



## Chapter I

Mr. **Phileas Fogg**<sup>1</sup> was an Englishman and lived in London. He was a noticeable member of the **Reform Club**<sup>2</sup>. He did not go to the **Change**<sup>3</sup>, nor to the Bank, nor to the “City”. He did not have ships at London docks; he had no public employment; his voice did not resound in the **Court of Chancery**<sup>4</sup>. He certainly was not a manufacturer; he wasn't a merchant or a farmer. His name was strange to the scientific and learned societies. He did not belong to the numerous societies in the English capital. Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform, and that was all.

Was Phileas Fogg rich? Undoubtedly. But those who knew him could not imagine how **he made his fortune**<sup>5</sup>. Mr. Fogg was not lavish, nor, on the contrary, avaricious. If money was needed for a noble, useful, or benevolent purpose, he supplied it quietly and sometimes anonymously. He talked very little. His daily habits were quite open to observation.

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<sup>1</sup> **Phileas Fogg** — Филеас Фогг

<sup>2</sup> **Reform Club** — Реформ-клуб

<sup>3</sup> **Change** — биржа

<sup>4</sup> **Court of Chancery** — Канцлерский суд

<sup>5</sup> **he had made his fortune** — он нажил своё состояние

Did he travel? It was likely, for no one knew the world more familiarly. He liked to read the papers and play whist. He often won at this game, which harmonised with his nature. But his winnings never went into his purse. They were reserved as a fund for his charities. Mr. Fogg played, not to win, but to play. The game was in his eyes a contest, a struggle with a difficulty.

Phileas Fogg had no wife or children. He lived alone in his house in Saville Row. He breakfasted and dined at the club, at fixed hours, in the same room, at the same table. He **never took his meals with**<sup>1</sup> other members. He went home at exactly midnight, only to retire at once to bed. He passed ten hours out of the twenty-four in Saville Row. The mansion in Saville Row was exceedingly comfortable. Phileas Fogg required his servant to be very prompt and regular. On the 2nd of October he dismissed **James Forster**<sup>2</sup>, because that luckless youth brought him shaving-water at **eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit**<sup>3</sup> instead of **eighty-six**<sup>4</sup>. He was awaiting his successor, who was due at the house between eleven and half-past.

Phileas Fogg sat squarely in his armchair, his feet close together, his hands 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. A rap sounded on the door of the cosy apartment where Phileas Fogg sat. James Forster, the dismissed servant, appeared.

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<sup>1</sup> **never took his meals with** — никогда не угощал

<sup>2</sup> **James Forster** — Джеймс Фостер

<sup>3</sup> **eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit** — 84° по Фаренгейту (=28,89 °C)

<sup>4</sup> 64 °F = 17,78 °C

“The new servant,” said he.

A young man advanced and **bowed**<sup>1</sup>. He was about thirty years old.

“You are a Frenchman, I think,” asked Phileas Fogg, “and your name is John?”

“Jean, if monsieur pleases,” replied the newcomer, “**Jean Passepartout**<sup>2</sup>. I had several trades. I was an **itinerant singer**<sup>3</sup>, a **circus-rider**<sup>4</sup>, when I danced on a rope. Then I was a professor of gymnastics; and then I was a **sergeant fireman**<sup>5</sup> at Paris. But I quit-  
ted France five years ago, and took service as a valet here in England.”

“Passepartout,” responded Mr. Fogg, “I heard a good report of you. You know my conditions?”

“Yes, monsieur.”

“Good! What time is it?”

“Twenty-two minutes after eleven,” returned Passepartout. He drew an enormous silver watch from the depths of his pocket.

“Your watch is too slow,” said Mr. Fogg.

“Pardon me, monsieur, it is impossible.”

“Four minutes 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 remained alone in the house in Saville Row.

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<sup>1</sup> **bowed** — поклонился

<sup>2</sup> **Jean Passepartout** — Жан Паспарту

<sup>3</sup> **itinerant singer** — бродячий певец

<sup>4</sup> **circus-rider** — цирковой наездник

<sup>5</sup> **sergeant fireman** — старший пожарный

## Chapter II

“Oh,” muttered Passepartout, “I saw people at **Madame Tussaud’s**<sup>1</sup> as lively as my new master!” (Madame Tussaud’s “people” are of wax).

Mr. Fogg was a perfect Englishman. He was so exact that he was never in a hurry, was always ready, and was economical. He always went to his destination by the short cut; he made no superfluous gestures, and was never moved or agitated. He was the most deliberate person in the world. He lived alone, and outside of every social relation.

