide
- Colonel Stamp Proctor
- Mr. Camerfield
- Mr. Mandiboy
- Elder William Hitch
- Mudge
- Captain Speedy

### Theme

The novel is full of adventure and the excitement which the readers come across and enjoy from the beginning to the end. Phileas Fogg, the major character in the novel, accepts the challenge to go around the world in eighty days and in accomplishing this feat he goes through various lands and meets with diverse adventures. Thus the novel proceeds at a fast pace and there is always

some excitement resulting from the various encounters. The beauty of the novel is that the writer takes the readers to a journey of many hair-raising incidents and exciting, adventurous, thrilling yet beautiful places in the world.

The most important feature of this adventure novel is 'Time'. It illustrates repeatedly that time is fickle, and either

works for or against them. In many cases, time foils their plans, when the delays build up and ships and trains leave without them that sometimes land the characters in trouble. In the end, Fogg wins the bet as he gained a day when crossing the International Date Line. The ultimate message is that no one can control time; time will work the way it wants to work, and humans are at its mercy.

Before his journey around the world, Fogg lived a solitary life. He closed himself off to others and cared little about the way he was perceived by other people. By the end of the trip, though, he recognizes the importance of human connections, both in the form of love, with Aouda, and friendship and loyalty, with Passepartout. Above all, this new understanding and appreciation is the greatest thing he has gained from this trip.

Though he has the opportunity to double

his fortune, Fogg's motivation to embark on such a crazy adventure has little to do with the money. Instead, he wants to preserve his honour and prove his worth to the men of the Reform Club, to show that he can do what he sets out to do. Fogg spends nearly all of his money along the way, showing that riches are not what he is truly out for. For Phileas Fogg, honour is more important than money.

Throughout the entire trip, Fogg and his group encounter various obstacles standing in their way. These challenges allow them to use their quick thinking to come up with innovative solutions to even the most complicated of problems, relaying the message that no problem is unsolvable. It is not only Fogg who shows his clever wit in coming up with solutions; Passepartout, too, shows his ingenuity in multiple situations.

### Plot

*Around the World in Eighty Days* begins at the Reform Club in England with Phileas Fogg, Thomas Flanagan, Samuel Fallentin, and John Sullivan sitting by a fireplace reading newspapers. We are introduced to Fogg, a very precise man who regularly goes to the Reform Club every evening.

At the Reform Club, Fogg, Flanagan, Fallentin, and Sullivan are talking about a recent bank robbery. This conversation leads to a wager. Fogg is quite sure he can travel around the world in eighty days, while Sullivan doesn't believe it can be done. Sullivan, Flanagan, and Fallentin think Fogg is not considering the unexpected; all of the men accept the wager for twenty-thousand pounds.

This is the beginning of the entire plot and from then on we see how Fogg goes around the world and we witness the amazing adventures that he has with his companions. The main plot is based on Fogg's travels, while other such plots merely support the central theme. Fix, the detective, follows

Fogg all over. He believes that Fogg is the bank robber who has robbed a great sum from the bank of England. He puts obstacles in Fogg's path just so that he can arrest him whenever he gets the warrant from England. The suspicion that Fogg might be a clever gentleman robber is the sub-theme of the book and the author makes the reader also suspicious. Passepartout too wonders whether his master might be a robber though in his heart he has ample trust in Fogg's integrity.

The plot moves ahead with Fogg striving through various obstacles to reach London in time. He goes through Brindisi, Suez, Bombay (Now Mumbai), Calcutta (Now Kolkata), Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, New York and finally Liverpool. Fix arrests Fogg at Liverpool and this delays Fogg a bit. He thinks that he has missed the deadline and hasn't reached London in time when in reality he reached a full day earlier. Thus Fogg wins the wager and in the course of his travels, finds himself a worthy charming, beautiful wife too.

### Synopsis of the Extract

As soon as Fogg, Aouda and Passepartout arrive in Liverpool, Fix arrests Fogg. Phileas is thrown in jail. Several hours later, though, Fix learns that another man was responsible for the bank robbery, and he releases Fogg, who orders a special train. However, he arrives in London late, making everyone disappointed.

