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# ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

**B1**

## The Return of Sherlock Holmes

Arthur Conan Doyle



1 NÍVEL DE  
LEITURA

**B1**



TEXTO  
ORIGINAL  
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO  
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E  
GLOSSÁRIO  
DE VOCABULÁRIO

427  
PARK LANE

### O REGRESSO DE SHERLOCK HOLMES

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

# **The Return of Sherlock Holmes**

## **O Regresso de Sherlock Holmes**

**Arthur Conan Doyle**

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português  
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Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–1930)

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# Introdução

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

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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**

O Regresso de Sherlock Holmes é uma coletânea de treze contos que trazem de volta o lendário detetive Sherlock Holmes e seu amigo Dr. John Watson. O livro marca o dramático reaparecimento de Holmes após sua aparente morte nas Cataratas de Reichenbach, conforme narrado em "A Casa Vazia". Ambientado principalmente na Londres vitoriana e arredores, os contos acompanham Holmes enquanto ele enfrenta uma variedade de casos complexos, desde roubos e chantagens até assassinatos e intrigas políticas. O conflito central gira em torno da luta de Holmes contra mentes criminosas, incluindo o retorno da influência de seu nêmesis, o Professor Moriarty. O tom é uma mistura de suspense, desafio intelectual e humor ocasional, com a proeza dedutiva de Holmes ocupando o centro do palco. Watson narra as aventuras, oferecendo uma perspectiva fundamentada sobre os métodos brilhantes, mas excêntricos, de Holmes. A coleção inclui contos famosos como "A Dança dos Homens" e "A Aventura dos Seis Napoleões". Ao longo da obra, o caráter de Holmes é ainda mais desenvolvido, revelando suas

vulnerabilidades e seu profundo compromisso com a justiça. As histórias progredem da reintrodução de Holmes a uma série de enigmas cada vez mais intrincados, culminando em um confronto final que testa suas habilidades ao limite. O cenário varia das ruas enevoadas de Londres ao campo inglês, cada local adicionando atmosfera aos mistérios. O tom literário é o clássico da ficção detetivesca, com foco no raciocínio lógico e na observação cuidadosa.

### **Nota editorial**

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# The Adventure of the Empty House

**Pt/En** In the spring of 1894, a murder shocked London. The Honourable Ronald Adair was killed in a very strange way. The police knew some facts, but they did not tell everyone because the case seemed very clear. Now, almost ten years later, the writer can share the missing information. The crime was interesting, but what happened next was even more surprising and shocking to the writer. The writer explains that he did not share this story before because Sherlock Holmes had asked him not to. This prohibition was only removed recently.

**Pt/En** Because the writer was good friends with Sherlock Holmes, he was very interested in crimes. After Holmes disappeared, the writer always read about new cases. He even tried to solve them himself using Holmes's methods, but he was not very successful. However, the death of Ronald Adair was a case that interested him more than any other. When he read the details from the inquest, he understood how much the community missed Sherlock Holmes. The writer believed that Holmes would have been very interested in the strange details of this case. He thought Holmes's sharp mind would have solved the mystery faster than the police. The writer thought about the case all day but could not find a good explanation. He decided to explain the facts that the public knew after the inquest.

**Pt/En** The Honourable Ronald Adair was the son of the Earl of Maynooth, who was a governor in Australia. Ronald's mother had come back from Australia for an operation. She, Ronald, and his sister Hilda lived together in Park Lane. Ronald was part of high society. He had no known enemies and no bad habits. He was engaged to Miss Edith Woodley, but they ended their engagement some months before. It did not seem to affect him deeply. He lived a quiet and *normal* life. However, this young man died in a very strange and unexpected way on the night of March 30, 1894, between ten and eleven-twenty.

**Pt/En** Ronald Adair enjoyed playing cards but never for high amounts of money. He belonged to several card clubs. On the day he died, he played whist at the Bagatelle club after dinner and also in the afternoon. The people who played with him, including Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy, and Colonel Moran, said the game was *normal* and the cards were fairly distributed. Adair might have lost about five pounds, which was not a lot

for him because he was wealthy. He usually played cards often and often won money. The evidence showed that he and Colonel Moran had won four hundred and twenty pounds in one evening some weeks earlier. This was what the public knew about his recent life from the inquest.

**Pt/En** On the night of the murder, Ronald Adair returned home from his club at ten o'clock. His mother and sister were out visiting a relative. The servant heard him go into his sitting-room on the second floor. She had lit a fire, but it smoked, so she opened the window. No noise came from the room until eleven-twenty, when his mother and sister returned. They wanted to say *goodnight* to him, but his door was locked from the inside. They knocked and called, but he did not answer. Someone got help, and they broke down the door. They found Ronald Adair near a table. His head was badly hurt by a special type of bullet from a revolver. However, no gun was found in the room. On the table were two ten-pound banknotes and seventeen pounds ten shillings in coins. There were also some numbers and names on a paper, which suggested he was *calculating* his card game winnings or losses.

**Pt/En** The police looked closely at the situation of a man found dead in his room in Park Lane. The door was locked from the inside, which made it difficult to understand. The window was very high, and there was no sign that anyone had climbed out of it or that anything below had been disturbed. It seemed the man had locked the door himself. But how did he die? No one could climb to the window without leaving marks. If someone shot through the window, they would have to be a very good shot with a revolver. Also, Park Lane was a busy street, and no one heard a shot. Yet, the dead man and a bullet were found. The bullet was shaped in a way that caused instant death. The case was even more *confusing* because there was no reason for the murder, as the young man had no enemies, and no money or valuables were taken.

**Pt/En** The *narrator* thought about the facts all day, trying to find a solution to the mystery. He did not make much progress. In the evening, he walked in the park and went to Park Lane. He saw a group of people looking at a window. A tall man in dark glasses, who seemed to be a detective, was explaining his ideas. The *narrator* listened but thought the ideas were *silly*. As he turned away, he *bumped* into an older, deformed man carrying books. The *narrator* dropped the books. He saw the title of one book, "The Origin of Tree Worship," and thought the man was a

collector of old books. The owner of the books was angry and turned away with a look of disgust.

**Pt/En** The narrator's visit to the house in Park Lane did not help him understand the problem. The house had a low wall and a fence, making it easy to enter the garden. However, the window was impossible to reach, as there was nothing to help someone climb up. Feeling more confused, the narrator returned home. Soon after he arrived, a maid told him someone wanted to see him. To his surprise, it was the old book collector he had met earlier. The man's face looked thin and old, with white hair, and he was carrying about a dozen of his books.

**Pt/En** The book collector spoke in a strange, rough voice and said that the narrator seemed surprised to see him.

**Pt/En** The narrator admitted that he was surprised.

**Pt/En** The speaker explained that he had a conscience. He saw the listener go into the house and followed. He decided to come inside to speak to the kind gentleman. He wanted to say that he had not meant to be rude earlier and was very thankful for the listener picking up his books.

**Pt/En** The narrator replied that it was a small matter. He asked how the speaker knew who he was.

**Pt/En** The speaker said that he was a neighbour. He mentioned his bookshop was on the corner of Church Street and invited the listener to visit. He guessed the listener might collect books and pointed out some titles, suggesting they would fit on a shelf and make it look tidier.

**Pt/En** The narrator turned his head to look at a cabinet. When he turned back, Sherlock Holmes was standing and smiling at him across the study table. The narrator stood up, stared at Holmes in surprise for a few seconds, and then fainted. He remembered a grey mist and later found his collar undone and the taste of brandy. Holmes was leaning over his chair with a flask.

**Pt/En** Holmes spoke in a familiar voice, apologizing to Watson. He said he did not expect Watson to be so affected.

**Pt/En** I held him tightly by his arms.

**Pt/En** I cried out Holmes's name and asked if it was really him. I could not believe he was alive and asked if he had managed to climb out of the terrible, deep place.

**Pt/En** He asked me to wait and if I was well enough to talk. He said my surprise at his return was very dramatic.

**Pt/En** I told him I was fine, but I could not believe my eyes. I was very surprised to see him in my study. I touched his arm and felt it was real. I said I was very happy to see him and asked him to sit down and explain how he had survived the dangerous fall.

**Pt/En** He sat down and lit a cigarette calmly. He wore the clothes of a book seller, but the rest of that person was just old books and white hair on the table. Holmes looked thinner and sharper than before. His face was very pale, showing that he had not been healthy recently.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes told Watson that he was happy to stretch his body. He explained that it was difficult for a tall man to be shorter for a long time. Holmes asked Watson for his help because they had difficult and dangerous work to do that night. He suggested it might be better to explain everything after the work was finished.

**Pt/En** Watson said he was very curious and would prefer to hear the explanation now.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked Watson if he would come with him that night.

**Pt/En** Watson replied that he would go whenever and wherever Holmes wanted.

**Pt/En** Holmes commented that this was like the old days. He said they had time for dinner before they needed to leave. Then, he explained that he had no real trouble getting out of the chasm because he had never been in it.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked if Holmes had never been in that dangerous situation.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained to Watson that he had never been in the dangerous situation. He said his note was true. He thought his career was ending when he saw Professor Moriarty. Moriarty looked serious and determined. Holmes spoke with Moriarty and got permission to write the note. He left the note, his cigarette-box, and his stick. Then he walked

towards safety, with Moriarty following him. At the end of the path, Holmes stopped. Moriarty attacked him, holding him tightly. Moriarty knew he was defeated and wanted revenge. They both stood on the edge of a cliff. Holmes used his knowledge of baritsu, a Japanese wrestling style, to escape. He slipped away, and Moriarty screamed and fell. Moriarty could not keep his balance and fell down the cliff. Holmes watched him fall a long way before he hit a rock, bounced, and fell into the water.

Pt/En Watson listened with surprise as Holmes told this story while smoking his cigarette.

Pt/En Watson asked about the tracks, saying he saw two people go down the path but no one return.

Pt/En Holmes explained that as soon as Moriarty fell, he realized it was a lucky chance. He knew other dangerous men wanted him dead. He believed they would try to kill him if he stayed alive. However, if everyone thought he was dead, these men would become careless and he could catch them later. He planned to reveal he was alive after dealing with them. Holmes thought of all this very quickly, even before Moriarty hit the bottom of the waterfall.

Pt/En Holmes examined the rocky wall behind him. Watson had written that the wall was straight up, but it was not exactly true. There were a few small places to put his feet and a possible ledge. The cliff was too high to climb, and he could not walk along the wet path without leaving tracks. He decided it was best to try climbing. It was not pleasant. The waterfall roared below him. He felt like he heard Moriarty's voice from the deep space. A mistake would have been deadly. Sometimes grass came out in his hand or his foot slipped, and he thought he would fall. But he climbed up and reached a wide ledge covered in soft moss. There he could hide comfortably and unseen. At that time, Watson and his friends were looking for him, but they were not finding him effectively.

Pt/En After Watson and his group left, thinking they knew what happened, Holmes was alone. He thought his adventures were over, but something unexpected happened. A large rock fell near him and went into the chasm. At first, he thought it was an accident. But then he looked up and saw a man's head against the sky. Another stone hit the ledge very close to him. Holmes understood that Moriarty had an assistant. This

assistant was dangerous. The assistant had watched Moriarty die and Holmes escape. He had waited and then climbed to the top of the cliff to try and kill Holmes, where Moriarty had failed.

**Pt/En** Holmes quickly understood the danger. He saw the man's face again and knew another stone would come. He climbed back down to the path. It was much harder than climbing up. He had no time to think about the danger because another stone flew past him as he held onto the ledge. He slipped halfway down but managed to land on the path, hurt and bleeding. He ran away, travelling ten miles over the mountains in the dark. A week later, he arrived in Florence, sure that no one knew where he was.

