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# ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

**B1**

## His Last Bow

Arthur Conan Doyle



1 NÍVEL DE  
LEITURA

**B1**



TEXTO  
ORIGINAL  
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO  
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E  
GLOSSÁRIO  
DE VOCABULÁRIO

## O ÚLTIMO ADEUS

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

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→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

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# **His Last Bow**

**Arthur Conan Doyle**

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português  
Support

**SAMPLE**

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Obra original: His Last Bow

Autor: Arthur Conan Doyle

Primeira publicação: 1917

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# Introdução

## Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR — Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 — Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 — Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

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Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Assim, você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

## Como usar as notas

No texto de leitura simplificada, cada parágrafo possui um link Pt/En. Esse link abre uma nota com a tradução em português do texto simplificado e o trecho correspondente no texto original em inglês.

No texto original em inglês, o link PT leva diretamente ao parágrafo correspondente na versão em português. Na tradução portuguesa, o link En retorna ao parágrafo correspondente no texto original.

A tradução para o português é feita a partir do texto em inglês simplificado, e não diretamente do texto original. O objetivo é ajudar você a compreender com precisão a frase simplificada que está estudando naquele momento.

O texto original em inglês é apresentado separadamente para a etapa seguinte do aprendizado, quando você já estiver preparado para ler e comparar a obra em sua forma original.

Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

### **Como usar o glossário**

Na última parte do livro, o Glossary: New Words reúne, em ordem alfabética, palavras mais complexas ou menos frequentes presentes no texto simplificado de nível B1. Essas palavras aparecem em itálico no texto.

Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link Back to B1 retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

### **Sobre este livro**

His Last Bow (O Último Adeus de Sherlock Holmes) é uma coletânea de oito contos publicada em 1917, com prefácio do Dr. John Watson afirmando que Holmes está aposentado, mas vivo, embora sofra de reumatismo. As histórias abrangem a carreira de Holmes, desde casos iniciais até sua última aventura antes da aposentadoria. O conto-título, "His Last Bow", passa-se na véspera da Primeira Guerra Mundial, onde Holmes, vivendo sob identidade falsa, trabalha para o governo britânico contra uma rede de espiões alemães. Outros contos incluem "The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans", envolvendo planos de submarino roubados e um assassinato no metrô de Londres; "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot", um mistério na Cornualha com um pó alucinógeno mortal; e "The Adventure of the Dying Detective", onde Holmes finge doença para capturar um assassino. A coletânea também traz "The Adventure of the Red Circle", sobre sociedades secretas italianas em Londres; "The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax", caso de uma herdeira desaparecida; e "The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge", um

assassinato bizarro numa casa de campo. O tom varia do sombrio e suspense ao nostálgico, com Watson refletindo sobre o legado de Holmes. O conflito central frequentemente opõe Holmes a criminosos astutos, usando sua dedução para desvendar tramas complexas. Os cenários vão das ruas nebulosas de Londres ao interior remoto da Inglaterra, capturando as eras vitoriana e eduardiana. A progressão da coletânea move-se de casos mais diretos para a história final mais sombria e pessoal, que serve como despedida ao personagem. No geral, o livro oferece uma mistura de mistério, aventura e uma conclusão pungente para a carreira de Holmes.

### **Nota editorial**

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# Preface

Pt/En Sherlock Holmes is alive and well, although he sometimes suffers from rheumatism. For many years, he has lived on a farm near Eastbourne, spending his time with philosophy and farming. He had decided to retire permanently and refused many offers to take cases. However, when the German war began, he offered his skills to the Government. The results of this work are described in the book "His Last Bow". Some earlier stories have also been added to this book to make it complete.

Pt/En This is written by John H. Watson, M.D.

# The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge

**Pt/En** The narrator's notebook shows that it was a windy day at the end of March in 1892. Holmes received a telegram during lunch and wrote a reply. He seemed thoughtful, looking at the message and smoking his pipe. Then, he suddenly turned to the narrator with a playful look in his eyes.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked the narrator if he considered himself a writer and asked for his definition of the word 'grotesque'.

**Pt/En** The narrator suggested that 'grotesque' means strange or remarkable.

**Pt/En** He did not agree with my explanation and showed it by shaking his head.

**Pt/En** He said there was more to it, something sad and frightening. He reminded me that strange or unusual stories often became criminal. He gave examples: the story about the redheaded men, which started strangely but ended in a robbery attempt, and the story of the five orange pips, which led to a murder plot. He said the word "grotesque" made him pay attention.

**Pt/En** I asked if he had the telegram with him.

**Pt/En** He read the telegram out loud.

**Pt/En** The telegram said that the sender had just had a very strange and unusual experience and asked if he could consult him.

**Pt/En** The speaker addressed Scott Eccles.

**Pt/En** The location was the Post Office at Charing Cross.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked if the person was a man or a woman.

**Pt/En** The speaker said it was a man, explaining that a woman would have come in person instead of sending a reply-paid telegram.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked if he would see the person.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes told Watson that he was very bored since they had caught Colonel Carruthers. He felt his mind was not being used for its purpose. He said that life was ordinary and exciting things seemed to be

gone from crime. He asked Watson if he was ready for a new problem, and then he thought their visitor had arrived.

**Pt/En** A man walked up the stairs and entered the room. He was a tall, stout man with gray hair and a very serious and respectable appearance. His face and his *formal* way of acting showed he was a *traditional* person who followed rules. However, something surprising had happened to him, which made his hair stand up, his cheeks red, and his manner *confused* and excited. He immediately started to explain his reason for being there.

**Pt/En** The visitor told Mr. Holmes that he had a very strange and unpleasant experience. He said he had never been in such a situation before and that it was very wrong and *unacceptable*. He demanded an explanation, showing his anger by becoming red and *puffing* himself up.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes asked Mr. Scott Eccles to sit down in a calm voice. He then asked why he had come to him.

**Pt/En** Mr. Scott Eccles explained that he did not think the police needed to be involved. However, he felt he could not *ignore* the situation after they heard the facts. He said he did not like private detectives, but he had heard of Mr. Holmes.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked why the person had not come immediately.

**Pt/En** Holmes looked at his watch.

**Pt/En** Holmes said it was a quarter past two and mentioned that the telegram was sent around one o'clock. He also noted that the person's appearance showed they had been upset since they woke up.

**Pt/En** The client ran his hand over his *messy* hair and unshaven chin.

**Pt/En** The client agreed with Mr. Holmes. He explained that he had not thought about his appearance because he was happy to leave the house. He had already asked people about the situation and learned that Mr. Garcia's rent was paid and everything was fine at Wisteria Lodge.

**Pt/En** Holmes laughed and told the man that he was like Dr. Watson, who often told stories starting from the end. Holmes asked him to *organize* his thoughts and explain clearly, in the correct order, what had happened to make him look so *messy* and need help.

**Pt/En** The client looked sadly at his own untidy appearance.

**Pt/En** The client said that he was sure he looked very bad and that this had never happened to him before. He promised to tell the whole strange story and said that Holmes would understand why he looked like this.

**Pt/En** But before the client could start his story, there was a noise outside. Mrs. Hudson opened the door to let in two strong men who looked like police officers. One was Inspector Gregson from Scotland Yard, who was known to be a good and capable officer. He shook hands with Holmes and introduced his friend, Inspector Baynes, from the Surrey police.

**Pt/En** Inspector Gregson said they were working together and had followed a clue to this house. He looked at the visitor and asked if he was Mr. John Scott Eccles from Popham House, Lee.

**Pt/En** He confirmed.

**Pt/En** They said they had been watching him all morning.

**Pt/En** Holmes suggested that they had likely found the person through the telegram.

**Pt/En** The person agreed with Mr. Holmes and explained that they started following the trail at the Charing Cross Post-Office and then came to this place.

**Pt/En** He asked why they were following him and what they wanted.

**Pt/En** Someone asked Mr. Scott Eccles for information. They wanted to know about the events that caused the death of Mr. Aloysius Garcia. Mr. Garcia lived at Wisteria Lodge, near Esher, and he died the previous night.

**Pt/En** Mr. Scott Eccles was awake and looking with wide eyes. His face was pale because he was very surprised.

**Pt/En** Mr. Scott Eccles asked if the person had said that Mr. Garcia was dead.

**Pt/En** The other person confirmed that Mr. Garcia was indeed dead.

**Pt/En** Mr. Scott Eccles then asked how Mr. Garcia had died, wondering if it was an accident.

**Pt/En** The speaker stated that it was certainly a murder.

**Pt/En** The man was very shocked and asked if they suspected him.

**Pt/En** They told him that a letter from him was found with the dead man. This letter showed he had planned to visit the dead man's house the night before.

**Pt/En** He confirmed that he had planned to visit.

**Pt/En** The other person repeated this, sounding surprised.

**Pt/En** The inspector took out his official notebook.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes asked Gregson to wait. He asked if Gregson only wanted a simple explanation.

**Pt/En** The inspector said it was his duty to warn Mr. Scott Eccles that what he said might be used against him.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Mr. Eccles that he was about to tell them about it when the inspector arrived. He suggested that Watson get a brandy and soda for Mr. Eccles. Holmes then told Mr. Eccles to *ignore* the inspector and continue his story as if he had not been interrupted.

**Pt/En** After drinking the brandy, Mr. Eccles looked better and his face had *color* again. He looked at the inspector's notebook with doubt, but then he started to tell his strange story.

**Pt/En** Mr. John Scott Eccles said he was a bachelor but had many friends. He met a young man named Garcia at the home of the Melville family, who were retired brewers. Eccles understood that Garcia was Spanish and connected to the embassy. He also noted that Garcia spoke perfect English, had pleasant manners, and was very good-looking.

**Pt/En** Eccles and Garcia became good friends quickly. Garcia seemed to like Eccles from the beginning. Within two days, Garcia visited Eccles at his home in Lee. Later, Garcia invited Eccles to spend a few days at his house, called Wisteria Lodge, which was *located* between Esher and Oxshott. Eccles went to Esher the previous evening to accept this invitation.

**Pt/En** Before Eccles visited, Garcia had described his household. He lived with a *loyal* servant from his own country who took care of him and could speak English. Garcia also mentioned a very good cook, a

mixed-race woman he had met while traveling, who could prepare excellent meals. Eccles recalled Garcia saying it was an unusual household for the area, and Eccles agreed, though it turned out to be even stranger than he expected.

**Pt/En** Eccles drove to Garcia's house, about two miles south of Esher. The house was a large, old building in bad condition, set back from the road with a long *driveway*. When his car stopped on the grass in front of the worn door, Eccles doubted his decision to visit someone he knew so little. Garcia opened the door himself and welcomed him warmly. A sad-looking servant, who was Garcia's countryman, took Eccles's bag and led him to his room. The whole place felt unpleasant. Dinner was just between the two of them. Garcia tried to be interesting, but he seemed *distracted* and spoke in a vague, wild way that was hard to understand. He nervously tapped his fingers and bit his nails. The dinner was not well-served or cooked, and the quiet servant made the meal even *gloomier*. Eccles wished many times that evening that he could find an excuse to leave and go back to Lee.

**Pt/En** Eccles remembered something that might be important for the investigation. Near the end of dinner, the servant brought Garcia a note. After reading it, Garcia became even more *distracted* and strange. He stopped talking and sat smoking many cigarettes, lost in thought, without saying anything about the note. Eccles was happy to go to bed around eleven. Later, Garcia came to Eccles's dark room and asked if he had rung for him. Eccles said no. Garcia apologized for *disturbing* him so late, saying it was almost one o'clock. Eccles then fell asleep and slept soundly all night.

**Pt/En** Mr. John Scott Eccles described a strange experience. He woke up late, at nine o'clock, although he had asked to be *woken* earlier. He tried to call a servant but got no answer. He then went downstairs and found the house empty. He looked for his host, but the host's bedroom was also empty and the bed had not been used. Mr. Eccles realized that his host, the servants, and everyone else had disappeared during the night. This was the end of his visit to Wisteria Lodge.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes was happy and amused as he added this unusual event to his collection of strange stories.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes told Mr. Eccles that his experience seemed very unusual. He then asked Mr. Eccles what he did next.

**Pt/En** Mr. Eccles explained that he was very angry and thought it was a joke. He packed his bags and left for Esher. He visited the land agents who rented the villa and learned that the rent had been paid in advance. He then went to the Spanish embassy, but the man was unknown there. He also spoke to a man named Melville, who knew little about the host. Finally, after receiving a reply to his message, he came to Sherlock Holmes for advice. Mr. Eccles mentioned that he understood from the Inspector that something bad had happened and assured them that he had told the truth and knew nothing more about the man's fate.

**Pt/En** Inspector Gregson kindly told Mr. Scott Eccles that he believed him. He said that Mr. Eccles's story matched the facts they had discovered. The Inspector asked if Mr. Eccles had noticed what happened to a note that arrived during dinner.

**Pt/En** He confirmed that Garcia had rolled it up and thrown it into the fire.

**Pt/En** Someone asked Mr. Baynes what he thought about that.

**Pt/En** The country detective was a large, red-faced man. His face was not handsome, but his eyes were very bright and seemed almost hidden by the lines on his cheeks and forehead. He smiled slowly and took a folded, discoloured *piece* of paper from his pocket.

**Pt/En** He explained that it was a dog-grate and that Garcia had thrown the paper too high. He said he had picked this unburned *piece* out from the back of the grate.

**Pt/En** Holmes showed that he was pleased.

**Pt/En** Holmes commented that Eccles must have searched the house very carefully to find a single *piece* of paper.

**Pt/En** Eccles confirmed to Holmes that he had searched carefully, saying it was his usual method. He then asked Mr. Gregson if he should read the note.

**Pt/En** Mr. Gregson, who was from London, nodded.

**Pt/En** Mr. Gregson explained that the note was written on plain cream-coloured paper without a watermark. It was a quarter sheet, cut with small scissors. The paper had been folded three times and sealed with purple wax, which was put on quickly and pressed with a flat, oval object. The note was addressed to Mr. Garcia at Wisteria Lodge.

**Pt/En** The note contained a message about colours, green and white. It gave instructions: "Green open, white shut. Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize." It ended with "Godspeed. D."

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that the writing was done by a woman with a sharp pen. However, he noted that the address was written with a different pen, or by another person, because it was thicker and bolder.

**Pt/En** Holmes thought the note was very interesting. He *praised* Mr. Baynes for looking at it closely. Holmes added that the oval seal looked like a plain sleeve-link, and the scissors used for the two small cuts were bent nail scissors, as shown by a slight curve in both.

**Pt/En** The detective from the *countryside* laughed.

**Pt/En** He said he thought he had understood everything, but there was still a little more to find. He admitted he could not understand much from the note, except that something was happening and a woman was involved.

**Pt/En** Mr. Scott Eccles moved nervously in his chair while they talked.

**Pt/En** He said he was glad the note was found because it supported his story. But he asked what had happened to Mr. Garcia and his family.

**Pt/En** Gregson explained that Mr. Garcia was found dead that morning on Oxshott Common, about a mile from his house. His head was badly *injured* by strong blows from a heavy object like a sandbag. The attack was very violent, and the police found no clues or *footprints*.

**Pt/En** Mr. Scott Eccles asked if Mr. Garcia had been robbed.

**Pt/En** Gregson replied that there was no sign of robbery.

**Pt/En** Mr. Scott Eccles said it was very sad and terrible, but also *unfair* to him. He explained he had no part in his host going out at night and dying. He wondered why he was involved in the case.

**Pt/En** Inspector Baynes explained that the dead man's name and address were found on an envelope. It was a letter from Mr. Scott Eccles, saying he would visit the dead man on the night he died. They went to the house that morning but found no one there. Baynes sent a message to Mr. Gregson to find Mr. Scott Eccles in London while he looked at the house. Then, Baynes met Gregson in town, and they came to see Mr. Scott Eccles.

**Pt/En** Mr. Gregson said it was time to make the matter official. He asked Mr. Scott Eccles to go with them to the police station to give his statement in writing.

**Pt/En** Mr. Scott Eccles agreed to go immediately. He told Mr. Holmes that he wanted him to continue working on the case and to spend whatever was needed to find the truth.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes then turned to the inspector from the country.

**Pt/En** He asked Mr. Baynes if he would allow him to help with the investigation.

**Pt/En** The man said he felt very honoured.

**Pt/En** He was told that he had been very quick and efficient. He was asked if there was any information about the exact time the man had died.

**Pt/En** He explained that the man had been there since one o'clock. He added that it had been raining around that time, and the man had definitely died before the rain started.

**Pt/En** Mr. John Scott Eccles, the client, said that this was impossible. He stated that he could swear it was the same voice he heard in his bedroom at that exact time.

**Pt/En** Holmes smiled and said that it was remarkable, but not impossible.

**Pt/En** Gregson asked if I had a clue.

**Pt/En** He explained that the case seemed simple at first, but it had unusual and interesting parts. He said he needed more information before he could give a final opinion. He then asked Mr. Baynes if he had found anything special, apart from the note, when he looked at the house.

**Pt/En** The detective looked at my friend in a strange way.

**Pt/En** He said there were one or two very unusual things. He asked if my friend would like to come out later and give his opinion on them after he finished at the police station.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes agreed to help and rang the bell. He asked Mrs. Hudson to show the gentlemen out and to send a boy with a telegram, asking for a reply that would cost five shillings.

**Pt/En** After their visitors left, they sat quietly for a while. Holmes smoked a *lot*. He looked very serious, with his eyebrows down and his head forward, showing he was very interested.

**Pt/En** Suddenly, Holmes turned to Watson and asked him what he thought about the situation.

**Pt/En** Watson replied that he could not understand the mystery *involving* Scott Eccles.

**Pt/En** Holmes then asked about the crime itself.

**Pt/En** Watson said that considering the disappearance of Scott Eccles's companions, he believed they were involved in the murder and had escaped from the police.

**Pt/En** The speaker agreed that a certain idea was possible. However, they found it very strange that the two servants attacked their master on the one night he had a guest. They pointed out that the servants could have attacked him on any other night when he was alone.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked why the servants ran away.

**Pt/En** The speaker confirmed that the servants running away was an important fact. They also mentioned that the client Scott Eccles's experience was another important fact. They wondered if it was possible to find an explanation that covered both facts and the mysterious note. If new information fit this explanation, it might become the final solution.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked what the proposed explanation was.

**Pt/En** Holmes sat back in his chair with his eyes half closed.

**Pt/En** The speaker told Watson that it was not a joke. He explained that serious events were happening, and bringing Scott Eccles to Wisteria Lodge was connected to these events.

**Pt/En** Watson asked what the connection could be.

**Pt/En** The speaker explained that the quick friendship between the young Spaniard and Scott Eccles seemed strange. The Spaniard had pushed for the friendship, met Eccles, and then brought him to Esher. The speaker wondered why the Spaniard wanted Eccles, as Eccles was not very intelligent or interesting. He thought Eccles was chosen because he seemed like a *typical*, respectable British man, who would be believed by other British people, as the police inspectors had believed his story.

**Pt/En** Watson asked what Eccles was supposed to witness.

**Pt/En** The speaker replied that Eccles did not witness anything in the end, but he could have witnessed important things if events had happened differently. This was how the speaker understood the situation.

**Pt/En** He understood that the person could have shown he was somewhere else.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes explained to Watson that the person might have *proven* he was elsewhere. He thought that the people at Wisteria Lodge might be working together. Holmes suggested that the time might have been changed to make it seem like Scott Eccles went to bed earlier. If Garcia could do his task and return by the stated time, he would have a strong answer if accused. The presence of the honest Englishman, ready to confirm Scott Eccles was in the house, was a protection against the worst possible *outcome*.

**Pt/En** Watson agreed he understood but asked about the disappearance of the other people.

**Pt/En** Holmes said he did not have all the information yet but did not think there were impossible problems. However, he warned against making conclusions based on *incomplete* facts, as it could lead to changing the facts to fit one's ideas.

**Pt/En** Watson then asked about the message.

**Pt/En** The speaker *analyzed* a message. He thought some parts sounded like a race, and others were clearly signals or instructions for a

meeting. He understood it was a dangerous task and that the letter 'D' might be important for *guidance*.

**Pt/En** The speaker suggested that the person was Spanish and that 'D' could stand for Dolores, a common Spanish name.

**Pt/En** The speaker *disagreed*, saying a Spaniard would write in Spanish, so the note writer must be English. He decided they should wait patiently for the inspector to return, feeling lucky to have a short break from being bored.

**Pt/En** Before the local officer returned, an answer arrived to Holmes's telegram. Holmes read it and was about to put it away, but he saw the *narrator* looking eager. Holmes then threw the message to him with a laugh.

**Pt/En** Holmes commented that they were dealing with important people.

**Pt/En** The telegram contained a list of names and addresses.

**Pt/En** The list included Lord Harringby at The Dingle, Sir George Ffolliott at Oxshott Towers, Mr. Hynes Hynes at Purdley Place, Mr. James Baker Williams at Forton Old Hall, Mr. Henderson at High Gable, and Rev. Joshua Stone at Nether Walsling.

**Pt/En** Holmes said that this was a clear way to *reduce* the number of places they needed to investigate. He thought Baynes, who was very *organized*, had probably already done something similar.

**Pt/En** The other person said he did not fully understand.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that they already knew Garcia's message was for a meeting. If the message meant going up a main stair and looking for the seventh door, it showed the house was very large. He also said the house was likely close to Oxshott, because Garcia was walking that way and wanted to return to Wisteria Lodge by one o'clock for an alibi. Since there were not many large houses near Oxshott, Holmes had contacted the agents Scott Eccles mentioned to get a list of them. He believed the answer to their problem was among the names on the telegram.

**Pt/En** We arrived in the pretty village of Esher in Surrey. It was almost six o'clock, and Inspector Baynes was with us.

**Pt/En** Holmes and I found rooms for the night at The Bull hotel. Later, we went with the detective to visit Wisteria Lodge. It was a cold, dark evening in March. The wind was strong and rain hit our faces. This weather matched the wild land we had to cross and the sad place we were going to.

**Pt/En** After walking for about two miles, we reached a tall wooden gate. It opened to a dark path with chestnut trees. The winding path led us to a low, dark house. The sky was grey. A small light could be seen from a window near the front door.

**Pt/En** Baynes said that a police officer was inside. He decided to knock on the window. He walked onto the grass and tapped the glass. Through the foggy window, I saw a man jump up from a chair by the fire. I heard a loud noise from inside. A moment later, a policeman with a pale face and breathing hard opened the door. He held a candle that shook in his hand.

**Pt/En** Baynes asked the policeman, whose name was Walters, what was happening.

**Pt/En** The man wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and sighed with relief.

**Pt/En** He said he was glad the gentleman had arrived. He explained that the evening had been long and he felt less brave than before.

**Pt/En** The other person replied that he would not have thought Walters had any nerve at all.

**Pt/En** Walters explained that the quiet, lonely house and the strange thing in the kitchen made him nervous. He added that when the other person tapped at the window, he thought it had returned.

**Pt/En** The other person asked what had returned.

**Pt/En** The speaker said he thought it might be the devil and that it was at the window.

**Pt/En** The other person asked what had been at the window and when.

**Pt/En** The speaker explained it happened about two hours before, when it was getting dark. He was reading when he looked up and saw a

face looking in through the window. He said it was a frightening face that he would see in his dreams.

**Pt/En** The other person told Walters that this was not the kind of thing a police constable should say.

**Pt/En** Walters admitted that he was shaken and could not deny it. He described the face as being a strange clay-like colour mixed with milk, and twice the size of the other person's face. It had large, staring eyes and teeth like a hungry animal. He said he was too scared to move until the face disappeared. He ran outside but found no one.

**Pt/En** The inspector told Walters that he would have been in trouble for something, but he knew Walters was a good man. He added that a police officer must always try to catch criminals. He then asked if the strange event was just a dream or if Walters was feeling nervous.

**Pt/En** Holmes said that was easy to check. He used his small lantern to look at the grass. He found a shoe print that looked like a size twelve. Holmes thought that if the person's foot was that big, the person must have been a giant.

**Pt/En** Someone asked what happened to the person.

**Pt/En** It seemed that the person had gone through the bushes and *onto* the road.

**Pt/En** The inspector said thoughtfully that whoever the person was and whatever they wanted, they were gone for now. He told Mr. Holmes that they had more important things to deal with. He then asked Mr. Holmes if he could show him around the house.

**Pt/En** The search in the bedrooms and living rooms found nothing important. It seemed the people who lived there had not brought many things with them, and the furniture came with the house. Some clothes from a shop called Marx and Co. were left behind. Marx did not know much about his customer, only that he paid his bills on time. Other personal *items* found included pipes, books (some in Spanish), an old *gun*, and a guitar.

**Pt/En** Baynes said that nothing important was found in the rooms. He then asked Mr. Holmes to look at the kitchen.

**Pt/En** The kitchen was a dark room with a high ceiling at the back of the house. There was a simple bed made of straw in one corner, likely for the cook. The table was covered with half-eaten food and dirty plates from the previous night's dinner.

**Pt/En** Baynes showed something to Holmes and asked him what he thought it was.

**Pt/En** He held up a candle to show a strange object. It was very dry and wrinkled, making it hard to *identify*. It looked dark and leathery, and somewhat like a small, shrunken human figure. At first, it looked like a mummified baby, then like an old monkey. Finally, it was *unclear* if it was human or animal. It had a double line of white shells around its middle.

**Pt/En** Holmes found the relic very interesting and asked if there was anything else.

**Pt/En** Baynes silently led Holmes to the sink and held up his candle. The sink was covered with the torn body and limbs of a large, white bird, still with feathers on. Holmes pointed to the wattles on its cut-off head.

**Pt/En** Holmes *identified* it as a white cock and said it was a very strange case.

**Pt/En** Mr. Baynes then showed them a zinc pail from under the sink. It contained blood. He also took a platter from the table that was full of small pieces of burned bone.

**Pt/En** Baynes explained that something had been killed and burned, and they had found these pieces in the fire. A doctor had examined them and said they were not human.

**Pt/En** Holmes was happy and rubbed his hands.

**Pt/En** Holmes told the Inspector that he was impressed with how he handled the unusual and interesting case. Holmes added that the Inspector's *skills* seemed better than the chances he usually got.

**Pt/En** Inspector Baynes's small eyes showed he was pleased.

**Pt/En** Inspector Baynes agreed with Mr. Holmes. He said that life in the small towns was boring and that a case like this gave a man an *opportunity*. He asked Holmes what he thought about the bones.

**Pt/En** Holmes thought the bones were from a lamb or a young goat.

**Pt/En** He asked about the white cock.

**Pt/En** He told Mr. Baynes that it was very strange, almost one of a kind.

**Pt/En** He explained that strange people must have lived in the house with unusual habits. He wondered if the dead person's friends killed him, but he had his own different ideas about what happened.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes asked if he had a theory.

**Pt/En** He told Mr. Holmes that he would solve the case himself because it was important for his own reputation. He said Mr. Holmes was already famous, but he still needed to build his own name. He would be happy if he could say he solved it without help.

**Pt/En** Holmes laughed in a friendly way.

**Pt/En** Holmes told the Inspector that they should follow their own paths. He said his findings would be available if the Inspector wanted them. Holmes felt he had seen enough in the house and could use his time better somewhere else. He said goodbye and wished the Inspector good luck.

**Pt/En** I could see from small signs that Holmes was close to finding something important. Although he looked calm to others, his eyes and quick movements showed he was excited and tense because the investigation was moving forward. As usual, he did not speak, and I did not ask questions. It was enough for me to help him catch the person without disturbing his focused thinking. I knew I would learn everything later.

**Pt/En** I waited, but I was very disappointed because nothing happened. Days passed, and my friend did not make any progress. One morning, he went to town and I heard he visited the British Museum. Except for this trip, he spent his days walking alone for a long time or talking with some people in the village whom he had met.

**Pt/En** Holmes told me that a week in the country would be very good for me. He said it was nice to see the new green leaves on the hedges and the flowers on the hazel trees again. He suggested that with a small shovel, a box, and a simple book about plants, I could have

interesting days. Holmes himself walked around with this equipment, but he did not find many plants to bring back in the evening.

**Pt/En** Sometimes when we were walking, we met Inspector Baynes. He had a round, red face and smiled a lot. His eyes shone when he said hello to my friend. He didn't talk much about the case, but we understood he was happy with how things were going. I was a little surprised, though, about five days after the crime, when I opened my morning newspaper and saw big headlines.

**Pt/En** The Oxshott Mystery

**Pt/En** A Solution

**Pt/En** Arrest of Supposed Assassin

**Pt/En** When I read the main news, Holmes jumped in his chair as if he had been hurt.

**Pt/En** Someone exclaimed in surprise and asked if Inspector Baynes had caught the suspect.

**Pt/En** The speaker confirmed this and said they would read the report that followed.

**Pt/En** There was great excitement in Esher and nearby areas when it was announced late last night that an arrest had been made for the Oxshott murder. Mr. Garcia was found dead on Oxshott Common with signs of violence. His servant and cook ran away the same night, suggesting they were involved. It was thought that the motive might have been stealing valuables from the house. Inspector Baynes, who is in charge of the case, tried to find the fugitives. He believed they were hiding nearby. The police were sure they would be caught because the cook was a very noticeable man: a large, ugly mulatto with dark skin. This man was seen again after the crime and was chased by Constable Walters when he returned to Mr. Garcia's house. Inspector Baynes thought the man might visit again, so he set a trap. The cook was caught last night after a fight where he bit Constable Downing. The police expect to ask for more time to question the prisoner and hope his capture will lead to important new information.

**Pt/En** Holmes said they must see Baynes immediately and hurried out. They found the inspector was just leaving his home.

**Pt/En** The inspector asked Mr. Holmes if he had seen the newspaper, and offered him a copy.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes told Baynes that he had seen something and wanted to give him a friendly warning.

**Pt/En** Baynes asked Mr. Holmes if he meant a warning.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes explained that he had studied the case carefully and did not think Baynes was following the correct path. He advised Baynes not to go too far with his actions unless he was certain.

**Pt/En** Baynes thanked Mr. Holmes, saying he was very kind.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes assured Baynes that he was speaking for Baynes's own good.

**Pt/En** The speaker thought they saw a quick movement, like a wink, in Mr. Baynes's small eyes.

**Pt/En** Mr. Baynes told Mr. Holmes that they had agreed to work separately and that he was doing just that.

**Pt/En** Holmes replied that it was fine and that he should not be blamed.

**Pt/En** Mr. Baynes assured Mr. Holmes that he believed Holmes meant well, but explained that everyone has their own methods, *including* himself.