Phileas and company are now broke, the deadline for the bet has passed, and there's nothing to do but go home and pout. Phileas locks himself in his room and, for the first time, allows himself to be seriously depressed. Aouda and Passepartout are so worried that they too can't eat or sleep.

The following evening Fogg apologizes to Aouda for being unable to provide for her comfort as a result of losing the bet. She in turn proposes marriage to him, and he joyfully agrees. Passepartout is sent to engage a clergyman, he runs off to get

a reverend to marry Fogg and Aouda the next day (which they all think is Monday). While running to grab the nearest preacher (to marry Phileas and Aouda), Passepartout finds out that it's actually Sunday, not Monday, like the group has been thinking. By travelling eastward around the world, Phileas Fogg, master calculator and obsessive organizer, has forgotten the time he's gained by journeying through all those time zones.

He learns that their journey through the time zones had gained them a day and that they are not at all late. Passepartout races home, grabs Phileas by the collar, shoves him into a cab, and deposits him at the club. Phileas presents himself with minutes to spare and effectively wins the bet. He's rich once more, but more important (as he says to himself), he has won the heart of a "charming" woman.

## Around the World in Eighty Days

### Chapter XXXIV

#### In which Phileas Fogg at last reaches London

Phileas Fogg was in prison. He had been shut up in the Custom House, and he was to be transferred to London the next day.

Passepartout, when he saw his master arrested, would have fallen upon Fix had he not been held back by some policemen. Aouda was **thunderstruck** at the suddenness of an event which she could not understand. Passepartout explained to her how it was that the honest and courageous Fogg was arrested as a robber. The young woman's heart revolted against so **heinous** a charge, and when she saw that she could attempt to

do nothing to save her protector, she wept bitterly.

As for Fix, he had arrested Mr. Fogg because it was his duty, whether Mr. Fogg was guilty or not.

The thought then struck Passepartout, that he was the cause of this new misfortune! Had he not concealed Fix's **errand** from his master? When Fix revealed his true character and purpose, why had he not told Mr. Fogg? If the latter had been warned, he would no doubt have given Fix proof of his innocence, and satisfied him of his mistake; at least, Fix would not have continued his journey at the expense and on the heels of his master, only to arrest him the moment he set foot

on English soil. Passepartout wept till he was blind, and felt like blowing his brains out.

Aouda and he had remained, despite the cold, under the **portico** of the Custom House. Neither wished to leave the place; both were anxious to see Mr. Fogg again.

That gentleman was really ruined, and that at the moment when he was about to attain his end. This arrest was **fatal**. Having arrived at Liverpool at twenty minutes before twelve on the 21st of December, he had till a quarter before nine that evening to reach the Reform Club, that is, nine hours and a quarter; the journey from Liverpool to London was six hours.

If anyone, at this moment, had entered the Custom House, he would have found Mr. Fogg seated, motionless, calm, and without **apparent** anger, upon a wooden bench. He was not, it is true, **resigned**; but this last blow failed to force him into an outward **betrayal** of any emotion. Was he being **devoured** by one of those secret rages, all the more terrible because contained, and which only burst forth, with an irresistible force, at the last moment? No one could tell. There he sat, calmly waiting—for what? Did he still **cherish** hope? Did he still believe, now that the door of this prison was closed upon him, that he would succeed?

However that may have been, Mr. Fogg carefully put his watch upon the table, and observed its advancing hands. Not a word escaped his lips, but his look was singularly set and stern. The situation, in any event, was a terrible one, and might be thus stated: if Phileas Fogg was honest he was ruined; if he was a **knave**, he was caught.

Did escape occur to him? Did he examine to see if there was any practicable outlet from his prison? Did he think of escaping from it? Possibly; for once he walked slowly around the room. But the door was locked, and the window heavily barred with iron rods. He sat down again, and drew his journal from his pocket. On the line where these words were written, “21st December, Saturday, Liverpool,” he added, “80th day, 11.40 a.m.,” and waited.

