

A WOLD NEWTON NOVEL

"FARMER'S IMAGINATION IS OF THE FIRST RANK...  
HIS VELOCITY IS BREATHTAKING." TIME



THE OTHER LOG OF PHILEAS FOGG

THE HUGO AND NEBULA AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR

PHILIP  
JOSÉ  
FARMER

THE GREAT 20TH CENTURY  
SCIENCE FICTION WRITER

# PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER

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**PHILIP  
JOSE  
FARMER**

 **THE OTHER LOG OF PHILEAS FOGG** 

**THE COSMIC TRUTH BEHIND JULES VERNE'S FICTION**

**TITAN BOOKS**

THE OTHER LOG OF PHILEAS FOGG

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*This is for the late Professor H. W. Starr, a brilliant Sherlogician who made Voyages Extraordinaires of the mind. It is also dedicated to the members of the Sherlock Holmes scion society of Peoria, The Hansoms of John Clayton.*

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## FOREWORD

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I first read Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days* in 1929. Between then and 1938 I reread perhaps four or five times. I saw Todd's movie version and enjoyed it immensely, but about thirty-three years passed before I read the book again. I found it to be even more charming than I remembered and was amazed at how well it stood up. It's a true classic—of its own genre—though not in a class with *The Brothers Karamazov* or *Moby Dick*, of course. But I saw certain elements in it that had escaped me in my youthful reading days.

After pondering on these elements for several months, I concluded that *Around the World in Eighty Days* had two stories. One was the exterior, the easily observable, reported by Verne as a interesting but un sinister adventure tale. The other was esoteric, behind-the-scenes, and full of dangerous implications for humanity. There was a science fiction story in *Days* which Verne, the father of science fiction, had not told. He had not done so because, one, he did not know of it, or, two, he dared not reveal it, or, three, he suspected something was amiss but could only hint at it.

Why were Fogg's origins so shrouded in mystery? Why was his life conducted as if he were a wound-up robot? Did he have clairvoyance or a brain which could compute the degrees of probability of future events and so act accordingly? Why did all the clocks of London strike at ten minutes to nine when Fogg got off the train at the end of his trip?

Philip José Farm



# INTRODUCTION

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How much did Jules Verne know of the real story behind *Around the World in Eighty Days*?

He could not have had all the facts. If he had, he would have been afraid to write the story in any form. Yet, he drops so many hints and ambiguities about Phileas Fogg that he must have suspected something. No other account of the famous global dash, and there were many of these, contain any such allusions or obliquities.

Did Verne get a glimpse into Fogg's secret notebook, the other log of his eighty-day voyage? It doesn't seem likely. He may have heard of it somehow and gotten from someone a few passages from it. But if he had, he would have been no more informed, though much more puzzled, than before. The secret log was written in the syllabary symbols of Eridanean A. Only one of the ancient blood, or a human enemy Capellean, or a human foster-child, could read this. None of these would have imparted to mere human the information in the strange writing.

There are always traitors, of course. Sentiency implies both loyalty and treachery.

Consider a few of Verne's hints about Phileas Fogg. He might live a thousand years without growing old. His admission to the exclusive Reform Club was mysterious. The bankers Baring had recommended him, but why did they do so? No one knew where Fogg or his money came from. Yet the reluctance of the upper-class mid-Victorian Englishman to accept anyone without a "good" family background or money is well known. He seemed to be a creature of absolutely undeviating habits. Not only could the neighbors set their clocks by his routine, they must have wondered if he were truly human and not a clockwork robot. Certainly, he seemed either inhuman or unhuman.

Yet he had a heart. He himself admitted that he had one, when he could afford it. He could stand unmoving for hour after hour as if he were a big frog watching unblinkingly for the juicy flies of time.

And had he traveled, this man who confined his activities to a very small area of the world? He seems to have known most of the world, even the far-off places.

"The unforeseen does not exist," he was heard to say more than once. Does this mean he had clairvoyance? Or does it indicate something more credible but far more sinister? Why did this Englishman, fixed on a track like a locomotive of the Great Western, suddenly jump the track and take off across the horizon?

Why? There are many whys which Verne does not answer.

The existence of Mr. Fogg's other log was not known until 1947 when the house at No. 7, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, London, was undergoing some repairs. This house, as everybody knows, was once occupied by the famous and witty but penniless playwright and Member of Parliament Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He died in distressing circumstances in 1816, not in 1814, as Verne says. During the tearing down of a wardrobe wall, a small diary was found in a hollow space between two

walls. This seems to have been in good condition until a hole in the roof permitted water to flow over it. Some of the pages were entirely ruined and parts of others were illegible. Enough of the unknown writing was left to become a *cause célèbre* among cryptographers and linguists the world over.