**Pt/En** Holmes suggested they stop talking about the matter.

**Pt/En** The speaker said that the man was very strong and wild. He hurt someone badly by biting their thumb. The man did not speak much English and only made sounds.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked if they had proof that the man had killed his former master.

**Pt/En** The speaker told Mr. Holmes that he had not said that. He suggested that they each try their own methods to solve the case.

**Pt/En** As they walked away, Holmes said he could not understand the man. He thought the man might get into trouble. Holmes agreed that they should each use their own methods, but he found Inspector Baynes difficult to understand.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes asked Watson to sit down. He wanted to explain the situation because he might need Watson's help that night. Holmes said he would show Watson how the case had developed. He explained that although the case seemed simple, arresting someone had been surprisingly difficult. There were still missing pieces of information.

**Pt/En** The speaker returned to the note given to Garcia before he died. They decided that Garcia's servants were not involved. The reason was that Garcia had arranged for Scott Eccles to be there, which was to create an alibi. This meant Garcia was involved in a secret plan, possibly a criminal one, that night, and he died during it. The speaker believed the killer was likely the person who was harmed by Garcia's secret plan. The speaker felt they were on the right track.

**Pt/En** The speaker explained that Garcia's household had disappeared because they were all partners in the same secret crime. If the plan worked when Garcia returned, the Englishman's *testimony* would stop any suspicion. However, the plan was *risky*, and if Garcia did not come back by a certain time, it was likely he had been killed. The speaker suggested that Garcia's two *helpers* were meant to go to a secret place to avoid being caught and to plan their attempt again later. This, the speaker asked, would explain everything.

**Pt/En** The complicated situation suddenly became clear to the speaker. They wondered why they had not understood it sooner.

**Pt/En** Someone asked why only one servant had returned.

**Pt/En** The speaker suggested that perhaps in the confusion of leaving, something important was left behind. This *item* was so precious that the servant could not leave it, which explained why he came back. The speaker asked if this made sense.

**Pt/En** He asked what the next step was.

**Pt/En** The detective explained that the next step was to look at a note Garcia got during dinner. This note showed that someone else was helping. The detective had already looked at big houses and the people who lived there. He found one house that interested him: High Gable. It was an old house near where the crime happened. The owner, Mr. Henderson, seemed like a strange man who might have exciting

adventures. So, the detective decided to watch Mr. Henderson and his family.

**Pt/En** He told Watson that Mr. Henderson was a very unusual person. The detective met Mr. Henderson and felt sure that Henderson knew why he was there. Henderson was fifty years old, strong, and looked like an emperor. He was yellow and thin, but very tough. He might have lived in hot countries. Henderson's friend and secretary, Mr. Lucas, was clearly a foreigner. Lucas was dark, clever, and spoke very softly. The detective noted that they had found foreigners at two houses now, Wisteria Lodge and High Gable, which helped them get closer to solving the case.

**Pt/En** Mr. Henderson and Mr. Lucas were the main people, but Henderson's two daughters, aged eleven and thirteen, and their governess, Miss Burnet, were also important. There was also a manservant. These people travelled together because Henderson liked to travel a *lot*. He had only recently returned to High Gable after being away for a year. Henderson was very rich and could do whatever he wanted. His large country house also had many other staff like butlers and maids.

**Pt/En** The detective learned this information from village stories and his own watching. He found a former gardener, John Warner, who had been fired by Mr. Henderson. This gardener had friends who worked inside the house. They all disliked their master. This helped the detective find a way to learn the secrets of the house.

**Pt/En** Watson, the people here are very strange. The house is divided into two parts: one for the servants and one for the family. There is no connection between them, except for one servant who brings the family's food to a special door. The governess and children do not go out much, only to the garden. Mr. Henderson never walks alone; his secretary is always with him. The servants think their master is very afraid of something. They say he sold his soul to the devil for money and expects him to come for it. Nobody knows where these people came from or who they are, but they are violent. Henderson has hit people with his whip before, but he paid them money to avoid legal problems.

**Pt/En** Watson, this new information helps us understand the situation. The letter probably came from this unusual house and was an invitation for Garcia to do something that was already planned. Someone inside the house wrote the note, and it was a woman. The detective thinks it was

Miss Burnet, the governess, because all signs point to her. He will assume this is true for now and see what happens. He also thinks Miss Burnet is too old and proper for a love story to be involved.

**Pt/En** If Miss Burnet wrote the note, she was likely friends with Garcia. If Garcia was killed during a bad activity, she might keep quiet. However, she would still hate the people who killed him and might want revenge. The detective first thought about talking to her. But now, there is a worrying fact: Miss Burnet has not been seen since the night of the murder. She disappeared that night. Is she alive? Did she die on the same night as Garcia? Or is she being kept somewhere? This is what needs to be figured out.

**Pt/En** Watson, this situation is difficult. There is no proof to get an official order to search or arrest anyone. The police might think our ideas are crazy. Miss Burnet's disappearance means little in that strange house, as people there can disappear for a week. However, she could be in danger. The detective can only watch the house and have his agent, Warner, guard the gates. Since the law cannot help, they must take a risk themselves.

**Pt/En** Watson asked what the detective planned to do.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that he knew which room belonged to the lady and how to get to it from an outhouse. He suggested that they should go that night to try and find the answer to the mystery.

**Pt/En** The narrator admitted that he did not like the idea. The old house felt dangerous because of a past murder, the people living there were strange and powerful, and they could get into legal trouble. However, Holmes's clear and logical thinking made it impossible for him to refuse any adventure Holmes suggested. He knew that this was the only way to find the truth. He silently agreed, and the decision was made.

**Pt/En** However, their investigation was not going to end in an exciting way. It was about five o'clock in the evening, and it was getting dark. Suddenly, an excited countryman ran into their room.

**Pt/En** The man told Mr. Holmes that the people they were looking for had left by the last train. He also said that the lady had escaped, and he had her waiting in a taxi downstairs.

**Pt/En** Holmes *happily* called out, "Excellent, Warner!" He stood up quickly and told Watson that they were getting very close to solving the case.

**Pt/En** A woman was in the cab. She was very *tired* and weak. Her face looked sad, like she had a recent bad experience. Her head was down, but when she looked up, her eyes were dull. She had taken opium.

**Pt/En** The gardener, who had been sent away, told Holmes that he watched the gate as advised. When the carriage left, he followed it to the station. The woman seemed to be asleep, but she fought when they tried to put her on the train. He helped her get into a cab and bring her here. He remembered the face of a man at the carriage window, calling him a bad person who would hurt him if he could.

**Pt/En** They took the woman upstairs and put her on a sofa. After drinking strong coffee, she felt clearer and the effects of the drug went away. Holmes had asked Baynes to come, and they quickly told him what was happening.

**Pt/En** The inspector warmly thanked Holmes, saying that he had found the exact information he needed. He explained that he had been looking for the same thing from the beginning.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked the inspector if he was also looking for Henderson.

**Pt/En** Baynes explained to Holmes that while Holmes was searching in the bushes at High Gable, Baynes was in a *tree* watching him. He said it was a *competition* to see who could find the evidence first.

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## Preface

**PT** The friends of Mr. Sherlock Holmes will be glad to learn that he is still alive and well, though somewhat crippled by occasional attacks of rheumatism. He has, for many years, lived in a small farm upon the Downs five miles from Eastbourne, where his time is divided between philosophy and agriculture. During this period of rest he has refused the most princely offers to take up various cases, having determined that his retirement was a permanent one. The approach of the German war caused him, however, to lay his remarkable combination of intellectual and practical activity at the disposal of the Government, with historical results which are recounted in "His Last Bow." Several previous experiences which have lain long in my portfolio have been added to "His Last Bow" so as to complete the volume.

**PT** John H. Watson, M.D.

# The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge

**PT** I find it recorded in my notebook that it was a bleak and windy day towards the end of March in the year 1892. Holmes had received a telegram while we sat at our lunch, and he had scribbled a reply. He made no remark, but the matter remained in his thoughts, for he stood in front of the fire afterwards with a thoughtful face, smoking his pipe, and casting an occasional glance at the message. Suddenly he turned upon me with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

**PT** “I suppose, Watson, we must look upon you as a man of letters,” said he. “How do you define the word ‘grotesque’?”

**PT** “Strange—remarkable,” I suggested.

**PT** He shook his head at my definition.

**PT** “There is surely something more than that,” said he; “some underlying suggestion of the tragic and the terrible. If you cast your mind back to some of those narratives with which you have afflicted a long-suffering public, you will recognize how often the grotesque has deepened into the criminal. Think of that little affair of the redheaded men. That was grotesque enough in the outset, and yet it ended in a desperate attempt at robbery. Or, again, there was that most grotesque affair of the five orange pips, which led straight to a murderous conspiracy. The word puts me on the alert.”

**PT** “Have you it there?” I asked.

**PT** He read the telegram aloud.

**PT** “Have just had most incredible and grotesque experience. May I consult you?”

**PT** “Scott Eccles,

**PT** “Post Office, Charing Cross.”

**PT** “Man or woman?” I asked.

**PT** “Oh, man, of course. No woman would ever send a reply-paid telegram. She would have come.”

**PT** “Will you see him?”

**PT** “My dear Watson, you know how bored I have been since we locked up Colonel Carruthers. My mind is like a racing engine, tearing itself to pieces because it is not connected up with the work for which it was built. Life is commonplace, the papers are sterile; audacity and romance seem to have passed forever from the criminal world. Can you ask me, then, whether I am ready to look into any new problem, however trivial it may prove? But here, unless I am mistaken, is our client.”

**PT** A measured step was heard upon the stairs, and a moment later a stout, tall, gray-whiskered and solemnly respectable person was ushered into the room. His life history was written in his heavy features and pompous manner. From his spats to his gold-rimmed spectacles he was a Conservative, a churchman, a good citizen, orthodox and conventional to the last degree. But some amazing experience had disturbed his native composure and left its traces in his bristling hair, his flushed, angry cheeks, and his flurried, excited manner. He plunged instantly into his business.

**PT** “I have had a most singular and unpleasant experience, Mr. Holmes,” said he. “Never in my life have I been placed in such a situation. It is most improper—most outrageous. I must insist upon some explanation.” He swelled and puffed in his anger.

**PT** “Pray sit down, Mr. Scott Eccles,” said Holmes in a soothing voice. “May I ask, in the first place, why you came to me at all?”

**PT** “Well, sir, it did not appear to be a matter which concerned the police, and yet, when you have heard the facts, you must admit that I could not leave it where it was. Private detectives are a class with whom I have absolutely no sympathy, but none the less, having heard your name—”

**PT** “Quite so. But, in the second place, why did you not come at once?”

**PT** Holmes glanced at his watch.

**PT** “It is a quarter-past two,” he said. “Your telegram was dispatched about one. But no one can glance at your toilet and attire without seeing that your disturbance dates from the moment of your waking.”

**PT** Our client smoothed down his unbrushed hair and felt his unshaven chin.

**PT** “You are right, Mr. Holmes. I never gave a thought to my toilet. I was only too glad to get out of such a house. But I have been running round making inquiries before I came to you. I went to the house agents, you know, and they said that Mr. Garcia’s rent was paid up all right and that everything was in order at Wisteria Lodge.”

**PT** “Come, come, sir,” said Holmes, laughing. “You are like my friend, Dr. Watson, who has a bad habit of telling his stories wrong end foremost. Please arrange your thoughts and let me know, in their due sequence, exactly what those events are which have sent you out unbrushed and unkempt, with dress boots and waistcoat buttoned awry, in search of advice and assistance.”

**PT** Our client looked down with a rueful face at his own unconventional appearance.

**PT** “I’m sure it must look very bad, Mr. Holmes, and I am not aware that in my whole life such a thing has ever happened before. But I will tell you the whole queer business, and when I have done so you will admit, I am sure, that there has been enough to excuse me.”

**PT** But his narrative was nipped in the bud. There was a bustle outside, and Mrs. Hudson opened the door to usher in two robust and official-looking individuals, one of whom was well known to us as Inspector Gregson of Scotland Yard, an energetic, gallant, and, within his limitations, a capable officer. He shook hands with Holmes and introduced his comrade as Inspector Baynes, of the Surrey Constabulary.

**PT** “We are hunting together, Mr. Holmes, and our trail lay in this direction.” He turned his bulldog eyes upon our visitor. “Are you Mr. John Scott Eccles, of Popham House, Lee?”

**PT** “I am.”

**PT** “We have been following you about all the morning.”

**PT** “You traced him through the telegram, no doubt,” said Holmes.

**PT** “Exactly, Mr. Holmes. We picked up the scent at Charing Cross Post-Office and came on here.”

**PT** “But why do you follow me? What do you want?”

**PT** “We wish a statement, Mr. Scott Eccles, as to the events which led up to the death last night of Mr. Aloysius Garcia, of Wisteria Lodge, near Esher.”

**PT** Our client had sat up with staring eyes and every tinge of colour struck from his astonished face.

**PT** “Dead? Did you say he was dead?”

**PT** “Yes, sir, he is dead.”

**PT** “But how? An accident?”

**PT** “Murder, if ever there was one upon earth.”

**PT** “Good God! This is awful! You don’t mean—you don’t mean that I am suspected?”

**PT** “A letter of yours was found in the dead man’s pocket, and we know by it that you had planned to pass last night at his house.”

**PT** “So I did.”

**PT** “Oh, you did, did you?”

**PT** Out came the official notebook.

**PT** “Wait a bit, Gregson,” said Sherlock Holmes. “All you desire is a plain statement, is it not?”

**PT** “And it is my duty to warn Mr. Scott Eccles that it may be used against him.”

**PT** “Mr. Eccles was going to tell us about it when you entered the room. I think, Watson, a brandy and soda would do him no harm. Now, sir, I suggest that you take no notice of this addition to your audience, and that you proceed with your narrative exactly as you would have done had you never been interrupted.”

**PT** Our visitor had gulped off the brandy and the colour had returned to his face. With a dubious glance at the inspector’s notebook, he plunged at once into his extraordinary statement.

**PT** “I am a bachelor,” said he, “and being of a sociable turn I cultivate a large number of friends. Among these are the family of a retired brewer called Melville, living at Abermarle Mansion, Kensington. It was at his

table that I met some weeks ago a young fellow named Garcia. He was, I understood, of Spanish descent and connected in some way with the embassy. He spoke perfect English, was pleasing in his manners, and as good-looking a man as ever I saw in my life.

**PT** “In some way we struck up quite a friendship, this young fellow and I. He seemed to take a fancy to me from the first, and within two days of our meeting he came to see me at Lee. One thing led to another, and it ended in his inviting me out to spend a few days at his house, Wisteria Lodge, between Esher and Oxshott. Yesterday evening I went to Esher to fulfil this engagement.

**PT** “He had described his household to me before I went there. He lived with a faithful servant, a countryman of his own, who looked after all his needs. This fellow could speak English and did his housekeeping for him. Then there was a wonderful cook, he said, a half-breed whom he had picked up in his travels, who could serve an excellent dinner. I remember that he remarked what a queer household it was to find in the heart of Surrey, and that I agreed with him, though it has proved a good deal queerer than I thought.

**PT** “I drove to the place—about two miles on the south side of Esher. The house was a fair-sized one, standing back from the road, with a curving drive which was banked with high evergreen shrubs. It was an old, tumbledown building in a crazy state of disrepair. When the trap pulled up on the grass-grown drive in front of the blotched and weather-stained door, I had doubts as to my wisdom in visiting a man whom I knew so slightly. He opened the door himself, however, and greeted me with a great show of cordiality. I was handed over to the manservant, a melancholy, swarthy individual, who led the way, my bag in his hand, to my bedroom. The whole place was depressing. Our dinner was tête-à-tête, and though my host did his best to be entertaining, his thoughts seemed to continually wander, and he talked so vaguely and wildly that I could hardly understand him. He continually drummed his fingers on the table, gnawed his nails, and gave other signs of nervous impatience. The dinner itself was neither well served nor well cooked, and the gloomy presence of the taciturn servant did not help to enliven us. I can assure you that many times in the course of the evening I wished that I could invent some excuse which would take me back to Lee.

**PT** “One thing comes back to my memory which may have a bearing upon the business that you two gentlemen are investigating. I thought nothing of it at the time. Near the end of dinner a note was handed in by the servant. I noticed that after my host had read it he seemed even more distraught and strange than before. He gave up all pretence at conversation and sat, smoking endless cigarettes, lost in his own thoughts, but he made no remark as to the contents. About eleven I was glad to go to bed. Some time later Garcia looked in at my door—the room was dark at the time—and asked me if I had rung. I said that I had not. He apologized for having disturbed me so late, saying that it was nearly one o’clock. I dropped off after this and slept soundly all night.

**PT** “And now I come to the amazing part of my tale. When I woke it was broad daylight. I glanced at my watch, and the time was nearly nine. I had particularly asked to be called at eight, so I was very much astonished at this forgetfulness. I sprang up and rang for the servant. There was no response. I rang again and again, with the same result. Then I came to the conclusion that the bell was out of order. I huddled on my clothes and hurried downstairs in an exceedingly bad temper to order some hot water. You can imagine my surprise when I found that there was no one there. I shouted in the hall. There was no answer. Then I ran from room to room. All were deserted. My host had shown me which was his bedroom the night before, so I knocked at the door. No reply. I turned the handle and walked in. The room was empty, and the bed had never been slept in. He had gone with the rest. The foreign host, the foreign footman, the foreign cook, all had vanished in the night! That was the end of my visit to Wisteria Lodge.”

**PT** Sherlock Holmes was rubbing his hands and chuckling as he added this bizarre incident to his collection of strange episodes.

**PT** “Your experience is, so far as I know, perfectly unique,” said he. “May I ask, sir, what you did then?”

**PT** “I was furious. My first idea was that I had been the victim of some absurd practical joke. I packed my things, banged the hall door behind me, and set off for Esher, with my bag in my hand. I called at Allan Brothers’, the chief land agents in the village, and found that it was from this firm that the villa had been rented. It struck me that the whole proceeding could hardly be for the purpose of making a fool of me, and that the main object must be to get out of the rent. It is late in March, so

quarter-day is at hand. But this theory would not work. The agent was obliged to me for my warning, but told me that the rent had been paid in advance. Then I made my way to town and called at the Spanish embassy. The man was unknown there. After this I went to see Melville, at whose house I had first met Garcia, but I found that he really knew rather less about him than I did. Finally when I got your reply to my wire I came out to you, since I gather that you are a person who gives advice in difficult cases. But now, Mr. Inspector, I understand, from what you said when you entered the room, that you can carry the story on, and that some tragedy had occurred. I can assure you that every word I have said is the truth, and that, outside of what I have told you, I know absolutely nothing about the fate of this man. My only desire is to help the law in every possible way."

**PT** "I am sure of it, Mr. Scott Eccles—I am sure of it," said Inspector Gregson in a very amiable tone. "I am bound to say that everything which you have said agrees very closely with the facts as they have come to our notice. For example, there was that note which arrived during dinner. Did you chance to observe what became of it?"

**PT** "Yes, I did. Garcia rolled it up and threw it into the fire."

**PT** "What do you say to that, Mr. Baynes?"

**PT** The country detective was a stout, puffy, red man, whose face was only redeemed from grossness by two extraordinarily bright eyes, almost hidden behind the heavy creases of cheek and brow. With a slow smile he drew a folded and discoloured scrap of paper from his pocket.

**PT** "It was a dog-grate, Mr. Holmes, and he overpitched it. I picked this out unburned from the back of it."

**PT** Holmes smiled his appreciation.

**PT** "You must have examined the house very carefully to find a single pellet of paper."

**PT** "I did, Mr. Holmes. It's my way. Shall I read it, Mr. Gregson?"

**PT** The Londoner nodded.

**PT** "The note is written upon ordinary cream-laid paper without watermark. It is a quarter-sheet. The paper is cut off in two snips with a short-bladed scissors. It has been folded over three times and sealed

with purple wax, put on hurriedly and pressed down with some flat oval object. It is addressed to Mr. Garcia, Wisteria Lodge. It says:

**PT** “Our own colours, green and white. Green open, white shut. Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize. Godspeed. D.

**PT** “It is a woman’s writing, done with a sharp-pointed pen, but the address is either done with another pen or by someone else. It is thicker and bolder, as you see.”

**PT** “A very remarkable note,” said Holmes, glancing it over. “I must compliment you, Mr. Baynes, upon your attention to detail in your examination of it. A few trifling points might perhaps be added. The oval seal is undoubtedly a plain sleeve-link—what else is of such a shape? The scissors were bent nail scissors. Short as the two snips are, you can distinctly see the same slight curve in each.”

**PT** The country detective chuckled.

**PT** “I thought I had squeezed all the juice out of it, but I see there was a little over,” he said. “I’m bound to say that I make nothing of the note except that there was something on hand, and that a woman, as usual was at the bottom of it.”

**PT** Mr. Scott Eccles had fidgeted in his seat during this conversation.

**PT** “I am glad you found the note, since it corroborates my story,” said he. “But I beg to point out that I have not yet heard what has happened to Mr. Garcia, nor what has become of his household.”

**PT** “As to Garcia,” said Gregson, “that is easily answered. He was found dead this morning upon Oxshott Common, nearly a mile from his home. His head had been smashed to pulp by heavy blows of a sandbag or some such instrument, which had crushed rather than wounded. It is a lonely corner, and there is no house within a quarter of a mile of the spot. He had apparently been struck down first from behind, but his assailant had gone on beating him long after he was dead. It was a most furious assault. There are no footsteps nor any clue to the criminals.”

**PT** “Robbed?”

**PT** “No, there was no attempt at robbery.”

**PT** “This is very painful—very painful and terrible,” said Mr. Scott Eccles in a querulous voice, “but it is really uncommonly hard on me. I had nothing to do with my host going off upon a nocturnal excursion and meeting so sad an end. How do I come to be mixed up with the case?”

**PT** “Very simply, sir,” Inspector Baynes answered. “The only document found in the pocket of the deceased was a letter from you saying that you would be with him on the night of his death. It was the envelope of this letter which gave us the dead man’s name and address. It was after nine this morning when we reached his house and found neither you nor anyone else inside it. I wired to Mr. Gregson to run you down in London while I examined Wisteria Lodge. Then I came into town, joined Mr. Gregson, and here we are.”

**PT** “I think now,” said Gregson, rising, “we had best put this matter into an official shape. You will come round with us to the station, Mr. Scott Eccles, and let us have your statement in writing.”

**PT** “Certainly, I will come at once. But I retain your services, Mr. Holmes. I desire you to spare no expense and no pains to get at the truth.”

**PT** My friend turned to the country inspector.

**PT** “I suppose that you have no objection to my collaborating with you, Mr. Baynes?”

**PT** “Highly honoured, sir, I am sure.”

**PT** “You appear to have been very prompt and businesslike in all that you have done. Was there any clue, may I ask, as to the exact hour that the man met his death?”

**PT** “He had been there since one o’clock. There was rain about that time, and his death had certainly been before the rain.”

**PT** “But that is perfectly impossible, Mr. Baynes,” cried our client. “His voice is unmistakable. I could swear to it that it was he who addressed me in my bedroom at that very hour.”

**PT** “Remarkable, but by no means impossible,” said Holmes, smiling.

**PT** “You have a clue?” asked Gregson.

**PT** “On the face of it the case is not a very complex one, though it certainly presents some novel and interesting features. A further knowledge of facts is necessary before I would venture to give a final and definite opinion. By the way, Mr. Baynes, did you find anything remarkable besides this note in your examination of the house?”

**PT** The detective looked at my friend in a singular way.

**PT** “There were,” said he, “one or two very remarkable things. Perhaps when I have finished at the police-station you would care to come out and give me your opinion of them.”

**PT** “I am entirely at your service,” said Sherlock Holmes, ringing the bell. “You will show these gentlemen out, Mrs. Hudson, and kindly send the boy with this telegram. He is to pay a five-shilling reply.”

**PT** We sat for some time in silence after our visitors had left. Holmes smoked hard, with his brows drawn down over his keen eyes, and his head thrust forward in the eager way characteristic of the man.

**PT** “Well, Watson,” he asked, turning suddenly upon me, “what do you make of it?”

**PT** “I can make nothing of this mystification of Scott Eccles.”

**PT** “But the crime?”

**PT** “Well, taken with the disappearance of the man’s companions, I should say that they were in some way concerned in the murder and had fled from justice.”

**PT** “That is certainly a possible point of view. On the face of it you must admit, however, that it is very strange that his two servants should have been in a conspiracy against him and should have attacked him on the one night when he had a guest. They had him alone at their mercy every other night in the week.”

**PT** “Then why did they fly?”

**PT** “Quite so. Why did they fly? There is a big fact. Another big fact is the remarkable experience of our client, Scott Eccles. Now, my dear Watson, is it beyond the limits of human ingenuity to furnish an explanation which would cover both of these big facts? If it were one which would also admit of the mysterious note with its very curious

phraseology, why, then it would be worth accepting as a temporary hypothesis. If the fresh facts which come to our knowledge all fit themselves into the scheme, then our hypothesis may gradually become a solution.”

**PT** “But what is our hypothesis?”

**PT** Holmes leaned back in his chair with half-closed eyes.

**PT** “You must admit, my dear Watson, that the idea of a joke is impossible. There were grave events afoot, as the sequel showed, and the coaxing of Scott Eccles to Wisteria Lodge had some connection with them.”

**PT** “But what possible connection?”

**PT** “Let us take it link by link. There is, on the face of it, something unnatural about this strange and sudden friendship between the young Spaniard and Scott Eccles. It was the former who forced the pace. He called upon Eccles at the other end of London on the very day after he first met him, and he kept in close touch with him until he got him down to Esher. Now, what did he want with Eccles? What could Eccles supply? I see no charm in the man. He is not particularly intelligent—not a man likely to be congenial to a quick-witted Latin. Why, then, was he picked out from all the other people whom Garcia met as particularly suited to his purpose? Has he any one outstanding quality? I say that he has. He is the very type of conventional British respectability, and the very man as a witness to impress another Briton. You saw yourself how neither of the inspectors dreamed of questioning his statement, extraordinary as it was.”

**PT** “But what was he to witness?”

**PT** “Nothing, as things turned out, but everything had they gone another way. That is how I read the matter.”

**PT** “I see, he might have proved an alibi.”

**PT** “Exactly, my dear Watson; he might have proved an alibi. We will suppose, for argument’s sake, that the household of Wisteria Lodge are confederates in some design. The attempt, whatever it may be, is to come off, we will say, before one o’clock. By some juggling of the clocks it is quite possible that they may have got Scott Eccles to bed earlier than

he thought, but in any case it is likely that when Garcia went out of his way to tell him that it was one it was really not more than twelve. If Garcia could do whatever he had to do and be back by the hour mentioned he had evidently a powerful reply to any accusation. Here was this irreproachable Englishman ready to swear in any court of law that the accused was in the house all the time. It was an insurance against the worst."

**PT** "Yes, yes, I see that. But how about the disappearance of the others?"

**PT** "I have not all my facts yet, but I do not think there are any insuperable difficulties. Still, it is an error to argue in front of your data. You find yourself insensibly twisting them round to fit your theories."

**PT** "And the message?"

**PT** "How did it run? 'Our own colours, green and white.' Sounds like racing. 'Green open, white shut.' That is clearly a signal. 'Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize.' This is an assignation. We may find a jealous husband at the bottom of it all. It was clearly a dangerous quest. She would not have said 'Godspeed' had it not been so. D—that should be a guide."

**PT** "The man was a Spaniard. I suggest that D stands for Dolores, a common female name in Spain."

**PT** "Good, Watson, very good—but quite inadmissible. A Spaniard would write to a Spaniard in Spanish. The writer of this note is certainly English. Well, we can only possess our soul in patience until this excellent inspector come back for us. Meanwhile we can thank our lucky fate which has rescued us for a few short hours from the insufferable fatigues of idleness."

**PT** An answer had arrived to Holmes's telegram before our Surrey officer had returned. Holmes read it and was about to place it in his notebook when he caught a glimpse of my expectant face. He tossed it across with a laugh.

**PT** "We are moving in exalted circles," said he.

**PT** The telegram was a list of names and addresses:

**PT** Lord Harringby, The Dingle; Sir George Ffolliott, Oxshott Towers; Mr. Hynes Hynes, J.P., Purdley Place; Mr. James Baker Williams, Forton Old Hall; Mr. Henderson, High Gable; Rev. Joshua Stone, Nether Walsling.

**PT** “This is a very obvious way of limiting our field of operations,” said Holmes. “No doubt Baynes, with his methodical mind, has already adopted some similar plan.”

**PT** “I don’t quite understand.”

**PT** “Well, my dear fellow, we have already arrived at the conclusion that the message received by Garcia at dinner was an appointment or an assignation. Now, if the obvious reading of it is correct, and in order to keep the tryst one has to ascend a main stair and seek the seventh door in a corridor, it is perfectly clear that the house is a very large one. It is equally certain that this house cannot be more than a mile or two from Oxshott, since Garcia was walking in that direction and hoped, according to my reading of the facts, to be back in Wisteria Lodge in time to avail himself of an alibi, which would only be valid up to one o’clock. As the number of large houses close to Oxshott must be limited, I adopted the obvious method of sending to the agents mentioned by Scott Eccles and obtaining a list of them. Here they are in this telegram, and the other end of our tangled skein must lie among them.”

**PT** It was nearly six o’clock before we found ourselves in the pretty Surrey village of Esher, with Inspector Baynes as our companion.

**PT** Holmes and I had taken things for the night, and found comfortable quarters at the Bull. Finally we set out in the company of the detective on our visit to Wisteria Lodge. It was a cold, dark March evening, with a sharp wind and a fine rain beating upon our faces, a fit setting for the wild common over which our road passed and the tragic goal to which it led us.

**PT** A cold and melancholy walk of a couple of miles brought us to a high wooden gate, which opened into a gloomy avenue of chestnuts. The curved and shadowed drive led us to a low, dark house, pitch-black against a slate-coloured sky. From the front window upon the left of the door there peeped a glimmer of a feeble light.

**PT** “There’s a constable in possession,” said Baynes. “I’ll knock at the window.” He stepped across the grass plot and tapped with his hand on the pane. Through the fogged glass I dimly saw a man spring up from a chair beside the fire, and heard a sharp cry from within the room. An instant later a white-faced, hard-breathing policeman had opened the door, the candle wavering in his trembling hand.