The Custom House clock struck one. Mr. Fogg observed that his watch was two hours too fast.

Two hours! Admitting that he was at this moment taking an express train, he could reach London and the Reform Club by a quarter before nine p.m. his forehead slightly wrinkled.

At thirty-three minutes past two he heard a singular noise outside, then a hasty opening of doors. Passepartout’s voice was audible, and immediately after that of Fix. Phileas Fogg’s eyes brightened for an instant.

The door swung open, and he saw Passepartout, Aouda, and Fix, who hurried towards him.

Fix was out of breath, and his hair was in disorder. He could not speak. “Sir,” he stammered, “Sir-forgive me-most-unfortunate resemblance-robber arrested three days ago-you are free!”

Phileas Fogg was free! He walked to the detective, looked him steadily in the face, and with the only rapid motion he had ever made in his life, or which he ever would make, drew back his arms, and with the **precision** of a machine, knocked Fix down.



“Well hit!” cried Passepartout, “**Parbleu!** that’s what you might call a good application of English fists!”

Fix, who found himself on the floor, did not utter a word. He had only received his desserts. Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Passepartout left the Custom House without delay, got into a cab, and in a few moments descended at the station.

Phileas Fogg asked if there was an express train about to leave for London. It was forty minutes past two. The express train had left thirty-five minutes before. Phileas Fogg then ordered a special train.

There were several rapid locomotives on hand; but the railway arrangements did not permit the special train to leave until three o’clock.

At that hour Phileas Fogg, having stimulated the engineer by the offer of a generous reward, at last set out towards London with Aouda and his faithful servant.

It was necessary to make the journey in five hours and a half; and this would have been easy on a clear road throughout. But there were forced delays, and when Mr. Fogg stepped from the train at the terminus, all the clocks in London were striking ten minutes before nine.

Having made the tour of the world, he was behind-hand five minutes. He had lost the wager!

## Chapter XXXV

**In which Phileas Fogg does not have to repeat his orders to Passepartout twice**

THE dwellers in Saville Row would have been surprised the next day, if they had been told that Phileas Fogg had

returned home. His doors and windows were still closed, no appearance of change was visible.

After leaving the station, Mr. Fogg gave Passepartout instructions to purchase some provisions, and quietly went to his **domicile**.

He bore his misfortune with his habitual **tranquillity**. Ruined! And by the **blundering** of the detective! After having steadily **traversed** that long journey, overcome a hundred obstacles, braved many dangers, and still found time to do some good on his way, to fail near the goal by a sudden event which he could not have foreseen, and against which he was unarmed; it was terrible! But a few pounds were left of the large sum he had carried with him. There only remained of his fortune the twenty thousand pounds deposited at Barings, and this amount he owed to his friends of the Reform Club. So great had been the expense of his tour that, even had he won, it would not have enriched him; and it is probable that he had not sought to enrich himself, being a man who rather laid wagers for honour’s sake than for the stake proposed. But this wager totally ruined him.

Mr. Fogg’s course, however, was fully decided upon; he knew what remained for him to do.

A room in the house in Saville Row was set apart for Aouda, who was overwhelmed with grief at her protector’s misfortune. From the words which Mr. Fogg dropped, she saw that he was meditating some serious project.

Knowing that Englishmen governed by a fixed idea sometimes resort to the desperate **expedient** of suicide,

Passepartout kept a narrow watch upon his master, though he carefully concealed the appearance of so doing.

He had found a bill from the gas company.

First of all, the worthy fellow had gone up to his room, and had extinguished the gas burner, which had been burning for eighty days. He had found in the letter-box a bill from the gas company, and he thought it more than time to put a stop to this expense, which he had been doomed to bear.

The night passed. Mr. Fogg went to bed, but did he sleep? Aouda did not once close her eyes. Passepartout watched all night, like a faithful dog, at his master's door.