In 1962, the writing was recognized as neither a code or cipher but a hitherto unknown language. This would still be untranslatable if it had not been for the discovery of some notebooks in a house in rural Derbyshire. This was in the manor once owned by a Sir Heraclitus Fogg, baronet. The notebooks consisted of notes written to help an English-speaking child learn the language. With these referents, the noted linguist of the University of Oxford, Sir Beowulf William Clayton, fourth baronet, tackled the material found in No. 7, Savile Row. He managed to translate at least a third of what was left.

I was the first to hear about the translation because it was my researches<sup>1</sup> into the life of General Sir William Clayton, first baronet, father of Phileas Fogg, which enabled Fogg's childhood home to be located and, hence, the illuminating notebooks.

The long-abandoned Fogg Hall was searched by my English colleague, the aforementioned linguist, a great-grandson of Sir William Clayton by his tenth wife, Margaret Shaw. Sir Beowulf's investigation resulted in the finding of the child's parallel texts and the consequent partial translations. From the notes furnished me by Sir Beowulf I have reconstructed the story behind Verne's story: *The Other Log of Phileas Fogg*.

Phileas Fogg was said by Verne to be a bearded Byron, one who was so tranquil that he might live a thousand years without getting old. Was this statement about his possible longevity just a coincidence or a flying thought which chance happened to fit with the wings of truth?

A millennium of life was exactly what Fogg had been promised. In 1872 he was said to be about forty years of age, and so he was. But the Eridanean elixir does not effect its work until the body is about forty years old, and then it rapidly takes hold. Today, Fogg would look as if he had aged perhaps a year or two, if he is still alive. The chances are that he is alive and well somewhere in England. Can anyone point to a gravestone on which is carved his name, the date of his birth, 1832, followed by the date of his death? They cannot.

Mr. Fogg was tall and well shaped and had a handsome face, which is to be expected from one who so closely resembles Byron. His hair and whiskers were light, which may mean in Vernese that he was blond or had light brown hair. The color of his eyes is not mentioned by Verne. A Scotland Yard report, however, still available to the researcher who is diligent enough to dig for it, gives them as dark gray. This is to be expected in a member of a family noted for its gray eyes.

His face was pale, a natural consequence of exposure to the sun for only once a day during the time it takes to step off one-thousand-and-one-hundred-and-fifty-one consecutive paces. His teeth, unlike the typical Englishman's of that day, were magnificent. He had lost none to the dental decay which afflicted the people of Albion in the mid-nineteenth century. This quality, like the gray eyes, seems to have been a genetic factor. On the other hand, since he was given a number of elixirs during his childhood, the dental health may have resulted from a drug which originated light-years and millennia away.

At the time this story opens, Wednesday, 2 October, 1872, Mr. Fogg seemed to have no relatives. He lived at No. 7, Savile Row, where the only other occupant was his valet. He had acquaintances but no close friends. His sole recreations were the walk from his house to the Reform Club, reading the newspapers, and playing whist. According to Verne, he had been living like a pendulum on a clock for many years. Actually, the "many years" were only four, from 1868 to 1872. But his presence was so full of "thereness" that people thought of him as an old fixture, like the milk wagon or even a house.

Fogg demanded that his shaving water be exactly at 86° Fahrenheit. On this morning, his manservant James Forster, appeared at the right time with the water, at thirty-seven minutes past nine. He set the bowl down by the basin, and Mr. Fogg removed the thermometer from its water. It registered 84°. There was no excuse for this deficiency. Few though his duties were, they must be performed precisely at the precise time. He was to awake his master exactly at eight in the morning. Twenty-three minutes later, he was to appear with a tray on which were tea and toast. Verne does not say that

these had to be at a certain temperature, but we may assume that they had to be. Ten minutes later Forster would remove these. There remained for him only the shaving water at 9:37 a.m. and the dressing of his master at twenty minutes to nine.

At 11:30 a.m., no few seconds given or taken, Mr. Fogg would go out the front door, and he would come back through it as the clocks of London struck midnight. Between his departure and arrival, his servant had little to do. He did have to clean up a little, arrange for a cleaning woman to come in once a week, ensure that his master's clothes were cleaned and pressed, the beds made, pay a few bills, and so on. Except for the unhuman requirements of the schedule, James Forster was his own master.

Or was he?

Why, for instance, did Forster deliver the shaving water at two degrees less than that required? All he had to do was to check the thermometer. Why didn't he, when he knew it was so important?