**Pt/En** Holmes had only one person he told – his brother Mycroft. He apologized to Watson, explaining that it was very important for everyone to believe he was dead. He knew Watson's writing about his death was convincing because Watson himself believed it was true. Holmes had wanted to write to Watson many times over the last three years, but he worried Watson's strong feelings for him might cause him to reveal the secret. That is why he turned away from Watson earlier when his books were disturbed; he was in danger, and any sign of surprise from Watson could have revealed his identity. To get the money he needed, he had to tell Mycroft. Things in London had not gone as well as he hoped, as two dangerous members of Moriarty's gang were still free. Holmes travelled for two years, visiting Tibet, Persia, Mecca, and Khartoum. He sent information from Khartoum to the Foreign Office. He then worked in a laboratory in France for several months. When he learned only one enemy was left in London, he planned to return. However, news of a new mystery in Park Lane made him hurry back. It was interesting on its own and offered him special chances. He came to London, visited Baker Street, surprised Mrs. Hudson, and found that Mycroft had kept his rooms and papers safe. So, Holmes explained, he was back in his old room and chair that afternoon, wishing he could see his friend Watson.

**Pt/En** Watson listened to Holmes's story that evening. He found it hard to believe, but seeing Holmes's familiar appearance confirmed it. Holmes knew Watson had recently lost someone dear to him and showed sympathy. He told Watson that work is the best way to deal with sadness. He said he had a job for them that night which, if successful, would make a life worthwhile. Watson asked for more details, but Holmes said he

would see and hear enough before morning. He added that they had three years of past events to discuss and that they would start a new adventure, called 'the adventure of the empty house,' at half-past nine.

**Pt/En** The narrator felt it was like old times. He was in a taxi with Holmes, carrying a gun and feeling excited. Holmes was serious and quiet. His face looked thoughtful, with his eyebrows down and lips pressed together. The narrator did not know what crime they were investigating in London, but he understood from Holmes's serious manner that it was a very important case. Holmes had a slight, mocking smile that suggested trouble for whoever they were looking for.

**Pt/En** The narrator thought they were going to Baker Street, but Holmes stopped the taxi in Cavendish Square. As Holmes got out, he looked around carefully. At every street corner, he made sure they were not being followed. Their path was unusual. Holmes knew London's small streets very well and quickly went through narrow lanes and stables that the narrator had never seen before. They finally came out onto a small road with old, dark houses. This led them to Manchester Street and then Blandford Street. There, Holmes quickly turned down a narrow path, went through a wooden gate into an empty yard, and opened the back door of a house with a key. They entered the house together, and Holmes closed the door.

**Pt/En** The house was completely dark. The narrator realized it was empty. Their footsteps made noise on the wooden floor. The narrator's hand touched a wall where the wallpaper was torn. Holmes took the narrator's wrist with his cold, thin fingers and led him down a long hall. The narrator could dimly see the light from the fanlight above the door. Holmes suddenly turned right, and they entered a large, square, empty room. The corners were dark, but the center was lit by streetlights from outside. There was no lamp inside, and the window was very dusty, so they could only just see each other's shapes. Holmes put his hand on the narrator's shoulder and spoke close to his ear.

**Pt/En** Holmes quietly asked the narrator if he knew where they were.

**Pt/En** Looking through the dim window, the narrator replied that he thought they were in Baker Street.

**Pt/En** They were in Camden House, which was across the street from their old rooms.

**Pt/En** Watson asked why they were there.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that the house had a good view of their old rooms. He asked Watson to go near the window carefully, without being seen, and look at their old rooms. Holmes wondered if his three years away had made him unable to surprise Watson.

**Pt/En** Watson moved closer to the window and looked. He saw a light inside and a shadow on the window. The shadow looked exactly like Holmes, with his head, shoulders, and face. Watson was so surprised that he reached out to touch Holmes, who was standing next to him and laughing quietly.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked Watson what he thought.

**Pt/En** The speaker exclaimed in surprise and said it was wonderful.

**Pt/En** He said he hoped he would not change or become boring with age. The speaker heard the joy and pride in his voice, like an artist proud of their work. He asked if the creation looked like him.

**Pt/En** The speaker said they were very sure it was him.

**Pt/En** He explained that Monsieur Oscar Meunier, from Grenoble, made the wax bust. He had spent some days on the moulding. He himself had arranged the rest of it that afternoon when he visited Baker Street.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked for the reason why.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained to Watson that he had a very good reason to make some people believe he was in one place when he was actually somewhere else.

**Pt/En** Watson asked if Holmes thought his rooms were being watched.

**Pt/En** Holmes confirmed that he knew his rooms were being watched.

**Pt/En** Watson then asked who was watching them.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson that his old enemies were watching, the group led by the man who fell at Reichenbach Falls. He reminded Watson that only they knew he was alive. They expected him to return to his rooms and watched them all the time. They had seen him arrive that morning.

**Pt/En** Watson asked Holmes how he knew.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that he saw a man named Parker outside his window. Parker was a harmless man who played the jew's-harp. However, Holmes was more worried about the dangerous man behind Parker. This man was Moriarty's close friend, had thrown rocks off a cliff, and was London's most dangerous criminal. Holmes told Watson that this man was following them, but did not know they were following him.

**Pt/En** Watson understood Holmes's plan. They were watching the people who were watching them. The shadow was like bait, and they were the hunters. They stood quietly in the dark and watched people walk by. Holmes was very still but alert, watching the street. It was a cold, *windy* night. Watson noticed two men hiding in a doorway and tried to point them out to Holmes, but Holmes seemed *impatient* and kept watching the street. Holmes became restless, tapping his fingers and moving his feet. It seemed his plan was not working well. As midnight neared and the street became empty, Holmes walked back and forth, very agitated. Watson was about to speak when he looked up at a lighted window and was very surprised. He grabbed Holmes's arm and pointed.

**Pt/En** Watson shouted that the shadow had moved.

**Pt/En** The shadow was no longer seen from the side, but from the back.

**Pt/En** After three years, his temper had not improved, and he was still *impatient* with people who were not as intelligent as he was.

**Pt/En** Holmes said that something had moved and that he was not foolish enough to set up a *fake* object that clever men would believe. He explained that Mrs. Hudson had changed a figure in the room eight times in the last two hours, always from the front so she could not be seen. Suddenly, Holmes became very excited and still, listening carefully. Outside, the street was empty. Holmes pulled Watson into a dark corner and put his hand on Watson's lips to warn him. Holmes's fingers were shaking. He seemed very moved. The street outside was still dark and quiet.

**Pt/En** Watson then heard a quiet sound coming from the back of the house, not from Baker Street. A door opened and closed, and then footsteps came down the hall. Holmes and Watson hid against the wall.

Watson held his gun. They saw the shape of a man in the dark doorway. The man entered the room, moving quietly and looking dangerous. He came very close to them but did not see them. He went to the window and quietly opened it a little. The light from the street shone on his face. The man was very excited. His eyes were bright, and his face was moving strangely. He was an older man with a thin nose, a high forehead, and a large grey moustache. He wore an opera hat and an evening suit. His face was thin and dark, with deep lines. He put down what looked like a stick, which made a metallic sound. Then he took a large object from his coat pocket and worked on something that made a loud click. He knelt and used his weight on a lever, causing a long, noisy grinding sound, ending with another click. He stood up, holding a gun with an unusual handle. He opened the gun, put something inside, and closed it. He rested the gun on the open window ledge, and his moustache drooped as he looked along the sights. He seemed satisfied and aimed at a black figure on a yellow background. He waited, then pulled the trigger. There was a loud whiz and the sound of breaking glass. Holmes immediately jumped on the man and threw him to the floor. The man got up and grabbed Holmes by the throat, but Watson hit him on the head with his gun, and he fell again. As Watson held him down, Holmes blew a whistle. Police officers and a detective ran into the room.

Pt/En Holmes asked if the man was Lestrade.

Pt/En The man replied that he was Lestrade and that he had taken the job himself. He said it was good to see Mr. Holmes back in London.

Pt/En Holmes told Lestrade that he thought Lestrade needed some unofficial help. He mentioned that three unsolved murders in one year was not good. However, he added that Lestrade had managed the Molesey Mystery quite well, even better than usual.

Pt/En Everyone stood up. The prisoner was breathing heavily, with a police officer on each side. Some people were starting to gather outside on the street. Holmes went to the window, shut it, and pulled down the blinds. Lestrade lit two candles, and the police officers opened their lanterns. Now, I could finally see the prisoner clearly.

Pt/En The man had a very strong and dangerous face. He had a thoughtful forehead and a selfish lower face, suggesting he could have been very good or very bad. His cruel blue eyes, with heavy eyelids, and

his strong nose and worried brow showed clear signs of danger. He *ignored* everyone else, but his eyes were fixed on Holmes's face, showing both hate and surprise. He kept saying, "You fiend! You clever, clever fiend!"

**Pt/En** Holmes adjusted his collar and spoke to the man, calling him "Colonel." He said that meetings happen at the end of journeys, as an old play described. He asked if he had seen him since the Colonel had attacked him when he was on the ledge above the Reichenbach Fall.

**Pt/En** The Colonel continued to stare at Holmes as if he were dreaming. All he could say was, "You cunning, cunning fiend!"

**Pt/En** Holmes told the others that he had not introduced Colonel Sebastian Moran yet. He explained that Moran used to be in the British Army in India and was a very good hunter of large animals. Holmes asked the Colonel if his record of hunting tigers was still the best.

**Pt/En** The old man looked angry and stared at Holmes. He had a wild look in his eyes and a thick moustache, making him look a lot like a tiger.

**Pt/En** Holmes said he was surprised his simple plan had tricked such an experienced hunter. He asked if the Colonel knew the hunting method of *tying* a young *goat* to a tree and waiting with a rifle for a tiger to come. Holmes explained that this empty house was like the tree, and the Colonel was the tiger. He added that hunters sometimes have *extra* guns ready, and the guns around the room were like those *backup* guns. He said the comparison was perfect.

**Pt/En** Colonel Moran moved forward *angrily*, but the police officers held him back. His face showed extreme anger.

**Pt/En** Holmes admitted that the Colonel had surprised him in one way. He had not expected the Colonel to use the empty house and the window himself. Holmes thought the Colonel would have come from the street, where his friend Lestrade and his police officers were waiting. Apart from this one surprise, everything else happened as Holmes had planned.

**Pt/En** Colonel Moran looked at the police detective.

**Pt/En** Colonel Moran told the detective that he might have a reason to arrest him. However, he said he would not accept insults from another

person. He insisted that if he was arrested, everything should be done legally.

**Pt/En** Lestrade agreed that this was a fair request. He then asked Mr. Holmes if he had anything else to say before they left.

**Pt/En** Holmes had picked up a strong airgun from the floor and was looking at how it worked.

**Pt/En** Holmes said it was an excellent and unusual weapon that was quiet and very powerful. He explained that a blind German mechanic named Von Herder had made it for Professor Moriarty. Holmes had known about the weapon for a long time but had never seen it before. He told Lestrade to pay special attention to the gun and the bullets that fit it.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told Mr. Holmes that they would take care of the matter. As the group moved to the door, he asked if Mr. Holmes had anything else to say.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes asked what crime they intended to charge the person with.

**Pt/En** Lestrade answered that the charge was the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes told Lestrade that he did not want to be involved. He said that Lestrade deserved all the credit for the arrest, praising his cleverness and *bravery* in catching the person.