**PT** “What’s the matter, Walters?” asked Baynes sharply.

**PT** The man mopped his forehead with his handkerchief and gave a long sigh of relief.

**PT** “I am glad you have come, sir. It has been a long evening, and I don’t think my nerve is as good as it was.”

**PT** “Your nerve, Walters? I should not have thought you had a nerve in your body.”

**PT** “Well, sir, it’s this lonely, silent house and the queer thing in the kitchen. Then when you tapped at the window I thought it had come again.”

**PT** “That what had come again?”

**PT** “The devil, sir, for all I know. It was at the window.”

**PT** “What was at the window, and when?”

**PT** “It was just about two hours ago. The light was just fading. I was sitting reading in the chair. I don’t know what made me look up, but there was a face looking in at me through the lower pane. Lord, sir, what a face it was! I’ll see it in my dreams.”

**PT** “Tut, tut, Walters. This is not talk for a police-constable.”

**PT** “I know, sir, I know; but it shook me, sir, and there’s no use to deny it. It wasn’t black, sir, nor was it white, nor any colour that I know but a kind of queer shade like clay with a splash of milk in it. Then there was the size of it—it was twice yours, sir. And the look of it—the great staring goggle eyes, and the line of white teeth like a hungry beast. I tell you, sir, I couldn’t move a finger, nor get my breath, till it whisked away and was gone. Out I ran and through the shrubbery, but thank God there was no one there.”

**PT** “If I didn’t know you were a good man, Walters, I should put a black mark against you for this. If it were the devil himself a constable on duty should never thank God that he could not lay his hands upon him. I suppose the whole thing is not a vision and a touch of nerves?”

**PT** “That, at least, is very easily settled,” said Holmes, lighting his little pocket lantern. “Yes,” he reported, after a short examination of the grass bed, “a number twelve shoe, I should say. If he was all on the same scale as his foot he must certainly have been a giant.”

**PT** “What became of him?”

**PT** “He seems to have broken through the shrubbery and made for the road.”

**PT** “Well,” said the inspector with a grave and thoughtful face, “whoever he may have been, and whatever he may have wanted, he’s gone for the present, and we have more immediate things to attend to. Now, Mr. Holmes, with your permission, I will show you round the house.”

**PT** The various bedrooms and sitting-rooms had yielded nothing to a careful search. Apparently the tenants had brought little or nothing with them, and all the furniture down to the smallest details had been taken over with the house. A good deal of clothing with the stamp of Marx and Co., High Holborn, had been left behind. Telegraphic inquiries had been already made which showed that Marx knew nothing of his customer save that he was a good payer. Odds and ends, some pipes, a few novels, two of them in Spanish, an old-fashioned pinfire revolver, and a guitar were among the personal property.

**PT** “Nothing in all this,” said Baynes, stalking, candle in hand, from room to room. “But now, Mr. Holmes, I invite your attention to the kitchen.”

**PT** It was a gloomy, high-ceilinged room at the back of the house, with a straw litter in one corner, which served apparently as a bed for the cook. The table was piled with half-eaten dishes and dirty plates, the debris of last night’s dinner.

**PT** “Look at this,” said Baynes. “What do you make of it?”

**PT** He held up his candle before an extraordinary object which stood at the back of the dresser. It was so wrinkled and shrunken and withered

that it was difficult to say what it might have been. One could but say that it was black and leathery and that it bore some resemblance to a dwarfish, human figure. At first, as I examined it, I thought that it was a mummified negro baby, and then it seemed a very twisted and ancient monkey. Finally I was left in doubt as to whether it was animal or human. A double band of white shells were strung round the centre of it.

**PT** “Very interesting—very interesting, indeed!” said Holmes, peering at this sinister relic. “Anything more?”

**PT** In silence Baynes led the way to the sink and held forward his candle. The limbs and body of some large, white bird, torn savagely to pieces with the feathers still on, were littered all over it. Holmes pointed to the wattles on the severed head.

**PT** “A white cock,” said he. “Most interesting! It is really a very curious case.”

**PT** But Mr. Baynes had kept his most sinister exhibit to the last. From under the sink he drew a zinc pail which contained a quantity of blood. Then from the table he took a platter heaped with small pieces of charred bone.

**PT** “Something has been killed and something has been burned. We raked all these out of the fire. We had a doctor in this morning. He says that they are not human.”

**PT** Holmes smiled and rubbed his hands.

**PT** “I must congratulate you, Inspector, on handling so distinctive and instructive a case. Your powers, if I may say so without offence, seem superior to your opportunities.”

**PT** Inspector Baynes’s small eyes twinkled with pleasure.

**PT** “You’re right, Mr. Holmes. We stagnate in the provinces. A case of this sort gives a man a chance, and I hope that I shall take it. What do you make of these bones?”

**PT** “A lamb, I should say, or a kid.”

**PT** “And the white cock?”

**PT** “Curious, Mr. Baynes, very curious. I should say almost unique.”

**PT** “Yes, sir, there must have been some very strange people with some very strange ways in this house. One of them is dead. Did his companions follow him and kill him? If they did we should have them, for every port is watched. But my own views are different. Yes, sir, my own views are very different.”

**PT** “You have a theory then?”

**PT** “And I’ll work it myself, Mr. Holmes. It’s only due to my own credit to do so. Your name is made, but I have still to make mine. I should be glad to be able to say afterwards that I had solved it without your help.”

**PT** Holmes laughed good-humoredly.

**PT** “Well, well, Inspector,” said he. “Do you follow your path and I will follow mine. My results are always very much at your service if you care to apply to me for them. I think that I have seen all that I wish in this house, and that my time may be more profitably employed elsewhere. Au revoir and good luck!”

**PT** I could tell by numerous subtle signs, which might have been lost upon anyone but myself, that Holmes was on a hot scent. As impassive as ever to the casual observer, there were none the less a subdued eagerness and suggestion of tension in his brightened eyes and brisker manner which assured me that the game was afoot. After his habit he said nothing, and after mine I asked no questions. Sufficient for me to share the sport and lend my humble help to the capture without distracting that intent brain with needless interruption. All would come round to me in due time.

**PT** I waited, therefore—but to my ever-deepening disappointment I waited in vain. Day succeeded day, and my friend took no step forward. One morning he spent in town, and I learned from a casual reference that he had visited the British Museum. Save for this one excursion, he spent his days in long and often solitary walks, or in chatting with a number of village gossips whose acquaintance he had cultivated.

**PT** “I’m sure, Watson, a week in the country will be invaluable to you,” he remarked. “It is very pleasant to see the first green shoots upon the hedges and the catkins on the hazels once again. With a spud, a tin box, and an elementary book on botany, there are instructive days to be

spent.” He prowled about with this equipment himself, but it was a poor show of plants which he would bring back of an evening.

**PT** Occasionally in our rambles we came across Inspector Baynes. His fat, red face wreathed itself in smiles and his small eyes glittered as he greeted my companion. He said little about the case, but from that little we gathered that he also was not dissatisfied at the course of events. I must admit, however, that I was somewhat surprised when, some five days after the crime, I opened my morning paper to find in large letters:

**PT** The Oxshott Mystery

**PT** A Solution

**PT** Arrest of Supposed Assassin

**PT** Holmes sprang in his chair as if he had been stung when I read the headlines.

**PT** “By Jove!” he cried. “You don’t mean that Baynes has got him?”

**PT** “Apparently,” said I as I read the following report:

**PT** “Great excitement was caused in Esher and the neighbouring district when it was learned late last night that an arrest had been effected in connection with the Oxshott murder. It will be remembered that Mr. Garcia, of Wisteria Lodge, was found dead on Oxshott Common, his body showing signs of extreme violence, and that on the same night his servant and his cook fled, which appeared to show their participation in the crime. It was suggested, but never proved, that the deceased gentleman may have had valuables in the house, and that their abstraction was the motive of the crime. Every effort was made by Inspector Baynes, who has the case in hand, to ascertain the hiding place of the fugitives, and he had good reason to believe that they had not gone far but were lurking in some retreat which had been already prepared. It was certain from the first, however, that they would eventually be detected, as the cook, from the evidence of one or two tradespeople who have caught a glimpse of him through the window, was a man of most remarkable appearance—being a huge and hideous mulatto, with yellowish features of a pronounced negroid type. This man has been seen since the crime, for he was detected and pursued by Constable Walters on the same evening, when he had the audacity to revisit Wisteria Lodge. Inspector Baynes, considering that such a visit

must have some purpose in view and was likely, therefore, to be repeated, abandoned the house but left an ambushade in the shrubbery. The man walked into the trap and was captured last night after a struggle in which Constable Downing was badly bitten by the savage. We understand that when the prisoner is brought before the magistrates a remand will be applied for by the police, and that great developments are hoped from his capture.”

**PT** “Really we must see Baynes at once,” cried Holmes, picking up his hat. “We will just catch him before he starts.” We hurried down the village street and found, as we had expected, that the inspector was just leaving his lodgings.

**PT** “You’ve seen the paper, Mr. Holmes?” he asked, holding one out to us.

**PT** “Yes, Baynes, I’ve seen it. Pray don’t think it a liberty if I give you a word of friendly warning.”

**PT** “Of warning, Mr. Holmes?”

**PT** “I have looked into this case with some care, and I am not convinced that you are on the right lines. I don’t want you to commit yourself too far unless you are sure.”

**PT** “You’re very kind, Mr. Holmes.”

**PT** “I assure you I speak for your good.”

**PT** It seemed to me that something like a wink quivered for an instant over one of Mr. Baynes’s tiny eyes.

**PT** “We agreed to work on our own lines, Mr. Holmes. That’s what I am doing.”

**PT** “Oh, very good,” said Holmes. “Don’t blame me.”

**PT** “No, sir; I believe you mean well by me. But we all have our own systems, Mr. Holmes. You have yours, and maybe I have mine.”

**PT** “Let us say no more about it.”

**PT** “You’re welcome always to my news. This fellow is a perfect savage, as strong as a carthorse and as fierce as the devil. He chewed

Downing's thumb nearly off before they could master him. He hardly speaks a word of English, and we can get nothing out of him but grunts."

**PT** "And you think you have evidence that he murdered his late master?"

**PT** "I didn't say so, Mr. Holmes; I didn't say so. We all have our little ways. You try yours and I will try mine. That's the agreement."

**PT** Holmes shrugged his shoulders as we walked away together. "I can't make the man out. He seems to be riding for a fall. Well, as he says, we must each try our own way and see what comes of it. But there's something in Inspector Baynes which I can't quite understand."

**PT** "Just sit down in that chair, Watson," said Sherlock Holmes when we had returned to our apartment at the Bull. "I want to put you in touch with the situation, as I may need your help tonight. Let me show you the evolution of this case so far as I have been able to follow it. Simple as it has been in its leading features, it has none the less presented surprising difficulties in the way of an arrest. There are gaps in that direction which we have still to fill.

**PT** "We will go back to the note which was handed in to Garcia upon the evening of his death. We may put aside this idea of Baynes's that Garcia's servants were concerned in the matter. The proof of this lies in the fact that it was he who had arranged for the presence of Scott Eccles, which could only have been done for the purpose of an alibi. It was Garcia, then, who had an enterprise, and apparently a criminal enterprise, in hand that night in the course of which he met his death. I say 'criminal' because only a man with a criminal enterprise desires to establish an alibi. Who, then, is most likely to have taken his life? Surely the person against whom the criminal enterprise was directed. So far it seems to me that we are on safe ground.

**PT** "We can now see a reason for the disappearance of Garcia's household. They were all confederates in the same unknown crime. If it came off when Garcia returned, any possible suspicion would be warded off by the Englishman's evidence, and all would be well. But the attempt was a dangerous one, and if Garcia did not return by a certain hour it was probable that his own life had been sacrificed. It had been arranged, therefore, that in such a case his two subordinates were to make for some prearranged spot where they could escape investigation and be in

a position afterwards to renew their attempt. That would fully explain the facts, would it not?"

**PT** The whole inexplicable tangle seemed to straighten out before me. I wondered, as I always did, how it had not been obvious to me before.

**PT** "But why should one servant return?"

**PT** "We can imagine that in the confusion of flight something precious, something which he could not bear to part with, had been left behind. That would explain his persistence, would it not?"

**PT** "Well, what is the next step?"

**PT** "The next step is the note received by Garcia at the dinner. It indicates a confederate at the other end. Now, where was the other end? I have already shown you that it could only lie in some large house, and that the number of large houses is limited. My first days in this village were devoted to a series of walks in which in the intervals of my botanical researches I made a reconnaissance of all the large houses and an examination of the family history of the occupants. One house, and only one, riveted my attention. It is the famous old Jacobean grange of High Gable, one mile on the farther side of Oxshott, and less than half a mile from the scene of the tragedy. The other mansions belonged to prosaic and respectable people who live far aloof from romance. But Mr. Henderson, of High Gable, was by all accounts a curious man to whom curious adventures might befall. I concentrated my attention, therefore, upon him and his household.

**PT** "A singular set of people, Watson—the man himself the most singular of them all. I managed to see him on a plausible pretext, but I seemed to read in his dark, deep-set, brooding eyes that he was perfectly aware of my true business. He is a man of fifty, strong, active, with iron-gray hair, great bunched black eyebrows, the step of a deer and the air of an emperor—a fierce, masterful man, with a red-hot spirit behind his parchment face. He is either a foreigner or has lived long in the tropics, for he is yellow and sapless, but tough as whipcord. His friend and secretary, Mr. Lucas, is undoubtedly a foreigner, chocolate brown, wily, suave, and catlike, with a poisonous gentleness of speech. You see, Watson, we have come already upon two sets of foreigners—one at Wisteria Lodge and one at High Gable—so our gaps are beginning to close.

**PT** “These two men, close and confidential friends, are the centre of the household; but there is one other person who for our immediate purpose may be even more important. Henderson has two children—girls of eleven and thirteen. Their governess is a Miss Burnet, an Englishwoman of forty or thereabouts. There is also one confidential manservant. This little group forms the real family, for they travel about together, and Henderson is a great traveller, always on the move. It is only within the last weeks that he has returned, after a year’s absence, to High Gable. I may add that he is enormously rich, and whatever his whims may be he can very easily satisfy them. For the rest, his house is full of butlers, footmen, maidservants, and the usual overfed, underworked staff of a large English country house.

**PT** “So much I learned partly from village gossip and partly from my own observation. There are no better instruments than discharged servants with a grievance, and I was lucky enough to find one. I call it luck, but it would not have come my way had I not been looking out for it. As Baynes remarks, we all have our systems. It was my system which enabled me to find John Warner, late gardener of High Gable, sacked in a moment of temper by his imperious employer. He in turn had friends among the indoor servants who unite in their fear and dislike of their master. So I had my key to the secrets of the establishment.

**PT** “Curious people, Watson! I don’t pretend to understand it all yet, but very curious people anyway. It’s a double-winged house, and the servants live on one side, the family on the other. There’s no link between the two save for Henderson’s own servant, who serves the family’s meals. Everything is carried to a certain door, which forms the one connection. Governess and children hardly go out at all, except into the garden. Henderson never by any chance walks alone. His dark secretary is like his shadow. The gossip among the servants is that their master is terribly afraid of something. ‘Sold his soul to the devil in exchange for money,’ says Warner, ‘and expects his creditor to come up and claim his own.’ Where they came from, or who they are, nobody has an idea. They are very violent. Twice Henderson has lashed at folk with his dog-whip, and only his long purse and heavy compensation have kept him out of the courts.

**PT** “Well, now, Watson, let us judge the situation by this new information. We may take it that the letter came out of this strange

household and was an invitation to Garcia to carry out some attempt which had already been planned. Who wrote the note? It was someone within the citadel, and it was a woman. Who then but Miss Burnet, the governess? All our reasoning seems to point that way. At any rate, we may take it as a hypothesis and see what consequences it would entail. I may add that Miss Burnet's age and character make it certain that my first idea that there might be a love interest in our story is out of the question.

**PT** "If she wrote the note she was presumably the friend and confederate of Garcia. What, then, might she be expected to do if she heard of his death? If he met it in some nefarious enterprise her lips might be sealed. Still, in her heart, she must retain bitterness and hatred against those who had killed him and would presumably help so far as she could to have revenge upon them. Could we see her, then and try to use her? That was my first thought. But now we come to a sinister fact. Miss Burnet has not been seen by any human eye since the night of the murder. From that evening she has utterly vanished. Is she alive? Has she perhaps met her end on the same night as the friend whom she had summoned? Or is she merely a prisoner? There is the point which we still have to decide.

**PT** "You will appreciate the difficulty of the situation, Watson. There is nothing upon which we can apply for a warrant. Our whole scheme might seem fantastic if laid before a magistrate. The woman's disappearance counts for nothing, since in that extraordinary household any member of it might be invisible for a week. And yet she may at the present moment be in danger of her life. All I can do is to watch the house and leave my agent, Warner, on guard at the gates. We can't let such a situation continue. If the law can do nothing we must take the risk ourselves."

**PT** "What do you suggest?"

**PT** "I know which is her room. It is accessible from the top of an outhouse. My suggestion is that you and I go tonight and see if we can strike at the very heart of the mystery."

**PT** It was not, I must confess, a very alluring prospect. The old house with its atmosphere of murder, the singular and formidable inhabitants, the unknown dangers of the approach, and the fact that we were putting ourselves legally in a false position all combined to damp my ardour. But there was something in the ice-cold reasoning of Holmes which made it

impossible to shrink from any adventure which he might recommend. One knew that thus, and only thus, could a solution be found. I clasped his hand in silence, and the die was cast.

**PT** But it was not destined that our investigation should have so adventurous an ending. It was about five o'clock, and the shadows of the March evening were beginning to fall, when an excited rustic rushed into our room.

**PT** "They've gone, Mr. Holmes. They went by the last train. The lady broke away, and I've got her in a cab downstairs."

**PT** "Excellent, Warner!" cried Holmes, springing to his feet. "Watson, the gaps are closing rapidly."

**PT** In the cab was a woman, half-collapsed from nervous exhaustion. She bore upon her aquiline and emaciated face the traces of some recent tragedy. Her head hung listlessly upon her breast, but as she raised it and turned her dull eyes upon us I saw that her pupils were dark dots in the centre of the broad gray iris. She was drugged with opium.

**PT** "I watched at the gate, same as you advised, Mr. Holmes," said our emissary, the discharged gardener. "When the carriage came out I followed it to the station. She was like one walking in her sleep, but when they tried to get her into the train she came to life and struggled. They pushed her into the carriage. She fought her way out again. I took her part, got her into a cab, and here we are. I shan't forget the face at the carriage window as I led her away. I'd have a short life if he had his way—the black-eyed, scowling, yellow devil."

**PT** We carried her upstairs, laid her on the sofa, and a couple of cups of the strongest coffee soon cleared her brain from the mists of the drug. Baynes had been summoned by Holmes, and the situation rapidly explained to him.

**PT** "Why, sir, you've got me the very evidence I want," said the inspector warmly, shaking my friend by the hand. "I was on the same scent as you from the first."

**PT** "What! You were after Henderson?"

**PT** “Why, Mr. Holmes, when you were crawling in the shrubbery at High Gable I was up one of the trees in the plantation and saw you down below. It was just who would get his evidence first.”

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## Prefácio

**En** Os leitores do Sr. Sherlock Holmes ficarão satisfeitos em saber que ele continua vivo e bem, embora sofra um pouco de reumatismo. Por muitos anos ele viveu em uma pequena fazenda em Downs, a cinco milhas de Eastbourne, dividindo seu tempo entre filosofia e agricultura. Durante essa aposentadoria, ele recusou muitas ofertas generosas para assumir casos, tendo decidido tornar sua aposentadoria permanente. No entanto, a aproximação da guerra alemã o levou a oferecer sua combinação única de habilidades intelectuais e práticas ao Governo, com resultados históricos que são narrados em 'His Last Bow'. Várias experiências anteriores do portfólio do narrador foram adicionadas a este volume para completá-lo.

**En** O prefácio é assinado pelo Dr. John H. Watson.

## A Aventura da Casa Wisteria

**En** De acordo com o caderno do narrador, era um dia sombrio e ventoso no final de março de 1892. Enquanto almoçavam, Holmes recebeu um telegrama e escreveu uma resposta. Ele não disse nada, mas parecia preocupado; depois ficou perto do fogo, fumando seu cachimbo e olhando ocasionalmente para a mensagem. Então, de repente, ele se virou para o narrador com um olhar malicioso nos olhos.

**En** Holmes observou que eles deviam considerar Watson um homem de letras e pediu que ele definisse a palavra 'grotesco'.

**En** Watson sugeriu que a palavra significava estranho ou notável.

**En** Ele discordou da minha definição, balançando a cabeça.

**En** Ele disse que devia haver algo mais, um sentido oculto de tragédia e horror. Ele me exortou a lembrar de histórias que eu havia contado ao público, observando como o estranho frequentemente se transformava em criminal. Ele mencionou o caso dos homens ruivos, que começou estranhamente mas terminou em uma tentativa de roubo, e o caso das cinco sementes de laranja, que levou diretamente a uma conspiração assassina. Ele concluiu que a própria palavra o deixava em alerta.

**En** Perguntei se ele o tinha consigo.

**En** Ele leu o telegrama em voz alta.

**En** O telegrama afirmava que o remetente acabara de vivenciar algo incrivelmente estranho e grotesco, e perguntava se poderia consultá-lo.

**En** Ele falou diretamente com Scott Eccles.

**En** Ele indicou a Agência dos Correios em Charing Cross.

**En** Perguntei se a pessoa era homem ou mulher.

**En** Ele respondeu que era um homem, explicando que nenhuma mulher enviaria um telegrama com resposta paga; ela teria vindo pessoalmente.

**En** Ele perguntou se eu o veria.

**En** Holmes disse a Watson que estava extremamente entediado desde que prenderam o Coronel Carruthers. Ele comparou sua mente

ociosa a um motor de corrida se despedaçando sem trabalho. Disse que a vida parecia monótona, os jornais desinteressantes e o crime havia perdido seu caráter aventureiro. Perguntou retoricamente se Watson poderia duvidar de seu entusiasmo em investigar qualquer novo problema, por mais trivial que fosse. Em seguida, observou que seu cliente parecia ter chegado.

**En** Um passo medido soou na escada, e logo um homem alto e robusto, com suíças grisalhas e um comportamento solenemente respeitável, foi introduzido. Suas feições pesadas e maneiras pomposas revelavam sua natureza conservadora e convencional. No entanto, alguma experiência impressionante perturbara sua calma habitual, evidente em seu cabelo eriçado, bochechas coradas e maneira agitada. Ele imediatamente começou a tratar de seu assunto.

**En** O visitante declarou que havia passado por uma experiência muito singular e desagradável. Afirmou que nunca estivera em uma situação tão imprópria e ultrajante antes e exigiu uma explicação. Ele inflou de raiva.

**En** Holmes pediu que ele se sentasse com uma voz calma e perguntou por que ele tinha vindo até ele.

**En** Eccles respondeu que não achava que o assunto exigisse envolvimento policial, mas após ouvir os fatos, não podia ignorá-lo. Ele admitiu que não tinha simpatia por detetives particulares, mas ouvira o nome de Holmes e decidira vir.

**En** Holmes então perguntou por que ele não tinha vindo imediatamente.

**En** Holmes consultou seu relógio.

**En** Holmes observou que eram duas e quinze e que o telegrama havia sido enviado por volta de uma hora. Ele destacou que a aparência desleixada do homem indicava claramente que seu sofrimento havia começado no momento em que acordou.

**En** O cliente tentou alisar o cabelo despenteado e tocou o queixo não barbeado.

**En** O cliente concordou com Holmes, admitindo que não tinha pensado em sua aparência, pois estava apenas aliviado por ter saído da

casa. Ele já havia feito algumas investigações e, com os corretores, soube que o aluguel do Sr. Garcia estava totalmente pago e que tudo estava em ordem na Casa Wisteria.

**En** Holmes riu baixinho e comentou que o cliente se parecia com o Dr. Watson em sua tendência de narrar os acontecimentos de trás para frente. Em seguida, pediu um relato claro e cronológico das circunstâncias que haviam levado à sua aparência desleixada e à necessidade urgente de ajuda.

**En** O cliente olhou para baixo com tristeza para seu próprio estado desalinhado.

**En** O cliente admitiu que sua aparência era certamente terrível e que isso nunca havia acontecido antes. Ele prometeu contar toda a estranha história e acreditava que, ao fazê-lo, Holmes concordaria que ele tinha motivos suficientes para sua condição.

**En** Antes que o cliente pudesse começar, houve uma agitação lá fora. A Sra. Hudson entrou com dois homens robustos e de aparência oficial. Um era o Inspetor Gregson da Scotland Yard, um oficial enérgico e capaz. Ele cumprimentou Holmes e apresentou seu colega, o Inspetor Baynes da Polícia de Surrey.

**En** O Inspetor Gregson informou a Holmes que eles estavam trabalhando juntos e que sua trilha os havia levado até ali. Ele então fixou o olhar no visitante e perguntou se ele era o Sr. John Scott Eccles, de Popham House, Lee.

**En** Ele confirmou que era de fato a pessoa.

**En** Eles lhe disseram que o seguiram durante toda a manhã.

**En** Holmes comentou que eles provavelmente rastrearam o homem por meio do telegrama.

**En** O homem confirmou a dedução de Holmes, explicando que eles começaram a perseguição no Correio de Charing Cross e depois seguiram a pista até este local.

**En** Ele perguntou por que o estavam seguindo e qual era o propósito deles.

**En** Eles solicitaram ao Sr. Scott Eccles que fornecesse uma declaração sobre os eventos que antecederam a morte do Sr. Aloysius Garcia, que morava em Wisteria Lodge perto de Esher e havia falecido na noite anterior.

**En** O cliente estava sentado ereto, com os olhos arregalados e o rosto completamente sem cor devido ao choque.

**En** Ele perguntou incrédulo se eles haviam dito que Garcia estava morto.

**En** Eles confirmaram que ele estava morto.

**En** Ele então perguntou como aconteceu, sugerindo que poderia ter sido um acidente.

**En** O orador afirmou enfaticamente que o incidente era, sem dúvida, um assassinato, tão certo quanto qualquer outro na Terra.

**En** Ele exclamou em choque, questionando se eles realmente pretendiam sugerir que ele era um suspeito.

**En** Eles informaram que uma carta com seu nome foi encontrada no falecido, o que indicava que ele pretendia ficar na residência da vítima na noite anterior.

**En** Ele reconheceu que este era de fato seu plano.

**En** O detetive repetiu a confissão com um tom de surpresa, como se buscasse confirmação.

**En** O inspetor produziu seu caderno oficial.

**En** Holmes pediu a Gregson que esperasse e então perguntou se tudo o que queria era uma declaração simples.

**En** Ele acrescentou que era seu dever avisar o Sr. Scott Eccles que qualquer coisa que dissesse poderia ser usada contra ele.

**En** Holmes lembrou ao Sr. Eccles que ele estava prestes a contar sua história quando Gregson entrou. Ele instruiu Watson a buscar um conhaque com soda para o visitante, então aconselhou o Sr. Eccles a ignorar o inspetor e continuar como se não tivesse sido interrompido.

**En** Depois de beber o conhaque, o Sr. Eccles recuperou a cor. Ele lançou um olhar duvidoso ao caderno do inspetor e então começou seu relato notável.

**En** Ele afirmou que era solteiro e, sendo de natureza sociável, tinha um grande círculo de amigos. Entre eles estava a família de um cervejeiro aposentado chamado Melville, que morava em Abermarle Mansion, em Kensington. Foi na mesa deles que ele conhecera um jovem chamado Garcia algumas semanas antes. Ele entendia que Garcia era de ascendência espanhola e tinha alguma conexão com a embaixada. Ele falava inglês perfeito, tinha maneiras agradáveis e era um dos homens mais bonitos que já vira.

**En** Ele e o jovem rapidamente formaram uma amizade. Garcia pareceu gostar dele desde o início e, dentro de dois dias após o encontro, veio vê-lo em Lee. Uma coisa levou à outra e, eventualmente, Garcia o convidou para passar alguns dias em sua casa, Wisteria Lodge, localizada entre Esher e Oxshott. Na noite anterior, ele havia ido a Esher para cumprir esse compromisso.

**En** Antes de sua visita, Garcia descrevera sua casa. Ele morava com um servo fiel, um conterrâneo que cuidava de todas as suas necessidades. Esse servo falava inglês e administrava a casa. Havia também uma cozinheira maravilhosa, uma mestiça que ele encontrara em suas viagens, que preparava um excelente jantar. Ele se lembrou de Garcia comentar que era uma casa estranha de se encontrar no coração de Surrey, e ele concordara, embora ela se mostrasse ainda mais estranha do que pensava.

**En** Ele dirigiu até o local, cerca de três quilômetros ao sul de Esher. A casa era um prédio velho e em ruínas, de tamanho razoável, afastado da estrada, com uma entrada curva ladeada por arbustos altos. Quando sua charrete parou na entrada coberta de grama em frente à porta manchada e desgastada, ele duvidou da sabedoria de visitar um homem que conhecia tão superficialmente. Garcia abriu a porta pessoalmente e o cumprimentou com grande cordialidade. Ele foi entregue ao criado, um indivíduo triste e moreno, que o levou até seu quarto, carregando sua mala. O lugar inteiro era deprimente. Jantaram a sós e, embora o anfitrião tentasse ser divertido, seus pensamentos pareciam vagar continuamente, e ele falava de forma tão vaga e desvairada que mal podia ser compreendido. Batucava os dedos na mesa, roía as unhas e

mostrava sinais de impaciência nervosa. O jantar em si não era bem servido nem bem cozido, e a presença sombria do servo taciturno não ajudava. Muitas vezes naquela noite ele desejou poder inventar uma desculpa para voltar a Lee.

**En** Um incidente voltou à sua memória que poderia ser relevante para o assunto que os dois cavalheiros estavam investigando. Ele não pensou nada na época. Perto do fim do jantar, um bilhete foi entregue pelo criado. Ele notou que, depois que seu anfitrião o leu, parecia ainda mais distraído e estranho do que antes. Ele abandonou toda a pretensão de conversa e sentou-se fumando cigarros sem parar, perdido em seus próprios pensamentos, mas não fez nenhum comentário sobre o conteúdo. Por volta das onze, ele ficou feliz em ir para a cama. Algum tempo depois, Garcia olhou pela porta do quarto — o quarto estava escuro na época — e perguntou se ele havia tocado a campainha. Ele disse que não. Garcia se desculpou por tê-lo perturbado tão tarde, dizendo que era quase uma hora. Depois disso, ele adormeceu e dormiu profundamente a noite toda.