The answer is that he *did* check it. Mr. Forster had waited until the temperature of the water had dropped to 86° before carrying it out of the kitchen. He knew very well that by the time he reached the bathroom on the third floor, the water would be below the desired temperature. Nor did he look perturbed when informed by Fogg that he was dismissed.

Fogg should have looked upset, since the metronome of his life had been checked. All was out of order, and while it is true that not many people would be disturbed by a mere two degree difference in their shaving water, Mr. Fogg regarded such as serious. But his serene expression changed only slightly. His eyebrows raised as if they were a pair of wings reluctantly flapped by a bird accustomed to gliding all its life. Then the eyebrows came down, and Fogg said, in a voice which was cold but not outraged, "You will leave as soon as I have acquired a new valet. You will inquire at some suitable agency for your successor, and I will interview the applicants. I will be here for that purpose until eleven-twenty-five."

Forster said, "Yes, sir. Very good, sir. And may I ask about my recommendation?"

"You have been satisfactory up to this moment," Mr. Fogg said. "I will state that in unmistakable terms for any would-be employers. But I must also state exactly why I was forced to dismiss you."

Mr. Forster did not reply, but he surely must have been thinking that very few employers would regard two degrees of Fahrenheit as anything serious or even worth commenting on.

Neither man smiled at the end of this conversation, though it's difficult to understand how they could refrain. Though there were no witnesses and no one could possibly have seen or overheard them, neither let down his guard. If there had been a hidden camera or electronic ears, nothing untoward would have been recorded. Of course, in 1872, neither of these devices existed.

Or did they?

What about the very slight whirring that could be heard in this house when neither man was speaking? To what could that be attributed? And what about the large mirror in Mr. Fogg's bedroom?

Could this possibly be a one-way piece of glass, and could there be equipment behind it, equipment which even 1972 A.D. might find very advanced indeed?

Whether or not the house was bugged, it was certain that Fogg and Forster never said a word, made a gesture which was not expected from people of their class and in this situation. There was nothing to indicate that 2°F. could be a signal for the dismissal of one servant and the hiring of another. Or that the famous bet made in the Reform Club was also the result of this signal.

This may be an excellent reason for Mr. Fogg's eccentricity of undeviatingness. To fire a man because he offers water two degrees off the standard is to be eccentric. Such behavior in a "normal" man would at once attract attention. But such behavior was to be expected from Mr. Fogg. Indeed, if he had not reacted as he did, he would have been regarded suspiciously by any hypothetical hidden observer.

At twenty minutes before ten, Forster assisted Fogg to dress. Fifteen minutes later, Forster left the house and took a cab to the employment agency specializing in valets, footmen, maids, and cooks for the well-to-do.

Phileas Fogg sat down in his armchair and assumed his habitual posture. His spine was straight, his shoulder blades were firmly pressed against the back of the chair. His feet were close together. His hands were placed palm down on his knees. His eyes were fixed upon a large clock across the room. This instrument indicated not only the customary seconds, minutes, and hours, but the day, month, and year. He did not move except for the rise and fall of chest associated with every living mammal, even Mr. Fogg, when he is breathing normally, and for the blinking of the eyelids. Despite what is said about the unblinking gaze of villains in the penny dreadfuls of 1872 or 1972, no one with eyesight can do without blinking. The results are too painful. And so Mr. Fogg blinked, as he would have voluntarily done even if he had not been naturally required to do so.

He doubted that there were any concealed spies, human or mechanical, in the house, but it was possible. He lived as if he were an automaton—almost like Mr. Poe's mechanical chess player—for two reasons. One, he had been taught to do so by his foster-father. Two, though he lived quietly, he did so conspicuously. There were few aware of his existence, but these few were very aware. His very standing-outness, however, was the quality to allay the suspicions of the enemy. They would believe that their enemies would be doing all they could to appear normal, to merge into the human herd. Therefore, Mr. Fogg, by his behavior, would convince them that he could not possibly be hiding from them.

Despite this theory, there was some evidence that Fogg was under surveillance. And so Fogg, whether in company or alone, always acted as Fogg should. He had done so for such a long time that he would have found it unnatural to do otherwise.

The image was he, and he was the image.

But this was to change very soon. It may be that the premonition of this, indeed, the certainty

made his heart beat faster.

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Perhaps.

But was it not this man who said, “The unforeseen does not exist”? Was he, as he sat unmoving in the chair, using his brain as a computer to extrapolate the most likely of the futures? Did his usual training as a child enable him to switch certain neural circuits and stimulate certain patterns in his brain into computing unconsciously and with all the speed of modern electronic brains? Could he visualize the statistical chances of an occurrence *in potentia*? Fogg never says so in his log, but there are some statements that sound as if he were referring indirectly to such a talent. If he could do this, then he must have known that he could not be sure that such and such a thing would be inevitable. And so, though in a sense the future contains no unforeseens, it holds no inevitabilities. If it did, and they could be anticipated, one side or the other in this secret war would long ago have acknowledged defeat. In fact, the war might have been over before it began, since computation would show both sides who eventually win.