**Pt/En** Lestrade asked Mr. Holmes who they had caught.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes told Watson that the police were looking for Colonel Sebastian Moran. He explained that Moran had shot the Honourable Ronald Adair with a special bullet from an airgun. The shot was fired through an open window into a room in Park Lane on the 30th of the previous month. Holmes then invited Watson to his study for a cigar, suggesting it would be *entertaining*.

**Pt/En** Watson returned to his old rooms with Holmes. Mycroft Holmes and Mrs. Hudson had looked after the place. Although the rooms were *tidier* than usual, they still had familiar *items*. Watson saw the *chemistry equipment*, the table, scrapbooks, reference books, diagrams, a violin case, a pipe rack, and a slipper used for tobacco. There were two people in the room: Mrs. Hudson, who greeted them

warmly, and a *lifelike* wax model of Holmes. This model was dressed in one of Holmes's old dressing gowns, making it look real from the street and helping with the evening's plan.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked Mrs. Hudson if she had followed all the instructions carefully.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Hudson replied that she had done exactly as Holmes had told her, even going down on her knees.

**Pt/En** Holmes praised Mrs. Hudson, saying she had done an excellent job. He then asked if she had seen where the bullet had gone after it was fired.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Hudson told him that the bullet had damaged his nice bust. She explained that it went through the head and hit the wall. She had found the bullet on the carpet and showed it to him.

**Pt/En** Holmes showed the bullet to Watson and said it was a soft revolver bullet. He thought it was clever because people would not expect such a bullet from an airgun. He thanked Mrs. Hudson for her help. Then, Holmes asked Watson to sit down so they could discuss some important points.

**Pt/En** Holmes took off his old coat. He then put on the *grey* dressing-gown that he had taken from the *statue* of himself.

**Pt/En** Holmes laughed and said that his old skills were still good. He meant that his nerves were steady and his eyes were sharp, as he looked at the broken forehead of his bust.

**Pt/En** He explained that the bullet went straight into the middle of the back of the head and through the brain. He said the person who shot it was the best shot in India and probably one of the best in London. He then asked Watson if he had heard the name.

**Pt/En** He answered that he had not.

**Pt/En** He commented on fame and asked if the other person had heard of Professor James Moriarty, describing him as one of the century's great minds. He then asked for his index of biographies from the shelf.

**Pt/En** He slowly looked through the pages, leaning back in his chair and smoking his cigar, which made large clouds of smoke.

**Pt/En** He mentioned that his collection of people whose names start with 'M' was good. He said Moriarty alone was famous enough. He also listed Morgan the poisoner, Merridew, and Mathews, who had once injured him. Finally, he pointed to the person they were meeting that night.

**Pt/En** He gave the book to the narrator, who then read the entry.

**Pt/En** Colonel Sebastian Moran was born in London in 1840. He used to be in the 1st Bangalore Pioneers army group. His father was Sir Augustus Moran, who was a British Minister to Persia. He studied at Eton school and Oxford University. He was a soldier and fought in several campaigns, including the Jowaki Campaign and the Afghan Campaign. He also wrote two books: "Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas" (1881) and "Three Months in the Jungle" (1884). He lived on Conduit Street and was a member of several clubs, such as the Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, and the Bagatelle Card Club. He is currently unemployed.

**Pt/En** Holmes had written a note on the edge of the page.

**Pt/En** The note said that Colonel Moran was the second most dangerous man in London.

**Pt/En** I gave the book back to Holmes and said I was surprised. I thought Colonel Moran had a career as an honest soldier.

**Pt/En** Holmes agreed and said that Moran had done well for a time. He had always been very brave. Holmes mentioned a story from India about Moran crawling into a drain to get a wounded tiger. Holmes explained that some people, like some trees, can change suddenly. He believed that a person's character can be like a summary of their family's history, showing strong influences from their ancestors that lead to good or bad actions.

**Pt/En** Someone thought the idea was a bit strange.

**Pt/En** Colonel Moran began to do bad things. He left India and came to London, where he got a bad reputation again. Professor Moriarty found him and made him his main helper. Moriarty gave him money and used him for difficult crimes that ordinary criminals could not do. For example,

Mrs. Stewart died in 1887, and Moran was likely responsible, but nothing could be *proven*. He was very good at hiding his actions, so the police could not catch him even after Moriarty's gang was stopped. Holmes remembered putting up shutters because he knew Moran was a skilled shooter with a special gun. Moran followed Holmes and Watson in Switzerland and attacked Holmes on a cliff.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that he watched newspapers carefully while in France, hoping to catch Colonel Moran. He felt *unsafe* as long as Moran was free in London. Holmes could not shoot Moran without proof, and the police would not act on suspicion alone. So, he waited for a chance. The death of Ronald Adair gave him that chance. Holmes was sure Moran had killed Adair because they had played cards together, Moran followed Adair home, and shot him through the window. The bullets proved Moran's guilt. Holmes returned immediately, knowing Moran would be scared and try to kill him. Holmes set up a place to watch, expecting Moran to attack him, but he did not expect Moran to attack from the same spot.

**Pt/En** Watson asked Holmes to explain why Colonel Moran had killed Ronald Adair.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson that the reason for the murder was a matter of guessing. He said that everyone could make their own idea about why it happened, and Watson's guess could be as good as his own.

**Pt/En** He asked if I had made a decision.

**Pt/En** He explained that Colonel Moran and young Adair had won a lot of money together. He believed Moran was cheating at cards, and Adair had found out. Adair likely told Moran he would expose him if he didn't leave the club. Moran, who needed the money from cards, probably killed Adair. Adair was trying to figure out how much money he should return because his partner was cheating. Moran locked the door so the women would not see him and ask about the names and coins he was using. He asked if this explanation was acceptable.

**Pt/En** I agreed that he had probably found the correct explanation.

**Pt/En** He said that the trial would prove if his explanation was true or false. He added that Colonel Moran would not cause any more trouble.

The special airgun would be shown in a museum, and Sherlock Holmes was now free to work on new interesting problems in London.

## The Adventure of the Norwood Builder

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes stated that London had become a very boring city for someone who studied criminals, especially after Professor Moriarty died.

**Pt/En** I said that I did not think many good people would agree with him.

**Pt/En** He smiled and said he should not be selfish. He explained that society gained when he worked, and only the unemployed specialist lost out. He told Watson that with him working, the morning newspaper offered many chances. Sometimes, only a very small clue was needed to show that a clever criminal mind was at work, like the small movements on a spider's web showing the spider in the middle. Small crimes, attacks, and bad actions could all be connected by someone who had the key. He felt that London was the best city in Europe for studying serious crime. He then shrugged, showing he had helped create this situation himself.

**Pt/En** At that time, Holmes had been back for a few months. He had asked me to sell my medical practice, and I had returned to live with him again in Baker Street. A young doctor named Verner bought my practice in Kensington. He paid the highest price I asked without much argument. I only understood this later when I learned Verner was a relative of Holmes, and Holmes had actually provided the money.

**Pt/En** Our time working together had not been quiet, as he said. I found in my notes that this period included the case of ex-President Murillo's papers and the dangerous incident with the Dutch ship Friesland, which almost cost us our lives. However, Holmes did not like public attention. He made me promise strictly not to talk about him, his methods, or his successes. I have only now been allowed to share this information.

**Pt/En** Mr. Sherlock Holmes was sitting back in his chair after his funny protest. He was calmly opening his morning paper when a very loud ring of the doorbell was heard. This was followed by a sound like someone hitting the door hard. When the door opened, a rush of people came into the hall, and quick footsteps ran upstairs. A moment later, a very upset and frightened young man, pale and messy, rushed into the

room. He looked at us, and seeing our questioning looks, he realized he needed to apologize for entering so suddenly.

**Pt/En** The man apologized to Mr. Holmes and said he was almost crazy. He explained that he was John Hector McFarlane and asked Mr. Holmes not to blame him.

**Pt/En** The man said his name as if it would explain why he was there and why he was acting strangely. However, the *narrator* saw that Mr. Holmes did not recognize the name and seemed as confused as the *narrator*.

**Pt/En** Mr. Holmes offered Mr. McFarlane a cigarette and suggested that a doctor might give him something to calm him down. He asked Mr. McFarlane to sit down and explain slowly who he was and what he wanted. Mr. Holmes mentioned that he knew Mr. McFarlane was single, a lawyer, a Freemason, and had *asthma*, but nothing else.

**Pt/En** The *narrator* understood Mr. Holmes's conclusions about Mr. McFarlane's appearance and health, such as his *messy* clothes, legal papers, watch chain, and breathing. However, the client looked very surprised.

**Pt/En** Mr. McFarlane confirmed that Mr. Holmes was correct about him. He said he was the *unluckiest* man in London at that moment. He begged Mr. Holmes not to leave him and to ask for more time if the police came to arrest him, so he could tell the whole story. He said he would be happy to go to jail if he knew Mr. Holmes was working for him.

**Pt/En** Holmes was surprised and found the idea of being arrested very interesting. He asked what crime they thought he had committed.

**Pt/En** The person said the charge was murdering Mr. Jonas Oldacre from Lower Norwood.

**Pt/En** Watson felt sympathy for the situation, but he was also a little pleased.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson that he had just been saying at breakfast that there were no more exciting cases in the newspapers.

**Pt/En** Their visitor reached out a shaking hand and took the Daily Telegraph *newspaper* from Holmes's knee.

**Pt/En** A man visited Sherlock Holmes, feeling that everyone knew about his troubles. He showed Holmes a newspaper article about a mysterious event in Lower Norwood. The article reported the disappearance of a builder, suspected murder and arson, and a clue that the police were following. The man was afraid the clue would lead to him, that he was being followed, and that he would be arrested soon. He was very concerned about how this would affect his mother.

**Pt/En** The narrator observed the man, who was accused of a violent crime. He was about twenty-seven years old, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a sensitive mouth. He looked like a gentleman and was dressed in a light coat. Papers showing his job were sticking out of his coat pocket.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson they needed to hurry. He asked Watson to take the newspaper and read a specific part of the article.

**Pt/En** After the main headlines the client had mentioned, the narrator read the following story.

**Pt/En** The newspaper reported a serious incident that happened late the previous night or early that morning in Lower Norwood. Mr. Jonas Oldacre, a well-known builder in his early fifties, lived alone in Deep Dene House. He was known to be a private person who had made a lot of money from his business. Around midnight, a fire started at his timber yard behind the house. The fire was put out, but it seemed like more than an accident. People were surprised that Mr. Oldacre was not there. An investigation found that he had disappeared from his home. His bed had not been used, a safe in his room was open, important papers were scattered around, and there were signs of a fight, including a small amount of blood and a walking stick with blood on it. This stick belonged to a young lawyer named John Hector McFarlane, who had visited Mr. Oldacre that night. The police believed they had strong evidence and a clear reason for the crime, and expected important new information to come out soon.

**Pt/En** It was reported that Mr. John Hector McFarlane was arrested for the murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre. A warrant for his arrest had been issued. The police investigation in Norwood found more worrying details. There were signs of a struggle in the room of the builder, Mr. Oldacre. His bedroom windows were found open. Marks showed that something heavy had been dragged towards a woodpile. Also, burnt remains were found in

the ashes of a fire. The police believed a serious crime happened. They thought the victim was killed in his bedroom, his papers taken, and his body dragged to the woodpile to be burned and hide the evidence. Inspector Lestrade from Scotland Yard was in charge of the investigation and was using his skills to find clues.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes listened carefully to this surprising story with his eyes closed.

