

Phileas fogg and passepartout

In 1872, Phileas Fogg was a member of the Reform Club in London, and he went there every day. He left his house at 11.30 in the morning and walked to the club. He had his lunch and his dinner there, and he read the newspapers. He left late in the evening and walked back home. He went to bed at midnight.

Phileas Fogg was a serious man. He didn't talk much, and nobody knew much about him. But everything in his life had to be right. His washing water had to be at 31°C — not 30°C and not 32°C.

At 9.37 on the morning of the 2nd of October, 1872, his servant James, brought him water at 30°C, not 31°C. So this servant had to go. Phileas Fogg sat at home and waited for his new servant.

The new servant came. He was about thirty years old.

“You are French,” said Phileas Fogg, “and your name is John?”

“No,” said the new servant. “My name is Jean, Mr Fogg. They call me Jean Passepartout, because in French a “passepartout” can open every door. When things are bad, I can always get out. I can get out of anything!”

“Tell me about your work,” said Phileas Fogg.

“I am a good man and I can do a lot of different jobs,” said Jean Passepartout. “I was a fireman in Paris. And ... look!” Passepartout did a high jump, then put his left leg and then his right leg on his head. He was a strong man.

“But I left France in 1867, and I came to England,” said Passepartout, “I want to be a servant. I am looking for a quiet life. People say that you are the quietest man in England. So I want to work for you. I want to live quietly now. I want to forget the name, Passepartout.”

“I’ll call you Passepartout,” said Phileas Fogg. “What time is it?”

Passepartout pulled out a big watch and looked at it.

“It is 11.29, Mr. Fogg,” he said.

“All right. From now, 11.29 on the 2nd of October 1872, you are my servant.”

With those words, Phileas Fogg put on his hat and went out. There was nobody in the house, only Passepartout.

“Here I am,” the Frenchman thought. “But what do I do?”

He went into every room in the house. He found his room, and in it there was a timetable. Everything was there, starting from 8 o’clock. Phileas Fogg got up at that time.

8.23 Bring tea.

9.37 Bring washing water (31°C).

11.30 PF goes to the Reform Club.

Then, from 11.30 in the morning to midnight, everything was on the timetable. Mr. Fogg always went to bed at midnight.

Passepartout smiled. “This is right for me,” he thought. “Mr. Fogg is the man for me!”