There was a rap on the door—foreseen? James Forster opened the door and said, “The new servant.”

Why did Forster thus announce the applicant? The new man had not yet been interviewed, let alone hired. Why would Forster speak as if the matter were settled? Was it a slip on his part, and the matter had indeed been predetermined?

If so, Fogg’s expression did not change, and Verne says nothing of Forster’s. Why should he? Verne knew nothing of what was taking place behind the scenes.

A man entered and bowed. He was short and stockily built; had a pleasant face with red cheeks and bright blue eyes; his hair was brown and always looked windblown.

Mr. Fogg said, “You are a Frenchman, I believe, and your name is John?”

“Jean, if monsieur pleases. Jean Passepartout...”

Fogg had given the first code of inquiry when he had asked him if his name were John. And the Parisian had replied with the password when he said his name was Passepartout. Just as the name Fogg indicated a certain role in the organization, by a happy coincidence, so Passepartout indicated his role. But the Frenchman’s name was not the one with which he had been born. He had been dubbed Passepartout—“Passes everywhere”—for a good reason. It indicated more than the Frenchman’s wanderlust and instability.

Passepartout, at Fogg’s request, gave his background. He had been a wandering minstrel, though not necessarily of rags and tatters. He had also ridden horses in circuses, and he had danced on the high wire, like the famous Blondin. If Passepartout could emulate the feats of this fellow Gaul, as he hinted he could, then he should have stuck to the tightrope. It was Blondin who first crossed above Niagara Falls on a wire 160 feet above the water and 1,100 feet long. This he did many times blindfolded, on stilts, carrying a man on his back, sitting down on a chair and eating a meal, and so on.

Only eleven years ago he had appeared at the Crystal Palace in London and there, wearing stilts, had somersaulted on a rope 170 feet above the ground.

It was not to be supposed that Passepartout was the equal of Blondin, but he may not have been far behind in skill. In any event, he had quit the high wire to teach gymnastics for a while. Then he became a fireman in Paris, but he had quit that five years before to take up valeting in England.

Surely this was a strange switch of professions, but he explained that he was tired of the dangerous and the unsettling. He desired the quiet life. He was now out of a position, but, hearing of Mr. Fogg, than whom no one led a more strictly scheduled and peaceful life, he had presented himself as a desirable valet. He did not even want to use the name of Passepartout anymore.

Mr. Fogg said, "Passepartout suits me. You are well recommended to me. I hear a good report of you."

This was strange, because from whom and when would Mr. Fogg have heard about Passepartout? Until a few hours ago, he had not even thought about getting a new servant. Since he had fired Forster and sent him out to get another servant, he had communicated with no one. He had neither inserted an ad in the papers, written a letter and received a reply, nor used the telephone. The latter he did not have, since Mr. Alexander Graham Bell was only twenty-six years old and a little less than four years from filing his patent on the electric speaking telephone.

Mr. Fogg could have sent Forster out to the nearest telegraph office, but Verne says nothing of this. No, just as Forster's introduction of Passepartout was a slip on his part, so Fogg's comment on the recommendation was his slip. The question is, were these slips intentionally made to affect the hypothetical hidden observer in a certain fashion? If the unforeseen truly did not exist for Fogg, would he have slipped? And if Fogg made a mistake on purpose, then it's safe to presume that Forster did so too. This means that all three, Fogg, Passepartout, and Forster, were cognizant of a certain plan.

"You know my conditions?" Fogg said.

The Frenchman's answer indicated that Forster had filled him in on the way from the agency.

Fogg then asked Passepartout what time it was. The Frenchman drew an enormous silver watch from his vest pocket, looked at it, and said, "Twenty-two minutes after eleven."

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

Passepartout replied that that was impossible.

Fogg said, coldly, "You are four minutes too slow. No matter. It's enough to mention this error. Now from this moment, twenty-six minutes after eleven o'clock, this Wednesday, the second of October, you are in my service."

Phileas Fogg rose, took his hat in his left hand, put it on his head, and walked out.

Mr. Fogg was thoroughly satisfied that Passepartout was the man sent to help him in his new venture, whatever that was to be. Forster had checked him with certain passphrases at the agency. The bit about Passepartout's watch being slow had been another method of identification. In addition, the

Frenchman's name had indicated his function, and the "enormous" watch was so large because it contained more than a timepiece. Mr. Fogg's taking his hat with his left hand had been the final signal, since he was right-handed. If he were left-handed, he would have used the right. Passepartout had observed his last confirmation and so was also pleased.