**Pt/En** Holmes said that the case was interesting. He asked Mr. McFarlane why he was still free, as there seemed to be enough proof to arrest him.

**Pt/En** Mr. McFarlane explained that he lived with his parents but had stayed at a hotel in Norwood the previous night for business with Mr. Jonas Oldacre. He only learned about the murder when he read the news on the train. He realized he was in a dangerous situation and came to Holmes for help. He believed he would have been arrested at his home or office. He also mentioned that someone had followed him from the train station and then suddenly asked what that noise was.

**Pt/En** A bell rang loudly, and heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs. Soon after, their old friend Lestrade appeared at the door, with some uniformed police officers visible behind him.

**Pt/En** Lestrade asked for Mr. John Hector McFarlane.

**Pt/En** Their client, who looked very pale, stood up.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told him that he was arresting him for the murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre from Lower Norwood.

**Pt/En** McFarlane turned to them, looking very sad and defeated, and sat back down in his chair.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked Lestrade to wait a moment, saying that a short delay would not matter to him. He explained that McFarlane was about to tell them about the interesting case, which could help them solve it.

**Pt/En** Lestrade said he believed it would be easy to solve the problem. He sounded serious.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked Lestrade for permission to hear the prisoner's story, saying they were very interested.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told Mr. Holmes that it was hard to refuse him because he had helped the police before. Lestrade also said he had to stay with the prisoner and must warn him that anything he said could be used as evidence against him.

**Pt/En** The client said he wanted nothing more than for them to listen and understand the complete truth.

**Pt/En** Lestrade checked his watch and told them he would give them half an hour.

**Pt/En** McFarlane explained that he did not know Mr. Jonas Oldacre. He only knew his name because his parents knew him many years ago. McFarlane was very surprised when Oldacre visited his office in the city yesterday afternoon. He was even more surprised when Oldacre told him why he had come. Oldacre had several pages from a notebook with writing on them, and he put them on McFarlane's table.

**Pt/En** Oldacre said that the pages were his will. He asked McFarlane to make it into a proper legal document. Oldacre said he would wait there while McFarlane did this.

**Pt/En** McFarlane began to copy the will and was very surprised to find that Oldacre had left him almost all his property. Oldacre was a small man with white eyelashes, and he watched McFarlane with an amused look. McFarlane could not believe it, but Oldacre explained that he had no close family. He said he knew McFarlane's parents when they were young and had heard that McFarlane was a good person. He was sure his money would be safe with him. McFarlane thanked him. The will was finished, signed, and witnessed by McFarlane's clerk. Oldacre then said there were many important papers, like leases and deeds, that McFarlane needed to see and understand. He wanted everything settled. He asked McFarlane to come to his house in Norwood that night with the will. He told McFarlane to keep the whole matter a secret from his parents until it was finished, as it would be a surprise for them. He made McFarlane promise this.

**Pt/En** McFarlane told Holmes that he was very willing to do anything Oldacre asked because he was his benefactor. He sent a message to his home saying he had important business and might be very late. Oldacre had asked him to have supper at nine o'clock. McFarlane had trouble

finding the house and arrived a little after half-past nine. He then found Oldacre.

**Pt/En** Holmes interrupted McFarlane and asked who had opened the door.

**Pt/En** The speaker said it was a middle-aged woman, who he thought was the housekeeper.

**Pt/En** The other person asked if it was that woman who had mentioned his name.

**Pt/En** McFarlane confirmed that this was correct.

**Pt/En** The other person asked McFarlane to continue.

**Pt/En** McFarlane wiped his wet forehead and then started telling his story again.

**Pt/En** A woman showed me into a sitting-room where a simple supper was prepared. Afterwards, Mr. Jonas Oldacre took me to his bedroom. There was a large safe there. He opened it and took out many documents. We looked at them together. We finished between eleven and twelve at night. He said we should not disturb the housekeeper. He showed me out through his French window, which had been open the whole time.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked if the blind was down.

**Pt/En** I am not sure about the blind, but I think it was only half down. I remember he pulled it up to open the window. I could not find my stick. He told me not to *worry* and said he would keep my stick until I returned for it. I left him with the safe open and the papers on the table. It was too late to go back to Blackheath, so I stayed at the Anerley Arms. I only learned about the terrible event in the morning.

**Pt/En** Lestrade asked Holmes if he had any more questions, as his eyebrows had risen during the explanation.

**Pt/En** Holmes replied that he would not ask anything else until he had visited Blackheath.

**Pt/En** Lestrade said that Holmes meant to go to Norwood.

**Pt/En** Holmes smiled mysteriously and agreed that he probably meant Norwood. Lestrade knew from experience that Holmes was very clever and could understand things that were difficult for others. The narrator saw Lestrade looking at Holmes with interest.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told Mr. Sherlock Holmes that he wanted to speak with him later. He then told Mr. McFarlane that two police officers were waiting outside with a cab. The young man, who looked unhappy, got up and left the room, looking at Holmes and the narrator one last time. The officers took him to the cab, but Lestrade stayed.

**Pt/En** Holmes was looking at the pages that were a draft of the will. He seemed very interested.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked Lestrade if there were some unclear points about the document, and he pushed the pages towards him.

**Pt/En** The official looked at them with a confused expression.

**Pt/En** He explained that he could read the first few lines, some parts in the middle of the second page, and a few lines at the end. He said these parts were as clear as printed text. However, he found the writing in between very difficult to read, and there were three places he could not understand at all.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked the official what he thought about this.

**Pt/En** The official asked Holmes the same question.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that the document was written on a train. He said the clear writing showed where the train stopped at stations, the slightly bad writing showed when the train was moving, and the very bad writing indicated when the train passed over points (switches). Holmes believed a scientific expert would know it was written near a big city because there were many points in a short distance. He also thought the train must have been an express, stopping only once between Norwood and London Bridge, if the whole journey was used to write the will.

**Pt/En** Lestrade started to laugh.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told Mr. Holmes that he was too clever with his theories and asked how this information was important for the case.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that it supported the young man's story. He said the will was written by Jonas Oldacre during his trip yesterday. Holmes thought it was strange that a man would write such an important document in a careless way, suggesting he did not believe it would be very important.

**Pt/En** Lestrade replied that the man had also written his own death warrant at the same time.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked if Lestrade thought so.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked if Lestrade did not think so.

**Pt/En** Lestrade replied that it was possible, but he did not understand the case clearly yet.

**Pt/En** Lestrade explained that the case was very clear to him. He described a young man who learned he would get a fortune if an older man died. The young man secretly arranged to visit the older man that night. He waited until everyone else was asleep, then killed the man in his room. He burned the body in a woodpile and went to a hotel. Lestrade noted that there were only small bloodstains in the room and on a stick. He thought the killer tried to make it look like no blood was involved and hoped burning the body would hide how the man died, especially clues that pointed to the killer. Lestrade asked if this was not obvious.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Lestrade that the story seemed too obvious. He suggested Lestrade imagine being the young man. Holmes asked if he would commit the murder on the same night the will was made, as this would connect the two events too closely. He also asked if the killer would choose a time when he was known to be in the house and let in by a servant. Finally, Holmes questioned why the killer would take great care to hide the body but leave his own stick behind as a clue. Holmes asked Lestrade to admit that this story was unlikely.

**Pt/En** Lestrade *responded* that criminals often act in a *panic* and do things a calm person would not. He suggested the killer was afraid to return to the room. Lestrade asked Holmes to provide another explanation that fit the facts.

**Pt/En** Holmes said he could give many examples. He offered one possible story. He explained that an older man was showing valuable documents. A tramp saw the documents through a window. The solicitor

left the room. The tramp entered, took a stick, killed Oldacre, and then burned the body.

**Pt/En** Someone asked why the tramp would burn the body.

**Pt/En** Someone else asked why McFarlane would do it.

**Pt/En** The reason given was to hide evidence.

**Pt/En** It was suggested that the tramp might have wanted to hide the fact that a murder had happened at all.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked why the tramp had not taken anything.

**Pt/En** It was explained that the papers were not valuable to him and he could not sell them.

**Pt/En** Lestrade shook his head, and he seemed a little less sure of himself than before.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told Sherlock Holmes that while Holmes looked for the tramp, the police would keep their suspect. He said that time would show who was correct. Lestrade pointed out that none of the papers seemed to be missing, and the prisoner was the only person who had no reason to take them, as he would inherit them anyway.

**Pt/En** My friend seemed to think about this statement.

**Pt/En** The man said he did not deny that the evidence seemed to support the other person's idea. However, he wanted to say that other explanations were also possible. He agreed that the future would show what was true. He said good morning and that he would visit Norwood later to see how things were going.

**Pt/En** After the detective left, his friend got up and prepared for his work. He seemed ready and happy to do the job.

**Pt/En** As he put on his coat, he told Watson that his first step would be to go towards Blackheath.

**Pt/En** Watson asked why he was not going to Norwood instead.

**Pt/En** He explained that the case had two strange events happening one after the other. The police were only looking at the second event because it was a crime. But he thought it was better to first understand the first event, which was the strange will made to an unexpected person.

He believed this might make the rest of the case clearer. He told Watson that he did not think Watson could help him this time. He added that if there was any danger, he would not go without him. He hoped to tell Watson in the evening that he had helped the young man who had asked for his protection.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes came back late. His face looked tired and worried, showing that his earlier hopes had not been met. He played his violin for an hour to calm himself. Then, he stopped playing and began to explain his problems and bad experiences.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson that everything was going very badly. He had seemed confident with Lestrade, but he now believed that Lestrade might be right about the case, and he himself was wrong. Holmes felt that his own ideas did not match the facts, and he worried that juries would not accept his theories over Lestrade's evidence.

**Pt/En** Watson asked Holmes if he had visited Blackheath.

**Pt/En** Holmes confirmed he had gone to Blackheath. He quickly learned that the man named Oldacre was a bad person. Oldacre's father was away looking for him. Oldacre's mother was at home, a small, nervous woman who was angry. She refused to believe her son was guilty. She spoke about Oldacre with so much hate that she made the police's case stronger. She said Oldacre was like a mean ape and had been like that since he was young.

**Pt/En** Watson asked Holmes if he knew Oldacre from that time.

**Pt/En** The woman told Sherlock Holmes that she knew Jonas Oldacre well. He had been her fiancé. She explained that she was glad she ended their engagement because she heard he was very cruel. She was horrified when she learned he had released a cat into a place with birds. She said she could not be with him after that. She then showed Holmes a photograph of herself that Oldacre had sent to her on her wedding day. The photograph was badly damaged with a knife, and he had sent it with a curse.

**Pt/En** The *narrator* commented that Jonas Oldacre seemed to have forgiven her, as he had left all his property to her son.

**Pt/En** The woman strongly stated that neither she nor her son wanted anything from Jonas Oldacre, whether he was alive or dead. She

believed that God would show that her son was not guilty of Oldacre's death.

**Pt/En** The narrator tried to find clues to support their ideas, but he found some information that did not fit. He stopped investigating and decided to go to Norwood.

**Pt/En** The narrator described Deep Dene House as a large, modern villa. Nearby was the timber-yard that had burned down. He noted the window to Oldacre's room, which could be seen from the road. The police had found several metal discs, which were identified as trouser buttons, one marked with the name 'Hyams,' Oldacre's tailor. The narrator searched the lawn for clues but found nothing, except signs that something had been dragged through a hedge. This information seemed to support the police's theory. Despite searching for an hour in the hot sun, he did not find any new information.