Mr. Fogg called him in the morning, and told him to get Aouda's breakfast, and a cup of tea and a chop for himself. He desired Aouda to excuse him from breakfast and dinner, as his time would be absorbed all day in putting his affairs to rights. In the evening he would ask permission to have a few moment's conversation with the young lady.

Passepartout, having received his orders, had nothing to do but obey them. He looked at his **imperturbable** master, and could scarcely bring his mind to leave him. His heart was full, and his conscience tortured by **remorse**; for he accused himself more bitterly than ever of being the cause of the **irretrievable** disaster. Yes! if he had warned Mr. Fogg, and had betrayed Fix's projects to him, his master would certainly not have given the detective passage to Liverpool, and then—

Passepartout could hold in no longer.

"My master! Mr. Fogg!" he cried,

"why do you not curse me? It was my fault that—"

"I blame no one," returned Phileas Fogg, with perfect calmness. "Go!"

Passepartout left the room, and went to find Aouda, to whom he delivered his master's message.

"Madam," he added, "I can do nothing myself—nothing! I have no influence over my master; but you, perhaps—"

"What influence could I have?" replied Aouda. "Mr. Fogg is influenced by no one. Has he ever understood that my gratitude to him is overflowing? Has he ever read my heart? My friend, he must not be left alone an instant! You say he is going to speak with me this evening?"

"Yes, madam; probably to arrange for your protection and comfort in England."

"We shall see," replied Aouda, becoming suddenly **pensive**.

Throughout this day (Sunday) the house in Saville Row was as if **uninhabited**, and Phileas Fogg, for the first time since he had lived in that house, did not set out for his club when Westminster clock struck half-past eleven.

Why should he present himself at the Reform? His friends no longer expected him there. As Phileas Fogg had not appeared in the saloon on the evening before (Saturday, the 21st of December, at a quarter before nine), he had lost his wager. It was not even necessary that he should go to his bankers for the twenty thousand pounds; for his antagonists already had his cheque in their hands, and they had only to fill it out and send it to the Barings to have the amount transferred to their credit.

Mr. Fogg, therefore, had no reason for going out, and so he remained at home. He shut himself up in his room, and busied himself putting his affairs in order. Passepartout continually ascended and descended the stairs. The hours were long for him. He listened at his master's door, and looked through the keyhole, as if he had a perfect right so to do, and as if he feared that something terrible might happen at any moment. Sometimes he thought of Fix, but no longer in anger. Fix, like all the world, had been mistaken in Phileas Fogg, and had only done his duty in tracking and arresting him; while he, Passepartout. . . . This thought haunted him, and he never ceased cursing his miserable folly.

Finding himself too wretched to remain alone, he knocked at Aouda's door, went into her room, seated himself, without speaking, in a corner, and looked **ruefully** at the young woman. Aouda was still pensive.

About half-past seven in the evening Mr. Fogg sent to know if Aouda would receive him, and in a few moments he found himself alone with her.

Phileas Fogg took a chair, and sat down near the fireplace, opposite Aouda. No emotion was visible on his face. Fogg returned was exactly the Fogg who had gone away; there was the same calm, the same impassibility.

He sat several minutes without speaking; then, bending his eyes on Aouda, "Madam," said he, "will you pardon me for bringing you to England?"

"I, Mr. Fogg!" replied Aouda, checking the pulsations of her heart.

"Please let me finish," returned Mr. Fogg. "When I decided to bring you far

away from the country which was so unsafe for you, I was rich, and counted on putting a portion of my fortune at your disposal; then your existence would have been free and happy. But now I am ruined."

"I know it, Mr. Fogg," replied Aouda; "and I ask you in my turn, will you forgive me for having followed you, and—who knows?—for having, perhaps, delayed you, and thus contributed to your ruin?"

"Madam, you could not remain in India, and your safety could only be assured by bringing you to such a distance that your persecutors could not take you."

"So, Mr. Fogg," resumed Aouda, "not content with rescuing me from a terrible death, you thought yourself bound to secure my comfort in a foreign land?"

"Yes, madam; but circumstances have been against me. Still, I beg to place the little I have left at your service."