After Fogg left the room, he stood listening for a moment. The door to the street shut. That would be his ally and master leaving at exactly 11:30 a.m. A few seconds later, the door closed again. That would be James Forster going to wherever the plan dictated. There Forster would make another move in the secret and martial chess game that had been going on for two-hundred years between the Eridaneans and the Capelleans.



The Reform Club toward which Mr. Fogg proceeded at an exact velocity was only one-thousand-and-one-hundred-and-fifty-one paces from Mr. Fogg's house on Savile Row. Verne does not say what transpired during Fogg's walk. For him, the ordinary would not have been worth describing, and the extraordinary was not reported to him. However, the ordinary of our day and Fogg's may be contrasted for the benefit of the reader. The Londoner of 1872 had his own brand of smog. Indeed, the word formed from smoke and fog, is of London origin. The smoke of hundreds of thousands of industrial and domestic furnaces and stoves burning soft coal often darkened the skies and laid a sooty film over everything. It also gave the London air a rather acrid odor and doubtless contributed to the generation of tuberculosis and other diseases of the lung.

Another odor, not unpleasant under certain conditions and when in not too great quantities emanated from the horse droppings. These littered the streets from West End to East End. During the dry periods, clouds of manure rose to mingle with coal dust and dirt dust as the wheels of carriages struck the piles. Mingled with these were the huge and pestiferous horseflies that were once a familiar and seemingly permanent part of the civilized world. This, however, was October, and the chill nights of the past few weeks had considerably discouraged the activities of these insects.

Mr. Fogg walked on the sidewalk from No. 7, Savile Row, turned left onto Vigo Street, after a few paces crossed Vigo to Sackville Street, and proceeded along it until he came to Piccadilly. Having traversed this with no apparent attention to the hansoms and vans which filled this main thoroughfare (London traffic was a nuisance and a danger a century ago), he walked eastward until he reached the narrow Church Street. Here he turned right and, coming to Jermyn Street, turned right again, walked a few paces, and then went across Jermyn to enter the Duke of York's. This led him to St. James Square. Having passed along this, he crossed Pall Mall to the Reform Club. This imposing and famed edifice is neighbor to the Traveler's Club, which admits no one as a member who has not journeyed at least five-hundred miles in a straight line from London. Although Mr. Fogg could easily have joined the club both before and after his dash around the globe, he was never a member.

Across Pall Mall at an angle was the Athenaeum Club, devoted to bringing together the practitioners of the fine arts and sciences and their eminent patrons. This is the institution called the Diogenes Club in the Sherlock Holmes stories. However, at this time, Mycroft Holmes, its future member, was only twenty-six years old and his brother Sherlock was a mere eighteen. Yet, the path of the younger Holmes and of one of the many pedestrians on Pall Mall that day were to cross many years later.

Although Fogg seemed to look neither to left nor to right, as if he were riding a rail and did not have to steer himself, he was missing little. Thus, he saw a tall, broadshouldered gentleman of about

forty years of age standing in a doorway and lighting up a cheroot. Only the keenest of observers could have noted that Fogg's stride checked ever so slightly. And only a nearby and very perceptive person would have detected a minute paling of Mr. Fogg's skin.

His lips opened a tiny bit, and a name breathed out.

He did not otherwise betray himself. He walked on steadily as if he were a planet in its orbit and could be perturbed by nothing less than the sun going nova.

But behind that serene face millions of microscopic novas were exploding as neuron after neuron and neural circuit after circuit lit up. Could it indeed be *he*? Or had he been mistaken? After all, the man had been across the street and in the shadow of a deep doorway. The features had been indistinguishable. The physique certainly resembled the man whose name Fogg had exhaled. The safety match with which he lit his cigar could have illuminated his features in the shadow of the doorway, but the hand which held it shielded them. Nor could Fogg determine if the fellow had an unusual distance between his eyes.

Moreover, Fogg's glance had been too brief to allow him any rechecking of his first impression. And, the further he got from the man, the less he thought that it could be he. Why would he stand where he might be seen? What purpose could he have in letting Fogg know that he was alive and shadowing him? Was it bravado? Or was he trying to stampede the unstampedable?

And how could he be alive? How had he escaped? As far as Fogg knew, he and three others were the only survivors. Still, at one time he had thought he was the only one not drowned, but he had found out later that others had had good fortune, too. The other survivors were French and Canadian and there was not much chance that they would ever see him again. To make sure that they did not recognize him if they did encounter him, he had grown his beard.