**Pt/En** After the failed attempt, Sherlock Holmes checked the bedroom. He found small, fresh bloodstains and marks on the carpet. He noted that the stick found belonged to their client, Mr. Oldacre, who admitted it. Holmes saw footprints of two men but no one else, which he thought was a trick. He felt they were not making progress while the other side was succeeding.

**Pt/En** Holmes found a small clue in the safe. Many papers were on the table, some opened by the police. He thought the papers were not very valuable, and Mr. Oldacre did not seem rich. However, Holmes believed some important papers, like deeds, were missing. If they could prove this, it would help their case, as it would be strange for someone to steal something they would soon inherit.

**Pt/En** Holmes then spoke to the housekeeper, Mrs. Lexington. She was a quiet woman with watchful eyes. Holmes was sure she knew more. She confirmed that Mr. McFarlane arrived at 9:30 PM and left his hat and stick. She went to bed at 10:30 PM and heard nothing. She woke up to the fire alarm. She said her master, Mr. Oldacre, was murdered. She mentioned that Mr. Oldacre had enemies but kept to himself. She identified buttons found as belonging to Mr. Oldacre's clothes from the night before. She explained the woodpile was dry and burned quickly, and she and the firemen smelled burned flesh. She claimed to know nothing about the missing papers or Mr. Oldacre's finances.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson that his investigation had failed. However, he strongly felt that something was wrong and that the housekeeper knew the truth. He noticed a defiant look in her eyes, which suggested she was hiding something. Holmes concluded that without a lucky break, this case, the Norwood Disappearance, would not be a success story for them.

**Pt/En** Watson asked Holmes if the appearance of the man in question would not be strong evidence for a jury.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson that his idea was dangerous. He reminded Watson about a terrible killer named Bert Stevens from 1887. Holmes asked if Stevens had ever seemed like a good, quiet young man.

**Pt/En** Watson agreed that this was true.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that if they could not find another explanation, their client would be in trouble. The evidence against the client was strong, and more investigation only made it worse. He mentioned a strange detail about some papers: large checks were paid to a Mr. Cornelius over the last year. Holmes wondered who this Mr. Cornelius was, as a retired builder usually did not have such large money dealings with someone. He thought Cornelius might be involved and perhaps a broker, but no shares were found for these payments. Holmes decided he must go to the bank to ask about the person who cashed these checks. He worried that the case would end badly, with Lestrade arresting their client, which would be a success for the police.

**Pt/En** Watson did not know if Sherlock Holmes slept that night. When Watson came down for breakfast, Holmes looked pale and tired. His eyes were bright, but dark circles were under them. The floor around his chair had many cigarette ends and early morning newspapers. A telegram was open on the table.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked Watson what he thought about a telegram he had received, and he passed it over.

**Pt/En** The message was from Norwood and said the following.

**Pt/En** It said that there was important new evidence. This evidence clearly showed that McFarlane was guilty. The message advised them to stop the case.

**Pt/En** The message was signed by Lestrade.

**Pt/En** I said that this sounded serious.

**Pt/En** Holmes replied with a sad smile that it was Lestrade's happy message of victory. However, he thought it was too early to stop the case. Holmes explained that new evidence could be *interpreted* in different ways. He asked Watson to eat breakfast with him, and then they would go out to investigate further. Holmes felt he would need Watson's company and support that day.

**Pt/En** Holmes did not eat breakfast. He had a habit of not eating when he was very busy or focused. He sometimes became so weak from not eating that he fainted. He explained that he needed all his energy for his work and could not use it for *digesting* food. So, he left his breakfast untouched and went with the *narrator* to Norwood. A crowd of people interested in the case were still gathered outside Deep Dene House, a *normal*-looking suburban home. Lestrade met them inside the gates. He looked happy and very proud.

**Pt/En** Lestrade asked Holmes if he had *proven* them wrong yet and if he had found the tramp.

**Pt/En** Holmes replied that he had not reached any conclusion yet.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told Holmes that they had made their decision the day before, and it was correct. He suggested that Holmes must admit they were ahead of him this time.

**Pt/En** Holmes commented that Lestrade certainly seemed to think something unusual had happened.

**Pt/En** Lestrade laughed a lot.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told Dr. Watson that he did not like being wrong, just like everyone else. He said that people cannot always get what they want. He then asked the gentlemen to follow him, as he was sure he could prove that John McFarlane had committed the crime.

**Pt/En** He guided them through a passage and into a dark hall.

**Pt/En** Lestrade explained that young McFarlane must have come out this way to get his hat after the crime. He then suddenly lit a match. The

light showed a blood stain on the wall. As he held the match closer, they saw it was a clear print of a thumb.

**Pt/En** He asked Mr. Holmes to examine the thumb print with his magnifying glass.

**Pt/En** He said he was doing that.

**Pt/En** He asked if the other person knew that every *thumbprint* is unique.

**Pt/En** The other person replied that they had heard something similar.

**Pt/En** He then asked the person to compare the *thumbprint* found with a wax copy of young McFarlane's right thumb, which he had ordered to be made that morning.

**Pt/En** When he held the wax print near the bloodstain, it was clear that both came from the same thumb. It was obvious to the speaker that their client was in serious trouble.

**Pt/En** Lestrade said that his decision was final.

**Pt/En** The *narrator* agreed, repeating that the decision was final without thinking.

**Pt/En** Holmes also stated that it was final.

**Pt/En** The *narrator* noticed something in Holmes's voice and looked at him. Holmes's face had changed a lot. He seemed to be trying very hard not to laugh loudly.

**Pt/En** Finally, Holmes said he was surprised and commented on how appearances can be *misleading*. He noted that the young man looked very nice, and he asked Lestrade if this showed them not to trust their own judgment.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told Holmes that some people were too sure of themselves. His rude behaviour was very *annoying*, but they could not show their anger.

**Pt/En** Holmes thought it was lucky that the young man pressed his right thumb on the wall when he took his hat. He said it was a very *normal* thing to do. Holmes seemed calm, but he was very excited inside.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked Lestrade who had found this important clue.

**Pt/En** Lestrade answered that the housekeeper, Mrs. Lexington, had shown it to the night constable.

**Pt/En** Holmes then asked where the night constable was.

**Pt/En** A person stayed in the room where the crime happened. His job was to make sure nobody touched anything.

**Pt/En** Someone asked why the police had not seen a particular mark the day before.

**Pt/En** The explanation was that they had no reason to look carefully in the hall, and the mark was not in an easy-to-see place.

**Pt/En** Someone agreed that the place was not obvious and asked if there was no doubt that the mark had been there the previous day.

**Pt/En** Lestrade looked at Holmes as if he thought Holmes was acting strangely. The *narrator* was also surprised by Holmes's happy mood and his unusual comment.

**Pt/En** Lestrade asked if McFarlane had left *prison* at night to make himself look more guilty. He then asked if any expert would agree that a *thumbprint* found was McFarlane's.

**Pt/En** It was confirmed that the *thumbprint* was indeed McFarlane's.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told Holmes that he was a practical man and made his decisions when he had enough proof. He said that if Holmes had something to say, he would be in the sitting-room writing his report.

**Pt/En** Holmes had calmed down, but Watson still thought he saw signs of amusement in his expression.

**Pt/En** Holmes said to Watson that it was a sad situation, but there were interesting parts that gave some hope for their client.

**Pt/En** The speaker said he was very happy to hear the news. He had been worried that the person was in serious trouble.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson that he did not agree completely. He explained that there was one important problem with the evidence that their friend thought was very *significant*.

**Pt/En** Watson asked Holmes, with surprise, what the problem was.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that the mark was not there when he checked the hall the day before. Then, he suggested they take a walk outside in the sun.

**Pt/En** Watson followed his friend for a walk around the garden, feeling confused but also a little more *hopeful*. Holmes looked closely at each side of the house and then went inside to check every room from the bottom to the top. He seemed very amused when he reached the top corridor, which was outside three empty bedrooms.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson that the case had very special parts. He thought it was time to tell their friend Lestrade what they knew. Holmes mentioned that Lestrade might have laughed at them before, and now they could do the same if Holmes's idea about the problem was right. He felt he understood how to deal with it.

**Pt/En** The inspector from Scotland Yard was still writing in the room when Holmes spoke to him.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked the inspector if he understood that the inspector was writing a report about the case.

**Pt/En** The inspector replied that he was.

**Pt/En** Holmes suggested that it might be too early to write the report. He thought the inspector's information was not yet complete.

**Pt/En** Lestrade knew Holmes very well and respected his opinion. He stopped writing and looked at Holmes with curiosity.

**Pt/En** Lestrade asked Holmes what he meant.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that there was an important witness whom Lestrade had not yet found.

**Pt/En** Lestrade asked if Holmes could find this witness.

**Pt/En** Holmes replied that he thought he could.

**Pt/En** He was told to do that.

**Pt/En** The person said they would try their best and asked how many constables were available.

**Pt/En** There were three constables nearby and ready to help.

**Pt/En** Holmes was pleased and asked if the constables were all strong men with loud voices.

**Pt/En** The person was sure they were, but did not understand why their voices were important.

**Pt/En** Holmes said he could help them understand that and other things. He asked Lestrade to call his men so he could try.

**Pt/En** Five minutes later, three police officers were in the hall.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Lestrade that there was a lot of straw in the outhouse. He asked them to bring two bundles of straw inside, saying it would help him find the witness he needed. Holmes also asked Watson if he had matches and then asked everyone to go with him to the top floor.

**Pt/En** There was a wide hall outside three empty bedrooms. Holmes stood at one end of the hall with the police officers and Lestrade. The constables were smiling, and Lestrade looked at Holmes with a mix of surprise, hope, and doubt on his face. Holmes seemed like a magician about to perform a trick.

**Pt/En** Holmes asked for a constable to get two buckets of water. He instructed them to put the straw on the floor, away from the walls. He then said they were all ready.

**Pt/En** Lestrade became angry. He asked Mr. Sherlock Holmes if he was playing a game. He said that if Holmes knew something, he should say it directly and stop wasting time.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes told Lestrade that he had a good reason for everything he did. He reminded Lestrade that Lestrade had teased him earlier when things were going well for Lestrade. Holmes asked Watson to open the window and then to light the straw.

**Pt/En** Watson did as he was asked. The wind from the open window made smoke go down the corridor. The dry straw quickly burned and made flames.

**Pt/En** Holmes then said they needed to find the witness for Lestrade. He asked everyone to shout 'Fire!' together, counting to three.

**Pt/En** Everyone shouted 'Fire!' together.

**Pt/En** He thanked them and asked them to help him one more time.

**Pt/En** Someone shouted "Fire!"

**Pt/En** Someone told the men to shoot one last time, all at the same moment.

**Pt/En** A shout of "Fire!" was heard, and it seemed to echo over Norwood.

**Pt/En** Just after the shout ended, something surprising happened. A door suddenly opened in what looked like a solid wall at the end of the hall. A small, thin man quickly came out of it, like a rabbit leaving its home.

**Pt/En** Holmes said it was excellent. He asked Watson to pour water on the straw and then told Lestrade that he was presenting the main missing witness, Mr. Jonas Oldacre.

**Pt/En** The detective looked at the new person with surprise. The new person was blinking in the bright light and looking at them and the fire. He had an unpleasant face, looking clever, bad, and evil, with light-gray eyes that moved often and white eyelashes.

**Pt/En** Lestrade finally asked what was happening and what the person had been doing.

**Pt/En** Oldacre laughed nervously and moved away from the angry detective, who had a very red face.

**Pt/En** Oldacre said that he had not done anything wrong.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told the person that they had caused great harm. He said they tried hard to make an innocent man be hanged. He added that if the other gentleman had not been there, the person might have succeeded.