"But what will become of you, Mr. Fogg?"

"As for me, madam," replied the gentleman, coldly, "I have need of nothing."

"But how do you look upon the fate, sir, which awaits you?"

"As I am in the habit of doing."

"At least," said Aouda, "want should not overtake a man like you. Your friends—"

"I have no friends, madam."

"Your relatives—"

"I have no longer any relatives."

"I pity you, then, Mr. Fogg, for solitude is a sad thing, with no heart to which to confide your griefs. They say, though, that

misery itself, shared by two sympathetic souls, may be borne with patience.”

“They say so, madam.”

“Mr. Fogg,” said Aouda, rising and seizing his hand, “do you wish at once a kinswoman and friend? Will you have me for your wife?”

Mr. Fogg, at this, rose in his turn. There was an **unwonted** light in his eyes, and a slight trembling of his lips. Aouda looked into his face. The sincerity, **rectitude**, firmness, and sweetness of this soft glance of a noble woman, who could dare all to save him to whom she owed all, at first astonished, then **penetrated** him. He shut his eyes for an instant, as if to avoid her look. When he opened them again, “I love you!” he said, simply. “Yes, by all that is holiest, I love you, and I am entirely yours!”

“Ah!” cried Aouda, pressing his hand to her heart.

Passepartout was summoned and appeared immediately. Mr. Fogg still held Aouda’s hand in his own; Passepartout understood, and his big, round face became as **radiant** as the tropical sun at its **zenith**.

Mr. Fogg asked him if it was not too late to notify the Reverend Samuel Wilson, of Marylebone parish, that evening.

Passepartout smiled his most genial smile, and said, “Never too late.”

It was five minutes past eight.

“Will it be for to-morrow, Monday?”

“For to-morrow, Monday,” said Mr. Fogg, turning to Aouda.

“Yes; for to-morrow, Monday,” she replied.

Passepartout hurried off as fast as his legs could carry him.

## 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 is 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.

"Here I am, gentlemen!"

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.

With his hair in disorder, and without his hat, he ran...

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."

"No doubt," returned Mr. Fogg, "by not crossing India. But if I had not crossed India, I should not have saved Aouda; she would not have been my wife, and—"

Mr. Fogg quietly shut the door.

Phileas Fogg had won his wager, and had made his journey around the world in eighty days. To do this he had employed every means of conveyance—steamers, railways, carriages, yachts, trading-vessels, sledges, elephants. The eccentric gentleman had throughout displayed all his marvellous qualities of coolness and exactitude. But what then? What had he really gained by all this trouble? What had he brought back from this long and weary journey?

Nothing, say you? Perhaps so; nothing but a charming woman, who, strange as it may appear, made him the happiest of men!

Truly, would you not for less than that make the tour around the world?

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**thunderstruck** : extremely surprised and shocked

**heinous** : very wicked

**errand** : a short journey to take a message, buy or deliver goods

**portico** : a roof supported by columns, especially, one forming an entrance to a large building

**fatal** : causing or ending in death

**apparent** : clearly seen or understood, obvious

**resigned** : having or showing acceptance of

something unpleasant

**betrayal** : an act in the way that is not worthy of the trust

**be devoured by** : (here) be destroyed by

**cherish** : love and protect with care

**knave** : a dishonest man

**precision** : accuracy

**parbleu** : Frech expression meaning 'by God!'

**domicile** : a person's place of residence

**tranquility** : peace

**blundering** : a stupid or careless mistake



**traversed** : (in mountain climbing) walked across a steep climbing up or down

**expedient** : a means of achieving an aim, which may not be fair

**imperturbable** : not easily troubled or worried, calm

**remorse** : deep regret for having done something wrong

**irretrievable** : something that cannot be put right

**pensive** : thinking deeply about something

**uninhabited** : with no people living there

**ruefully** : regretting something because it has bad results

**unwonted** : not usual or expected, unusual

**rectitude** : morally correct behaviour and attitude, righteousness

**penetrated** : to be understood or realized by something, entered one's consciousness or emotions

**radiant** : shining or glowing brightly

**zenith** : The point in the sky directly above the observer

**transpired** : to become known

**at a premium** : above a normal or usual value

**fastidious** : selecting carefully, choosing only what is good

**meridian** : any imaginary circle round the earth that passes through both the north and the south poles

**pecuniary** : of or involving money

**grudge** : a feeling of intense dislike, ill-will, envy or resentment

**phlegmatic** : not easily made angry or upset

## BRAINSTORMING

### CHARACTER

(A1) (i) Which one among the following is not a major character of the novel? Justify. (Select the correct one.)