**En** Eccles contou que a parte mais surpreendente de sua história começou quando ele acordou e já era dia claro. Ele olhou para o relógio e viu que eram quase nove horas. Ele havia pedido especificamente para ser acordado às oito, então ficou muito surpreso com o esquecimento. Ele pulou da cama e chamou o empregado, mas ninguém respondeu. Ele tocou a campainha repetidamente, com o mesmo resultado, concluindo que ela devia estar quebrada. Vestiu-se rapidamente e desceu as escadas de mau humor, com a intenção de pedir água quente. Para seu espanto, encontrou a casa completamente vazia. Gritou no corredor, mas não houve resposta. Correu de cômodo em cômodo, e todos estavam desertos. Lembrando onde ficava o quarto do anfitrião, bateu na porta. Sem resposta, girou a maçaneta e entrou. O quarto estava vazio, e a cama não havia sido usada. Seu anfitrião havia partido com os outros. O anfitrião estrangeiro, o lacaio estrangeiro e a cozinheira estrangeira haviam desaparecido durante a noite. Foi assim que sua visita a Wisteria Lodge terminou.

**En** Sherlock Holmes esfregou as mãos e riu baixinho ao adicionar esse evento estranho ao seu registro de ocorrências incomuns.

**En** Sherlock Holmes observou que a experiência do Sr. Eccles parecia ser completamente única. Ele então perguntou o que o Sr. Eccles tinha feito em seguida.

**En** O Sr. Eccles afirmou que estava muito irritado e inicialmente acreditou ter sido vítima de uma brincadeira de mau gosto. Ele arrumou seus pertences, bateu a porta e foi a pé para Esher carregando sua mala. Lá, visitou a Allan Brothers, os principais corretores de imóveis, e soube que a vila havia sido alugada por meio deles. Ele suspeitou que todo o caso não era apenas para fazê-lo parecer tolo, mas provavelmente para evitar pagar o aluguel, já que o dia do pagamento trimestral se aproximava. No entanto, o agente informou que o aluguel havia sido pago antecipadamente. Em seguida, ele foi a Londres e passou na embaixada espanhola, onde o homem era desconhecido. Depois, conversou com Melville, em cuja casa ele conhecera Garcia, mas Melville sabia ainda menos sobre ele do que Eccles. Finalmente, após receber uma resposta ao seu telegrama, ele veio procurar Holmes para obter conselhos. Eccles acrescentou que, pelas palavras do inspetor ao entrar, entendeu que uma tragédia havia ocorrido. Ele insistiu que tudo o que disse era verdade e que não sabia mais nada sobre o destino do homem, desejando apenas ajudar a lei.

**En** O inspetor Gregson disse que tinha certeza do Sr. Scott Eccles. Ele afirmou que tudo o que o Sr. Eccles lhe contara correspondia aos fatos que haviam descoberto. Em seguida, perguntou se o Sr. Eccles havia notado o que acontecera com um bilhete que chegara durante o jantar.

**En** Ele confirmou que Garcia o enrolou e o jogou nas chamas.

**En** Alguém perguntou ao Sr. Baynes o que ele achava daquilo.

**En** O detetive do interior era um homem robusto, de rosto vermelho, com olhos brilhantes quase escondidos por rugas profundas. Ele sorriu lentamente e puxou um pedaço de papel dobrado e descolorido do bolso.

**En** Ele explicou que Garcia havia jogado o papel muito alto na grelha da lareira e que havia recuperado este fragmento não queimado do fundo.

**En** Holmes sorriu para demonstrar sua aprovação.

**En** Holmes disse que Eccles tinha procurado com muito cuidado na casa para encontrar um pequeno pedaço de papel.

**En** Eccles concordou com Holmes e disse que esse era seu hábito. Então perguntou a Gregson se deveria ler a nota.

**En** Gregson assentiu.

**En** Gregson disse que a nota estava escrita em papel creme comum sem marca d'água. Era um quarto de folha cortado com uma tesoura pequena. Tinha sido dobrada três vezes e selada com cera roxa pressionada por um objeto oval chato. A nota estava endereçada ao Sr. Garcia em Wisteria Lodge.

**En** A nota mencionava suas cores: verde e branco. Explicava que verde significava aberto e branco fechado. Dava instruções: subir a escada principal, pelo primeiro corredor, e pegar a sétima porta à direita, que tinha feltro verde. Terminava com uma despedida e era assinada com a letra D.

**En** Holmes observou que uma mulher havia escrito o bilhete com uma caneta de ponta fina, mas o endereço foi escrito com uma caneta diferente ou por uma pessoa diferente, pois estava mais grosso e mais marcado.

**En** Holmes examinou o bilhete e elogiou Baynes por sua atenção cuidadosa. Ele acrescentou que o selo oval era provavelmente um simples botão de punho, e a tesoura usada para fazer os cortes era uma tesoura de unhas torta, como indicado pela ligeira curva em ambos os cortes.

**En** O detetive do interior riu baixinho.

**En** O detetive admitiu que acreditava ter extraído todo o significado do bilhete, mas Holmes havia encontrado mais. Ele confessou que só conseguia deduzir que algo estava acontecendo e que uma mulher estava no centro da questão.

**En** O Sr. Scott Eccles ficou inquieto e se mexeu desconfortavelmente em seu assento durante a discussão.

**En** Ele expressou satisfação por o bilhete ter sido encontrado, pois confirmava seu relato. No entanto, ele ressaltou que ainda não havia sabido o que aconteceu com o Sr. Garcia ou sua família.

**En** Gregson relatou que Garcia havia sido encontrado morto naquela manhã em Oxshott Common, a cerca de um quilômetro de sua casa. Sua cabeça havia sido severamente esmagada por golpes pesados de um saco de areia ou objeto semelhante, causando danos extensos. O ataque ocorreu em uma área remota, e o agressor continuou a espancá-lo muito depois da morte. Nenhuma pegada ou outra pista foi encontrada.

**En** Ele perguntou se Garcia havia sido roubado.

**En** Gregson respondeu que não houve roubo.

**En** O Sr. Scott Eccles reclamou que a situação era dolorosa e terrível, e particularmente injusta para ele. Ele afirmou que não teve envolvimento na saída noturna de seu anfitrião e em sua morte trágica, e questionou por que estava sendo implicado no caso.

**En** O inspetor Baynes explicou que o único documento encontrado no falecido foi uma carta do Sr. Scott Eccles, afirmando que ele estaria com ele na noite de sua morte. O envelope forneceu o nome e o endereço do morto. Quando chegaram à casa após as nove daquela manhã, não encontraram nem o Sr. Scott Eccles nem ninguém mais lá dentro. Baynes telegrafou ao Sr. Gregson para localizar o Sr. Scott Eccles em Londres enquanto examinava Wisteria Lodge. Ele então veio para a cidade, juntou-se ao Sr. Gregson, e agora eles estavam lá.

**En** Gregson então se levantou e disse que agora deveriam formalizar o assunto. Ele pediu ao Sr. Scott Eccles que fosse com eles à delegacia e prestasse seu depoimento por escrito.

**En** O Sr. Scott Eccles concordou em ir imediatamente, mas insistiu que mantinha os serviços de Holmes. Ele pediu que Holmes não poupasse despesas nem esforços para descobrir a verdade.

**En** Holmes virou-se para o inspetor do interior.

**En** Ele perguntou se o inspetor Baynes tinha alguma objeção à sua colaboração no caso.

**En** O homem expressou que se sentia altamente honrado.

**En** O orador observou que o outro agiu rápida e eficientemente, e então perguntou se havia alguma indicação do momento exato da morte do homem.

**En** Ele explicou que o homem estava lá desde uma hora, e como havia chovido por volta daquela hora, a morte definitivamente ocorrera antes da chuva.

**En** O cliente, Sr. John Scott Eccles, exclamou que isso era totalmente impossível, pois a voz era inconfundível e ele podia jurar que era a mesma pessoa que falara com ele em seu quarto naquela hora exata.

**En** Holmes sorriu e comentou que era notável, mas longe de impossível.

**En** Gregson indagou se eu tinha alguma pista.

**En** Holmes observou que, na superfície, o caso não era muito complicado, embora apresentasse algumas características novas. Ele afirmou que precisava de mais fatos antes de oferecer uma opinião definitiva e perguntou ao Sr. Baynes se ele havia descoberto algo notável além do bilhete durante seu exame da casa.

**En** O detetive deu ao meu amigo um olhar peculiar.

**En** Baynes mencionou que havia uma ou duas coisas muito notáveis. Ele sugeriu que, depois de terminar na delegacia, meu amigo poderia querer vir e dar sua opinião sobre elas.

**En** Sherlock Holmes declarou que estava inteiramente à disposição deles, tocou a campainha e instruiu a Sra. Hudson a acompanhar os cavalheiros até a saída e a enviar um menino com um telegrama, solicitando uma resposta que custaria cinco xelins.

**En** Depois que os visitantes partiram, ficamos em silêncio por um tempo. Holmes fumava intensamente, com as sobrancelhas franzidas sobre os olhos aguçados e a cabeça inclinada para frente, em seu característico modo ansioso.

**En** Holmes virou-se abruptamente e perguntou a Watson o que ele achava da situação.

**En** Watson respondeu que não conseguia entender o mistério em torno de Scott Eccles.

**En** Holmes então perguntou sobre o crime em si.

**En** Watson disse que, considerando o desaparecimento dos companheiros do homem, acreditava que eles estavam envolvidos no assassinato e haviam fugido da justiça.

**En** O orador admitiu que esse era um ponto de vista possível, mas argumentou que era estranho que os dois servos conspirassem e atacassem seu patrão na única noite em que ele tinha um convidado, já que eles o tinham sozinho todas as outras noites.

**En** O orador perguntou por que os servos haviam fugido.

**En** O orador concordou que a fuga dos servos era um fato importante, assim como a estranha experiência do cliente Scott Eccles. Ele se perguntou se era possível encontrar uma explicação que cobrisse ambos os fatos e a nota misteriosa com sua redação peculiar. Se sim, poderia ser aceita como uma hipótese temporária. Se informações adicionais se encaixassem no esquema, a hipótese poderia gradualmente se tornar a solução.

**En** O orador perguntou qual era a hipótese deles.

**En** Holmes recostou-se em sua cadeira com os olhos semicerrados.

**En** Ele insistiu com Watson que a situação não era brincadeira. Eventos graves estavam se desenrolando, como os acontecimentos posteriores provaram, e atrair Scott Eccles para Wisteria Lodge estava ligado a esses eventos.

**En** Watson indagou que possível conexão poderia haver.

**En** Ele sugeriu examinar o assunto passo a passo. A amizade repentina e próxima entre o jovem espanhol e Scott Eccles parecia antinatural. O espanhol iniciou o relacionamento, visitando Eccles no dia seguinte ao primeiro encontro e mantendo contato até convencê-lo a ir para Esher. Ele ponderou o que o espanhol queria de Eccles, que não era nem inteligente nem charmoso, especialmente para um latino de raciocínio rápido. Concluiu que Eccles foi escolhido por sua qualidade excepcional: era o epítome da respeitabilidade britânica convencional, uma testemunha ideal para impressionar outros britânicos. Como prova, ambos os inspetores aceitaram sua história extraordinária sem questionar.

**En** Watson perguntou o que Eccles deveria testemunhar.

**En** Ele respondeu que, no final, Eccles não testemunhou nada, mas teria testemunhado tudo se os eventos tivessem tomado um rumo diferente. Essa foi sua interpretação.

**En** Ele percebeu que o homem poderia ter fornecido provas de que estava em outro lugar naquele momento.

**En** Holmes explicou a Watson que Garcia poderia ter provado um alibi. Ele levantou a hipótese de que a família em Wisteria Lodge era de conspiradores e, manipulando os relógios, eles podem ter feito Scott Eccles acreditar que era mais tarde do que realmente era. Se Garcia pudesse completar sua tarefa e voltar no horário combinado, ele teria uma defesa forte. Ter um inglês como Eccles jurando que Garcia estava em casa o tempo todo era um seguro contra possíveis acusações.

**En** Watson reconheceu que entendia, mas então perguntou o que tinha acontecido com os outros que haviam desaparecido.

**En** Holmes disse que ainda não tinha todos os fatos, mas acreditava que não existiam problemas intransponíveis. No entanto, ele alertou que era um erro raciocinar antes de ter todos os dados, pois pode-se distorcer inconscientemente os fatos para adequá-los às próprias teorias.

**En** Watson então voltou sua atenção para a mensagem.

**En** O orador considerou o significado da nota. Ele pensou que a frase sobre as cores soava como uma corrida, e as instruções sobre verde e branco eram obviamente um sinal. Os detalhes sobre a escada principal e o corredor indicavam um local de encontro. Ele especulou que um marido ciumento poderia estar envolvido. A missão era claramente perigosa, já que ela não teria lhe desejado boa sorte caso contrário. A letra D provavelmente era um guia.

**En** O orador sugeriu que o homem era espanhol e que a letra D significava Dolores, um nome feminino comum na Espanha.

**En** Holmes elogiou a ideia de Watson, mas disse que não era aceitável. Ele argumentou que um espanhol escreveria para outro espanhol em espanhol, então o autor da nota devia ser inglês. Ele decidiu que teriam que esperar pacientemente pelo inspetor voltar. Enquanto isso, poderiam ser gratos por uma pequena pausa do tédio de não fazer nada.

**En** Uma resposta ao telegrama de Holmes chegou antes do oficial de Surrey retornar. Holmes leu e estava prestes a guardá-la, mas viu o narrador com ar ansioso. Então, jogou a mensagem para ele com uma risada.

**En** Holmes comentou que estavam lidando com pessoas de alto escalão.

**En** O telegrama listava nomes e endereços.

**En** A lista incluía Lord Harringby em The Dingle, Sir George Ffolliott em Oxshott Towers, Mr. Hynes Hynes em Purdley Place, Mr. James Baker Williams em Forton Old Hall, Mr. Henderson em High Gable e Reverendo Joshua Stone em Nether Walsling.

**En** Holmes observou que este era um método óbvio para restringir a busca, e achava que Baynes, sendo metódico, provavelmente já havia adotado um plano semelhante.

**En** A outra pessoa confessou que não entendia completamente.

**En** Holmes explicou que eles haviam concluído que a mensagem de jantar de Garcia era um compromisso de reunião. Se significava subir uma escada principal e encontrar a sétima porta, a casa deveria ser grande e a uma ou duas milhas de Oxshott, já que Garcia andou até lá e planejava voltar até uma hora para manter um álibi. Como as casas grandes perto de Oxshott eram poucas, Holmes contatou os agentes que Scott Eccles mencionou e obteve uma lista por telegrama. Ele acreditava que a resposta estava entre esses nomes.

**En** Era quase seis horas quando nos encontramos na bela vila de Esher, em Surrey, acompanhados pelo Inspetor Baynes.

**En** Holmes e eu conseguimos quartos para a noite no Bull, e depois partimos com o detetive para visitar Wisteria Lodge. Era uma noite fria e escura de março; um vento cortante e uma chuva fina batiam em nossos rostos, condizentes com a charneca selvagem que atravessamos e o trágico destino que nos aguardava.

**En** Uma caminhada fria e melancólica de cerca de três quilômetros nos levou a um portão alto de madeira, que se abria para uma avenida sombria de castanheiros. A entrada curva e sombreada nos conduziu a uma casa baixa e escura, completamente negra contra um céu cor de

ardósia. Da janela da frente à esquerda da porta, via-se um leve brilho de luz.

**En** Baynes disse que um policial estava no local e bateu na janela. Ele atravessou a grama e tocou no vidro. Através do vidro embaçado, vi vagamente um homem pular de uma cadeira perto do fogo e ouvi um grito agudo vindo de dentro. Um instante depois, um policial de rosto pálido e respirando com dificuldade abriu a porta, a vela tremendo em sua mão trêmula.

**En** Baynes perguntou a Walters, de forma incisiva, o que havia acontecido.

**En** O homem enxugou a testa com um lenço e soltou um longo suspiro de alívio.

**En** Ele expressou sua alegria pela chegada do cavalheiro, confessando que a noite havia sido longa e que sua coragem não era mais a mesma.

**En** O outro comentou que a menção de Walters sobre coragem o surpreendeu, pois não suspeitava que Walters tivesse alguma.

**En** Walters explicou que a casa solitária e silenciosa e o objeto estranho na cozinha o perturbaram, e que quando o outro bateu na janela, ele temeu que tivesse voltado.

**En** O outro perguntou o que ele achava que tinha voltado.

**En** O homem respondeu que não podia ter certeza, mas que poderia ter sido o próprio diabo; ele o tinha visto na janela.

**En** O ouvinte perguntou exatamente o que havia aparecido na janela e a que horas.

**En** Ele explicou que isso ocorrera aproximadamente duas horas antes, quando o crepúsculo caía. Estava lendo quando ergueu o olhar e viu um rosto olhando fixamente através do vidro inferior da janela. Comentou que era um rosto aterrorizante, que assombraria seus sonhos.

**En** O oficial repreendeu Walters, sugerindo que tais comentários eram impróprios para um policial.

**En** Walters admitiu que ficara profundamente abalado. Descreveu o rosto como tendo uma cor não natural, como argila misturada com leite,

e o dobro do tamanho de um rosto normal. Tinha olhos enormes e arregalados e uma fileira de dentes brancos, lembrando um animal selvagem. Confessou que ficara paralisado de terror até o rosto desaparecer e que, quando correu para fora, não encontrou nenhum vestígio de ninguém.

**En** O inspetor disse a Walters que, se não soubesse que Walters era um homem bom, teria anotado uma marca negra contra ele. Ele enfatizou que um policial em serviço nunca deveria estar grato por não conseguir prender um suspeito, mesmo que o suspeito fosse o diabo. Então, ele se perguntou em voz alta se todo o incidente poderia ter sido uma alucinação ou um caso de nervosismo.

**En** Holmes afirmou que a questão era facilmente resolvida. Ele acendeu sua pequena lanterna de bolso e examinou brevemente o gramado. Concluiu que a pegada era provavelmente de um sapato tamanho doze e que, se a pessoa tivesse proporções semelhantes ao pé, deveria ser um gigante.

**En** Alguém perguntou o que havia acontecido com a pessoa.

**En** Parecia que a pessoa havia aberto caminho pelos arbustos e seguido em direção à estrada.

**En** O inspetor, com uma expressão séria e contemplativa, comentou que quem quer que fosse a pessoa e quaisquer que fossem suas intenções, ela tinha ido embora por enquanto. Ele acrescentou que tinham assuntos mais urgentes para tratar. Em seguida, pediu permissão a Holmes para lhe mostrar a casa.

**En** Uma busca cuidadosa nos quartos e salas de estar não revelou nada de interesse. Aparentemente, os inquilinos trouxeram muito pouco consigo; todos os móveis, até o menor item, haviam sido adquiridos junto com a casa. Uma quantidade de roupas da Marx and Co., High Holborn, foi deixada para trás. Investigações telegráficas mostraram que a Marx não sabia nada sobre seu cliente, exceto que ele pagava prontamente. Entre os pertences pessoais estavam cachimbos, romances (dois em espanhol), um revólver de percussão antigo e um violão.

**En** Baynes, carregando uma vela, moveu-se de cômodo em cômodo e relatou que nada havia sido descoberto. Ele então chamou a atenção de Holmes para a cozinha.

**En** A cozinha era um cômodo sombrio e com teto alto nos fundos, com uma cama de palha em um canto que aparentemente servia como local de dormir do cozinheiro. A mesa estava cheia de pratos meio comidos e pratos sujos, restos do jantar da noite anterior.

**En** Baynes apontou para um objeto e perguntou a Holmes o que ele achava daquilo.

**En** Ele ergueu a vela para iluminar um objeto peculiar na parte de trás do aparador. Era tão enrugado e ressecado que sua natureza era incerta; era preto e coriáceo e lembrava uma figura humana anã. À primeira vista, poderia ser um bebê negro mumificado, depois um macaco antigo retorcido, mas no final era impossível dizer se era animal ou humano. Ao redor de seu meio havia uma corda dupla de conchas brancas.

**En** Holmes examinou a relíquia sinistra com grande interesse e pediu mais informações.

**En** Baynes silenciosamente levou Holmes até a pia e ergueu sua vela. A pia estava coberta com o corpo e os membros rasgados de um grande pássaro branco, ainda coberto de penas. Holmes apontou para a crista na cabeça decepada.

**En** Holmes identificou a ave como um galo branco e comentou que o caso era muito interessante e incomum.

**En** Baynes guardou sua evidência mais perturbadora para o final. Ele tirou um balde de zinco com sangue debaixo da pia e um prato cheio de pequenos pedaços de osso queimado.

**En** Ele explicou que algo havia sido morto e queimado, e eles haviam recuperado os fragmentos do fogo. Um médico os examinara e confirmara que não eram humanos.

**En** Holmes sorriu e demonstrou sua satisfação esfregando as mãos.

**En** Holmes parabenizou o inspetor por sua condução de um caso tão incomum e instrutivo, acrescentando que suas habilidades pareciam superiores às oportunidades que ele tinha para usá-las.

**En** Um brilho de satisfação apareceu nos pequenos olhos do Inspetor Baynes.

**En** O inspetor concordou com Holmes, explicando que eles estagnavam no interior e que um caso como aquele oferecia uma oportunidade que ele esperava aproveitar. Em seguida, perguntou a opinião de Holmes sobre os ossos.

**En** Holmes sugeriu que os ossos pertenciam a um cordeiro ou a um cabrito.

**En** Ele perguntou sobre o galo branco.

**En** Ele observou ao Sr. Baynes que era muito curioso, quase único.

**En** Ele concordou que pessoas muito estranhas com hábitos incomuns deviam ter vivido na casa. Uma delas havia morrido. Ele se perguntou se seus companheiros o haviam matado; se sim, seriam pegos porque todos os portos estavam vigiados. No entanto, sua própria opinião era diferente.

**En** Holmes perguntou se ele tinha uma teoria.

**En** Ele declarou que trabalharia no caso ele mesmo porque sua própria reputação estava em jogo. Ele precisava construir seu nome enquanto Holmes já tinha um. Ele teria orgulho de dizer que resolveu sem a ajuda de Holmes.

**En** Holmes riu com bom humor.

**En** Holmes disse ao inspetor que cada um deveria seguir sua própria abordagem, acrescentando que suas descobertas estariam disponíveis se necessário. Ele considerou que já tinha visto o suficiente na casa e poderia usar melhor seu tempo em outro lugar, então se despediu e desejou boa sorte ao inspetor.

**En** Percebi por pistas sutis que Holmes estava em uma pista importante. Embora parecesse calmo, seus olhos mais brilhantes e movimentos mais rápidos traíam uma excitação e tensão controladas que me asseguravam que a investigação estava ativa. Como de costume, ele não disse nada, e eu não fiz perguntas. Bastava ajudar no jogo sem perturbar sua concentração; eu sabia que tudo seria revelado a seu tempo.

**En** Esperei, mas para minha crescente decepção, nada aconteceu. Dias se passaram sem que meu amigo fizesse nenhum progresso aparente. Certa vez, ele passou uma manhã na cidade e soube que

havia visitado o Museu Britânico. Fora isso, seus dias eram preenchidos por longas caminhadas solitárias ou conversas com fofoqueiros da vila com quem ele havia feito amizade.

**En** Holmes comentou que uma semana no campo me faria bem. Ele notou o prazer de ver novamente os primeiros brotos verdes e os amentilhos das aveleiras. Com uma espátula, uma lata e um livro básico de botânica, sugeriu, poderiam-se passar dias instrutivos. Ele mesmo vagava com essas ferramentas, embora as plantas que trazia à noite fossem decepcionantemente poucas.

**En** Ocasionalmente, durante nossos passeios, encontrávamos o Inspetor Baynes. Seu rosto redondo e vermelho se iluminava com sorrisos e seus pequenos olhos brilhavam ao cumprimentar meu companheiro. Ele dizia pouco sobre o caso, mas pelo que dizia, deduzimos que também estava satisfeito com o progresso. No entanto, devo admitir que fiquei um tanto surpreso quando, cerca de cinco dias após o crime, abri meu jornal matinal e vi grandes manchetes.

**En** O Mistério de Oxshott

**En** Uma Solução

**En** Prisão do Suposto Assassino

**En** Quando li essas manchetes, Holmes saltou em sua cadeira como se tivesse sido picado.

**En** Ele exclamou surpreso e perguntou se era verdade que Baynes o havia capturado.

**En** Eu respondi que parecia ser assim e comecei a ler o relatório.

**En** Houve grande agitação em Esher e arredores quando a notícia de que uma prisão havia sido feita no caso do assassinato de Oxshott. O Sr. Garcia foi encontrado morto em Oxshott Common, mostrando sinais de violência, e seu criado e cozinheiro haviam fugido na mesma noite, sugerindo seu envolvimento. Suspeitava-se que o motivo poderia ser roubo. O inspetor Baynes, encarregado do caso, acreditava que os furtivos estavam escondidos nas proximidades. O cozinheiro era particularmente distinto: um mulato grande e feio, de pele escura. Ele foi visto após o crime e perseguido quando retornou à casa. Baynes armou uma emboscada, e o cozinheiro foi capturado após uma luta em que

mordeu um policial. A polícia planejava solicitar mais tempo para interrogar o prisioneiro e esperava obter novas informações importantes.

**En** Holmes insistiu que eles precisavam ver Baynes imediatamente, e eles saíram apressados. Eles alcançaram o inspetor quando ele estava saindo de casa.

**En** O inspetor perguntou a Holmes se ele tinha visto o jornal e lhe ofereceu uma cópia.

**En** Holmes reconheceu que tinha visto e esperava que Baynes não considerasse presunçoso se ele oferecesse um aviso amigável.

**En** Baynes perguntou a Holmes se ele estava se referindo a um aviso.

**En** Holmes afirmou que havia examinado o caso minuciosamente e duvidava que Baynes estivesse no caminho certo. Ele aconselhou Baynes a não prosseguir muito longe a menos que tivesse certeza.

**En** Baynes expressou sua gratidão, chamando Holmes de muito gentil.

**En** Holmes garantiu a Baynes que suas palavras eram para o benefício de Baynes.

**En** O narrador observou que um movimento fugaz, que lembrava uma piscadela, apareceu momentaneamente em um dos olhos pequenos do Sr. Baynes.

**En** Baynes lembrou Holmes de que eles haviam concordado em trabalhar de forma independente, e era exatamente isso que ele estava fazendo.

**En** Holmes respondeu com aprovação, mas alertou que Baynes não deveria responsabilizá-lo.

**En** Baynes reconheceu as boas intenções de Holmes, mas insistiu que cada pessoa tem seus próprios métodos, e ele estava seguindo os seus.

**En** Holmes sugeriu que eles deixassem o assunto de lado.

**En** O orador disse que o homem era um selvagem completo, tão forte quanto um cavalo e tão feroz quanto o diabo. Ele quase arrancou o

polegar de Downing antes que conseguissem dominá-lo. O homem falava muito pouco inglês e só se comunicava com grunhidos.

**En** Holmes perguntou se eles acreditavam ter provas de que o homem havia matado seu antigo patrão.

**En** O orador disse ao Sr. Holmes que não havia feito tal afirmação. Ele sugeriu que cada um seguisse seus próprios métodos, pois esse era o acordo entre eles.

**En** Enquanto se afastavam, Holmes deu de ombros e disse que não conseguia entender o homem; parecia que ele estava indo para uma encrenca. Holmes concordou que cada um deveria tentar sua própria abordagem e ver o que acontecia, mas admitiu que havia algo no Inspetor Baynes que ele não conseguia compreender bem.

**En** Depois que voltaram ao seu apartamento no Bull, Sherlock Holmes pediu que Watson se sentasse. Ele queria atualizar Watson sobre o caso, pois poderia precisar de sua ajuda naquela noite. Holmes explicou que mostraria como o caso havia se desenvolvido. Embora seus pontos principais fossem simples, ele havia apresentado dificuldades surpreendentes para fazer uma prisão. Ainda havia lacunas que precisavam ser preenchidas.

**En** O orador voltou ao bilhete que havia sido entregue a Garcia na noite de sua morte. Ele descartou a ideia de que os servos de Garcia estivessem envolvidos, observando que o próprio Garcia havia organizado a presença de Scott Eccles para criar um álibi. Garcia devia estar envolvido em um empreendimento criminoso naquela noite, e morreu durante ele. O orador raciocinou que a pessoa contra quem o crime era direcionado era a assassina mais provável. Nesse ponto, o orador se sentiu confiante nessa linha de raciocínio.

**En** O orador então explicou por que a casa de Garcia havia desaparecido. Eles eram todos cúmplices no mesmo crime secreto. Se o plano tivesse sucesso quando Garcia retornasse, o testemunho de Scott Eccles evitaria suspeitas. Mas a tentativa era perigosa, e se Garcia não retornasse até uma certa hora, ele provavelmente havia sido morto. Nesse caso, seus dois assistentes deveriam fugir para um local pré-combinado, onde poderiam evitar investigações e planejar outra tentativa. Isso, concluiu o orador, explicaria a situação.

**En** Toda a situação confusa de repente ficou clara para o orador. Como acontecia frequentemente, ele se perguntou por que não tinha sido óbvio para ele antes.

**En** Alguém perguntou por que apenas um servo havia retornado.

**En** O orador sugeriu que, na confusão da fuga, algo precioso que o servo não suportava deixar para trás foi esquecido. Isso explicaria por que ele voltou, propôs o orador.

**En** Ele perguntou sobre o próximo curso de ação.

**En** O detetive raciocinou que o próximo passo envolvia analisar a nota que Garcia recebeu no jantar, a qual apontava para um cúmplice no outro extremo. Ele já havia inspecionado todas as grandes casas da área e concluído que apenas uma, High Gable, era suspeita. O proprietário, Sr. Henderson, era um homem curioso, então ele concentrou sua atenção nele e em sua casa.

**En** Ele descreveu Henderson como um homem singular de cinquenta anos, forte e ativo, com uma presença imponente e aparência estrangeira. Seu secretário, Sr. Lucas, também era estrangeiro, moreno, suave e felino. O detetive notou que agora haviam encontrado dois grupos de estrangeiros — um em Wisteria Lodge e outro em High Gable — o que começava a fechar as lacunas na investigação.