**Pt/En** The unhappy person started to cry softly.

**Pt/En** The person said that it was only a joke.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told the person that it was not a funny joke. He ordered them to be taken away and kept in a room. After the others left, Lestrade told Holmes that this was his best work yet. He said Holmes had saved

an innocent man and stopped a scandal that would have ruined his own reputation.

**Pt/En** Holmes smiled and put his hand on Lestrade's shoulder.

**Pt/En** Holmes told the man that his reputation would become much better, not worse. He asked him to change his report a little. This would show people how difficult it is to trick Inspector Lestrade.

**Pt/En** Lestrade asked if Holmes did not want his name to be known.

**Pt/En** Holmes said he did not want his name known and that the work was its own reward. He joked with Watson that maybe he would get credit later. Then, he wanted to find out where the person they were looking for had been hiding.

**Pt/En** A new wall with a hidden door was built across the passage. Inside, there were a few pieces of furniture, food, water, and many books and papers. The space was lit through small openings under the roof.

**Pt/En** Holmes said that being a builder was useful because the person could build his own secret place. He mentioned that the person's housekeeper was also involved and that Lestrade should arrest her.

**Pt/En** The person said they would take Holmes's advice. They asked Holmes how he knew about that place.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that he decided the man was hiding in the house. He knew this because one corridor was six feet shorter than the one below it. Holmes thought the man would not stay quiet during a fire alarm. He could have caught the man, but he wanted the man to show himself. Holmes also said he wanted to trick Lestrade a little, because Lestrade had *teased* him earlier.

**Pt/En** Lestrade agreed that Holmes had tricked him. He asked Holmes how he knew the man was in the house at all.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Lestrade that a *thumbprint* was the clue. He said the *thumbprint* was final because it had not been there the day before. Holmes paid attention to small details and had checked the hall earlier, seeing that the wall was clean. Therefore, the *thumbprint* must have been made during the night.

**Pt/En** Lestrade asked how Holmes knew this.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that Jonas Oldacre had asked McFarlane to press his thumb on a seal while the wax was still soft. McFarlane probably did not remember doing this. Oldacre then used this thumbprint to create false evidence against McFarlane. He took a wax copy of the seal, added a little blood to it, and put the mark on the wall at night. Holmes believed that if they searched Oldacre's papers, they would find the original seal with the thumbprint.

**Pt/En** Lestrade was very impressed and said that Holmes's explanation was very clear. He asked Holmes why Oldacre would plan such a complex deception.

**Pt/En** The narrator found it funny to see how the detective's confident manner changed to that of a student asking a teacher for help.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained that the man waiting downstairs was very angry and wanted revenge. This man had been rejected by McFarlane's mother long ago, and he had never forgotten it. Recently, his own financial situation had become bad, possibly due to bad investments. He decided to cheat his creditors by using a fake name, Mr. Cornelius, to withdraw large amounts of money. Holmes suspected Oldacre was Mr. Cornelius and that he planned to change his name completely, take the money, and start a new life somewhere else.

**Pt/En** Lestrade agreed that Holmes's explanation seemed very likely.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes explained that the man had a clever plan. He thought that by disappearing, he could stop people from searching for him. He also wanted to get revenge on his old girlfriend. He planned to make it look like her son had murdered him. Holmes said it was a very good, but evil, plan. The man used a will to show a reason for the crime. He also made a secret visit, kept a stick, and left blood and other things in a woodpile. Holmes thought the plan was almost perfect, but the man wanted to make it even better. This mistake ruined everything. Holmes told Lestrade they should go and ask the man some questions.

**Pt/En** The bad man was sitting in his room with a policeman on each side of him.

**Pt/En** The man said it was just a joke and nothing more. He told them he only hid himself to see what would happen. He also said he would never let anything bad happen to Mr. McFarlane.

**Pt/En** Lestrade told the man that a jury would decide. He said they would charge him with conspiracy, and maybe even attempted murder.

**Pt/En** Holmes added that the man's creditors would probably take Mr. Cornelius's bank account.

**Pt/En** The small man was surprised and looked at my friend with hate.

**Pt/En** The man said he had to thank Holmes for a lot and that he might pay him back someday.

**Pt/En** Holmes smiled, as if he was not worried.

**Pt/En** Holmes told the man that he would be very busy for some years. He then asked what the man had put in the woodpile besides old trousers, like a dead dog or rabbits. Holmes guessed that maybe two rabbits could explain the blood and ashes, and told Watson that he could write about rabbits if he ever wrote the story.

# The Adventure of the Dancing Men

**Pt/En** Holmes had been sitting quietly for a long time. He was bent over a chemical pot making a bad-smelling liquid. He looked like a thin, strange bird with dull gray feathers and a black top on its head.

**Pt/En** Holmes suddenly asked Watson if he was planning to invest in South African shares.

**Pt/En** Watson was very surprised. He knew Holmes was clever, but he could not understand how Holmes knew his private thoughts.

**Pt/En** Watson asked Holmes how he knew this.

**Pt/En** Holmes turned around on his stool. He held a hot test-tube and had a look of amusement in his eyes.

**Pt/En** Holmes told Watson to admit that he was completely surprised.

**Pt/En** The person confirmed that they were.

**Pt/En** The other person said they should make the speaker sign a paper to confirm this.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked why.

**Pt/En** The other person explained that in five minutes, the speaker would say that everything was very easy to understand.

**Pt/En** The speaker was sure they would not say that.

**Pt/En** Sherlock Holmes explained to Watson that it was not hard to create a chain of simple steps that lead to a conclusion. He said that if you remove the middle steps and only show the beginning and the end, it can seem very surprising. Holmes told Watson that he knew Watson was not planning to invest money in gold fields. He could tell this by looking at the mark between Watson's left thumb and finger.

**Pt/En** Watson said he could not see how Holmes knew this.

**Pt/En** Holmes explained the steps. He said that Watson had chalk on his left finger and thumb when he came back from the club. People use chalk to help hold a billiard cue steady. Watson only plays billiards with Thurston. Four weeks ago, Watson told Holmes that Thurston had a chance to buy some property in South Africa that would end soon.

Thurston wanted Watson to invest money with him. Watson's check book was locked away, and he had not asked for the key. Therefore, Holmes concluded, Watson was not going to invest his money in this way.

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## The Adventure of the Empty House

**PT** It was in the spring of the year 1894 that all London was interested, and the fashionable world dismayed, by the murder of the Honourable Ronald Adair under most unusual and inexplicable circumstances. The public has already learned those particulars of the crime which came out in the police investigation, but a good deal was suppressed upon that occasion, since the case for the prosecution was so overwhelmingly strong that it was not necessary to bring forward all the facts. Only now, at the end of nearly ten years, am I allowed to supply those missing links which make up the whole of that remarkable chain. The crime was of interest in itself, but that interest was as nothing to me compared to the inconceivable sequel, which afforded me the greatest shock and surprise of any event in my adventurous life. Even now, after this long interval, I find myself thrilling as I think of it, and feeling once more that sudden flood of joy, amazement, and incredulity which utterly submerged my mind. Let me say to that public, which has shown some interest in those glimpses which I have occasionally given them of the thoughts and actions of a very remarkable man, that they are not to blame me if I have not shared my knowledge with them, for I should have considered it my first duty to do so, had I not been barred by a positive prohibition from his own lips, which was only withdrawn upon the third of last month.

**PT** It can be imagined that my close intimacy with Sherlock Holmes had interested me deeply in crime, and that after his disappearance I never failed to read with care the various problems which came before the public. And I even attempted, more than once, for my own private satisfaction, to employ his methods in their solution, though with indifferent success. There was none, however, which appealed to me like this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I read the evidence at the inquest, which led up to a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown, I realized more clearly than I had ever done the loss which the community had sustained by the death of Sherlock Holmes. There were points about this strange business which would, I was sure, have specially appealed to him, and the efforts of the police would have been supplemented, or more probably anticipated, by the trained observation and the alert mind of the first criminal agent in Europe. All day, as I drove upon my round, I turned over the case in my mind and found no explanation which appeared to me to be adequate. At the risk of telling a

twice-told tale, I will recapitulate the facts as they were known to the public at the conclusion of the inquest.

**PT** The Honourable Ronald Adair was the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time governor of one of the Australian colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo the operation for cataract, and she, her son Ronald, and her daughter Hilda were living together at 427 Park Lane. The youth moved in the best society—had, so far as was known, no enemies and no particular vices. He had been engaged to Miss Edith Woodley, of Carstairs, but the engagement had been broken off by mutual consent some months before, and there was no sign that it had left any very profound feeling behind it. For the rest the man's life moved in a narrow and conventional circle, for his habits were quiet and his nature unemotional. Yet it was upon this easygoing young aristocrat that death came, in most strange and unexpected form, between the hours of ten and eleven-twenty on the night of March 30, 1894.

**PT** Ronald Adair was fond of cards—playing continually, but never for such stakes as would hurt him. He was a member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish, and the Bagatelle card clubs. It was shown that, after dinner on the day of his death, he had played a rubber of whist at the latter club. He had also played there in the afternoon. The evidence of those who had played with him—Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy, and Colonel Moran—showed that the game was whist, and that there was a fairly equal fall of the cards. Adair might have lost five pounds, but not more. His fortune was a considerable one, and such a loss could not in any way affect him. He had played nearly every day at one club or other, but he was a cautious player, and usually rose a winner. It came out in evidence that, in partnership with Colonel Moran, he had actually won as much as four hundred and twenty pounds in a sitting, some weeks before, from Godfrey Milner and Lord Balmoral. So much for his recent history as it came out at the inquest.

**PT** On the evening of the crime, he returned from the club exactly at ten. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a relation. The servant deposed that she heard him enter the front room on the second floor, generally used as his sitting-room. She had lit a fire there, and as it smoked she had opened the window. No sound was heard from the room until eleven-twenty, the hour of the return of Lady Maynooth and her daughter. Desiring to say good night, she attempted to enter her

son's room. The door was locked on the inside, and no answer could be got to their cries and knocking. Help was obtained, and the door forced. The unfortunate young man was found lying near the table. His head had been horribly mutilated by an expanding revolver bullet, but no weapon of any sort was to be found in the room. On the table lay two banknotes for ten pounds each and seventeen pounds ten in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles of varying amount. There were some figures also upon a sheet of paper, with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it was conjectured that before his death he was endeavouring to make out his losses or winnings at cards.

**PT** A minute examination of the circumstances served only to make the case more complex. In the first place, no reason could be given why the young man should have fastened the door upon the inside. There was the possibility that the murderer had done this, and had afterwards escaped by the window. The drop was at least twenty feet, however, and a bed of crocuses in full bloom lay beneath. Neither the flowers nor the earth showed any sign of having been disturbed, nor were there any marks upon the narrow strip of grass which separated the house from the road. Apparently, therefore, it was the young man himself who had fastened the door. But how did he come by his death? No one could have climbed up to the window without leaving traces. Suppose a man had fired through the window, he would indeed be a remarkable shot who could with a revolver inflict so deadly a wound. Again, Park Lane is a frequented thoroughfare; there is a cab stand within a hundred yards of the house. No one had heard a shot. And yet there was the dead man and there the revolver bullet, which had mushroomed out, as soft-nosed bullets will, and so inflicted a wound which must have caused instantaneous death. Such were the circumstances of the Park Lane Mystery, which were further complicated by entire absence of motive, since, as I have said, young Adair was not known to have any enemy, and no attempt had been made to remove the money or valuables in the room.