As for Passepartout, he was a **true Parisian of Paris**<sup>2</sup>. He **abandoned**<sup>3</sup> his own country for England, took service as a valet. Passepartout was an honest fellow, with a pleasant face, soft-mannered and serviceable, with a good round head. His eyes were blue, his complexion rubicund, his figure almost portly and well-built, his body muscular, and his physical powers fully developed by the exercises.

Passepartout heard that Mr. Phileas Fogg was looking for a servant. He was sure that this was the place for him. He presented himself, and was accepted.

At half-past eleven, then, Passepartout **found himself alone**<sup>4</sup> in the house in Saville Row. He began its **inspection**<sup>5</sup> without delay. The clean, well-arranged, solemn mansion pleased him. It seemed to him like a snail’s shell, lighted and warmed by gas. He suddenly

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<sup>1</sup> **Madame Tussaud’s** — музей мадам Тюссо (музей восковых фигур в Лондоне)

<sup>2</sup> **true Parisian of Paris** — простой парижанин

<sup>3</sup> **abandoned** — покинул

<sup>4</sup> **found himself alone** — оказался один

<sup>5</sup> **inspection** — зд. осмотр

observed a card — a programme of the daily routine of the house. It comprised all that was required of the servant, from eight in the morning: exactly at which hour Phileas Fogg rose, till half-past eleven, when he left the house for the Reform Club — all the details of service, the tea and toast at twenty-three minutes past eight, the shaving-water at thirty-seven minutes past nine, and the toilet at twenty minutes before ten. Everything was regulated.

“This is just what I wanted! — said Passepartout — Mr. Fogg is a domestic and regular gentleman! A real machine!”

## Chapter III

Phileas Fogg shut the door of his house at half-past eleven, and reached the Reform Club, and took his place at the **habitual table**<sup>1</sup>. He rose at thirteen minutes to one, and directed his steps towards the large hall. Half an hour later several members of the Reform came in and drew up to the fireplace. They were Mr. Fogg's usual partners at whist: **Andrew Stuart**<sup>2</sup>, an engineer; **John Sullivan**<sup>3</sup> and **Samuel Fallentin**<sup>4</sup>, bankers; **Thomas Flanagan**<sup>5</sup>, a brewer; and **Gauthier Ralph**<sup>6</sup>, one of the Directors of the Bank of England—all rich and highly respectable personages.

“Well, Ralph,” said Thomas Flanagan, “what about that robbery?”

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<sup>1</sup> at the habitual table — за привычным столом

<sup>2</sup> Andrew Stuart — Эндрю Стюарт

<sup>3</sup> John Sullivan — Джон Салливан

<sup>4</sup> Samuel Fallentin — Сэмюэл Фаллентин

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Flanagan — Томас Флэнаган

<sup>6</sup> Gauthier Ralph — Готье Ральф

“Oh,” replied Stuart, “the Bank will lose the money.”

“No,” broke in Ralph, “I hope we may put our hands on the robber. Skilful detectives are in all principal ports of America and the Continent. The criminal will be a clever fellow if he slips through their fingers.”

“Do you have the robber’s description?” asked Stuart.

“First, he is no robber at all,” returned Ralph, positively.

“What! a fellow who **makes off**<sup>1</sup> fifty-five thousand pounds, no robber?”

“No.”

“Perhaps he’s a manufacturer, then.”

“**The Daily Telegraph**<sup>2</sup> says that he is a gentleman.”

Phileas Fogg bowed to his friends, and entered into the conversation. The affair occurred three days before at the Bank of England. A package of banknotes, to the value of fifty-five thousand pounds, disappeared from the **principal cashier’s**<sup>3</sup> table, who was registering the receipt of three shillings and sixpence. Of course, he can’t notice everything. And the Bank of England has no guards to protect its treasures.

When the robbery was discovered, many detectives ran to **Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre, Suez, Brindisi, New York**<sup>4</sup>, and other ports. The reward was two thousand

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<sup>1</sup> **to make off** — стащить

<sup>2</sup> **The Daily Telegraph** — «Дэйли Телеграф» (название газеты)

<sup>3</sup> **principal cashier’s** — главный кассир

<sup>4</sup> **Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre, Suez, Brindisi, New York** — Ливерпуль, Глазго, Гавр, Суэц, Бриндизи, Нью-Йорк

pounds, and five per cent on the sum! Detectives were watching those who arrived at or left London.

