

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS



OXFORD ENGLISH PICTURE READERS

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OXFORD ENGLISH PICTURE READERS
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AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

by **JULES VERNE**

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At the end of this book you will find notes giving the meaning of some of the words you may not know.



CHAPTER I

The New Servant

There was nothing exciting about the morning of 2nd October 1872. Mr. Phileas Fogg, a tall, handsome man about forty years old, was waiting in his London home to see a new manservant. At 11.15 a.m. there was a knock on the door, and a pleasant-looking man entered.

'So you are the Frenchman, Passepartout, are you, and you want to be my new manservant?' said Mr. Fogg. 'How old are you?'

'I am thirty, sir,' replied the man.

'Then sit down and tell me about yourself,' said Mr. Fogg.

'I will, sir,' said Passepartout. 'For a few years I was an acrobat in a French circus. I turned somersaults on a trotting horse, and I walked and danced on a tightrope. That was exciting! Afterwards, I left the circus and went to be a fireman in Paris. That was exciting, too! I was at many big fires and rescued people from high buildings.'

'But why do you want to be a manservant now?' asked Mr. Fogg. 'That is not exciting work. I live very quietly, and I never go away from home. You will have a very dull life.'

'That is just what I want now,' replied Passepartout. 'I am tired of excitement. I should like to be your servant.'

'You have good references. I will engage you,' said Mr. Fogg. 'You will find your duties written on a card in your room upstairs. Good morning.'

Mr. Fogg said no more. He went out, shut the door, and walked to his club. It was exactly 11.30 a.m. He had left the house every day at 11.30 a.m. for years and years. Mr. Fogg had done the same thing at the same time every day, summer and winter, for many years.

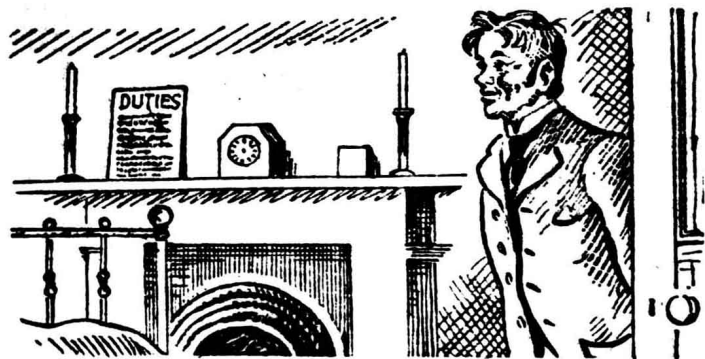


AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

The new servant, Passepartout, went upstairs to his bedroom. There, by the clock, was the card telling him his daily duties.

At 8.23 a.m. take tea and toast on a tray to Mr. Fogg's bedroom. At 9.37 a.m. take shaving water to the bathroom. An exact time was given for all his duties.

Passepartout looked at that card for a long time. 'My new master is very particular about the time,' he said to himself, '8.25 will be too late for his tea and toast, and 8.20 will be too early. I must be very careful. I am glad my watch keeps good time! But this will be a nice quiet job for me. There will be no cooking, for my master has his meals at the club. There are no fishing rods or golf clubs lying about. There are no books or newspapers to make the house untidy. There will be no visitors. Every day will be the same! That is what I want.'





CHAPTER 2

At the Club

Mr. Fogg and his friends were sitting by the fire in the club that evening, talking about a robbery. A thief had stolen £55,000 in bank-notes from a bank on 29th September. That was three days before, and the police had not caught the thief.

'The police will never catch him now!' said Mr. Stuart. 'He will be out of the country.'

'Oh yes, they will,' said Mr. Ralph. 'There are detectives watching all the railway stations in London, and the ships at Liverpool, Glasgow, and Southampton. And even if he gets out of the country, there are detectives watching the ships at Brindisi in Italy, at Suez in Egypt, and at New York in America.'

'Oh, let us play our game of whist. Never mind the thief now,' said Mr. Flannigan.

They began to play; but later, when they were shuffling the cards, they talked again about the robbery. At least, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Ralph, and Mr. Flannigan talked. Mr. Fogg said nothing. Mr. Fogg very seldom spoke.

'There is a reward of £4,000 for the capture of the robber,' said Mr. Ralph. 'They are sure to catch him soon. Where could he go with all that money?'

'The world is a very big place to hide in!' said Mr. Stuart.