**PT** All day I turned these facts over in my mind, endeavouring to hit upon some theory which could reconcile them all, and to find that line of least resistance which my poor friend had declared to be the starting-point of every investigation. I confess that I made little progress. In the evening I strolled across the Park, and found myself about six o'clock at the Oxford Street end of Park Lane. A group of loafers upon the

pavements, all staring up at a particular window, directed me to the house which I had come to see. A tall, thin man with coloured glasses, whom I strongly suspected of being a plainclothes detective, was pointing out some theory of his own, while the others crowded round to listen to what he said. I got as near him as I could, but his observations seemed to me to be absurd, so I withdrew again in some disgust. As I did so I struck against an elderly, deformed man, who had been behind me, and I knocked down several books which he was carrying. I remember that as I picked them up, I observed the title of one of them, *The Origin of Tree Worship*, and it struck me that the fellow must be some poor bibliophile, who, either as a trade or as a hobby, was a collector of obscure volumes. I endeavoured to apologize for the accident, but it was evident that these books which I had so unfortunately maltreated were very precious objects in the eyes of their owner. With a snarl of contempt he turned upon his heel, and I saw his curved back and white side-whiskers disappear among the throng.

**PT** My observations of No. 427 Park Lane did little to clear up the problem in which I was interested. The house was separated from the street by a low wall and railing, the whole not more than five feet high. It was perfectly easy, therefore, for anyone to get into the garden, but the window was entirely inaccessible, since there was no waterpipe or anything which could help the most active man to climb it. More puzzled than ever, I retraced my steps to Kensington. I had not been in my study five minutes when the maid entered to say that a person desired to see me. To my astonishment it was none other than my strange old book collector, his sharp, wizened face peering out from a frame of white hair, and his precious volumes, a dozen of them at least, wedged under his right arm.

**PT** "You're surprised to see me, sir," said he, in a strange, croaking voice.

**PT** I acknowledged that I was.

**PT** "Well, I've a conscience, sir, and when I chanced to see you go into this house, as I came hobbling after you, I thought to myself, I'll just step in and see that kind gentleman, and tell him that if I was a bit gruff in my manner there was not any harm meant, and that I am much obliged to him for picking up my books."

**PT** “You make too much of a trifle,” said I. “May I ask how you knew who I was?”

**PT** “Well, sir, if it isn’t too great a liberty, I am a neighbour of yours, for you’ll find my little bookshop at the corner of Church Street, and very happy to see you, I am sure. Maybe you collect yourself, sir. Here’s British Birds, and Catullus, and The Holy War—a bargain, every one of them. With five volumes you could just fill that gap on that second shelf. It looks untidy, does it not, sir?”

**PT** I moved my head to look at the cabinet behind me. When I turned again, Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me across my study table. I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that I must have fainted for the first and the last time in my life. Certainly a gray mist swirled before my eyes, and when it cleared I found my collar-ends undone and the tingling aftertaste of brandy upon my lips. Holmes was bending over my chair, his flask in his hand.

**PT** “My dear Watson,” said the well-remembered voice, “I owe you a thousand apologies. I had no idea that you would be so affected.”

**PT** I gripped him by the arms.

**PT** “Holmes!” I cried. “Is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?”

**PT** “Wait a moment,” said he. “Are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious shock by my unnecessarily dramatic reappearance.”

**PT** “I am all right, but indeed, Holmes, I can hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens! to think that you—you of all men—should be standing in my study.” Again I gripped him by the sleeve, and felt the thin, sinewy arm beneath it. “Well, you’re not a spirit anyhow,” said I. “My dear chap, I’m overjoyed to see you. Sit down, and tell me how you came alive out of that dreadful chasm.”

**PT** He sat opposite to me, and lit a cigarette in his old, nonchalant manner. He was dressed in the seedy frockcoat of the book merchant, but the rest of that individual lay in a pile of white hair and old books upon the table. Holmes looked even thinner and keener than of old, but there

was a dead-white tinge in his aquiline face which told me that his life recently had not been a healthy one.

**PT** “I am glad to stretch myself, Watson,” said he. “It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations, we have, if I may ask for your cooperation, a hard and dangerous night’s work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation when that work is finished.”

**PT** “I am full of curiosity. I should much prefer to hear now.”

**PT** “You’ll come with me tonight?”

**PT** “When you like and where you like.”

**PT** “This is, indeed, like the old days. We shall have time for a mouthful of dinner before we need go. Well, then, about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was in it.”

**PT** “You never were in it?”

**PT** “No, Watson, I never was in it. My note to you was absolutely genuine. I had little doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perceived the somewhat sinister figure of the late Professor Moriarty standing upon the narrow pathway which led to safety. I read an inexorable purpose in his gray eyes. I exchanged some remarks with him, therefore, and obtained his courteous permission to write the short note which you afterwards received. I left it with my cigarette-box and my stick, and I walked along the pathway, Moriarty still at my heels. When I reached the end I stood at bay. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his own game was up, and was only anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together upon the brink of the fall. I have some knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been very useful to me. I slipped through his grip, and he with a horrible scream kicked madly for a few seconds, and clawed the air with both his hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his balance, and over he went. With my face over the brink, I saw him fall for a long way. Then he struck a rock, bounded off, and splashed into the water.”

**PT** I listened with amazement to this explanation, which Holmes delivered between the puffs of his cigarette.

**PT** “But the tracks!” I cried. “I saw, with my own eyes, that two went down the path and none returned.”

**PT** “It came about in this way. The instant that the Professor had disappeared, it struck me what a really extraordinarily lucky chance Fate had placed in my way. I knew that Moriarty was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased by the death of their leader. They were all most dangerous men. One or other would certainly get me. On the other hand, if all the world was convinced that I was dead they would take liberties, these men, they would soon lay themselves open, and sooner or later I could destroy them. Then it would be time for me to announce that I was still in the land of the living. So rapidly does the brain act that I believe I had thought this all out before Professor Moriarty had reached the bottom of the Reichenbach Fall.

**PT** “I stood up and examined the rocky wall behind me. In your picturesque account of the matter, which I read with great interest some months later, you assert that the wall was sheer. That was not literally true. A few small footholds presented themselves, and there was some indication of a ledge. The cliff is so high that to climb it all was an obvious impossibility, and it was equally impossible to make my way along the wet path without leaving some tracks. I might, it is true, have reversed my boots, as I have done on similar occasions, but the sight of three sets of tracks in one direction would certainly have suggested a deception. On the whole, then, it was best that I should risk the climb. It was not a pleasant business, Watson. The fall roared beneath me. I am not a fanciful person, but I give you my word that I seemed to hear Moriarty’s voice screaming at me out of the abyss. A mistake would have been fatal. More than once, as tufts of grass came out in my hand or my foot slipped in the wet notches of the rock, I thought that I was gone. But I struggled upward, and at last I reached a ledge several feet deep and covered with soft green moss, where I could lie unseen, in the most perfect comfort. There I was stretched, when you, my dear Watson, and all your following were investigating in the most sympathetic and inefficient manner the circumstances of my death.

**PT** “At last, when you had all formed your inevitable and totally erroneous conclusions, you departed for the hotel, and I was left alone. I had imagined that I had reached the end of my adventures, but a very unexpected occurrence showed me that there were surprises still in store for me. A huge rock, falling from above, boomed past me, struck the path, and bounded over into the chasm. For an instant I thought that it was an accident, but a moment later, looking up, I saw a man’s head against the darkening sky, and another stone struck the very ledge upon which I was stretched, within a foot of my head. Of course, the meaning of this was obvious. Moriarty had not been alone. A confederate—and even that one glance had told me how dangerous a man that confederate was—had kept guard while the Professor had attacked me. From a distance, unseen by me, he had been a witness of his friend’s death and of my escape. He had waited, and then making his way round to the top of the cliff, he had endeavoured to succeed where his comrade had failed.

**PT** “I did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again I saw that grim face look over the cliff, and I knew that it was the precursor of another stone. I scrambled down on to the path. I don’t think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the danger, for another stone sang past me as I hung by my hands from the edge of the ledge. Halfway down I slipped, but, by the blessing of God, I landed, torn and bleeding, upon the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later I found myself in Florence, with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had become of me.

**PT** “I had only one confidant—my brother Mycroft. I owe you many apologies, my dear Watson, but it was all-important that it should be thought I was dead, and it is quite certain that you would not have written so convincing an account of my unhappy end had you not yourself thought that it was true. Several times during the last three years I have taken up my pen to write to you, but always I feared lest your affectionate regard for me should tempt you to some indiscretion which would betray my secret. For that reason I turned away from you this evening when you upset my books, for I was in danger at the time, and any show of surprise and emotion upon your part might have drawn attention to my identity and led to the most deplorable and irreparable results. As to Mycroft, I had to confide in him in order to obtain the money which I needed. The course of events in London did not run so well as I had hoped, for the trial

of the Moriarty gang left two of its most dangerous members, my own most vindictive enemies, at liberty. I travelled for two years in Tibet, therefore, and amused myself by visiting Lhasa, and spending some days with the head lama. You may have read of the remarkable explorations of a Norwegian named Sigerson, but I am sure that it never occurred to you that you were receiving news of your friend. I then passed through Persia, looked in at Mecca, and paid a short but interesting visit to the Khalifa at Khartoum the results of which I have communicated to the Foreign Office. Returning to France, I spent some months in a research into the coal-tar derivatives, which I conducted in a laboratory at Montpellier, in the south of France. Having concluded this to my satisfaction and learning that only one of my enemies was now left in London, I was about to return when my movements were hastened by the news of this very remarkable Park Lane Mystery, which not only appealed to me by its own merits, but which seemed to offer some most peculiar personal opportunities. I came over at once to London, called in my own person at Baker Street, threw Mrs. Hudson into violent hysterics, and found that Mycroft had preserved my rooms and my papers exactly as they had always been. So it was, my dear Watson, that at two o'clock today I found myself in my old armchair in my own old room, and only wishing that I could have seen my old friend Watson in the other chair which he has so often adorned."

**PT** Such was the remarkable narrative to which I listened on that April evening—a narrative which would have been utterly incredible to me had it not been confirmed by the actual sight of the tall, spare figure and the keen, eager face, which I had never thought to see again. In some manner he had learned of my own sad bereavement, and his sympathy was shown in his manner rather than in his words. "Work is the best antidote to sorrow, my dear Watson," said he; "and I have a piece of work for us both tonight which, if we can bring it to a successful conclusion, will in itself justify a man's life on this planet." In vain I begged him to tell me more. "You will hear and see enough before morning," he answered. "We have three years of the past to discuss. Let that suffice until half-past nine, when we start upon the notable adventure of the empty house."

**PT** It was indeed like old times when, at that hour, I found myself seated beside him in a hansom, my revolver in my pocket, and the thrill of adventure in my heart. Holmes was cold and stern and silent. As the gleam of the streetlamps flashed upon his austere features, I saw that his

brows were drawn down in thought and his thin lips compressed. I knew not what wild beast we were about to hunt down in the dark jungle of criminal London, but I was well assured, from the bearing of this master huntsman, that the adventure was a most grave one—while the sardonic smile which occasionally broke through his ascetic gloom boded little good for the object of our quest.