**En** A casa girava em torno de Henderson e seu amigo próximo Lucas, mas também incluía as duas filhas pequenas de Henderson, de onze e treze anos, e sua governanta, Srta. Burnet, uma inglesa na casa dos quarenta. Havia também um criado de confiança. Henderson era extremamente rico e havia retornado recentemente de um ano de viagens. A casa era servida por muitos criados, típicos de uma grande casa de campo inglesa.

**En** Ele reuniu informações da fofoca da vila e de suas próprias observações. Teve a sorte de encontrar um jardineiro demitido, John Warner, que havia sido despedido por Henderson. Warner tinha amigos entre os criados da casa que temiam e desprezavam seu patrão, dando ao detetive uma chave para os segredos do estabelecimento.

**En** Watson comentou sobre a estranheza das pessoas naquela casa, que era dividida em duas alas com aposentos separados para os criados e a família, conectados apenas por uma porta usada para servir as

refeições. A governanta e as crianças raramente saíam do jardim, e Henderson nunca andava sozinho; seu secretário estava sempre com ele. Os criados acreditavam que seu mestre estava aterrorizado com alguma coisa, com um deles chegando a afirmar que ele havia vendido sua alma ao diabo e esperava que seu credor viesse cobrar. Ninguém sabia de onde eles vieram, e Henderson tinha um temperamento violento, tendo açoitado pessoas duas vezes e evitado problemas legais apenas pagando indenização.

**En** Holmes sugeriu que a carta provavelmente veio daquela estranha casa e era um convite para Garcia executar uma tentativa planejada. O bilhete deve ter sido escrito por uma mulher de dentro, provavelmente a governanta, Srta. Burnet. Todo o raciocínio apontava nessa direção, então ele propôs tratar isso como uma hipótese e ver o que se seguia. Ele acrescentou que a idade e o caráter da Srta. Burnet tornavam certo que sua ideia inicial de um interesse amoroso era impossível.

**En** Se a Srta. Burnet escreveu o bilhete, ela provavelmente era amiga e cúmplice de Garcia. Se Garcia morreu durante algum ato criminoso, ela poderia permanecer em silêncio, mas certamente sentiria amargura e ódio por seus assassinos e poderia desejar vingança. Holmes pensou em vê-la e tentar usá-la, mas um fato sinistro surgiu: a Srta. Burnet não era vista desde a noite do assassinato. Ela havia desaparecido completamente. A questão permanecia se ela estava viva, tinha morrido na mesma noite ou estava apenas presa.

**En** Holmes explicou a dificuldade: não havia evidências para obter um mandado, e todo o caso poderia parecer fantástico para um magistrado. O desaparecimento da mulher não era significativo por si só, já que naquela casa extraordinária qualquer membro poderia ficar invisível por uma semana. No entanto, ela poderia estar em perigo de vida. Tudo o que ele podia fazer era vigiar a casa e manter seu agente Warner de guarda nos portões. Já que a lei nada podia fazer, eles teriam que assumir o risco eles mesmos.

**En** Watson perguntou o que Holmes sugeria.

**En** Holmes afirmou que sabia qual quarto pertencia à senhora e que era possível alcançá-lo a partir do topo de um anexo. Ele propôs que fossem naquela noite para tentar chegar ao cerne do mistério.

**En** O narrador admitiu que o plano não parecia atraente. A casa velha com sua atmosfera assassina, os estranhos e perigosos habitantes, os riscos desconhecidos da aproximação e o fato de que estariam agindo fora da lei reduziram seu entusiasmo. No entanto, o raciocínio friamente lógico de Holmes tornava impossível recusar qualquer aventura que ele recomendasse. Ele sabia que apenas assim a verdade poderia ser descoberta. Ele apertou a mão de Holmes em silêncio, e a decisão foi tomada.

**En** No entanto, a investigação deles não estava destinada a ter uma conclusão tão dramática. Por volta das cinco horas, enquanto as sombras da tarde de março se alongavam, um camponês excitado irrompeu em seu quarto.

**En** O homem relatou que as pessoas que eles procuravam haviam partido no último trem. Ele acrescentou que a senhora havia escapado e que a estava esperando em um táxi lá embaixo.

**En** Holmes exclamou com aprovação, levantando-se rapidamente, e disse a Watson que as peças que faltavam estavam se encaixando.

**En** No táxi estava uma mulher que parecia à beira de um colapso por exaustão nervosa. Seu rosto fino e aquilino mostrava sinais de uma tragédia recente. Ela pendia a cabeça fracamente, mas quando a ergueu e olhou para nós, notei que suas pupilas eram minúsculos pontos escuros dentro de amplas íris cinzas. Ela havia sido drogada com ópio.

**En** O jardineiro, que havia sido demitido, relatou a Holmes que vigiara o portão conforme as instruções. Quando a carruagem saiu, ele a seguiu até a estação. A mulher parecia estar andando sonâmbula, mas quando tentaram colocá-la no trem, ela recobrou a consciência e lutou. Eles a forçaram a entrar, mas ela lutou para sair novamente. Ele tomou seu partido, colocou-a em um táxi e a trouxe até lá. Ele disse que nunca esqueceria o rosto na janela da carruagem enquanto a afastava—um rosto de olhos escuros, carrancudo e amarelado, que sugeria um homem perigoso.

**En** Nós a carregamos para cima e a colocamos no sofá. Após duas xícaras de café forte, a névoa da droga gradualmente deixou sua mente. Holmes havia mandado chamar Baynes, e as circunstâncias foram rapidamente explicadas a ele.

**En** O inspetor apertou calorosamente a mão de Holmes e disse que ele havia fornecido exatamente a evidência de que precisava. Ele acrescentou que vinha seguindo a mesma pista desde o início.

**En** Holmes exclamou surpreso, perguntando se o inspetor estava perseguindo Henderson.

**En** Baynes disse a Holmes que, enquanto Holmes estava rastejando pelos arbustos em High Gable, ele próprio estava em uma árvore na plantação, observando-o. Ele acrescentou que era uma corrida para ver quem reuniria suas evidências primeiro.

# Preface

## Pt/En

### Português

Os leitores do Sr. Sherlock Holmes ficarão satisfeitos em saber que ele continua vivo e bem, embora sofra um pouco de reumatismo. Por muitos anos ele viveu em uma pequena fazenda em Downs, a cinco milhas de Eastbourne, dividindo seu tempo entre filosofia e agricultura. Durante essa aposentadoria, ele recusou muitas ofertas generosas para assumir casos, tendo decidido tornar sua aposentadoria permanente. No entanto, a aproximação da guerra alemã o levou a oferecer sua combinação única de habilidades intelectuais e práticas ao Governo, com resultados históricos que são narrados em 'His Last Bow'. Várias experiências anteriores do portfólio do narrador foram adicionadas a este volume para completá-lo.

### Original English

The friends of Mr. Sherlock Holmes will be glad to learn that he is still alive and well, though somewhat crippled by occasional attacks of rheumatism. He has, for many years, lived in a small farm upon the Downs five miles from Eastbourne, where his time is divided between philosophy and agriculture. During this period of rest he has refused the most princely offers to take up various cases, having determined that his retirement was a permanent one. The approach of the German war caused him, however, to lay his remarkable combination of intellectual and practical activity at the disposal of the Government, with historical results which are recounted in "His Last Bow." Several previous experiences which have lain long in my portfolio have been added to "His Last Bow" so as to complete the volume.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O prefácio é assinado pelo Dr. John H. Watson.

### Original English

John H. Watson, M.D.

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# The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

De acordo com o caderno do narrador, era um dia sombrio e ventoso no final de março de 1892. Enquanto almoçavam, Holmes recebeu um telegrama e escreveu uma resposta. Ele não disse nada, mas parecia preocupado; depois ficou perto do fogo, fumando seu cachimbo e olhando ocasionalmente para a mensagem. Então, de repente, ele se virou para o narrador com um olhar malicioso nos olhos.

### **Original English**

I find it recorded in my notebook that it was a bleak and windy day towards the end of March in the year 1892. Holmes had received a telegram while we sat at our lunch, and he had scribbled a reply. He made no remark, but the matter remained in his thoughts, for he stood in front of the fire afterwards with a thoughtful face, smoking his pipe, and casting an occasional glance at the message. Suddenly he turned upon me with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes observou que eles deviam considerar Watson um homem de letras e pediu que ele definisse a palavra 'grotesco'.

### **Original English**

"I suppose, Watson, we must look upon you as a man of letters," said he. "How do you define the word 'grotesque'?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson sugeriu que a palavra significava estranho ou notável.

### **Original English**

"Strange—remarkable," I suggested.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele discordou da minha definição, balançando a cabeça.

**Original English**

He shook his head at my definition.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele disse que devia haver algo mais, um sentido oculto de tragédia e horror. Ele me exortou a lembrar de histórias que eu havia contado ao público, observando como o estranho frequentemente se transformava em criminal. Ele mencionou o caso dos homens ruivos, que começou estranhamente mas terminou em uma tentativa de roubo, e o caso das cinco sementes de laranja, que levou diretamente a uma conspiração assassina. Ele concluiu que a própria palavra o deixava em alerta.

**Original English**

“There is surely something more than that,” said he; “some underlying suggestion of the tragic and the terrible. If you cast your mind back to some of those narratives with which you have afflicted a long-suffering public, you will recognize how often the grotesque has deepened into the criminal. Think of that little affair of the redheaded men. That was grotesque enough in the outset, and yet it ended in a desperate attempt at robbery. Or, again, there was that most grotesque affair of the five orange pips, which led straight to a murderous conspiracy. The word puts me on the alert.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Perguntei se ele o tinha consigo.

**Original English**

“Have you it there?” I asked.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele leu o telegrama em voz alta.

**Original English**

He read the telegram aloud.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O telegrama afirmava que o remetente acabara de vivenciar algo incrivelmente estranho e grotesco, e perguntava se poderia consultá-lo.

**Original English**

“Have just had most incredible and grotesque experience. May I consult you?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele falou diretamente com Scott Eccles.

**Original English**

“Scott Eccles,

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele indicou a Agência dos Correios em Charing Cross.

**Original English**

“Post Office, Charing Cross.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Perguntei se a pessoa era homem ou mulher.

**Original English**

“Man or woman?” I asked.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele respondeu que era um homem, explicando que nenhuma mulher enviaria um telegrama com resposta paga; ela teria vindo pessoalmente.

**Original English**

“Oh, man, of course. No woman would ever send a reply-paid telegram. She would have come.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou se eu o veria.

**Original English**

“Will you see him?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes disse a Watson que estava extremamente entediado desde que prenderam o Coronel Carruthers. Ele comparou sua mente ociosa a um motor de corrida se despedaçando sem trabalho. Disse que a vida parecia monótona, os jornais desinteressantes e o crime havia perdido seu caráter aventureiro. Perguntou retoricamente se Watson poderia duvidar de seu entusiasmo em investigar qualquer novo problema, por mais trivial que fosse. Em seguida, observou que seu cliente parecia ter chegado.

**Original English**

“My dear Watson, you know how bored I have been since we locked up Colonel Carruthers. My mind is like a racing engine, tearing itself to pieces because it is not connected up with the work for which it was built. Life is commonplace, the papers are sterile; audacity and romance seem to have passed forever from the criminal world. Can you ask me, then, whether I am ready to look into any new problem, however trivial it may prove? But here, unless I am mistaken, is our client.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Um passo medido soou na escada, e logo um homem alto e robusto, com suíças grisalhas e um comportamento solenemente respeitável, foi introduzido. Suas feições pesadas e maneiras pomposas revelavam sua natureza conservadora e convencional. No entanto, alguma experiência impressionante perturbara sua calma habitual, evidente em seu cabelo eriçado, bochechas coradas e maneira agitada. Ele imediatamente começou a tratar de seu assunto.

### **Original English**

A measured step was heard upon the stairs, and a moment later a stout, tall, gray-whiskered and solemnly respectable person was ushered into the room. His life history was written in his heavy features and pompous manner. From his spats to his gold-rimmed spectacles he was a Conservative, a churchman, a good citizen, orthodox and conventional to the last degree. But some amazing experience had disturbed his native composure and left its traces in his bristling hair, his flushed, angry cheeks, and his flurried, excited manner. He plunged instantly into his business.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O visitante declarou que havia passado por uma experiência muito singular e desagradável. Afirmou que nunca estivera em uma situação tão imprópria e ultrajante antes e exigiu uma explicação. Ele inflou de raiva.

### **Original English**

“I have had a most singular and unpleasant experience, Mr. Holmes,” said he. “Never in my life have I been placed in such a situation. It is most improper—most outrageous. I must insist upon some explanation.” He

swelled and puffed in his anger.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes pediu que ele se sentasse com uma voz calma e perguntou por que ele tinha vindo até ele.

### **Original English**

“Pray sit down, Mr. Scott Eccles,” said Holmes in a soothing voice. “May I ask, in the first place, why you came to me at all?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eccles respondeu que não achava que o assunto exigisse envolvimento policial, mas após ouvir os fatos, não podia ignorá-lo. Ele admitiu que não tinha simpatia por detetives particulares, mas ouvira o nome de Holmes e decidira vir.

### **Original English**

“Well, sir, it did not appear to be a matter which concerned the police, and yet, when you have heard the facts, you must admit that I could not leave it where it was. Private detectives are a class with whom I have absolutely no sympathy, but none the less, having heard your name—”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes então perguntou por que ele não tinha vindo imediatamente.

### **Original English**

“Quite so. But, in the second place, why did you not come at once?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes consultou seu relógio.

**Original English**

Holmes glanced at his watch.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes observou que eram duas e quinze e que o telegrama havia sido enviado por volta de uma hora. Ele destacou que a aparência desleixada do homem indicava claramente que seu sofrimento havia começado no momento em que acordou.

**Original English**

“It is a quarter-past two,” he said. “Your telegram was dispatched about one. But no one can glance at your toilet and attire without seeing that your disturbance dates from the moment of your waking.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O cliente tentou alisar o cabelo despenteado e tocou o queixo não barbeado.

**Original English**

Our client smoothed down his unbrushed hair and felt his unshaven chin.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O cliente concordou com Holmes, admitindo que não tinha pensado em sua aparência, pois estava apenas aliviado por ter saído da casa. Ele já havia feito algumas investigações e, com os corretores, soube que o aluguel do Sr. Garcia estava totalmente pago e que tudo estava em ordem na Casa Wisteria.

**Original English**

“You are right, Mr. Holmes. I never gave a thought to my toilet. I was only too glad to get out of such a house. But I have been running round making inquiries before I came to you. I went to the house agents, you know, and they said that Mr. Garcia’s rent was paid up all right and that everything was in order at Wisteria Lodge.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes riu baixinho e comentou que o cliente se parecia com o Dr. Watson em sua tendência de narrar os acontecimentos de trás para frente. Em seguida, pediu um relato claro e cronológico das circunstâncias que haviam levado à sua aparência desleixada e à necessidade urgente de ajuda.

### **Original English**

“Come, come, sir,” said Holmes, laughing. “You are like my friend, Dr. Watson, who has a bad habit of telling his stories wrong end foremost. Please arrange your thoughts and let me know, in their due sequence, exactly what those events are which have sent you out unbrushed and unkempt, with dress boots and waistcoat buttoned awry, in search of advice and assistance.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O cliente olhou para baixo com tristeza para seu próprio estado desalinhado.

### **Original English**

Our client looked down with a rueful face at his own unconventional appearance.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O cliente admitiu que sua aparência era certamente terrível e que isso nunca havia acontecido antes. Ele prometeu contar toda a estranha história e acreditava que, ao fazê-lo, Holmes concordaria que ele tinha motivos suficientes para sua condição.

### **Original English**

"I'm sure it must look very bad, Mr. Holmes, and I am not aware that in my whole life such a thing has ever happened before. But I will tell you the whole queer business, and when I have done so you will admit, I am sure, that there has been enough to excuse me."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Antes que o cliente pudesse começar, houve uma agitação lá fora. A Sra. Hudson entrou com dois homens robustos e de aparência oficial. Um era o Inspetor Gregson da Scotland Yard, um oficial enérgico e capaz. Ele cumprimentou Holmes e apresentou seu colega, o Inspetor Baynes da Polícia de Surrey.

### **Original English**

But his narrative was nipped in the bud. There was a bustle outside, and Mrs. Hudson opened the door to usher in two robust and official-looking individuals, one of whom was well known to us as Inspector Gregson of Scotland Yard, an energetic, gallant, and, within his limitations, a capable officer. He shook hands with Holmes and introduced his comrade as Inspector Baynes, of the Surrey Constabulary.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Inspetor Gregson informou a Holmes que eles estavam trabalhando juntos e que sua trilha os havia levado até ali. Ele então fixou o olhar no visitante e perguntou se ele era o Sr. John Scott Eccles, de Popham House, Lee.

### **Original English**

“We are hunting together, Mr. Holmes, and our trail lay in this direction.” He turned his bulldog eyes upon our visitor. “Are you Mr. John Scott Eccles, of Popham House, Lee?”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ele confirmou que era de fato a pessoa.

#### **Original English**

“I am.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Eles lhe disseram que o seguiram durante toda a manhã.

#### **Original English**

“We have been following you about all the morning.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes comentou que eles provavelmente rastrearam o homem por meio do telegrama.

#### **Original English**

“You traced him through the telegram, no doubt,” said Holmes.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O homem confirmou a dedução de Holmes, explicando que eles começaram a perseguição no Correio de Charing Cross e depois seguiram a pista até este local.

#### **Original English**

“Exactly, Mr. Holmes. We picked up the scent at Charing Cross Post-Office and came on here.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou por que o estavam seguindo e qual era o propósito deles.

**Original English**

“But why do you follow me? What do you want?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eles solicitaram ao Sr. Scott Eccles que fornecesse uma declaração sobre os eventos que antecederam a morte do Sr. Aloysius Garcia, que morava em Wisteria Lodge perto de Esher e havia falecido na noite anterior.

**Original English**

“We wish a statement, Mr. Scott Eccles, as to the events which led up to the death last night of Mr. Aloysius Garcia, of Wisteria Lodge, near Esher.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O cliente estava sentado ereto, com os olhos arregalados e o rosto completamente sem cor devido ao choque.

**Original English**

Our client had sat up with staring eyes and every tinge of colour struck from his astonished face.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou incrédulo se eles haviam dito que Garcia estava morto.

**Original English**

“Dead? Did you say he was dead?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eles confirmaram que ele estava morto.

**Original English**

“Yes, sir, he is dead.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele então perguntou como aconteceu, sugerindo que poderia ter sido um acidente.

**Original English**

“But how? An accident?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador afirmou enfaticamente que o incidente era, sem dúvida, um assassinato, tão certo quanto qualquer outro na Terra.

**Original English**

“Murder, if ever there was one upon earth.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele exclamou em choque, questionando se eles realmente pretendiam sugerir que ele era um suspeito.

### **Original English**

“Good God! This is awful! You don’t mean—you don’t mean that I am suspected?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eles informaram que uma carta com seu nome foi encontrada no falecido, o que indicava que ele pretendia ficar na residência da vítima na noite anterior.

### **Original English**

“A letter of yours was found in the dead man’s pocket, and we know by it that you had planned to pass last night at his house.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele reconheceu que este era de fato seu plano.

### **Original English**

“So I did.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O detetive repetiu a confissão com um tom de surpresa, como se buscasse confirmação.

### **Original English**

“Oh, you did, did you?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O inspetor produziu seu caderno oficial.

### **Original English**

Out came the official notebook.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes pediu a Gregson que esperasse e então perguntou se tudo o que queria era uma declaração simples.

### **Original English**

“Wait a bit, Gregson,” said Sherlock Holmes. “All you desire is a plain statement, is it not?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele acrescentou que era seu dever avisar o Sr. Scott Eccles que qualquer coisa que dissesse poderia ser usada contra ele.

### **Original English**

“And it is my duty to warn Mr. Scott Eccles that it may be used against him.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes lembrou ao Sr. Eccles que ele estava prestes a contar sua história quando Gregson entrou. Ele instruiu Watson a buscar um conhaque com soda para o visitante, então aconselhou o Sr. Eccles a ignorar o inspetor e continuar como se não tivesse sido interrompido.

### **Original English**

“Mr. Eccles was going to tell us about it when you entered the room. I think, Watson, a brandy and soda would do him no harm. Now, sir, I suggest that you take no notice of this addition to your audience, and that you proceed

with your narrative exactly as you would have done had you never been interrupted.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Depois de beber o conhaque, o Sr. Eccles recuperou a cor. Ele lançou um olhar duvidoso ao caderno do inspetor e então começou seu relato notável.

### **Original English**

Our visitor had gulped off the brandy and the colour had returned to his face. With a dubious glance at the inspector's notebook, he plunged at once into his extraordinary statement.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele afirmou que era solteiro e, sendo de natureza sociável, tinha um grande círculo de amigos. Entre eles estava a família de um cervejeiro aposentado chamado Melville, que morava em Abermarle Mansion, em Kensington. Foi na mesa deles que ele conhecera um jovem chamado Garcia algumas semanas antes. Ele entendia que Garcia era de ascendência espanhola e tinha alguma conexão com a embaixada. Ele falava inglês perfeito, tinha maneiras agradáveis e era um dos homens mais bonitos que já vira.

### **Original English**

“I am a bachelor,” said he, “and being of a sociable turn I cultivate a large number of friends. Among these are the family of a retired brewer called Melville, living at Abermarle Mansion, Kensington. It was at his table that I met some weeks ago a young fellow named Garcia. He was, I understood, of Spanish descent and connected in some way with the embassy. He spoke perfect English, was pleasing in his manners, and as good-looking a man as ever I saw in my life.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele e o jovem rapidamente formaram uma amizade. Garcia pareceu gostar dele desde o início e, dentro de dois dias após o encontro, veio vê-lo em Lee. Uma coisa levou à outra e, eventualmente, Garcia o convidou para passar alguns dias em sua casa, Wisteria Lodge, localizada entre Esher e Oxshott. Na noite anterior, ele havia ido a Esher para cumprir esse compromisso.

### **Original English**

“In some way we struck up quite a friendship, this young fellow and I. He seemed to take a fancy to me from the first, and within two days of our meeting he came to see me at Lee. One thing led to another, and it ended in his inviting me out to spend a few days at his house, Wisteria Lodge, between Esher and Oxshott. Yesterday evening I went to Esher to fulfil this engagement.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Antes de sua visita, Garcia descrevera sua casa. Ele morava com um servo fiel, um conterrâneo que cuidava de todas as suas necessidades. Esse servo falava inglês e administrava a casa. Havia também uma cozinheira maravilhosa, uma mestiça que ele encontrara em suas viagens, que preparava um excelente jantar. Ele se lembrou de Garcia comentar que era uma casa estranha de se encontrar no coração de Surrey, e ele concordara, embora ela se mostrasse ainda mais estranha do que pensava.

### **Original English**

“He had described his household to me before I went there. He lived with a faithful servant, a countryman of his own, who looked after all his needs. This fellow could speak English and did his housekeeping for him. Then there was a wonderful cook, he said, a half-breed whom he had picked up in his travels, who could serve an excellent dinner. I remember that he remarked what a queer household it was to find in the heart of Surrey, and that I agreed with him, though it has proved a good deal queerer than I thought.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele dirigiu até o local, cerca de três quilômetros ao sul de Esher. A casa era um prédio velho e em ruínas, de tamanho razoável, afastado da estrada, com uma entrada curva ladeada por arbustos altos. Quando sua charrete parou na entrada coberta de grama em frente à porta manchada e desgastada, ele duvidou da sabedoria de visitar um homem que conhecia tão superficialmente. Garcia abriu a porta pessoalmente e o cumprimentou com grande cordialidade. Ele foi entregue ao criado, um indivíduo triste e moreno, que o levou até seu quarto, carregando sua mala. O lugar inteiro era deprimente. Jantaram a sós e, embora o anfitrião tentasse ser divertido, seus pensamentos pareciam vagar continuamente, e ele falava de forma tão vaga e desvairada que mal podia ser compreendido. Batucava os dedos na mesa, roía as unhas e mostrava sinais de impaciência nervosa. O jantar em si não era bem servido nem bem cozido, e a presença sombria do servo taciturno não ajudava. Muitas vezes naquela noite ele desejou poder inventar uma desculpa para voltar a Lee.

### Original English

"I drove to the place—about two miles on the south side of Esher. The house was a fair-sized one, standing back from the road, with a curving drive which was banked with high evergreen shrubs. It was an old, tumbledown building in a crazy state of disrepair. When the trap pulled up on the grass-grown drive in front of the blotched and weather-stained door, I had doubts as to my wisdom in visiting a man whom I knew so slightly. He opened the door himself, however, and greeted me with a great show of cordiality. I was handed over to the manservant, a melancholy, swarthy individual, who led the way, my bag in his hand, to my bedroom. The whole place was depressing. Our dinner was tête-à-tête, and though my host did his best to be entertaining, his thoughts seemed to continually wander, and he talked so vaguely and wildly that I could hardly understand him. He continually drummed his fingers on the table, gnawed his nails, and gave other signs of nervous impatience. The dinner itself was neither well served nor well cooked, and the gloomy presence of the taciturn servant did not help to enliven us. I can assure you that many times in the course of the evening I wished that I could invent some excuse which would take me back to Lee.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Um incidente voltou à sua memória que poderia ser relevante para o assunto que os dois cavalheiros estavam investigando. Ele não pensou nada na época. Perto do fim do jantar, um bilhete foi entregue pelo criado. Ele notou que, depois que seu anfitrião o leu, parecia ainda mais distraído e estranho do que antes. Ele abandonou toda a pretensão de conversa e sentou-se fumando cigarros sem parar, perdido em seus próprios pensamentos, mas não fez nenhum comentário sobre o conteúdo. Por volta das onze, ele ficou feliz em ir para a cama. Algum tempo depois, Garcia olhou pela porta do quarto — o quarto estava escuro na época — e perguntou se ele havia tocado a campainha. Ele disse que não. Garcia se desculpou por tê-lo perturbado tão tarde, dizendo que era quase uma hora. Depois disso, ele adormeceu e dormiu profundamente a noite toda.

### Original English

“One thing comes back to my memory which may have a bearing upon the business that you two gentlemen are investigating. I thought nothing of it at the time. Near the end of dinner a note was handed in by the servant. I noticed that after my host had read it he seemed even more distrait and strange than before. He gave up all pretence at conversation and sat, smoking endless cigarettes, lost in his own thoughts, but he made no remark as to the contents. About eleven I was glad to go to bed. Some time later Garcia looked in at my door—the room was dark at the time—and asked me if I had rung. I said that I had not. He apologized for having disturbed me so late, saying that it was nearly one o’clock. I dropped off after this and slept soundly all night.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Eccles contou que a parte mais surpreendente de sua história começou quando ele acordou e já era dia claro. Ele olhou para o relógio e viu que eram quase nove horas. Ele havia pedido especificamente para ser acordado às oito, então ficou muito surpreso com o esquecimento. Ele pulou da cama e chamou o empregado, mas ninguém respondeu. Ele tocou a campainha repetidamente, com o mesmo resultado, concluindo que ela devia estar quebrada. Vestiu-se rapidamente e desceu as escadas de mau humor, com a intenção de pedir água quente. Para seu espanto, encontrou a casa completamente vazia. Gritou no corredor, mas não

houve resposta. Correu de cômodo em cômodo, e todos estavam desertos. Lembrando onde ficava o quarto do anfitrião, bateu na porta. Sem resposta, girou a maçaneta e entrou. O quarto estava vazio, e a cama não havia sido usada. Seu anfitrião havia partido com os outros. O anfitrião estrangeiro, o laçao estrangeiro e a cozinheira estrangeira haviam desaparecido durante a noite. Foi assim que sua visita a Wisteria Lodge terminou.

### Original English

“And now I come to the amazing part of my tale. When I woke it was broad daylight. I glanced at my watch, and the time was nearly nine. I had particularly asked to be called at eight, so I was very much astonished at this forgetfulness. I sprang up and rang for the servant. There was no response. I rang again and again, with the same result. Then I came to the conclusion that the bell was out of order. I huddled on my clothes and hurried downstairs in an exceedingly bad temper to order some hot water. You can imagine my surprise when I found that there was no one there. I shouted in the hall. There was no answer. Then I ran from room to room. All were deserted. My host had shown me which was his bedroom the night before, so I knocked at the door. No reply. I turned the handle and walked in. The room was empty, and the bed had never been slept in. He had gone with the rest. The foreign host, the foreign footman, the foreign cook, all had vanished in the night! That was the end of my visit to Wisteria Lodge.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Sherlock Holmes esfregou as mãos e riu baixinho ao adicionar esse evento estranho ao seu registro de ocorrências incomuns.

### Original English

Sherlock Holmes was rubbing his hands and chuckling as he added this bizarre incident to his collection of strange episodes.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sherlock Holmes observou que a experiência do Sr. Eccles parecia ser completamente única. Ele então perguntou o que o Sr. Eccles tinha feito em seguida.

### **Original English**

“Your experience is, so far as I know, perfectly unique,” said he. “May I ask, sir, what you did then?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Sr. Eccles afirmou que estava muito irritado e inicialmente acreditou ter sido vítima de uma brincadeira de mau gosto. Ele arrumou seus pertences, bateu a porta e foi a pé para Esher carregando sua mala. Lá, visitou a Allan Brothers, os principais corretores de imóveis, e soube que a vila havia sido alugada por meio deles. Ele suspeitou que todo o caso não era apenas para fazê-lo parecer tolo, mas provavelmente para evitar pagar o aluguel, já que o dia do pagamento trimestral se aproximava. No entanto, o agente informou que o aluguel havia sido pago antecipadamente. Em seguida, ele foi a Londres e passou na embaixada espanhola, onde o homem era desconhecido. Depois, conversou com Melville, em cuja casa ele conhecera Garcia, mas Melville sabia ainda menos sobre ele do que Eccles. Finalmente, após receber uma resposta ao seu telegrama, ele veio procurar Holmes para obter conselhos. Eccles acrescentou que, pelas palavras do inspetor ao entrar, entendeu que uma tragédia havia ocorrido. Ele insistiu que tudo o que disse era verdade e que não sabia mais nada sobre o destino do homem, desejando apenas ajudar a lei.