'It *was* a big place a few years ago,' said Mr. Fogg, speaking for the first time.

'Has the world grown smaller?' laughed Mr. Stuart.

'Yes, it has,' said Mr. Ralph. 'A few years ago, it would have taken many months, perhaps years, to travel round the world. But now there is a railway across India, a railway across America, and ships can go through the Suez Canal. A man could go round the world in three months.'

'In eighty days,' said Mr. Fogg.

'If there were storms at sea, he couldn't do it in eighty days!' said Mr. Stuart.

'Eighty days is enough,' replied Mr. Fogg quietly.

'And if the Indians tore up the railway lines?'

'Eighty days is enough,' repeated Mr. Fogg.



'I would like to see you do it in eighty days!' said Mr. Stuart. 'I'll bet you £4,000 it is impossible.'

'It is possible,' said Mr. Fogg.

'Will you do it then?' said Mr. Stuart.

'Oh, let us get on with our whist,' said the other gentlemen, impatiently. 'This is just a joke.'

'It is not a joke,' said Mr. Fogg seriously. 'I have £20,000 in the bank. If I do not go round the world in eighty days, that money will belong to you, gentlemen.'

Mr. Fogg took a diary from his pocket and looked at it carefully.

'Today is Wednesday, 2nd October. I will leave London tonight at 8.45 p.m. I will be back in this room on Saturday, 21st December at 8.45 p.m. If I am not here then, you will divide my £20,000 between you. Now let us get on with the game.'

Passepartout Gets a Surprise

In Mr. Fogg's house Passepartout was sitting in his room. He knew now that Mr. Fogg always came home and went to bed at midnight. At 7.50 p.m. he was surprised to hear him come in and call 'Passepartout.' He went downstairs to see what was the matter.

'It is not midnight, sir. Is anything the matter?'

'No, but we must be ready to leave the house in ten minutes.'

Passepartout grinned. He thought it was a joke.

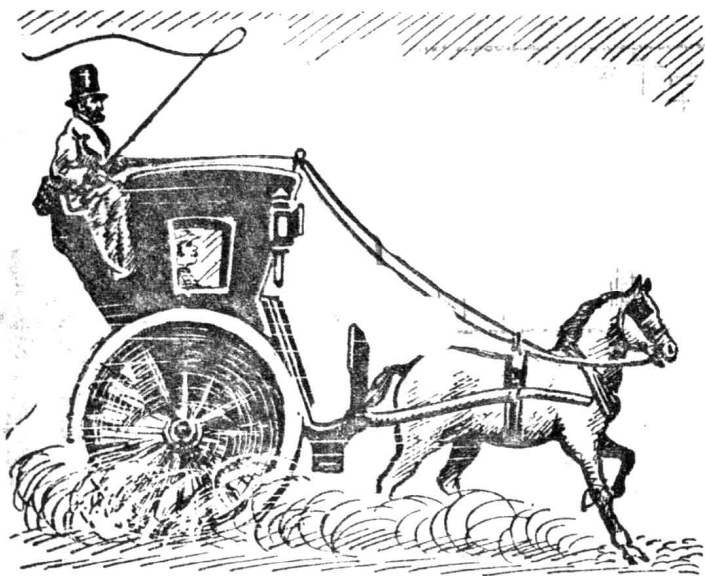
'Are you going away from home, sir?' he asked.

'Yes, Passepartout, we are going round the world. I want you to pack two shirts and three pairs of stockings for me, and the same for yourself. Bring my mackintosh and travelling rug, too. That will be all. Put the things in a carpet bag.'

Passepartout raised his eyebrows, held up his hands, and gasped, 'Round the world?'

'Yes, in eighty days,' replied Mr. Fogg calmly.

Passepartout went upstairs to his room. He flopped on to a chair. 'Well, I never!' he said to himself. 'And I came here because I wanted to be quiet!'



He packed the things in a carpet bag and went downstairs. Mr. Fogg was ready, with a red book under his arm. It was a Guide, telling times of arrivals and departures of ships and trains all over the world. Mr. Fogg took a big roll of bank-notes from the safe; then they went out.

Mr. Fogg locked the front door and called a cab to take them to the station. Passepartout bought two first-class tickets to Paris. The gentlemen from the club were on the platform to see them off. 'Good-bye, gentlemen. I shall see you again on Saturday, 21st December, at 8.45 p.m.,' said Mr. Fogg, as he waved to them from the train.