Despite an intensive investigation, no evidence had been found that anybody else had gotten away alive from the maelstrom. However, that could mean that the Capelleans had kept their secret a secret. They were very good at that.

Perhaps, Fogg thought, this was why everything was so suddenly upset, Forster ordered to an unknown destination, and Passepartout appearing with his distorter, the only one in the possession of the Eridaneans.

He walked on up the steps of the Reform Club. It was true that he had foreseen this possibility of other survivors, but he had calculated that the odds against this were so high as to make the event extremely unlikely.

But if anyone could survive, that fellow would be the one. He, Fogg, might have allowed his wishes to interfere with his mathematics.

The Reform Club was political in origin, being founded by the Liberals of both houses of Parliament to help push through the Reform Bill, 1830–32. This was not what we of today would regard as a democratic measure. It redistributed the seats in Parliament, giving the new middle classes of the industrial cities the representation they had lacked, and getting rid of the “rotten boroughs.” It failed to satisfy the radicals (whom we should regard as very conservative indeed by modern standards), but it was a step closer to true representative government. Why Fogg chose this club rather than another is not known. He seemed to have no interest at all in politics. At least, Verne records no opinions of his, and a diligent search has failed to find his name on any registry of voters.

The club itself was housed in a magnificent structure, the architectural style of which was purely Italian, supposedly based on the famous Farnese Palace at Rome, designed by Michelangelo. It contained six floors and one-hundred-and-thirty-four apartments. In the center was a great hall fifty-six feet by fifty feet, as high as the building itself. Adjoining the drawing room are a library and a cardroom. It was the latter that Fogg intended as his final destination.

In the meantime, he made a scheduled stop at the dining room, the nine windows of which opened onto a garden. He sat at the table which had been laid out for him, and he ate his breakfast, for which he had to give no order since it never varied.

At thirteen minutes to one, he rose and walked to the large hall. He sat down there and a servant handed him *The Times*. Fogg cut the pages open with a small sharp folding knife and read the paper until fifteen minutes to four o’clock. Without Fogg’s requesting it, he was handed the *Standard*. He then ate a dinner the menu for which deviated no more than that of his breakfast. Mr. Fogg then repaired to the washroom, an event which Verne discreetly omits to mention. Since his internal actions were as well governed as his outer, Mr. Fogg reappeared in the reading room at the scheduled time: twenty minutes before six. He sat down to read the *Pall Mall*, and continued to do so until half an hour had passed. An acute observer, however, would have noticed that he raised his eyes from the paper more times than usual, and he might have deduced that Mr. Fogg was looking for someone. That someone, if he appeared, caused no visible reaction in Mr. Fogg.

Apparently, whatever the signal of the 2° F. meant, events were proceeding slowly. If there was a frenzy or desperation behind the plan, it was not obvious. Mr. Fogg read every word of the three publications with a remarkable swiftness. This was even more remarkable considering the lack of practice at other kinds of literature. Nobody at the club had ever seen Fogg read anything but the journals, and he certainly did not read at home since No. 7, Savile Row lacked books of any kind. And yet, he seemed to have been everywhere and to know everything about the most remote of places. From where had he gotten his knowledge?

He did not seem to be looking for anything in particular in his perusal of the papers. Yet his eyes did slow down sometimes and retrack. The delays were caused by certain items, accounts of strange happenings in every niche of the globe. They were the sort of thing put in to fill space, though certainly calculated to interest most human beings. Fogg was putting them together with other accounts in today's papers and also with those he had read in the past. He was trying to construct a coherent picture from them. He was especially interested in the stories of weird or unusual marine phenomena. Stories about sea serpents or missing or overdue ships caught his attention. Nor did he neglect the terrestrial, especially unmotivated murders or disappearances.

At ten minutes after six, five members stopped to talk before the fireplace and rid themselves of the chilliness of the autumn evening. These were Andrew Stuart, an engineer; two bankers, Sullivan and Fallentin; a brewer, Flanagan; and a director of the Bank of England, Gauthier Ralph. Mr. Fogg was aware of their presence, but, since he was not finished reading, he did not address them.

Mr. Flanagan asked Mr. Ralph what he thought about the robbery.

Stuart answered for Ralph, stating that the Bank of England would lose its money.

Ralph replied that the bank expected to get the robber. The best of detectives had been sent to all the large ports of America and Europe, and the robber would have to be very slippery indeed to elude the hawks of the law.

Stuart said, "But do you have a description?"

Ralph said, "In the first place, he is no robber."

Stuart was astounded. "What! A chap who makes off with fifty-five thousand pounds is no robber?"

"No."