### **Original English**

“I was furious. My first idea was that I had been the victim of some absurd practical joke. I packed my things, banged the hall door behind me, and set off for Esher, with my bag in my hand. I called at Allan Brothers’, the chief land agents in the village, and found that it was from this firm that the villa had been rented. It struck me that the whole proceeding could hardly be for the purpose of making a fool of me, and that the main object must be to get out of the rent. It is late in March, so quarter-day is at hand. But this theory would not work. The agent was obliged to me for my warning, but told me that the rent had been paid in advance. Then I made my way to town and

called at the Spanish embassy. The man was unknown there. After this I went to see Melville, at whose house I had first met Garcia, but I found that he really knew rather less about him than I did. Finally when I got your reply to my wire I came out to you, since I gather that you are a person who gives advice in difficult cases. But now, Mr. Inspector, I understand, from what you said when you entered the room, that you can carry the story on, and that some tragedy had occurred. I can assure you that every word I have said is the truth, and that, outside of what I have told you, I know absolutely nothing about the fate of this man. My only desire is to help the law in every possible way.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O inspetor Gregson disse que tinha certeza do Sr. Scott Eccles. Ele afirmou que tudo o que o Sr. Eccles lhe contara correspondia aos fatos que haviam descoberto. Em seguida, perguntou se o Sr. Eccles havia notado o que acontecera com um bilhete que chegara durante o jantar.

### **Original English**

“I am sure of it, Mr. Scott Eccles—I am sure of it,” said Inspector Gregson in a very amiable tone. “I am bound to say that everything which you have said agrees very closely with the facts as they have come to our notice. For example, there was that note which arrived during dinner. Did you chance to observe what became of it?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele confirmou que Garcia o enrolou e o jogou nas chamas.

### **Original English**

“Yes, I did. Garcia rolled it up and threw it into the fire.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Alguém perguntou ao Sr. Baynes o que ele achava daquilo.

### **Original English**

“What do you say to that, Mr. Baynes?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O detetive do interior era um homem robusto, de rosto vermelho, com olhos brilhantes quase escondidos por rugas profundas. Ele sorriu lentamente e puxou um pedaço de papel dobrado e descolorido do bolso.

### **Original English**

The country detective was a stout, puffy, red man, whose face was only redeemed from grossness by two extraordinarily bright eyes, almost hidden behind the heavy creases of cheek and brow. With a slow smile he drew a folded and discoloured scrap of paper from his pocket.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele explicou que Garcia havia jogado o papel muito alto na grelha da lareira e que havia recuperado este fragmento não queimado do fundo.

### **Original English**

“It was a dog-grate, Mr. Holmes, and he overpitched it. I picked this out unburned from the back of it.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes sorriu para demonstrar sua aprovação.

### **Original English**

Holmes smiled his appreciation.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes disse que Eccles tinha procurado com muito cuidado na casa para encontrar um pequeno pedaço de papel.

**Original English**

“You must have examined the house very carefully to find a single pellet of paper.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eccles concordou com Holmes e disse que esse era seu hábito. Então perguntou a Gregson se deveria ler a nota.

**Original English**

“I did, Mr. Holmes. It’s my way. Shall I read it, Mr. Gregson?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Gregson assentiu.

**Original English**

The Londoner nodded.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Gregson disse que a nota estava escrita em papel creme comum sem marca d’água. Era um quarto de folha cortado com uma tesoura pequena. Tinha sido dobrada três vezes e selada com cera roxa pressionada por um objeto oval chato. A nota estava endereçada ao Sr. Garcia em Wisteria Lodge.

**Original English**

“The note is written upon ordinary cream-laid paper without watermark. It is a quarter-sheet. The paper is cut off in two snips with a short-bladed scissors. It has been folded over three times and sealed with purple wax, put on hurriedly and pressed down with some flat oval object. It is addressed to Mr. Garcia, Wisteria Lodge. It says:

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A nota mencionava suas cores: verde e branco. Explicava que verde significava aberto e branco fechado. Dava instruções: subir a escada principal, pelo primeiro corredor, e pegar a sétima porta à direita, que tinha feltro verde. Terminava com uma despedida e era assinada com a letra D.

### **Original English**

“Our own colours, green and white. Green open, white shut. Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize. Godspeed. D.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes observou que uma mulher havia escrito o bilhete com uma caneta de ponta fina, mas o endereço foi escrito com uma caneta diferente ou por uma pessoa diferente, pois estava mais grosso e mais marcado.

### **Original English**

“It is a woman’s writing, done with a sharp-pointed pen, but the address is either done with another pen or by someone else. It is thicker and bolder, as you see.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes examinou o bilhete e elogiou Baynes por sua atenção cuidadosa. Ele acrescentou que o selo oval era provavelmente um simples botão de punho, e a tesoura usada para fazer os cortes era uma tesoura de unhas torta, como indicado pela ligeira curva em ambos os cortes.

### **Original English**

“A very remarkable note,” said Holmes, glancing it over. “I must compliment you, Mr. Baynes, upon your attention to detail in your examination of it. A few trifling points might perhaps be added. The oval seal is undoubtedly a plain sleeve-link—what else is of such a shape? The scissors were bent nail scissors. Short as the two snips are, you can distinctly see the same slight curve in each.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O detetive do interior riu baixinho.

#### **Original English**

The country detective chuckled.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O detetive admitiu que acreditava ter extraído todo o significado do bilhete, mas Holmes havia encontrado mais. Ele confessou que só conseguia deduzir que algo estava acontecendo e que uma mulher estava no centro da questão.

#### **Original English**

“I thought I had squeezed all the juice out of it, but I see there was a little over,” he said. “I’m bound to say that I make nothing of the note except that there was something on hand, and that a woman, as usual was at the bottom of it.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O Sr. Scott Eccles ficou inquieto e se mexeu desconfortavelmente em seu assento durante a discussão.

#### **Original English**

Mr. Scott Eccles had fidgeted in his seat during this conversation.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele expressou satisfação por o bilhete ter sido encontrado, pois confirmava seu relato. No entanto, ele ressaltou que ainda não havia sabido o que aconteceu com o Sr. Garcia ou sua família.

### **Original English**

“I am glad you found the note, since it corroborates my story,” said he. “But I beg to point out that I have not yet heard what has happened to Mr. Garcia, nor what has become of his household.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Gregson relatou que Garcia havia sido encontrado morto naquela manhã em Oxshott Common, a cerca de um quilômetro de sua casa. Sua cabeça havia sido severamente esmagada por golpes pesados de um saco de areia ou objeto semelhante, causando danos extensos. O ataque ocorreu em uma área remota, e o agressor continuou a espancá-lo muito depois da morte. Nenhuma pegada ou outra pista foi encontrada.

### **Original English**

“As to Garcia,” said Gregson, “that is easily answered. He was found dead this morning upon Oxshott Common, nearly a mile from his home. His head had been smashed to pulp by heavy blows of a sandbag or some such instrument, which had crushed rather than wounded. It is a lonely corner, and there is no house within a quarter of a mile of the spot. He had apparently been struck down first from behind, but his assailant had gone on beating him long after he was dead. It was a most furious assault. There are no footsteps nor any clue to the criminals.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou se Garcia havia sido roubado.

**Original English**

“Robbed?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Gregson respondeu que não houve roubo.

**Original English**

“No, there was no attempt at robbery.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O Sr. Scott Eccles reclamou que a situação era dolorosa e terrível, e particularmente injusta para ele. Ele afirmou que não teve envolvimento na saída noturna de seu anfitrião e em sua morte trágica, e questionou por que estava sendo implicado no caso.

**Original English**

“This is very painful—very painful and terrible,” said Mr. Scott Eccles in a querulous voice, “but it is really uncommonly hard on me. I had nothing to do with my host going off upon a nocturnal excursion and meeting so sad an end. How do I come to be mixed up with the case?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O inspetor Baynes explicou que o único documento encontrado no falecido foi uma carta do Sr. Scott Eccles, afirmando que ele estaria com ele na noite de sua morte. O envelope forneceu o nome e o endereço do morto. Quando chegaram à casa após as nove daquela manhã, não encontraram nem o Sr. Scott Eccles nem ninguém mais lá dentro. Baynes telegrafou ao Sr. Gregson para localizar o Sr. Scott Eccles em Londres enquanto

examinava Wisteria Lodge. Ele então veio para a cidade, juntou-se ao Sr. Gregson, e agora eles estavam lá.

### Original English

“Very simply, sir,” Inspector Baynes answered. “The only document found in the pocket of the deceased was a letter from you saying that you would be with him on the night of his death. It was the envelope of this letter which gave us the dead man’s name and address. It was after nine this morning when we reached his house and found neither you nor anyone else inside it. I wired to Mr. Gregson to run you down in London while I examined Wisteria Lodge. Then I came into town, joined Mr. Gregson, and here we are.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Gregson então se levantou e disse que agora deveriam formalizar o assunto. Ele pediu ao Sr. Scott Eccles que fosse com eles à delegacia e prestasse seu depoimento por escrito.

### Original English

“I think now,” said Gregson, rising, “we had best put this matter into an official shape. You will come round with us to the station, Mr. Scott Eccles, and let us have your statement in writing.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

O Sr. Scott Eccles concordou em ir imediatamente, mas insistiu que mantinha os serviços de Holmes. Ele pediu que Holmes não poupasse despesas nem esforços para descobrir a verdade.

### Original English

“Certainly, I will come at once. But I retain your services, Mr. Holmes. I desire you to spare no expense and no pains to get at the truth.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes virou-se para o inspetor do interior.

**Original English**

My friend turned to the country inspector.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou se o inspetor Baynes tinha alguma objeção à sua colaboração no caso.

**Original English**

“I suppose that you have no objection to my collaborating with you, Mr. Baynes?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O homem expressou que se sentia altamente honrado.

**Original English**

“Highly honoured, sir, I am sure.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador observou que o outro agiu rápida e eficientemente, e então perguntou se havia alguma indicação do momento exato da morte do homem.

**Original English**

“You appear to have been very prompt and businesslike in all that you have done. Was there any clue, may I ask, as to the exact hour that the man met his death?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele explicou que o homem estava lá desde uma hora, e como havia chovido por volta daquela hora, a morte definitivamente ocorrera antes da chuva.

### **Original English**

“He had been there since one o’clock. There was rain about that time, and his death had certainly been before the rain.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O cliente, Sr. John Scott Eccles, exclamou que isso era totalmente impossível, pois a voz era inconfundível e ele podia jurar que era a mesma pessoa que falara com ele em seu quarto naquela hora exata.

### **Original English**

“But that is perfectly impossible, Mr. Baynes,” cried our client. “His voice is unmistakable. I could swear to it that it was he who addressed me in my bedroom at that very hour.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes sorriu e comentou que era notável, mas longe de impossível.

### **Original English**

“Remarkable, but by no means impossible,” said Holmes, smiling.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Gregson indagou se eu tinha alguma pista.

### **Original English**

“You have a clue?” asked Gregson.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes observou que, na superfície, o caso não era muito complicado, embora apresentasse algumas características novas. Ele afirmou que precisava de mais fatos antes de oferecer uma opinião definitiva e perguntou ao Sr. Baynes se ele havia descoberto algo notável além do bilhete durante seu exame da casa.

### **Original English**

“On the face of it the case is not a very complex one, though it certainly presents some novel and interesting features. A further knowledge of facts is necessary before I would venture to give a final and definite opinion. By the way, Mr. Baynes, did you find anything remarkable besides this note in your examination of the house?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O detetive deu ao meu amigo um olhar peculiar.

### **Original English**

The detective looked at my friend in a singular way.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Baynes mencionou que havia uma ou duas coisas muito notáveis. Ele sugeriu que, depois de terminar na delegacia, meu amigo poderia querer vir e dar sua opinião sobre elas.

### **Original English**

“There were,” said he, “one or two very remarkable things. Perhaps when I have finished at the police-station you would care to come out and give me your opinion of them.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sherlock Holmes declarou que estava inteiramente à disposição deles, tocou a campainha e instruiu a Sra. Hudson a acompanhar os cavalheiros até a saída e a enviar um menino com um telegrama, solicitando uma resposta que custaria cinco xelins.

### **Original English**

"I am entirely at your service," said Sherlock Holmes, ringing the bell. "You will show these gentlemen out, Mrs. Hudson, and kindly send the boy with this telegram. He is to pay a five-shilling reply."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Depois que os visitantes partiram, ficamos em silêncio por um tempo. Holmes fumava intensamente, com as sobrancelhas franzidas sobre os olhos aguçados e a cabeça inclinada para frente, em seu característico modo ansioso.

### **Original English**

We sat for some time in silence after our visitors had left. Holmes smoked hard, with his brows drawn down over his keen eyes, and his head thrust forward in the eager way characteristic of the man.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes virou-se abruptamente e perguntou a Watson o que ele achava da situação.

### **Original English**

"Well, Watson," he asked, turning suddenly upon me, "what do you make of it?"

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Watson respondeu que não conseguia entender o mistério em torno de Scott Eccles.

**Original English**

“I can make nothing of this mystification of Scott Eccles.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes então perguntou sobre o crime em si.

**Original English**

“But the crime?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Watson disse que, considerando o desaparecimento dos companheiros do homem, acreditava que eles estavam envolvidos no assassinato e haviam fugido da justiça.

**Original English**

“Well, taken with the disappearance of the man’s companions, I should say that they were in some way concerned in the murder and had fled from justice.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador admitiu que esse era um ponto de vista possível, mas argumentou que era estranho que os dois servos conspirassem e atacassem seu patrão na única noite em que ele tinha um convidado, já que eles o tinham sozinho todas as outras noites.

**Original English**

“That is certainly a possible point of view. On the face of it you must admit, however, that it is very strange that his two servants should have been in a conspiracy against him and should have attacked him on the one night when he had a guest. They had him alone at their mercy every other night in the week.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O orador perguntou por que os servos haviam fugido.

#### **Original English**

“Then why did they fly?”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O orador concordou que a fuga dos servos era um fato importante, assim como a estranha experiência do cliente Scott Eccles. Ele se perguntou se era possível encontrar uma explicação que cobrisse ambos os fatos e a nota misteriosa com sua redação peculiar. Se sim, poderia ser aceita como uma hipótese temporária. Se informações adicionais se encaixassem no esquema, a hipótese poderia gradualmente se tornar a solução.

#### **Original English**

“Quite so. Why did they fly? There is a big fact. Another big fact is the remarkable experience of our client, Scott Eccles. Now, my dear Watson, is it beyond the limits of human ingenuity to furnish an explanation which would cover both of these big facts? If it were one which would also admit of the mysterious note with its very curious phraseology, why, then it would be worth accepting as a temporary hypothesis. If the fresh facts which come to our knowledge all fit themselves into the scheme, then our hypothesis may gradually become a solution.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador perguntou qual era a hipótese deles.

**Original English**

“But what is our hypothesis?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes recostou-se em sua cadeira com os olhos semicerrados.

**Original English**

Holmes leaned back in his chair with half-closed eyes.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele insistiu com Watson que a situação não era brincadeira. Eventos graves estavam se desenrolando, como os acontecimentos posteriores provaram, e atrair Scott Eccles para Wisteria Lodge estava ligado a esses eventos.

**Original English**

“You must admit, my dear Watson, that the idea of a joke is impossible. There were grave events afoot, as the sequel showed, and the coaxing of Scott Eccles to Wisteria Lodge had some connection with them.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Watson indagou que possível conexão poderia haver.

**Original English**

“But what possible connection?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele sugeriu examinar o assunto passo a passo. A amizade repentina e próxima entre o jovem espanhol e Scott Eccles parecia antinatural. O espanhol iniciou o relacionamento, visitando Eccles no dia seguinte ao primeiro encontro e mantendo contato até convencê-lo a ir para Esher. Ele ponderou o que o espanhol queria de Eccles, que não era nem inteligente nem charmoso, especialmente para um latino de raciocínio rápido. Concluiu que Eccles foi escolhido por sua qualidade excepcional: era o epítome da respeitabilidade britânica convencional, uma testemunha ideal para impressionar outros britânicos. Como prova, ambos os inspetores aceitaram sua história extraordinária sem questionar.

### **Original English**

“Let us take it link by link. There is, on the face of it, something unnatural about this strange and sudden friendship between the young Spaniard and Scott Eccles. It was the former who forced the pace. He called upon Eccles at the other end of London on the very day after he first met him, and he kept in close touch with him until he got him down to Esher. Now, what did he want with Eccles? What could Eccles supply? I see no charm in the man. He is not particularly intelligent—not a man likely to be congenial to a quick-witted Latin. Why, then, was he picked out from all the other people whom Garcia met as particularly suited to his purpose? Has he any one outstanding quality? I say that he has. He is the very type of conventional British respectability, and the very man as a witness to impress another Briton. You saw yourself how neither of the inspectors dreamed of questioning his statement, extraordinary as it was.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson perguntou o que Eccles deveria testemunhar.

### **Original English**

“But what was he to witness?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele respondeu que, no final, Eccles não testemunhou nada, mas teria testemunhado tudo se os eventos tivessem tomado um rumo diferente. Essa foi sua interpretação.

### **Original English**

“Nothing, as things turned out, but everything had they gone another way. That is how I read the matter.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele percebeu que o homem poderia ter fornecido provas de que estava em outro lugar naquele momento.

### **Original English**

“I see, he might have proved an alibi.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou a Watson que Garcia poderia ter provado um alibi. Ele levantou a hipótese de que a família em Wisteria Lodge era de conspiradores e, manipulando os relógios, eles podem ter feito Scott Eccles acreditar que era mais tarde do que realmente era. Se Garcia pudesse completar sua tarefa e voltar no horário combinado, ele teria uma defesa forte. Ter um inglês como Eccles jurando que Garcia estava em casa o tempo todo era um seguro contra possíveis acusações.

### **Original English**

“Exactly, my dear Watson; he might have proved an alibi. We will suppose, for argument’s sake, that the household of Wisteria Lodge are confederates in some design. The attempt, whatever it may be, is to come off, we will say, before one o’clock. By some juggling of the clocks it is quite possible that they may have got Scott Eccles to bed earlier than he thought, but in any case it is likely that when Garcia went out of his way to tell him that it was one it was really not more than twelve. If Garcia could do whatever he had to do and be back by the hour mentioned he had evidently

a powerful reply to any accusation. Here was this irreproachable Englishman ready to swear in any court of law that the accused was in the house all the time. It was an insurance against the worst.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Watson reconheceu que entendia, mas então perguntou o que tinha acontecido com os outros que haviam desaparecido.

#### **Original English**

“Yes, yes, I see that. But how about the disappearance of the others?”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes disse que ainda não tinha todos os fatos, mas acreditava que não existiam problemas intransponíveis. No entanto, ele alertou que era um erro raciocinar antes de ter todos os dados, pois pode-se distorcer inconscientemente os fatos para adequá-los às próprias teorias.

#### **Original English**

“I have not all my facts yet, but I do not think there are any insuperable difficulties. Still, it is an error to argue in front of your data. You find yourself insensibly twisting them round to fit your theories.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Watson então voltou sua atenção para a mensagem.

#### **Original English**

“And the message?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

O orador considerou o significado da nota. Ele pensou que a frase sobre as cores soava como uma corrida, e as instruções sobre verde e branco eram obviamente um sinal. Os detalhes sobre a escada principal e o corredor indicavam um local de encontro. Ele especulou que um marido ciumento poderia estar envolvido. A missão era claramente perigosa, já que ela não teria lhe desejado boa sorte caso contrário. A letra D provavelmente era um guia.

### Original English

“How did it run? ‘Our own colours, green and white.’ Sounds like racing. ‘Green open, white shut.’ That is clearly a signal. ‘Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize.’ This is an assignation. We may find a jealous husband at the bottom of it all. It was clearly a dangerous quest. She would not have said ‘Godspeed’ had it not been so. D—that should be a guide.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

O orador sugeriu que o homem era espanhol e que a letra D significava Dolores, um nome feminino comum na Espanha.

### Original English

“The man was a Spaniard. I suggest that D stands for Dolores, a common female name in Spain.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes elogiou a ideia de Watson, mas disse que não era aceitável. Ele argumentou que um espanhol escreveria para outro espanhol em espanhol, então o autor da nota devia ser inglês. Ele decidiu que teriam que esperar pacientemente pelo inspetor voltar. Enquanto isso, poderiam ser gratos por uma pequena pausa do tédio de não fazer nada.

### Original English

“Good, Watson, very good—but quite inadmissible. A Spaniard would write to a Spaniard in Spanish. The writer of this note is certainly English. Well,

we can only possess our soul in patience until this excellent inspector come back for us. Meanwhile we can thank our lucky fate which has rescued us for a few short hours from the insufferable fatigues of idleness.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Uma resposta ao telegrama de Holmes chegou antes do oficial de Surrey retornar. Holmes leu e estava prestes a guardá-la, mas viu o narrador com ar ansioso. Então, jogou a mensagem para ele com uma risada.

#### **Original English**

An answer had arrived to Holmes's telegram before our Surrey officer had returned. Holmes read it and was about to place it in his notebook when he caught a glimpse of my expectant face. He tossed it across with a laugh.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes comentou que estavam lidando com pessoas de alto escalão.

#### **Original English**

“We are moving in exalted circles,” said he.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O telegrama listava nomes e endereços.

#### **Original English**

The telegram was a list of names and addresses:

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A lista incluía Lord Harringby em The Dingle, Sir George Ffolliott em Oxshott Towers, Mr. Hynes Hynes em Purdley Place, Mr. James Baker Williams em Forton Old Hall, Mr. Henderson em High Gable e Reverendo Joshua Stone em Nether Walsling.

### **Original English**

Lord Harringby, The Dingle; Sir George Ffolliott, Oxshott Towers; Mr. Hynes Hynes, J.P., Purdley Place; Mr. James Baker Williams, Forton Old Hall; Mr. Henderson, High Gable; Rev. Joshua Stone, Nether Walsling.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes observou que este era um método óbvio para restringir a busca, e achava que Baynes, sendo metódico, provavelmente já havia adotado um plano semelhante.

### **Original English**

“This is a very obvious way of limiting our field of operations,” said Holmes. “No doubt Baynes, with his methodical mind, has already adopted some similar plan.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A outra pessoa confessou que não entendia completamente.

### **Original English**

“I don’t quite understand.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou que eles haviam concluído que a mensagem de jantar de Garcia era um compromisso de reunião. Se significava subir uma escada principal e encontrar a sétima porta, a casa deveria ser grande e a uma ou duas milhas de Oxshott, já que Garcia andou até lá e planejava voltar até uma hora para manter um álibi. Como as casas grandes perto de Oxshott eram poucas, Holmes contactou os agentes que Scott Eccles mencionou e obteve uma lista por telegrama. Ele acreditava que a resposta estava entre esses nomes.

### **Original English**

“Well, my dear fellow, we have already arrived at the conclusion that the message received by Garcia at dinner was an appointment or an assignation. Now, if the obvious reading of it is correct, and in order to keep the tryst one has to ascend a main stair and seek the seventh door in a corridor, it is perfectly clear that the house is a very large one. It is equally certain that this house cannot be more than a mile or two from Oxshott, since Garcia was walking in that direction and hoped, according to my reading of the facts, to be back in Wisteria Lodge in time to avail himself of an alibi, which would only be valid up to one o’clock. As the number of large houses close to Oxshott must be limited, I adopted the obvious method of sending to the agents mentioned by Scott Eccles and obtaining a list of them. Here they are in this telegram, and the other end of our tangled skein must lie among them.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Era quase seis horas quando nos encontramos na bela vila de Esher, em Surrey, acompanhados pelo Inspetor Baynes.

### **Original English**

It was nearly six o’clock before we found ourselves in the pretty Surrey village of Esher, with Inspector Baynes as our companion.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes e eu conseguimos quartos para a noite no Bull, e depois partimos com o detetive para visitar Wisteria Lodge. Era uma noite fria e escura de março; um vento cortante e uma chuva fina batiam em nossos rostos, condizentes com a charneca selvagem que atravessamos e o trágico destino que nos aguardava.

### **Original English**

Holmes and I had taken things for the night, and found comfortable quarters at the Bull. Finally we set out in the company of the detective on our visit to Wisteria Lodge. It was a cold, dark March evening, with a sharp wind and a fine rain beating upon our faces, a fit setting for the wild common over which our road passed and the tragic goal to which it led us.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Uma caminhada fria e melancólica de cerca de três quilômetros nos levou a um portão alto de madeira, que se abria para uma avenida sombria de castanheiros. A entrada curva e sombreada nos conduziu a uma casa baixa e escura, completamente negra contra um céu cor de ardósia. Da janela da frente à esquerda da porta, via-se um leve brilho de luz.

### **Original English**

A cold and melancholy walk of a couple of miles brought us to a high wooden gate, which opened into a gloomy avenue of chestnuts. The curved and shadowed drive led us to a low, dark house, pitch-black against a slate-coloured sky. From the front window upon the left of the door there peeped a glimmer of a feeble light.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Baynes disse que um policial estava no local e bateu na janela. Ele atravessou a grama e tocou no vidro. Através do vidro embaçado, vi vagamente um homem pular de uma cadeira perto do fogo e ouvi um grito agudo vindo de dentro. Um instante depois, um policial de rosto pálido e respirando com dificuldade abriu a porta, a vela tremendo em sua mão

trêmula.

### Original English

“There’s a constable in possession,” said Baynes. “I’ll knock at the window.” He stepped across the grass plot and tapped with his hand on the pane. Through the fogged glass I dimly saw a man spring up from a chair beside the fire, and heard a sharp cry from within the room. An instant later a white-faced, hard-breathing policeman had opened the door, the candle wavering in his trembling hand.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Baynes perguntou a Walters, de forma incisiva, o que havia acontecido.

### Original English

“What’s the matter, Walters?” asked Baynes sharply.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

O homem enxugou a testa com um lenço e soltou um longo suspiro de alívio.

### Original English

The man mopped his forehead with his handkerchief and gave a long sigh of relief.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Ele expressou sua alegria pela chegada do cavalheiro, confessando que a noite havia sido longa e que sua coragem não era mais a mesma.

### Original English

“I am glad you have come, sir. It has been a long evening, and I don’t think my nerve is as good as it was.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O outro comentou que a menção de Walters sobre coragem o surpreendeu, pois não suspeitava que Walters tivesse alguma.

### **Original English**

“Your nerve, Walters? I should not have thought you had a nerve in your body.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walters explicou que a casa solitária e silenciosa e o objeto estranho na cozinha o perturbaram, e que quando o outro bateu na janela, ele temeu que tivesse voltado.

### **Original English**

“Well, sir, it’s this lonely, silent house and the queer thing in the kitchen. Then when you tapped at the window I thought it had come again.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O outro perguntou o que ele achava que tinha voltado.

### **Original English**

“That what had come again?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O homem respondeu que não podia ter certeza, mas que poderia ter sido o próprio diabo; ele o tinha visto na janela.

### **Original English**

“The devil, sir, for all I know. It was at the window.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O ouvinte perguntou exatamente o que havia aparecido na janela e a que horas.

**Original English**

“What was at the window, and when?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele explicou que isso ocorrera aproximadamente duas horas antes, quando o crepúsculo caía. Estava lendo quando ergueu o olhar e viu um rosto olhando fixamente através do vidro inferior da janela. Comentou que era um rosto aterrorizante, que assombraria seus sonhos.

**Original English**

“It was just about two hours ago. The light was just fading. I was sitting reading in the chair. I don’t know what made me look up, but there was a face looking in at me through the lower pane. Lord, sir, what a face it was! I’ll see it in my dreams.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O oficial repreendeu Walters, sugerindo que tais comentários eram impróprios para um policial.

**Original English**

“Tut, tut, Walters. This is not talk for a police-constable.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Walters admitiu que ficara profundamente abalado. Descreveu o rosto como tendo uma cor não natural, como argila misturada com leite, e o dobro do tamanho de um rosto normal. Tinha olhos enormes e arregalados e uma fileira de dentes brancos, lembrando um animal selvagem. Confessou que ficara paralisado de terror até o rosto desaparecer e que, quando correu para fora, não encontrou nenhum vestígio de ninguém.

### Original English

“I know, sir, I know; but it shook me, sir, and there’s no use to deny it. It wasn’t black, sir, nor was it white, nor any colour that I know but a kind of queer shade like clay with a splash of milk in it. Then there was the size of it—it was twice yours, sir. And the look of it—the great staring goggle eyes, and the line of white teeth like a hungry beast. I tell you, sir, I couldn’t move a finger, nor get my breath, till it whisked away and was gone. Out I ran and through the shrubbery, but thank God there was no one there.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

O inspetor disse a Walters que, se não soubesse que Walters era um homem bom, teria anotado uma marca negra contra ele. Ele enfatizou que um policial em serviço nunca deveria estar grato por não conseguir prender um suspeito, mesmo que o suspeito fosse o diabo. Então, ele se perguntou em voz alta se todo o incidente poderia ter sido uma alucinação ou um caso de nervosismo.

### Original English

“If I didn’t know you were a good man, Walters, I should put a black mark against you for this. If it were the devil himself a constable on duty should never thank God that he could not lay his hands upon him. I suppose the whole thing is not a vision and a touch of nerves?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes afirmou que a questão era facilmente resolvida. Ele acendeu sua pequena lanterna de bolso e examinou brevemente o gramado. Concluiu que a pegada era provavelmente de um sapato tamanho doze e que, se a pessoa tivesse proporções semelhantes ao pé, deveria ser um gigante.

### **Original English**

“That, at least, is very easily settled,” said Holmes, lighting his little pocket lantern. “Yes,” he reported, after a short examination of the grass bed, “a number twelve shoe, I should say. If he was all on the same scale as his foot he must certainly have been a giant.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Alguém perguntou o que havia acontecido com a pessoa.

### **Original English**

“What became of him?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Parecia que a pessoa havia aberto caminho pelos arbustos e seguido em direção à estrada.

### **Original English**

“He seems to have broken through the shrubbery and made for the road.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O inspetor, com uma expressão séria e contemplativa, comentou que quem quer que fosse a pessoa e quaisquer que fossem suas intenções, ela tinha ido embora por enquanto. Ele acrescentou que tinham assuntos mais urgentes para tratar. Em seguida, pediu permissão a Holmes para lhe mostrar a casa.