As the Daily Telegraph said, the thief did not belong to a professional band. On the day of the robbery a well-dressed gentleman of **polished manners**<sup>1</sup> was in the paying room. His description was sent to the detectives. Everywhere people were discussing the probabilities of a successful pursuit. The Reform Club was especially agitated.

“I think,” said Stuart, “that the chances are **in favour of**<sup>2</sup> the thief. He must be a **shrewd**<sup>3</sup> fellow.”

“Well, but where will he go?” asked Ralph. “No country is safe for him.”

“Oh, I don’t know that. The world is big enough.”

“It was once,” said Phileas Fogg.

“What do you mean by ‘once’? Is the world small now?”

“Certainly,” returned Ralph. “I agree with Mr. Fogg. The world is small now. A man can now go round it ten times more quickly than a hundred years ago. And that is why the search for this thief will succeed.”

“And also why the thief can get away more easily.”

Stuart said eagerly:

“Is the world small indeed? Because you can go round it in three months...”

“In eighty days,” interrupted Phileas Fogg.

“That is true, gentlemen,” added John Sullivan. “Only eighty days. Here is the estimate made by the Daily Telegraph:

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<sup>1</sup> **polished manner** — прекрасные манеры

<sup>2</sup> **in favour of** — в пользу

<sup>3</sup> **shrewd** — хитрый



<b>From London to Suez via Mont Cenis</b>	
<b>and Brindisi</b> <sup>1</sup> , by rail and steamboats ..	7 days
From Suez to <b>Bombay</b> <sup>2</sup> , by steamer .....	13”
From Bombay to <b>Calcutta</b> <sup>3</sup> , by rail .....	3”
From Calcutta to <b>Hong Kong</b> <sup>4</sup> ,	
by steamer .....	13”
From Hong Kong to <b>Yokohama</b> <sup>5</sup> (Japan),	
by steamer .....	6”
From Yokohama to San Francisco,	
by steamer .....	22”
From San Francisco to New York,	
by rail .....	7”
From New York to London,	
by steamer and rail.....	9”
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Total .....	80 days.”

“Yes, in eighty days!” exclaimed Stuart. “But think about bad weather, contrary winds, shipwrecks, railway accidents, and so on. The Hindoos or Indians can stop the trains, **pillage the luggage-vans**<sup>6</sup>, and scalp the passengers.”

“**All included**<sup>7</sup>,” returned Phileas Fogg.

“You are right, theoretically, Mr. Fogg, but practically—”

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<sup>1</sup> from London to Suez via Mont Cenis and Brindisi — из Лондона в Суэц через Монт-Сенис и Бриндизи

<sup>2</sup> **Bombay** — Бомбей (город в Индии, современное название — Мумбай)

<sup>3</sup> **Calcutta** — Калькутта (город в Индии, современное название — Колката)

<sup>4</sup> **Hong Kong** — Гонконг

<sup>5</sup> **Yokohama** — Йокогама

<sup>6</sup> **pillage the luggage-vans** — разграбить вагоны

<sup>7</sup> **All included.** — Всё учтено.

“Practically also, Mr. Stuart. Shall we go?”

“No! But I will wager four thousand pounds that such a journey, made under these conditions, is impossible.”

“Quite possible, on the contrary,” returned Mr. Fogg.

“Well, make it, then!”

“The journey round the world in eighty days?”

“Yes. When?”

“At once. Only I warn you that you pay for it.”

“It’s absurd!” cried Stuart, who was annoyed at the persistency of his friend. “Come, let’s play. Mr. Fogg, I will wager the four thousand on it.”

“My dear Stuart,” said Fallentin. “It’s only a joke.”

“When I say I’ll wager,” returned Stuart, “I mean it.”

“All right,” said Mr. Fogg; and continued: “I have a deposit of twenty thousand at **Baring’s**<sup>1</sup> which I will willingly risk upon it.”

“Twenty thousand pounds!” cried Sullivan. “Twenty thousand pounds, which you will lose by a single accidental delay!”

“No,” quietly replied Phileas Fogg.

“But, Mr. Fogg, in order not to exceed it, you must jump from the trains upon the steamers, and from the steamers upon the trains again — very fast.”

“I will jump.”

“You are joking.”

“A true Englishman doesn’t joke when he is talking about serious things,” replied Phileas Fogg, solemnly. “I will bet twenty thousand pounds against anyone who wants me to make the tour of the world in eighty days or less; in nineteen hundred and twenty hours, or a hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred minutes. Do you accept?”

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<sup>1</sup> at **Baring’s** — в банке братьев Бэринг