"Perhaps, then, he is a manufacturer?"

"*The Daily Telegraph* reports that he is a gentleman."

No one smiled at this last remark, which was made by Phileas Fogg. He rose, bowed to his white partners, and indulged in a conversation about the robbery. Three days before, a package of bank notes had been picked up by a gentleman from the principal cashier's table. It was not the gentleman's, but he did not return it. So, in a sense, it was his. At least, it would be until he was caught.

As Verne observes, "The Bank of England has a touching confidence in the honesty of the public." No one even knew that the fifty-five thousand pounds were missing until the bank was closed and the books were balanced. No guards stood by, ready to defend the institution from illegal activities. The cashier had noticed the man taking the money but had thought nothing of it until the loss was discovered.

However, the Bank of England quickly took action when it found its confidence, not to mention the money, misplaced. Detectives were hurried off to Liverpool, Glasgow, Le Havre, Suez, Brindisi, New York, and other parts. The natural zeal of the manhunters was sharpened by a reward of two

thousand pounds plus five percent on the recovered sum. They were not proceeding blindly, since they had been provided with an excellent description of the gentleman who had taken the money.

Ralph, as a bank official, thought it unthinkable that the man would not soon be caught. Stuart, the engineer, disputed his conclusion, even after the whist game had started. He had for partner Mr. Flanagan, while Fogg's was Fallentin. Of course, they did not converse until after the first rubber was over. Stuart then said, "I maintain that chance favors the thief, who has to be a shrewd chap."

Ralph said, "But where can he fly to? No country is safe for him."

Stuart exclaimed with disbelief.

"Where would he go?" Ralph said.

Stuart snorted and said, "I don't know. The world is big enough."

And having provided an opening for Fogg, he waited.

Stuart is derived from "steward," one who manages. And Stuart was an engineer in both a public and a private sense. He was, in fact, Fogg's superior, for all Fogg knew, the head of the entire Eridanean Race. He was the steward, and he was chief engineer of the Race, natal and adopted.

"The world is big enough," Stuart repeated.

Fogg said in a low voice, "It once was."

He handed the reshuffled cards to Flanagan.

"Cut, sir."

After the rubber, Stuart said, "What does your 'once' mean? Has the world grown smaller?"

Ralph said, "Indeed, I agree with Mr. Fogg. The world has grown somewhat smaller. A man can now go around it ten times more quickly than he could a hundred years ago. That is why the search for the thief is more likely to succeed."

Stuart said, "But that is also why it is easier for the thief to get away."

"Be so good as to play, Mr. Stuart," Fogg said.

No one except Stuart was aware of the double meaning in this request.

Stuart was, it must be confessed, as keen a cardsharper as could be found. Even if he had had no native talent, he would have had to be dull indeed not to have profited by one hundred and fifty years of practice. Despite his ability to crook the cards, he was always honest. That is, he was unless the occasion required otherwise. In this case, the occasion required. And so Stuart laid down as his first card that which he had selected, the jack of diamonds. To all except Stuart and Fogg, it meant that diamonds would be trumps. To Fogg it was an order to bet, to take a dare, though not with the cards. What bet, what dare? That depended on Stuart's conversation and Fogg's ability to interpret.

When this rubber was over, Stuart said, "You have a strange way, Ralph, of proving that the world has gotten smaller. Thus, because you can go around it in three months..."

"Eighty days," Fogg said.

Sullivan interrupted with a long explanation of why it would only take eighty days. The Gre

Indian Peninsula Railway had just opened a new section between Rotherham and Allahabad, and that would reduce the traveling time enough to make it possible. The *Daily Telegraph* itself had made out a schedule whereby an intrepid, and lucky, traveler might proceed from London and circle the globe with enough speed to be back in London in eleven weeks and three days.

Stuart became so excited at this that he made a false deal. At least, he seemed to be excited. Fogg knew that the trey of diamonds meant: *On the track. Go ahead.*

Stuart then said that the schedule did not take into account bad weather, contrary winds, shipwrecks, railroad accidents, and other likely events.

“All included,” Fogg said. He had kept on playing even though the others had stopped.

Stuart was insistent. “Suppose the Hindus or American Indians pull up the rails? Suppose they stop the trains, clean out the baggage cars, scalp the passengers?”

“All included,” Fogg replied calmly. He threw down his cards. “Two trumps.”

The others looked surprised, not at his cards but at his talkativeness. And they found his attitude irritating. The mirror-smooth calmness and assumption of authority had been noticed by them before, but in general he was a decent chap. His peccadilloes were minor and forgivable because he was an eccentric. Englishmen then loved eccentrics, or at least respected them. But the world was much bigger then and there was room for the unconventional.