### Original English

“Well,” said the inspector with a grave and thoughtful face, “whoever he may have been, and whatever he may have wanted, he’s gone for the present, and we have more immediate things to attend to. Now, Mr. Holmes, with your permission, I will show you round the house.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Uma busca cuidadosa nos quartos e salas de estar não revelou nada de interesse. Aparentemente, os inquilinos trouxeram muito pouco consigo; todos os móveis, até o menor item, haviam sido adquiridos junto com a casa. Uma quantidade de roupas da Marx and Co., High Holborn, foi deixada para trás. Investigações telegráficas mostraram que a Marx não sabia nada sobre seu cliente, exceto que ele pagava prontamente. Entre os pertences pessoais estavam cachimbos, romances (dois em espanhol), um revólver de percussão antigo e um violão.

### Original English

The various bedrooms and sitting-rooms had yielded nothing to a careful search. Apparently the tenants had brought little or nothing with them, and all the furniture down to the smallest details had been taken over with the house. A good deal of clothing with the stamp of Marx and Co., High Holborn, had been left behind. Telegraphic inquiries had been already made which showed that Marx knew nothing of his customer save that he was a good payer. Odds and ends, some pipes, a few novels, two of them in Spanish, an old-fashioned pinfire revolver, and a guitar were among the personal property.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Baynes, carregando uma vela, moveu-se de cômodo em cômodo e relatou que nada havia sido descoberto. Ele então chamou a atenção de Holmes para a cozinha.

### Original English

“Nothing in all this,” said Baynes, stalking, candle in hand, from room to room. “But now, Mr. Holmes, I invite your attention to the kitchen.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A cozinha era um cômodo sombrio e com teto alto nos fundos, com uma cama de palha em um canto que aparentemente servia como local de dormir do cozinheiro. A mesa estava cheia de pratos meio comidos e pratos sujos, restos do jantar da noite anterior.

### **Original English**

It was a gloomy, high-ceilinged room at the back of the house, with a straw litter in one corner, which served apparently as a bed for the cook. The table was piled with half-eaten dishes and dirty plates, the debris of last night's dinner.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Baynes apontou para um objeto e perguntou a Holmes o que ele achava daquilo.

### **Original English**

"Look at this," said Baynes. "What do you make of it?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele ergueu a vela para iluminar um objeto peculiar na parte de trás do aparador. Era tão enrugado e ressecado que sua natureza era incerta; era preto e coriáceo e lembrava uma figura humana anã. À primeira vista, poderia ser um bebê negro mumificado, depois um macaco antigo retorcido, mas no final era impossível dizer se era animal ou humano. Ao redor de seu meio havia uma corda dupla de conchas brancas.

### **Original English**

He held up his candle before an extraordinary object which stood at the back of the dresser. It was so wrinkled and shrunken and withered that it was difficult to say what it might have been. One could but say that it was black and leathery and that it bore some resemblance to a dwarfish, human

figure. At first, as I examined it, I thought that it was a mummified negro baby, and then it seemed a very twisted and ancient monkey. Finally I was left in doubt as to whether it was animal or human. A double band of white shells were strung round the centre of it.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes examinou a relíquia sinistra com grande interesse e pediu mais informações.

#### **Original English**

“Very interesting—very interesting, indeed!” said Holmes, peering at this sinister relic. “Anything more?”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Baynes silenciosamente levou Holmes até a pia e ergueu sua vela. A pia estava coberta com o corpo e os membros rasgados de um grande pássaro branco, ainda coberto de penas. Holmes apontou para a crista na cabeça decepada.

#### **Original English**

In silence Baynes led the way to the sink and held forward his candle. The limbs and body of some large, white bird, torn savagely to pieces with the feathers still on, were littered all over it. Holmes pointed to the wattles on the severed head.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes identificou a ave como um galo branco e comentou que o caso era muito interessante e incomum.

#### **Original English**

“A white cock,” said he. “Most interesting! It is really a very curious case.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Baynes guardou sua evidência mais perturbadora para o final. Ele tirou um balde de zinco com sangue debaixo da pia e um prato cheio de pequenos pedaços de osso queimado.

### **Original English**

But Mr. Baynes had kept his most sinister exhibit to the last. From under the sink he drew a zinc pail which contained a quantity of blood. Then from the table he took a platter heaped with small pieces of charred bone.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele explicou que algo havia sido morto e queimado, e eles haviam recuperado os fragmentos do fogo. Um médico os examinara e confirmara que não eram humanos.

### **Original English**

“Something has been killed and something has been burned. We raked all these out of the fire. We had a doctor in this morning. He says that they are not human.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes sorriu e demonstrou sua satisfação esfregando as mãos.

### **Original English**

Holmes smiled and rubbed his hands.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes parabenizou o inspetor por sua condução de um caso tão incomum e instrutivo, acrescentando que suas habilidades pareciam superiores às oportunidades que ele tinha para usá-las.

### **Original English**

“I must congratulate you, Inspector, on handling so distinctive and instructive a case. Your powers, if I may say so without offence, seem superior to your opportunities.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Um brilho de satisfação apareceu nos pequenos olhos do Inspetor Baynes.

### **Original English**

Inspector Baynes’s small eyes twinkled with pleasure.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O inspetor concordou com Holmes, explicando que eles estagnavam no interior e que um caso como aquele oferecia uma oportunidade que ele esperava aproveitar. Em seguida, perguntou a opinião de Holmes sobre os ossos.

### **Original English**

“You’re right, Mr. Holmes. We stagnate in the provinces. A case of this sort gives a man a chance, and I hope that I shall take it. What do you make of these bones?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes sugeriu que os ossos pertenciam a um cordeiro ou a um cabrito.

**Original English**

“A lamb, I should say, or a kid.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou sobre o galo branco.

**Original English**

“And the white cock?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele observou ao Sr. Baynes que era muito curioso, quase único.

**Original English**

“Curious, Mr. Baynes, very curious. I should say almost unique.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele concordou que pessoas muito estranhas com hábitos incomuns deviam ter vivido na casa. Uma delas havia morrido. Ele se perguntou se seus companheiros o haviam matado; se sim, seriam pegos porque todos os portos estavam vigiados. No entanto, sua própria opinião era diferente.

**Original English**

“Yes, sir, there must have been some very strange people with some very strange ways in this house. One of them is dead. Did his companions follow him and kill him? If they did we should have them, for every port is watched. But my own views are different. Yes, sir, my own views are very different.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes perguntou se ele tinha uma teoria.

**Original English**

“You have a theory then?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele declarou que trabalharia no caso ele mesmo porque sua própria reputação estava em jogo. Ele precisava construir seu nome enquanto Holmes já tinha um. Ele teria orgulho de dizer que resolveu sem a ajuda de Holmes.

**Original English**

“And I'll work it myself, Mr. Holmes. It's only due to my own credit to do so. Your name is made, but I have still to make mine. I should be glad to be able to say afterwards that I had solved it without your help.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes riu com bom humor.

**Original English**

Holmes laughed good-humoredly.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes disse ao inspetor que cada um deveria seguir sua própria abordagem, acrescentando que suas descobertas estariam disponíveis se necessário. Ele considerou que já tinha visto o suficiente na casa e poderia usar melhor seu tempo em outro lugar, então se despediu e desejou boa sorte ao inspetor.

**Original English**

“Well, well, Inspector,” said he. “Do you follow your path and I will follow mine. My results are always very much at your service if you care to apply to me for them. I think that I have seen all that I wish in this house, and that my time may be more profitably employed elsewhere. Au revoir and good luck!”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Percebi por pistas sutis que Holmes estava em uma pista importante. Embora parecesse calmo, seus olhos mais brilhantes e movimentos mais rápidos traíam uma excitação e tensão controladas que me asseguravam que a investigação estava ativa. Como de costume, ele não disse nada, e eu não fiz perguntas. Bastava ajudar no jogo sem perturbar sua concentração; eu sabia que tudo seria revelado a seu tempo.

### **Original English**

I could tell by numerous subtle signs, which might have been lost upon anyone but myself, that Holmes was on a hot scent. As impassive as ever to the casual observer, there were none the less a subdued eagerness and suggestion of tension in his brightened eyes and brisker manner which assured me that the game was afoot. After his habit he said nothing, and after mine I asked no questions. Sufficient for me to share the sport and lend my humble help to the capture without distracting that intent brain with needless interruption. All would come round to me in due time.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Esperei, mas para minha crescente decepção, nada aconteceu. Dias se passaram sem que meu amigo fizesse nenhum progresso aparente. Certa vez, ele passou uma manhã na cidade e soube que havia visitado o Museu Britânico. Fora isso, seus dias eram preenchidos por longas caminhadas solitárias ou conversas com fofoqueiros da vila com quem ele havia feito amizade.

### **Original English**

I waited, therefore—but to my ever-deepening disappointment I waited in vain. Day succeeded day, and my friend took no step forward. One morning he spent in town, and I learned from a casual reference that he

had visited the British Museum. Save for this one excursion, he spent his days in long and often solitary walks, or in chatting with a number of village gossips whose acquaintance he had cultivated.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes comentou que uma semana no campo me faria bem. Ele notou o prazer de ver novamente os primeiros brotos verdes e os amentilhos das aveleiras. Com uma espátula, uma lata e um livro básico de botânica, sugeriu, poderiam-se passar dias instrutivos. Ele mesmo vagava com essas ferramentas, embora as plantas que trazia à noite fossem decepcionantemente poucas.

### **Original English**

"I'm sure, Watson, a week in the country will be invaluable to you," he remarked. "It is very pleasant to see the first green shoots upon the hedges and the catkins on the hazels once again. With a spud, a tin box, and an elementary book on botany, there are instructive days to be spent." He prowled about with this equipment himself, but it was a poor show of plants which he would bring back of an evening.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ocasionalmente, durante nossos passeios, encontrávamos o Inspetor Baynes. Seu rosto redondo e vermelho se iluminava com sorrisos e seus pequenos olhos brilhavam ao cumprimentar meu companheiro. Ele dizia pouco sobre o caso, mas pelo que dizia, deduzimos que também estava satisfeito com o progresso. No entanto, devo admitir que fiquei um tanto surpreso quando, cerca de cinco dias após o crime, abri meu jornal matinal e vi grandes manchetes.

### **Original English**

Occasionally in our rambles we came across Inspector Baynes. His fat, red face wreathed itself in smiles and his small eyes glittered as he greeted my companion. He said little about the case, but from that little we gathered that he also was not dissatisfied at the course of events. I must admit, however, that I was somewhat surprised when, some five days after the crime, I opened my morning paper to find in large letters:

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O Mistério de Oxshott

**Original English**

The Oxshott Mystery

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Uma Solução

**Original English**

A Solution

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Prisão do Suposto Assassino

**Original English**

Arrest of Supposed Assassin

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Quando li essas manchetes, Holmes saltou em sua cadeira como se tivesse sido picado.

**Original English**

Holmes sprang in his chair as if he had been stung when I read the headlines.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele exclamou surpreso e perguntou se era verdade que Baynes o havia capturado.

### **Original English**

“By Jove!” he cried. “You don’t mean that Baynes has got him?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu respondi que parecia ser assim e comecei a ler o relatório.

### **Original English**

“Apparently,” said I as I read the following report:

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Houve grande agitação em Esher e arredores quando a notícia de que uma prisão havia sido feita no caso do assassinato de Oxshott. O Sr. Garcia foi encontrado morto em Oxshott Common, mostrando sinais de violência, e seu criado e cozinheiro haviam fugido na mesma noite, sugerindo seu envolvimento. Suspeitava-se que o motivo poderia ser roubo. O inspetor Baynes, encarregado do caso, acreditava que os furtivos estavam escondidos nas proximidades. O cozinheiro era particularmente distinto: um mulato grande e feio, de pele escura. Ele foi visto após o crime e perseguido quando retornou à casa. Baynes armou uma emboscada, e o cozinheiro foi capturado após uma luta em que mordeu um policial. A polícia planejava solicitar mais tempo para interrogar o prisioneiro e esperava obter novas informações importantes.

### **Original English**

“Great excitement was caused in Esher and the neighbouring district when it was learned late last night that an arrest had been effected in connection with the Oxshott murder. It will be remembered that Mr. Garcia, of Wisteria Lodge, was found dead on Oxshott Common, his body showing signs of extreme violence, and that on the same night his servant and his cook fled, which appeared to show their participation in the crime. It was suggested,

but never proved, that the deceased gentleman may have had valuables in the house, and that their abstraction was the motive of the crime. Every effort was made by Inspector Baynes, who has the case in hand, to ascertain the hiding place of the fugitives, and he had good reason to believe that they had not gone far but were lurking in some retreat which had been already prepared. It was certain from the first, however, that they would eventually be detected, as the cook, from the evidence of one or two tradespeople who have caught a glimpse of him through the window, was a man of most remarkable appearance—being a huge and hideous mulatto, with yellowish features of a pronounced negroid type. This man has been seen since the crime, for he was detected and pursued by Constable Walters on the same evening, when he had the audacity to revisit Wisteria Lodge. Inspector Baynes, considering that such a visit must have some purpose in view and was likely, therefore, to be repeated, abandoned the house but left an ambuscade in the shrubbery. The man walked into the trap and was captured last night after a struggle in which Constable Downing was badly bitten by the savage. We understand that when the prisoner is brought before the magistrates a remand will be applied for by the police, and that great developments are hoped from his capture.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes insistiu que eles precisavam ver Baynes imediatamente, e eles saíram apressados. Eles alcançaram o inspetor quando ele estava saindo de casa.

### **Original English**

“Really we must see Baynes at once,” cried Holmes, picking up his hat. “We will just catch him before he starts.” We hurried down the village street and found, as we had expected, that the inspector was just leaving his lodgings.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O inspetor perguntou a Holmes se ele tinha visto o jornal e lhe ofereceu uma cópia.

**Original English**

“You’ve seen the paper, Mr. Holmes?” he asked, holding one out to us.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes reconheceu que tinha visto e esperava que Baynes não considerasse presunçoso se ele oferecesse um aviso amigável.

**Original English**

“Yes, Baynes, I’ve seen it. Pray don’t think it a liberty if I give you a word of friendly warning.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Baynes perguntou a Holmes se ele estava se referindo a um aviso.

**Original English**

“Of warning, Mr. Holmes?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes afirmou que havia examinado o caso minuciosamente e duvidava que Baynes estivesse no caminho certo. Ele aconselhou Baynes a não prosseguir muito longe a menos que tivesse certeza.

**Original English**

“I have looked into this case with some care, and I am not convinced that you are on the right lines. I don’t want you to commit yourself too far unless you are sure.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Baynes expressou sua gratidão, chamando Holmes de muito gentil.

**Original English**

“You’re very kind, Mr. Holmes.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes garantiu a Baynes que suas palavras eram para o benefício de Baynes.

**Original English**

“I assure you I speak for your good.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O narrador observou que um movimento fugaz, que lembrava uma piscadela, apareceu momentaneamente em um dos olhos pequenos do Sr. Baynes.

**Original English**

It seemed to me that something like a wink quivered for an instant over one of Mr. Baynes’s tiny eyes.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Baynes lembrou Holmes de que eles haviam concordado em trabalhar de forma independente, e era exatamente isso que ele estava fazendo.

**Original English**

“We agreed to work on our own lines, Mr. Holmes. That’s what I am doing.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes respondeu com aprovação, mas alertou que Baynes não deveria responsabilizá-lo.

### **Original English**

“Oh, very good,” said Holmes. “Don’t blame me.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Baynes reconheceu as boas intenções de Holmes, mas insistiu que cada pessoa tem seus próprios métodos, e ele estava seguindo os seus.

### **Original English**

“No, sir; I believe you mean well by me. But we all have our own systems, Mr. Holmes. You have yours, and maybe I have mine.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes sugeriu que eles deixassem o assunto de lado.

### **Original English**

“Let us say no more about it.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O orador disse que o homem era um selvagem completo, tão forte quanto um cavalo e tão feroz quanto o diabo. Ele quase arrancou o polegar de Downing antes que conseguissem dominá-lo. O homem falava muito pouco inglês e só se comunicava com grunhidos.

### **Original English**

“You’re welcome always to my news. This fellow is a perfect savage, as strong as a carthorse and as fierce as the devil. He chewed Downing’s thumb nearly off before they could master him. He hardly speaks a word of

English, and we can get nothing out of him but grunts.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes perguntou se eles acreditavam ter provas de que o homem havia matado seu antigo patrão.

#### **Original English**

“And you think you have evidence that he murdered his late master?”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O orador disse ao Sr. Holmes que não havia feito tal afirmação. Ele sugeriu que cada um seguisse seus próprios métodos, pois esse era o acordo entre eles.

#### **Original English**

“I didn’t say so, Mr. Holmes; I didn’t say so. We all have our little ways. You try yours and I will try mine. That’s the agreement.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Enquanto se afastavam, Holmes deu de ombros e disse que não conseguia entender o homem; parecia que ele estava indo para uma encrenca. Holmes concordou que cada um deveria tentar sua própria abordagem e ver o que acontecia, mas admitiu que havia algo no Inspetor Baynes que ele não conseguia compreender bem.

#### **Original English**

Holmes shrugged his shoulders as we walked away together. “I can’t make the man out. He seems to be riding for a fall. Well, as he says, we must each try our own way and see what comes of it. But there’s something in Inspector Baynes which I can’t quite understand.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Depois que voltaram ao seu apartamento no Bull, Sherlock Holmes pediu que Watson se sentasse. Ele queria atualizar Watson sobre o caso, pois poderia precisar de sua ajuda naquela noite. Holmes explicou que mostraria como o caso havia se desenvolvido. Embora seus pontos principais fossem simples, ele havia apresentado dificuldades surpreendentes para fazer uma prisão. Ainda havia lacunas que precisavam ser preenchidas.

### Original English

“Just sit down in that chair, Watson,” said Sherlock Holmes when we had returned to our apartment at the Bull. “I want to put you in touch with the situation, as I may need your help tonight. Let me show you the evolution of this case so far as I have been able to follow it. Simple as it has been in its leading features, it has none the less presented surprising difficulties in the way of an arrest. There are gaps in that direction which we have still to fill.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O orador voltou ao bilhete que havia sido entregue a Garcia na noite de sua morte. Ele descartou a ideia de que os servos de Garcia estivessem envolvidos, observando que o próprio Garcia havia organizado a presença de Scott Eccles para criar um álibi. Garcia devia estar envolvido em um empreendimento criminoso naquela noite, e morreu durante ele. O orador raciocinou que a pessoa contra quem o crime era direcionado era a assassina mais provável. Nesse ponto, o orador se sentiu confiante nessa linha de raciocínio.

### Original English

“We will go back to the note which was handed in to Garcia upon the evening of his death. We may put aside this idea of Baynes’s that Garcia’s servants were concerned in the matter. The proof of this lies in the fact that it was he who had arranged for the presence of Scott Eccles, which could only have been done for the purpose of an alibi. It was Garcia, then, who had an enterprise, and apparently a criminal enterprise, in hand that night in the course of which he met his death. I say ‘criminal’ because only a man with a criminal enterprise desires to establish an alibi. Who, then, is most likely to have taken his life? Surely the person against whom the criminal

enterprise was directed. So far it seems to me that we are on safe ground.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O orador então explicou por que a casa de Garcia havia desaparecido. Eles eram todos cúmplices no mesmo crime secreto. Se o plano tivesse sucesso quando Garcia retornasse, o testemunho de Scott Eccles evitaria suspeitas. Mas a tentativa era perigosa, e se Garcia não retornasse até uma certa hora, ele provavelmente havia sido morto. Nesse caso, seus dois assistentes deveriam fugir para um local pré-combinado, onde poderiam evitar investigações e planejar outra tentativa. Isso, concluiu o orador, explicaria a situação.

### **Original English**

“We can now see a reason for the disappearance of Garcia’s household. They were all confederates in the same unknown crime. If it came off when Garcia returned, any possible suspicion would be warded off by the Englishman’s evidence, and all would be well. But the attempt was a dangerous one, and if Garcia did not return by a certain hour it was probable that his own life had been sacrificed. It had been arranged, therefore, that in such a case his two subordinates were to make for some prearranged spot where they could escape investigation and be in a position afterwards to renew their attempt. That would fully explain the facts, would it not?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Toda a situação confusa de repente ficou clara para o orador. Como acontecia frequentemente, ele se perguntou por que não tinha sido óbvio para ele antes.

### **Original English**

The whole inexplicable tangle seemed to straighten out before me. I wondered, as I always did, how it had not been obvious to me before.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Alguém perguntou por que apenas um servo havia retornado.

### **Original English**

“But why should one servant return?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O orador sugeriu que, na confusão da fuga, algo precioso que o servo não suportava deixar para trás foi esquecido. Isso explicaria por que ele voltou, propôs o orador.

### **Original English**

“We can imagine that in the confusion of flight something precious, something which he could not bear to part with, had been left behind. That would explain his persistence, would it not?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele perguntou sobre o próximo curso de ação.

### **Original English**

“Well, what is the next step?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O detetive raciocinou que o próximo passo envolvia analisar a nota que Garcia recebeu no jantar, a qual apontava para um cúmplice no outro extremo. Ele já havia inspecionado todas as grandes casas da área e concluído que apenas uma, High Gable, era suspeita. O proprietário, Sr. Henderson, era um homem curioso, então ele concentrou sua atenção nele e em sua casa.

### **Original English**

“The next step is the note received by Garcia at the dinner. It indicates a confederate at the other end. Now, where was the other end? I have already shown you that it could only lie in some large house, and that the number of large houses is limited. My first days in this village were devoted to a series of walks in which in the intervals of my botanical researches I made a reconnaissance of all the large houses and an examination of the family history of the occupants. One house, and only one, riveted my attention. It is the famous old Jacobean grange of High Gable, one mile on the farther side of Oxshott, and less than half a mile from the scene of the tragedy. The other mansions belonged to prosaic and respectable people who live far aloof from romance. But Mr. Henderson, of High Gable, was by all accounts a curious man to whom curious adventures might befall. I concentrated my attention, therefore, upon him and his household.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele descreveu Henderson como um homem singular de cinquenta anos, forte e ativo, com uma presença imponente e aparência estrangeira. Seu secretário, Sr. Lucas, também era estrangeiro, moreno, suave e felino. O detetive notou que agora haviam encontrado dois grupos de estrangeiros — um em Wisteria Lodge e outro em High Gable — o que começava a fechar as lacunas na investigação.

### **Original English**

“A singular set of people, Watson—the man himself the most singular of them all. I managed to see him on a plausible pretext, but I seemed to read in his dark, deep-set, brooding eyes that he was perfectly aware of my true business. He is a man of fifty, strong, active, with iron-gray hair, great bunched black eyebrows, the step of a deer and the air of an emperor—a fierce, masterful man, with a red-hot spirit behind his parchment face. He is either a foreigner or has lived long in the tropics, for he is yellow and sapless, but tough as whipcord. His friend and secretary, Mr. Lucas, is undoubtedly a foreigner, chocolate brown, wily, suave, and catlike, with a poisonous gentleness of speech. You see, Watson, we have come already upon two sets of foreigners—one at Wisteria Lodge and one at High Gable—so our gaps are beginning to close.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A casa girava em torno de Henderson e seu amigo próximo Lucas, mas também incluía as duas filhas pequenas de Henderson, de onze e treze anos, e sua governanta, Srta. Burnet, uma inglesa na casa dos quarenta. Havia também um criado de confiança. Henderson era extremamente rico e havia retornado recentemente de um ano de viagens. A casa era servida por muitos criados, típicos de uma grande casa de campo inglesa.

### Original English

“These two men, close and confidential friends, are the centre of the household; but there is one other person who for our immediate purpose may be even more important. Henderson has two children—girls of eleven and thirteen. Their governess is a Miss Burnet, an Englishwoman of forty or thereabouts. There is also one confidential manservant. This little group forms the real family, for they travel about together, and Henderson is a great traveller, always on the move. It is only within the last weeks that he has returned, after a year’s absence, to High Gable. I may add that he is enormously rich, and whatever his whims may be he can very easily satisfy them. For the rest, his house is full of butlers, footmen, maidservants, and the usual overfed, underworked staff of a large English country house.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele reuniu informações da fofoca da vila e de suas próprias observações. Teve a sorte de encontrar um jardineiro demitido, John Warner, que havia sido despedido por Henderson. Warner tinha amigos entre os criados da casa que temiam e desprezavam seu patrão, dando ao detetive uma chave para os segredos do estabelecimento.

### Original English

“So much I learned partly from village gossip and partly from my own observation. There are no better instruments than discharged servants with a grievance, and I was lucky enough to find one. I call it luck, but it would not have come my way had I not been looking out for it. As Baynes remarks, we all have our systems. It was my system which enabled me to find John Warner, late gardener of High Gable, sacked in a moment of temper by his imperious employer. He in turn had friends among the indoor servants who unite in their fear and dislike of their master. So I had my key

to the secrets of the establishment.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson comentou sobre a estranheza das pessoas naquela casa, que era dividida em duas alas com aposentos separados para os criados e a família, conectados apenas por uma porta usada para servir as refeições. A governanta e as crianças raramente saíam do jardim, e Henderson nunca andava sozinho; seu secretário estava sempre com ele. Os criados acreditavam que seu mestre estava aterrorizado com alguma coisa, com um deles chegando a afirmar que ele havia vendido sua alma ao diabo e esperava que seu credor viesse cobrar. Ninguém sabia de onde eles vieram, e Henderson tinha um temperamento violento, tendo açoitado pessoas duas vezes e evitado problemas legais apenas pagando indenização.

### **Original English**

“Curious people, Watson! I don’t pretend to understand it all yet, but very curious people anyway. It’s a double-winged house, and the servants live on one side, the family on the other. There’s no link between the two save for Henderson’s own servant, who serves the family’s meals. Everything is carried to a certain door, which forms the one connection. Governess and children hardly go out at all, except into the garden. Henderson never by any chance walks alone. His dark secretary is like his shadow. The gossip among the servants is that their master is terribly afraid of something. ‘Sold his soul to the devil in exchange for money,’ says Warner, ‘and expects his creditor to come up and claim his own.’ Where they came from, or who they are, nobody has an idea. They are very violent. Twice Henderson has lashed at folk with his dog-whip, and only his long purse and heavy compensation have kept him out of the courts.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes sugeriu que a carta provavelmente veio daquela estranha casa e era um convite para Garcia executar uma tentativa planejada. O bilhete deve ter sido escrito por uma mulher de dentro, provavelmente a governanta, Srta. Burnet. Todo o raciocínio apontava nessa direção, então ele propôs tratar isso como uma hipótese e ver o que se seguia. Ele acrescentou que a idade e o caráter da Srta. Burnet tornavam certo que sua ideia inicial de um interesse amoroso era impossível.

### Original English

“Well, now, Watson, let us judge the situation by this new information. We may take it that the letter came out of this strange household and was an invitation to Garcia to carry out some attempt which had already been planned. Who wrote the note? It was someone within the citadel, and it was a woman. Who then but Miss Burnet, the governess? All our reasoning seems to point that way. At any rate, we may take it as a hypothesis and see what consequences it would entail. I may add that Miss Burnet’s age and character make it certain that my first idea that there might be a love interest in our story is out of the question.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Se a Srta. Burnet escreveu o bilhete, ela provavelmente era amiga e cúmplice de Garcia. Se Garcia morreu durante algum ato criminoso, ela poderia permanecer em silêncio, mas certamente sentiria amargura e ódio por seus assassinos e poderia desejar vingança. Holmes pensou em vê-la e tentar usá-la, mas um fato sinistro surgiu: a Srta. Burnet não era vista desde a noite do assassinato. Ela havia desaparecido completamente. A questão permanecia se ela estava viva, tinha morrido na mesma noite ou estava apenas presa.

### Original English

“If she wrote the note she was presumably the friend and confederate of Garcia. What, then, might she be expected to do if she heard of his death? If he met it in some nefarious enterprise her lips might be sealed. Still, in her heart, she must retain bitterness and hatred against those who had killed him and would presumably help so far as she could to have revenge upon them. Could we see her, then and try to use her? That was my first

thought. But now we come to a sinister fact. Miss Burnet has not been seen by any human eye since the night of the murder. From that evening she has utterly vanished. Is she alive? Has she perhaps met her end on the same night as the friend whom she had summoned? Or is she merely a prisoner? There is the point which we still have to decide.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou a dificuldade: não havia evidências para obter um mandado, e todo o caso poderia parecer fantástico para um magistrado. O desaparecimento da mulher não era significativo por si só, já que naquela casa extraordinária qualquer membro poderia ficar invisível por uma semana. No entanto, ela poderia estar em perigo de vida. Tudo o que ele podia fazer era vigiar a casa e manter seu agente Warner de guarda nos portões. Já que a lei nada podia fazer, eles teriam que assumir o risco eles mesmos.

### **Original English**

“You will appreciate the difficulty of the situation, Watson. There is nothing upon which we can apply for a warrant. Our whole scheme might seem fantastic if laid before a magistrate. The woman’s disappearance counts for nothing, since in that extraordinary household any member of it might be invisible for a week. And yet she may at the present moment be in danger of her life. All I can do is to watch the house and leave my agent, Warner, on guard at the gates. We can’t let such a situation continue. If the law can do nothing we must take the risk ourselves.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson perguntou o que Holmes sugeria.

### **Original English**

“What do you suggest?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes afirmou que sabia qual quarto pertencia à senhora e que era possível alcançá-lo a partir do topo de um anexo. Ele propôs que fossem naquela noite para tentar chegar ao cerne do mistério.

### **Original English**

“I know which is her room. It is accessible from the top of an outhouse. My suggestion is that you and I go tonight and see if we can strike at the very heart of the mystery.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador admitiu que o plano não parecia atraente. A casa velha com sua atmosfera assassina, os estranhos e perigosos habitantes, os riscos desconhecidos da aproximação e o fato de que estariam agindo fora da lei reduziram seu entusiasmo. No entanto, o raciocínio friamente lógico de Holmes tornava impossível recusar qualquer aventura que ele recomendasse. Ele sabia que apenas assim a verdade poderia ser descoberta. Ele apertou a mão de Holmes em silêncio, e a decisão foi tomada.

### **Original English**

It was not, I must confess, a very alluring prospect. The old house with its atmosphere of murder, the singular and formidable inhabitants, the unknown dangers of the approach, and the fact that we were putting ourselves legally in a false position all combined to damp my ardour. But there was something in the ice-cold reasoning of Holmes which made it impossible to shrink from any adventure which he might recommend. One knew that thus, and only thus, could a solution be found. I clasped his hand in silence, and the die was cast.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No entanto, a investigação deles não estava destinada a ter uma conclusão tão dramática. Por volta das cinco horas, enquanto as sombras da tarde de março se alongavam, um camponês excitado irrompeu em seu quarto.