(a) Phileas Fogg      (b) Aouda      (c) James Strand      (d) Jean Passepartout

(ii) Complete the table highlighting the various traits of the major characters in the extract.

Phileas Fogg	.....
Aouda	.....
Passepartout	.....
Detective Fix	.....

(iii) Phileas Fogg is as cool as a cucumber whereas Passepartout is as crazy as a loon. Explain the statement by citing some references from the extract.

(iv) Detective Fix tried hard but could not fix the charge of robbery on Fogg. Explain the statement from the point of view of Fix.

(v) Describe the character sketch of Aouda from Fogg's point of view.

## PLOT

**(A2) (i) Arrange the incidents in correct sequence as per their occurrence in the extract.**

- (a) Aouda accepted Fogg's proposal of marriage.
- (b) When set free, the first thing that Fogg did was he knocked Fix down.
- (c) As a part of duty, Fix arrested Fogg.
- (d) At the fifty-seventh second, Fogg entered the Reform Club Saloon.

**(ii) There is a sudden twist in the climax of the novel. Explain by citing some lines and relevant examples from the extract.**

**(iii) Which of the following is an appropriate reason for Phileas Fogg starting his journey around the world?**

- (a) Fellow members bet Fogg
- (b) Fogg bets his fellow members
- (c) Fogg wants to marry Aouda
- (d) Fogg committed robbery

## SETTING

**(A3) (i) Which of the following are used as a means of transport in the novel? How do they help the character/s in the extract?**

- (a) Elephant
- (b) Horse
- (c) Train
- (d) Steamer

**(ii) The beginning of the extract is a scene in the prison at the custom house. From there the novel moves further from one place/spot to another. Pick and explain all the places/spots where the incident took place.**

**The most of the part of the setting of in the extract is in London. Explain how the setting of the extract is suited to the theme of the novel.**

**(iii) Describe the importance of the following places in the development of the plot and behaviour of the characters.**

- (a) Liverpool
- (b) London
- (c) Reform Club
- (d) Saville Row
- (e) Edinburgh

**(iv) Select the correct options:**

**Which of the following place/s in India is/are not mentioned in the extract of the novel?**

- (a) Bombay (Now, Mumbai)
- (b) Allahabad
- (c) Chennai
- (d) Calcutta (Now, Kolkata)

## THEME

- (A4) (i) Find and explain the significance of various exciting incidents in the extract.
- (ii) Write 4-5 sentences on the 'Time' theme of the extract.
- (iii) Write 4-5 sentences on the 'Morality' theme of the extract.
- (iv) Write the central idea of the given extract of the novel, 'Around the World in Eighty Days'.
- (v) Justice is served/done in the end. Explain.

## LANGUAGE

- (A5) (i) Elaborate the following quotes in the light of the extract of the novel, 'Around the World in Eighty Days'.
- (a) 'Quitters never win and winners never quit'.
- (b) 'Time is the only solution to problems'.
- (ii) Following are some dialogues of the major characters in the extract. Find out who the speaker is, his/her tone, style, significance, etc., of the dialogue.

Dialogue	Speaker	Who said to Whom	Tone, Style, Significance etc.
"Why do you not curse me? It was my fault that—"			
"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."			
"Sir—forgive me—a most—unfortunate resemblance—robber arrested three days ago—you—are free!"			
"Will you pardon me for bringing you to England?"			
"It is for me to ask that question. You were ruined, but now you are rich again."			