It was Stuart’s turn to deal. While shuffling, he said, “Theoretically, you’re right, Mr. Fogg. But practically...”

“Practically also, Mr. Stuart.”

Mr. Stuart had hoped that someone besides himself would initiate the bet. Since this did not now seem likely, he would have to do it. He hoped that the inevitable Capellean—who was he? The servant nearby? Fallentin? Flanagan? Perhaps, perish the thought, Fogg himself?—would think that the bet had arisen naturally. Of course, they were on to Fogg now or at least suspected him. But he did not want them to suspect Stuart. Or, at least, to suspect no more than they did Fallentin, Flanagan, or Ralph.

In a somewhat indignant manner, he said, “I’d like to see you do it within eighty days.

“That,” Fogg said, “depends on you. Shall we go?”

Stuart replied that he would bet four thousand dollars that it could not be done.

Fogg calmly insisted that it was quite possible. One thing led to another, and so the famous wager was made. Fogg had a deposit of twenty thousand pounds at Baring’s. He would risk all of it.

Sullivan cried out, and we may judge the intensity of his passions—real or assumed—by the fact that an English gentleman would raise his voice inside the Reform Club. He cried out that Fogg would lose all by one accidental delay.

Phileas Fogg replied with his curious, and now classical, remark that the unforeseen does not exist.

Stuart may have shot a warning look. Any eavesdropping Capellean would fasten onto this, work it as if he were a dog and it the bone, and find in the marrow a vast suspicion. He would wonder some strange hands were being dealt by strange hands at this card table.

Or had Stuart sent the message that Fogg was to talk suspiciously?

The latter seems more likely, since Stuart's plan was to use Fogg as a decoy. The time for laying low was over. Now there was a reason for bringing the enemy out, to mark them, and to put an end to them.

Where Stuart got his idea for exposing Fogg is not known. At least, the other log says nothing about its origin. Probably, Stuart was inspired when he read the model schedule for the eighty-day trip in *The Daily Telegraph*. Fogg would not find out until later why Stuart had decided to launch another campaign.

One of the players protested that eighty days was the least possible time to make the journey.

Mr. Fogg made another classical reply. "A well-used minimum suffices for everything."

Another protest that, if he were to keep within the minimum, he would have to jump mathematically from trains to ships and back again.

Fogg made his third classical reply.

"I will jump—mathematically."

"You are joking."

Fogg's rejoinder was, in effect, that a true Englishman does not joke about such matters.

Convinced by this, the whist players decided to accept the wager.

Mr. Fogg then announced that the train left that evening for Dover at a quarter before nine. He would be on it.

He had not known about the bet until this hour, and he never took the train. How did he know the railway schedules? Had he memorized *Bradshaw's*? In view of his other talents, this seems probable though he must have done it sometime before 1866, as will be made clear in due course. Thus, he had no way of knowing that trains were still adhering to the schedules of that time. But he would have checked long before boarding, and no doubt he trusted in the resistance against change inherent in the English character.

After consulting his pocket almanac, he said, "Since today is Wednesday, second of October, I shall be due in London, in this very room, on Saturday, the twenty-first of December, at fifteen minutes before nine p.m. Otherwise, the twenty thousand pounds now deposited in my name at Baring's is yours in fact and in right. Here is a check for the amount."

Mr. Fogg's total fortune was forty thousand pounds, but he foresaw having to spend half of that to win the twenty thousand. And this is so strange that it is surprising that no one has commented on it. Why should an eminently practical man, indeed, a far too practical man, one who conducted his life according to the laws of rational mechanics, make a bet like this? He was a man who had never given

way to an impulse. Moreover, even if he won his bet, and this did not seem probable, he would not be a guinea richer than before. And if he lost, he was a pauper.

The only explanation is that he was under orders to make this astonishing and unprecedented move. Even if we did not now have his secret log, we could be certain of that.

As for his forty thousand pounds, the private property of an Eridanean was at the disposal of Stuart when the situation demanded it. Stuart would have sacrificed his own fortune if it were necessary. And so, if Fogg must put his entire wealth in jeopardy, he could assure himself that it was in a good cause.

Far more than money could be lost. He could be killed at any moment. From now on, he would not be an eccentric semi-hermit living obscurely in a tiny area of London. His bet was sure to be publicized quickly. The world would soon be following his journey with hot interest and cool cash.

If Fogg was perturbed by this, he showed not the slightest sign. Of all the party, he was the calmest. The others were quite disturbed. All except Stuart felt that they were taking advantage of their friend with this bet. Stuart's agitation had another cause. He knew what dangers Fogg would be encountering.



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