### **Original English**

But it was not destined that our investigation should have so adventurous an ending. It was about five o'clock, and the shadows of the March evening were beginning to fall, when an excited rustic rushed into our room.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O homem relatou que as pessoas que eles procuravam haviam partido no último trem. Ele acrescentou que a senhora havia escapado e que a estava esperando em um táxi lá embaixo.

### **Original English**

"They've gone, Mr. Holmes. They went by the last train. The lady broke away, and I've got her in a cab downstairs."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes exclamou com aprovação, levantando-se rapidamente, e disse a Watson que as peças que faltavam estavam se encaixando.

### **Original English**

"Excellent, Warner!" cried Holmes, springing to his feet. "Watson, the gaps are closing rapidly."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No táxi estava uma mulher que parecia à beira de um colapso por exaustão nervosa. Seu rosto fino e aquilino mostrava sinais de uma tragédia recente. Ela pendia a cabeça fracamente, mas quando a ergueu e olhou para nós, notei que suas pupilas eram minúsculos pontos escuros dentro de amplas íris cinzas. Ela havia sido drogada com ópio.

### **Original English**

In the cab was a woman, half-collapsed from nervous exhaustion. She bore upon her aquiline and emaciated face the traces of some recent tragedy. Her head hung listlessly upon her breast, but as she raised it and turned her dull eyes upon us I saw that her pupils were dark dots in the centre of the broad gray iris. She was drugged with opium.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O jardineiro, que havia sido demitido, relatou a Holmes que vigiara o portão conforme as instruções. Quando a carruagem saiu, ele a seguiu até a estação. A mulher parecia estar andando sonâmbula, mas quando tentaram colocá-la no trem, ela recobrou a consciência e lutou. Eles a forçaram a entrar, mas ela lutou para sair novamente. Ele tomou seu partido, colocou-a em um táxi e a trouxe até lá. Ele disse que nunca esqueceria o rosto na janela da carruagem enquanto a afastava—um rosto de olhos escuros, carrancudo e amarelado, que sugeria um homem perigoso.

### **Original English**

“I watched at the gate, same as you advised, Mr. Holmes,” said our emissary, the discharged gardener. “When the carriage came out I followed it to the station. She was like one walking in her sleep, but when they tried to get her into the train she came to life and struggled. They pushed her into the carriage. She fought her way out again. I took her part, got her into a cab, and here we are. I shan’t forget the face at the carriage window as I led her away. I’d have a short life if he had his way—the black-eyed, scowling, yellow devil.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nós a carregamos para cima e a colocamos no sofá. Após duas xícaras de café forte, a névoa da droga gradualmente deixou sua mente. Holmes havia mandado chamar Baynes, e as circunstâncias foram rapidamente explicadas a ele.

### **Original English**

We carried her upstairs, laid her on the sofa, and a couple of cups of the strongest coffee soon cleared her brain from the mists of the drug. Baynes had been summoned by Holmes, and the situation rapidly explained to him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O inspetor apertou calorosamente a mão de Holmes e disse que ele havia fornecido exatamente a evidência de que precisava. Ele acrescentou que vinha seguindo a mesma pista desde o início.

### **Original English**

“Why, sir, you’ve got me the very evidence I want,” said the inspector warmly, shaking my friend by the hand. “I was on the same scent as you from the first.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes exclamou surpreso, perguntando se o inspetor estava perseguindo Henderson.

### **Original English**

“What! You were after Henderson?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Baynes disse a Holmes que, enquanto Holmes estava rastejando pelos arbustos em High Gable, ele próprio estava em uma árvore na plantação, observando-o. Ele acrescentou que era uma corrida para ver quem reuniria suas evidências primeiro.

### **Original English**

“Why, Mr. Holmes, when you were crawling in the shrubbery at High Gable I was up one of the trees in the plantation and saw you down below. It was just who would get his evidence first.”

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# Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

## **analyzed** 'ænəlaɪzd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** analisou

**Simple English:** examined carefully to understand

**Example:** *The speaker analyzed a message.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The speaker analyzed a message. [Back to B1](#)

## **assume** /ə'su:m/ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** assumir; supor; presumir

**Simple English:** To think something is true without proof or evidence.

**Example:** *You cannot just assume everyone agrees with your opinion without asking them.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He will assume this is true for now and see what happens. [Back to B1](#)
2. He asked Mrs. Warren if he could assume there were not two people in her rooms.
3. They decided to assume that young West took the papers.

## **awake** ə'veɪk (2 occurrences)

**Português:** acordado

**Simple English:** Not sleeping.

**Example:** *He was only partly awake when people lifted him up.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mr. Scott Eccles was awake and looking with wide eyes. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was daylight, but the house was not awake yet.

**brave** /breɪv/ (4 occurrences)

**Português:** corajoso; valente; bravo

**Simple English:** Showing no fear when facing danger or pain.

**Example:** *The brave firefighter rescued the cat from the tree.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He explained that the evening had been long and he felt less brave than before. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was strong and brave, and he controlled a country for about ten years.
3. Although official detectives might make mistakes in gathering information, they were always brave.
4. She said her husband was brave and not afraid of anyone.

**chased** /tʃeɪst/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** perseguiu

**Simple English:** Ran after someone or something.

**Example:** *The dog chased the cat.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This man was seen again after the crime and was chased by Constable Walters when he returned to Mr. Garcia's house. [Back to B1](#)
2. Being a quick-thinking man, West decided to follow the agent, saw him take the documents from the window, and chased the thief.

**chestnut** ˈtʃɛs.nʌt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** castanha

**Simple English:** a type of tree with brown nuts

**Example:** *The path had chestnut trees.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It opened to a dark path with chestnut trees. [Back to B1](#)

**color** 'kʌlər (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cor

**Simple English:** What something looks like, for example red or blue.

**Example:** *Her dress has a bright color.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. After drinking the brandy, Mr. Eccles looked better and his face had color again. [Back to B1](#)

**competition** ,kɒmpə'tɪʃən (1 occurrence)

**Português:** competição

**Simple English:** An event where people try to win.

**Example:** *The soldiers looked better in the competition.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said it was a competition to see who could find the evidence first. [Back to B1](#)

**confused** /kən'fju:zd/ (9 occurrences)

**Português:** confuso; confundido; baralhado

**Simple English:** Feeling uncertain because something is unclear or hard understand.

**Example:** *He felt confused after reading the instructions multiple times without clarity.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, something surprising had happened to him, which made his hair stand up, his cheeks red, and his manner confused and excited. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was very confused and did not see where the taxi went.
3. Watson was less sure about getting a doctor because Holmes seemed very sick and confused.
4. Holmes instructed Watson to tell Mr. Smith that he was dying and confused.
5. As Watson left the flat, he heard Holmes singing in a confused way.

**countryside** *'kʌntrisaɪd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** campo

**Simple English:** land outside cities and towns

**Example:** *The path through the countryside is shorter.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The detective from the countryside laughed. [Back to B1](#)
2. During this time, Holmes sometimes sat and thought in the cottage, but he also took long walks alone in the countryside.

**disagreed** *ˌdɪzəˈɡriːd* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** discordou

**Simple English:** to have a different opinion

**Example:** *Professor Porter disagreed.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The speaker disagreed, saying a Spaniard would write in Spanish, so the note writer must be English. [Back to B1](#)
2. He met the agent, but they disagreed on the price.
3. Holmes disagreed, saying that once he had the idea of the body being on the roof, the rest was simple.
4. The guest disagreed and said it was not a pose, but natural.
5. Holmes disagreed, saying the papers would show their side what was known and what was not.

**disappointed** */ˌdɪzəˈpɔɪntɪd/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** desapontado; decepcionado; desiludido

**Simple English:** Not satisfied because expectations were unmet previously.

**Example:** *I felt disappointed when the concert tickets sold out quickly online.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. I waited, but I was very disappointed because nothing happened. [Back to B1](#)

**distracted** *dɪ'stræktɪd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** distraído

**Simple English:** not paying attention

**Example:** *She was distracted by the loud music.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Garcia tried to be interesting, but he seemed distracted and spoke in a vague, wild way that was hard to understand. [Back to B1](#)
2. After reading it, Garcia became even more distracted and strange. [Back to B1](#)

**disturbing** *dɪs'tɜːrbɪŋ* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** perturbador

**Simple English:** making someone feel upset or worried

**Example:** *The loud noise was very disturbing.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Garcia apologized for disturbing him so late, saying it was almost one o'clock. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was enough for me to help him catch the person without disturbing his focused thinking. [Back to B1](#)

**driveway** *'draɪ,weɪ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** entrada de carro

**Simple English:** a private road to a house

**Example:** *The house had a long driveway.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The house was a large, old building in bad condition, set back from the road with a long driveway. [Back to B1](#)

**exclaimed** *ɪk'skleɪmd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** exclamou

**Simple English:** Said something loudly because of emotion.

**Example:** *The doctor exclaimed he had found the problem.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Someone exclaimed in surprise and asked if Inspector Baynes had caught the suspect. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes exclaimed that he had completely forgotten about Watson and apologized.

**footprints** *'fʊtprɪnts* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** pegadas

**Simple English:** Marks left by feet on the ground.

**Example:** *The footprints in the sand showed where she had walked.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The attack was very violent, and the police found no clues or footprints. [Back to B1](#)
2. The bloody footprints led from an inner room towards them.
3. There were no footprints outside the window.

**formal** *'fɔ:rməl* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** formal

**Simple English:** Following rules or customs strictly.

**Example:** *She wore formal clothes to the party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His face and his formal way of acting showed he was a traditional person who followed rules. [Back to B1](#)
2. A butler in a formal uniform stood in the doorway, lit by a pink light.

**gloomier** *'glu:miə* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** mais sombrio

**Simple English:** Darker and sadder.

**Example:** *The room looked gloomier at night.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The dinner was not well-served or cooked, and the quiet servant made the meal even gloomier. [Back to B1](#)

### **grey** *greɪ* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** cinza

**Simple English:** a colour between black and white

**Example:** *She had grey hair.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The sky was grey. [Back to B1](#)
2. His grey hair almost touched the ceiling of our house.
3. The driver, an older man with a grey moustache, seemed ready to wait for a long time.

### **guidance** *'gaɪdəns* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** orientação

**Simple English:** help or advice to do something correctly

**Example:** *Under his guidance, they built the city called London.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He understood it was a dangerous task and that the letter 'D' might be important for guidance. [Back to B1](#)

### **gun** *ɡʌn* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** arma de fogo

**Simple English:** a weapon that shoots bullets

**Example:** *He fired his gun while escaping.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Other personal items found included pipes, books (some in Spanish), an old gun, and a guitar. [Back to B1](#)
2. Many strange people visited Holmes, and he was often untidy, played music loudly, and sometimes practiced with his gun inside.
3. Tregennis was shocked and sat down, unable to move when he saw the speaker's gun.

## **happily** 'hæpɪli (2 occurrences)

**Português:** felizmente

**Simple English:** in a happy way

**Example:** *She smiled happily at the good news.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes happily called out, "Excellent, Warner!" He stood up quickly and told Watson that they were getting very close to solving the case. [Back to B1](#)
2. The man happily held up a small parcel wrapped in brown paper.

## **hazel** 'heɪzəl (1 occurrence)

**Português:** aveleira

**Simple English:** A type of tree with small nuts and green leaves.

**Example:** *The hazel trees had new green leaves.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said it was nice to see the new green leaves on the hedges and the flowers on the hazel trees again. [Back to B1](#)

## **hello** hə'loʊ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** olá

**Simple English:** a greeting when meeting someone

**Example:** *She said hello to the warrior.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His eyes shone when he said hello to my friend. [Back to B1](#)

## **helpers** 'hɛlpəz (2 occurrences)

**Português:** ajudantes

**Simple English:** People who help others.

**Example:** *He hunted a lion with many helpers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The speaker suggested that Garcia's two helpers were meant to go to a secret place to avoid being caught and to plan their attempt again later. [Back to B1](#)
2. Before the rebellion started, he secretly put his valuable things and his loyal helpers onto a ship.

**identified** *ai'dentɪfaɪd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** identificou

**Simple English:** said who you are

**Example:** *He identified himself as the new teacher.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes identified it as a white cock and said it was a very strange case. [Back to B1](#)
2. They took something from the van and carried it to the door, which the speaker identified as a coffin.

**identify** *ai'dentɪfaɪ* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** identificar

**Simple English:** To recognize and name someone or something.

**Example:** *They could identify the person from the photo.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It was very dry and wrinkled, making it hard to identify. [Back to B1](#)
2. Sherlock Holmes agreed and said that there must have been something, like a thumbprint, that could identify the person.

**ignore** */ɪg'nɔ:r/* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** ignorar

**Simple English:** To intentionally pay no attention to someone or something.

**Example:** *It's not polite to ignore someone when they are speaking to you.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, he felt he could not ignore the situation after they heard the facts. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes then told Mr. Eccles to ignore the inspector and continue his story as if he had not been interrupted. [Back to B1](#)

### **including** *ɪn'kluːdɪŋ* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** incluindo

**Simple English:** Used to mention something as part of a group.

**Example:** *Everyone was invited, including teachers and students.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mr. Baynes assured Mr. Holmes that he believed Holmes meant well, but explained that everyone has their own methods, including himself. [Back to B1](#)
2. He showed Mortimer some of his African items, including the powder.
3. The man explained that he had copies of all the signals, including semaphore, lamp code, and Marconi.

### **incomplete** *ɪnkəm'pli:t* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** incompleto

**Simple English:** Not finished or missing some parts.

**Example:** *The facts were incomplete, so we must be careful.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, he warned against making conclusions based on incomplete facts, as it could lead to changing the facts to fit one's ideas. [Back to B1](#)

### **injured** *'ɪndʒəd/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ferido; lesionado; machucado

**Simple English:** Physically harmed or wounded by accident or violence.

**Example:** *She was injured in a car accident last week but is recovering well.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His head was badly injured by strong blows from a heavy object like a sandbag. [Back to B1](#)

### **involving** *ɪn'vɔːlvɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** envolvendo

**Simple English:** including or connected with something

**Example:** *The story is involving many characters.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Watson replied that he could not understand the mystery involving Scott Eccles. [Back to B1](#)

**item** 'aɪtəm (1 occurrence)

**Português:** item

**Simple English:** a thing or object

**Example:** *The key was the only item she did not understand.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This item was so precious that the servant could not leave it, which explained why he came back. [Back to B1](#)

**items** 'aɪtəmz (8 occurrences)

**Português:** objetos

**Simple English:** Things or objects, especially small ones.

**Example:** *Clayton said he wished they had left those items.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Other personal items found included pipes, books (some in Spanish), an old gun, and a guitar. [Back to B1](#)

2. She explained that she found these items on his tray that morning and brought them because she heard that small things can reveal important information.

3. He asked if the items were valuable.

4. A full report was necessary, and some items were waiting for him after the goods were delivered.

5. Payment would be in cash when the items were delivered.

**jump** dʒʌmp (1 occurrence)

**Português:** pular

**Simple English:** to move by pushing yourself up

**Example:** *He tried hard to jump away.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Through the foggy window, I saw a man jump up from a chair by the fire. [Back to B1](#)

## **jumped** *dʒʌmp* (7 occurrences)

**Português:** pulou

**Simple English:** moved quickly upwards or forwards

**Example:** *He jumped over the wall easily.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. When I read the main news, Holmes jumped in his chair as if he had been hurt. [Back to B1](#)
2. He jumped out, but they tried to pull him back.
3. Then she suddenly took a sharp breath and jumped up with a cry of happiness.
4. Suddenly, Marie jumped up, looking surprised and scared.
5. It stopped at their house, and the vicar, a friend, jumped out and ran up the garden path.

## **located** *ləʊ'keɪtɪd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** localizado

**Simple English:** Found in a particular place.

**Example:** *They asked where he was located.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Later, Garcia invited Eccles to spend a few days at his house, called Wisteria Lodge, which was located between Esher and Oxshott. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was a tall, thin building made of yellow bricks, located on Great Orme Street, a narrow street near the British Museum.

## **location** *ləʊ'keɪʃən/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** localização; posição; lugar

**Simple English:** Geographic position of a person, place, or object.

**Example:** *The location of the new restaurant is very convenient for everyone.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The location was the Post Office at Charing Cross. [Back to B1](#)

## lot *lot* (28 occurrences)

**Português:** muito

**Simple English:** A large amount or number.

**Example:** *They could sell her for a lot of money.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes smoked a lot. [Back to B1](#)
2. He had a round, red face and smiled a lot. [Back to B1](#)
3. These people travelled together because Henderson liked to travel a lot. [Back to B1](#)
4. The visitor talked a lot about politics and social issues.
5. The wife noticed that Gorgiano paid a lot of attention to her when he visited.

## loyal *'lɔɪəl* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** leal

**Simple English:** always supporting and being faithful to someone

**Example:** *She is loyal to her friends and helps them.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He lived with a loyal servant from his own country who took care of him and could speak English. [Back to B1](#)
2. Before the rebellion started, he secretly put his valuable things and his loyal helpers onto a ship.
3. Sir James was a loyal man who had worked for the government for many years.
4. Marie was loyal but had to leave her mistress because she was sure Lady Frances was safe and because Marie was getting married.

## messy *'mes.i* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** bagunçado

**Simple English:** Not clean or tidy.

**Example:** *Her desk is always messy.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The client ran his hand over his messy hair and unshaven chin. [Back to B1](#)

2. Holmes asked him to organize his thoughts and explain clearly, in the correct order, what had happened to make him look so messy and need help. [Back to B1](#)
3. His eyes looked troubled, his cheeks were stained, and his hair was messy.
4. The speaker explained that their office was messy.

### **narrator** 'nærətər (52 occurrences)

**Português:** narrador

**Simple English:** The person who tells a story.

**Example:** *The narrator was busy looking for strange things.*

**Forms in this book:** narrator, narrator's

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator's notebook shows that it was a windy day at the end of March in 1892. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then, he suddenly turned to the narrator with a playful look in his eyes. [Back to B1](#)
3. Holmes asked the narrator if he considered himself a writer and asked for his definition of the word 'grotesque'. [Back to B1](#)
4. The narrator suggested that 'grotesque' means strange or remarkable. [Back to B1](#)
5. Holmes read it and was about to put it away, but he saw the narrator looking eager. [Back to B1](#)

### **nearby** ,nɪər'baɪ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** próximo

**Simple English:** close in distance

**Example:** *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. There was great excitement in Esher and nearby areas when it was announced late last night that an arrest had been made for the Oxshott murder. [Back to B1](#)
2. He believed they were hiding nearby. [Back to B1](#)
3. They were sure it could not have been brought from a nearby street because it would have had to pass station guards.

## **noise** *nɔɪz* (6 occurrences)

**Português:** barulho

**Simple English:** a loud or unpleasant sound

**Example:** *I heard a noise outside my window.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But before the client could start his story, there was a noise outside. [Back to B1](#)
2. I heard a loud noise from inside. [Back to B1](#)
3. He explained that a passenger heard a loud noise, like a body falling onto the train tracks, near Aldgate station late on Monday night.
4. He bent down and pulled hard, and the door suddenly broke open with a loud noise.
5. We heard a noise outside, and then two quick knocks.

## **noticeable** *'nɒtɪsəbəl* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** visível

**Simple English:** easy to see or notice

**Example:** *Her smile is noticeable from far away.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The police were sure they would be caught because the cook was a very noticeable man: a large, ugly mulatto with dark skin. [Back to B1](#)
2. The speaker replied that the man was dressed very smartly, like a gentleman, in dark clothes that were not noticeable.

## **onto** *'əntu* (13 occurrences)

**Português:** em cima de

**Simple English:** moving to a higher position on something

**Example:** *The cat jumped onto the table.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He walked onto the grass and tapped the glass. [Back to B1](#)
2. It seemed that the person had gone through the bushes and onto the road. [Back to B1](#)
3. Before the rebellion started, he secretly put his valuable things and his loyal helpers onto a ship.

4. The police thought the body could only have gotten onto the tracks by falling from a train.

5. Another idea was that he tried to get out of the carriage, fell onto the train tracks, and died.

**opportunity** ˌɒpər'tju:nɪti (2 occurrences)

**Português:** oportunidade

**Simple English:** A good chance to do something.

**Example:** *He thought it was a good opportunity.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said that life in the small towns was boring and that a case like this gave a man an opportunity. [Back to B1](#)

2. Holmes said that there was good material and opportunity in the case.

**organize** ˈɔ:rgənəɪz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** organizar

**Simple English:** To arrange or plan something carefully.

**Example:** *He helped organize the city's defense.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes asked him to organize his thoughts and explain clearly, in the correct order, what had happened to make him look so messy and need help. [Back to B1](#)

**organized** /ˈɔ:rgənəɪzd/ (4 occurrences)

**Português:** organizado

**Simple English:** Managing tasks or life efficiently without disorder.

**Example:** *He is very organized and keeps all his notes in order.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He thought Baynes, who was very organized, had probably already done something similar. [Back to B1](#)

2. A question was asked if Sir James was a person who was organized in his daily life.

3. The speaker confirmed that Sir James was organized and stated that he kept those three keys on the same ring, which they had seen many times.

4. Holmes knew Smith was very organized and would not be in his study before six o'clock.

**outcome** /'aʊtkʌm/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** resultado; desfecho; consequência

**Simple English:** The result or consequence produced by an action or event.

**Example:** *The outcome of the meeting will determine the project's future direction.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The presence of the honest Englishman, ready to confirm Scott Eccles was in the house, was a protection against the worst possible outcome. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said they must be ready for the worst possible outcome.

**piece** pi:s (5 occurrences)

**Português:** pedaço

**Simple English:** A small part of something.

**Example:** *A piece of the bullet broke the handle.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He smiled slowly and took a folded, discoloured piece of paper from his pocket. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said he had picked this unburned piece out from the back of the grate. [Back to B1](#)
3. Holmes commented that Eccles must have searched the house very carefully to find a single piece of paper. [Back to B1](#)
4. If he needed anything else, he would write it on a piece of paper and leave it.
5. He told Holmes that his last piece of proof was gone.

**playful** 'pleɪfəl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** brincalhão

**Simple English:** Full of fun and games.

**Example:** *The puppy was very playful with the children.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Then, he suddenly turned to the narrator with a playful look in his eyes. [Back to B1](#)

2. Holmes replied with a playful look that the connection was not difficult to understand.

### **praised** *preizd* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** elogiou

**Simple English:** said good things about someone

**Example:** *Torndali praised Gefasto for doing a great job.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He praised Mr. Baynes for looking at it closely. [Back to B1](#)
2. The American man, who was young and looked serious, became red when Holmes praised him.
3. She praised Gennaro, saying he was wonderful and that no woman could be good enough for him.
4. He praised Watson, calling his disagreement logical.

### **proven** *'pru:vən* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** comprovado

**Simple English:** Shown to be true or correct.

**Example:** *The scientist has proven the new theory.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Sherlock Holmes explained to Watson that the person might have proven he was elsewhere. [Back to B1](#)
2. He believed they would all be proven right when they saw the people from High Gable at the next court session in Guildford.

### **puffing** *'pʌfɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** inflando

**Simple English:** making yourself look bigger by filling with air

**Example:** *He showed anger by puffing himself up.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He demanded an explanation, showing his anger by becoming red and puffing himself up. [Back to B1](#)

**reduce** ɪ'dju:s (1 occurrence)

**Português:** reduzir

**Simple English:** to make smaller or less

**Example:** *He wanted to reduce their enemies.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes said that this was a clear way to reduce the number of places they needed to investigate. [Back to B1](#)

**reminded** ɪ'maɪn.dɪd (12 occurrences)

**Português:** lembrar

**Simple English:** to make someone remember something

**Example:** *He reminded her that it was her own fault she was there.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He reminded me that strange or unusual stories often became criminal.

[Back to B1](#)

2. He reminded the other person that they had told him Mycroft had a small job in the British government.

3. He reminded them that parts of the Underground railway in the West End were not covered by tunnels.

4. They reminded the person that only English notes or gold would be accepted.

5. Watson reminded Holmes that he was talking about his instructions for Mr. Culverton Smith.

**retire** ɪ'taɪə (1 occurrence)

**Português:** aposentar-se

**Simple English:** to stop working permanently

**Example:** *He decided to retire and stopped taking cases.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He had decided to retire permanently and refused many offers to take cases.

[Back to B1](#)

## risky *'rɪski* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** arriscado

**Simple English:** Dangerous or uncertain

**Example:** *It was a risky adventure.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, the plan was risky, and if Garcia did not come back by a certain time, it was likely he had been killed. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes explained that it was a risky chance to find Lady Frances alive, but they succeeded.

## shovel *'ʃʌvəl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** pá

**Simple English:** a tool to dig or move earth or other material

**Example:** *He used a small shovel to dig.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He suggested that with a small shovel, a box, and a simple book about plants, I could have interesting days. [Back to B1](#)

## skills *skɪlz* (7 occurrences)

**Português:** habilidades

**Simple English:** the ability to do something well

**Example:** *He used his skills to escape.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, when the German war began, he offered his skills to the Government. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes added that the Inspector's skills seemed better than the chances he usually got. [Back to B1](#)
3. He asked Sherlock to use his skills, go to the crime scene, talk to the people involved, and search everywhere.
4. The narrator explained that he had great respect for Holmes's amazing skills and always followed his wishes, even when he did not understand them.
5. However, he also said that Watson was only a general doctor with limited experience and average skills.

**suffers** 'sʌfərz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** sofre

**Simple English:** experiences pain or illness

**Example:** *He sometimes suffers from rheumatism.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Sherlock Holmes is alive and well, although he sometimes suffers from rheumatism. [Back to B1](#)

**taxi** 'tæksi (10 occurrences)

**Português:** táxi

**Simple English:** A car you pay to take you somewhere.

**Example:** *A taxi stopped near the house.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He also said that the lady had escaped, and he had her waiting in a taxi downstairs. [Back to B1](#)
2. As he walked down the road, two men grabbed him from behind, covered his head with a coat, and put him into a waiting taxi.
3. He was very confused and did not see where the taxi went.
4. There, he took a taxi and got Mycroft's paper from his pocket.
5. The speaker said he would bring the person to a taxi.

**testimony** 'tɛstəˌmɔʊni (1 occurrence)

**Português:** testemunho

**Simple English:** A statement given by a witness, especially in court.

**Example:** *Her testimony helped solve the case.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. If the plan worked when Garcia returned, the Englishman's testimony would stop any suspicion. [Back to B1](#)

**tired** *'taɪəd* (11 occurrences)

**Português:** cansado

**Simple English:** feeling the need to rest or sleep

**Example:** *After running, he felt tired and needed to sit down.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She was very tired and weak. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes was very different from how he was a few hours earlier, when he was tired and walked around the room.
3. He was a thin, serious man with glasses, looking tired and nervous from the stress he had experienced.
4. He was very skilled, but it was sad to see how tired he was.
5. Watson heard a key turn, and then Holmes returned to his bed, tired and breathing heavily after his sudden burst of energy.

**traditional** *trə'dɪʃənəl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** tradicional

**Simple English:** followed old customs or ways

**Example:** *They used traditional weapons like spears.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His face and his formal way of acting showed he was a traditional person who followed rules. [Back to B1](#)

**tree** *tri:* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** árvore

**Simple English:** A tall plant with a wooden stem.

**Example:** *There is a big tree in front of my house.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Baynes explained to Holmes that while Holmes was searching in the bushes at High Gable, Baynes was in a tree watching him. [Back to B1](#)

**trip** /trɪp/ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** viagem; desengate; tropeçar

**Simple English:** A journey.

**Example:** *We took a trip to Rome.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Except for this trip, he spent his days walking alone for a long time or talking with some people in the village whom he had met. [Back to B1](#)
2. He offered to pay for first-class tickets and all expenses for a trip to Lausanne.
3. He said this explained why he had returned and why his trip to Africa was not important to him.

**typical** 'tɪpɪkəl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** típico

**Simple English:** Normal or usual for someone or something.

**Example:** *It is typical for cats to sleep a lot.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He thought Eccles was chosen because he seemed like a typical, respectable British man, who would be believed by other British people, as the police inspectors had believed his story. [Back to B1](#)
2. Caulfield Gardens had many houses with columns and porches, typical of Victorian London.

**ugly** 'ʌɡli (1 occurrence)

**Português:** feio

**Simple English:** not attractive or pleasant to see

**Example:** *The broken chair looked ugly.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The police were sure they would be caught because the cook was a very noticeable man: a large, ugly mulatto with dark skin. [Back to B1](#)

**unacceptable** *ʌnək'septəbl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** inaceitável

**Simple English:** Not allowed or not good enough.

**Example:** *The manager said the situation was unacceptable.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said he had never been in such a situation before and that it was very wrong and unacceptable. [Back to B1](#)

**unclear** *ʌn'kliə* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** incerto

**Simple English:** Not easy to understand or know.

**Example:** *It is unclear what she means.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Finally, it was unclear if it was human or animal. [Back to B1](#)

2. He asked Watson if anything was still unclear.

3. Watson replied that the case was still unclear to him.

**unfair** *ʌn'feə* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** injusto

**Simple English:** not honest or equal

**Example:** *The trial was unfair to him.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mr. Scott Eccles said it was very sad and terrible, but also unfair to him. [Back to B1](#)

2. Gennaro told his wife that when he was younger and felt life was unfair, he joined a secret group in Naples called the Red Circle.

**untidy** *ʌn'taɪdi* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** desorganizado

**Simple English:** not clean or neat

**Example:** *His room was untidy with clothes on the floor.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The client looked sadly at his own untidy appearance. [Back to B1](#)

2. Many strange people visited Holmes, and he was often untidy, played music loudly, and sometimes practiced with his gun inside.

### wiped *waɪpt* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** limpou

**Simple English:** Cleaned or dried by rubbing.

**Example:** *She wiped the table with a cloth.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The man wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and sighed with relief.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Sterndale wiped his forehead.

### woken *'woukən* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** acordados

**Simple English:** past participle of wake; to be caused to stop sleeping

**Example:** *She was woken by the loud noise.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He woke up late, at nine o'clock, although he had asked to be woken earlier.

[Back to B1](#)

### worrying *'wɜːrɪŋ* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** preocupante

**Simple English:** causing concern or anxiety

**Example:** *The news was worrying for many people.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But now, there is a worrying fact: Miss Burnet has not been seen since the night of the murder. [Back to B1](#)

2. She finally said that she had felt something was worrying him.

3. He also did not expect a new, strange, and worrying event that would start a completely new investigation.