**PT** I had imagined that we were bound for Baker Street, but Holmes stopped the cab at the corner of Cavendish Square. I observed that as he stepped out he gave a most searching glance to right and left, and at every subsequent street corner he took the utmost pains to assure that he was not followed. Our route was certainly a singular one. Holmes's knowledge of the byways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly and with an assured step through a network of mews and stables, the very existence of which I had never known. We emerged at last into a small road, lined with old, gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester Street, and so to Blandford Street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wooden gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with a key the back door of a house. We entered together, and he closed it behind us.

**PT** The place was pitch dark, but it was evident to me that it was an empty house. Our feet creaked and crackled over the bare planking, and my outstretched hand touched a wall from which the paper was hanging in ribbons. Holmes's cold, thin fingers closed round my wrist and led me forward down a long hall, until I dimly saw the murky fanlight over the door. Here Holmes turned suddenly to the right and we found ourselves in a large, square, empty room, heavily shadowed in the corners, but faintly lit in the centre from the lights of the street beyond. There was no lamp near, and the window was thick with dust, so that we could only just discern each other's figures within. My companion put his hand upon my shoulder and his lips close to my ear.

**PT** "Do you know where we are?" he whispered.

**PT** "Surely that is Baker Street," I answered, staring through the dim window.

**PT** "Exactly. We are in Camden House, which stands opposite to our own old quarters."

**PT** "But why are we here?"

**PT** “Because it commands so excellent a view of that picturesque pile. Might I trouble you, my dear Watson, to draw a little nearer to the window, taking every precaution not to show yourself, and then to look up at our old rooms—the starting-point of so many of your little fairytales? We will see if my three years of absence have entirely taken away my power to surprise you.”

**PT** I crept forward and looked across at the familiar window. As my eyes fell upon it, I gave a gasp and a cry of amazement. The blind was down, and a strong light was burning in the room. The shadow of a man who was seated in a chair within was thrown in hard, black outline upon the luminous screen of the window. There was no mistaking the poise of the head, the squareness of the shoulders, the sharpness of the features. The face was turned half-round, and the effect was that of one of those black silhouettes which our grandparents loved to frame. It was a perfect reproduction of Holmes. So amazed was I that I threw out my hand to make sure that the man himself was standing beside me. He was quivering with silent laughter.

**PT** “Well?” said he.

**PT** “Good heavens!” I cried. “It is marvellous.”

**PT** “I trust that age doth not wither nor custom stale my infinite variety,” said he, and I recognized in his voice the joy and pride which the artist takes in his own creation. “It really is rather like me, is it not?”

**PT** “I should be prepared to swear that it was you.”

**PT** “The credit of the execution is due to Monsieur Oscar Meunier, of Grenoble, who spent some days in doing the moulding. It is a bust in wax. The rest I arranged myself during my visit to Baker Street this afternoon.”

**PT** “But why?”

**PT** “Because, my dear Watson, I had the strongest possible reason for wishing certain people to think that I was there when I was really elsewhere.”

**PT** “And you thought the rooms were watched?”

**PT** “I knew that they were watched.”

**PT** “By whom?”

**PT** “By my old enemies, Watson. By the charming society whose leader lies in the Reichenbach Fall. You must remember that they knew, and only they knew, that I was still alive. Sooner or later they believed that I should come back to my rooms. They watched them continuously, and this morning they saw me arrive.”

**PT** “How do you know?”

**PT** “Because I recognized their sentinel when I glanced out of my window. He is a harmless enough fellow, Parker by name, a garroter by trade, and a remarkable performer upon the jew’s-harp. I cared nothing for him. But I cared a great deal for the much more formidable person who was behind him, the bosom friend of Moriarty, the man who dropped the rocks over the cliff, the most cunning and dangerous criminal in London. That is the man who is after me tonight Watson, and that is the man who is quite unaware that we are after him.”

**PT** My friend’s plans were gradually revealing themselves. From this convenient retreat, the watchers were being watched and the trackers tracked. That angular shadow up yonder was the bait, and we were the hunters. In silence we stood together in the darkness and watched the hurrying figures who passed and repassed in front of us. Holmes was silent and motionless; but I could tell that he was keenly alert, and that his eyes were fixed intently upon the stream of passersby. It was a bleak and boisterous night and the wind whistled shrilly down the long street. Many people were moving to and fro, most of them muffled in their coats and cravats. Once or twice it seemed to me that I had seen the same figure before, and I especially noticed two men who appeared to be sheltering themselves from the wind in the doorway of a house some distance up the street. I tried to draw my companion’s attention to them; but he gave a little ejaculation of impatience, and continued to stare into the street. More than once he fidgeted with his feet and tapped rapidly with his fingers upon the wall. It was evident to me that he was becoming uneasy, and that his plans were not working out altogether as he had hoped. At last, as midnight approached and the street gradually cleared, he paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. I was about to make some remark to him, when I raised my eyes to the lighted window, and again experienced almost as great a surprise as before. I clutched Holmes’s arm, and pointed upward.

**PT** “The shadow has moved!” I cried.

**PT** It was indeed no longer the profile, but the back, which was turned towards us.

**PT** Three years had certainly not smoothed the asperities of his temper or his impatience with a less active intelligence than his own.

**PT** “Of course it has moved,” said he. “Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy, and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this room two hours, and Mrs. Hudson has made some change in that figure eight times, or once in every quarter of an hour. She works it from the front, so that her shadow may never be seen. Ah!” He drew in his breath with a shrill, excited intake. In the dim light I saw his head thrown forward, his whole attitude rigid with attention. Outside the street was absolutely deserted. Those two men might still be crouching in the doorway, but I could no longer see them. All was still and dark, save only that brilliant yellow screen in front of us with the black figure outlined upon its centre. Again in the utter silence I heard that thin, sibilant note which spoke of intense suppressed excitement. An instant later he pulled me back into the blackest corner of the room, and I felt his warning hand upon my lips. The fingers which clutched me were quivering. Never had I known my friend more moved, and yet the dark street still stretched lonely and motionless before us.

**PT** But suddenly I was aware of that which his keener senses had already distinguished. A low, stealthy sound came to my ears, not from the direction of Baker Street, but from the back of the very house in which we lay concealed. A door opened and shut. An instant later steps crept down the passage—steps which were meant to be silent, but which reverberated harshly through the empty house. Holmes crouched back against the wall, and I did the same, my hand closing upon the handle of my revolver. Peering through the gloom, I saw the vague outline of a man, a shade blacker than the blackness of the open door. He stood for an instant, and then he crept forward, crouching, menacing, into the room. He was within three yards of us, this sinister figure, and I had braced myself to meet his spring, before I realized that he had no idea of our presence. He passed close beside us, stole over to the window, and very softly and noiselessly raised it for half a foot. As he sank to the level of this opening, the light of the street, no longer dimmed by the dusty glass, fell full upon his face. The man seemed to be beside himself with

excitement. His two eyes shone like stars, and his features were working convulsively. He was an elderly man, with a thin, projecting nose, a high, bald forehead, and a huge grizzled moustache. An opera hat was pushed to the back of his head, and an evening dress shirtfront gleamed out through his open overcoat. His face was gaunt and swarthy, scored with deep, savage lines. In his hand he carried what appeared to be a stick, but as he laid it down upon the floor it gave a metallic clang. Then from the pocket of his overcoat he drew a bulky object, and he busied himself in some task which ended with a loud, sharp click, as if a spring or bolt had fallen into its place. Still kneeling upon the floor he bent forward and threw all his weight and strength upon some lever, with the result that there came a long, whirling, grinding noise, ending once more in a powerful click. He straightened himself then, and I saw that what he held in his hand was a sort of gun, with a curiously misshapen butt. He opened it at the breech, put something in, and snapped the breech-lock. Then, crouching down, he rested the end of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window, and I saw his long moustache droop over the stock and his eye gleam as it peered along the sights. I heard a little sigh of satisfaction as he cuddled the butt into his shoulder; and saw that amazing target, the black man on the yellow ground, standing clear at the end of his foresight. For an instant he was rigid and motionless. Then his finger tightened on the trigger. There was a strange, loud whiz and a long, silvery tinkle of broken glass. At that instant Holmes sprang like a tiger on to the marksman's back, and hurled him flat upon his face. He was up again in a moment, and with convulsive strength he seized Holmes by the throat, but I struck him on the head with the butt of my revolver, and he dropped again upon the floor. I fell upon him, and as I held him my comrade blew a shrill call upon a whistle. There was the clatter of running feet upon the pavement, and two policemen in uniform, with one plainclothes detective, rushed through the front entrance and into the room.

**PT** “That you, Lestrade?” said Holmes.

**PT** “Yes, Mr. Holmes. I took the job myself. It's good to see you back in London, sir.”

**PT** “I think you want a little unofficial help. Three undetected murders in one year won't do, Lestrade. But you handled the Molesey Mystery with less than your usual—that's to say, you handled it fairly well.”

**PT** We had all risen to our feet, our prisoner breathing hard, with a stalwart constable on each side of him. Already a few loiterers had begun to collect in the street. Holmes stepped up to the window, closed it, and dropped the blinds. Lestrade had produced two candles, and the policemen had uncovered their lanterns. I was able at last to have a good look at our prisoner.

**PT** It was a tremendously virile and yet sinister face which was turned towards us. With the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist below, the man must have started with great capacities for good or for evil. But one could not look upon his cruel blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the fierce, aggressive nose and the threatening, deep-lined brow, without reading Nature's plainest danger-signals. He took no heed of any of us, but his eyes were fixed upon Holmes's face with an expression in which hatred and amazement were equally blended. "You fiend!" he kept on muttering. "You clever, clever fiend!"

**PT** "Ah, Colonel!" said Holmes, arranging his ruffled collar. " 'Journeys end in lovers' meetings,' as the old play says. I don't think I have had the pleasure of seeing you since you favoured me with those attentions as I lay on the ledge above the Reichenbach Fall."

**PT** The colonel still stared at my friend like a man in a trance. "You cunning, cunning fiend!" was all that he could say.

**PT** "I have not introduced you yet," said Holmes. "This, gentlemen, is Colonel Sebastian Moran, once of Her Majesty's Indian Army, and the best heavy-game shot that our Eastern Empire has ever produced. I believe I am correct Colonel, in saying that your bag of tigers still remains unrivalled?"

**PT** The fierce old man said nothing, but still glared at my companion. With his savage eyes and bristling moustache he was wonderfully like a tiger himself.

**PT** "I wonder that my very simple stratagem could deceive so old a shikari," said Holmes. "It must be very familiar to you. Have you not tethered a young kid under a tree, lain above it with your rifle, and waited for the bait to bring up your tiger? This empty house is my tree, and you are my tiger. You have possibly had other guns in reserve in case there should be several tigers, or in the unlikely supposition of your own aim

failing you. These," he pointed around, "are my other guns. The parallel is exact."

**PT** Colonel Moran sprang forward with a snarl of rage, but the constables dragged him back. The fury upon his face was terrible to look at.

**PT** "I confess that you had one small surprise for me," said Holmes. "I did not anticipate that you would yourself make use of this empty house and this convenient front window. I had imagined you as operating from the street, where my friend, Lestrade and his merry men were awaiting you. With that exception, all has gone as I expected."

**PT** Colonel Moran turned to the official detective.

**PT** "You may or may not have just cause for arresting me," said he, "but at least there can be no reason why I should submit to the gibes of this person. If I am in the hands of the law, let things be done in a legal way."

**PT** "Well, that's reasonable enough," said Lestrade. "Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go?"

**PT** Holmes had picked up the powerful airgun from the floor, and was examining its mechanism.

**PT** "An admirable and unique weapon," said he, "noiseless and of tremendous power: I knew Von Herder, the blind German mechanic, who constructed it to the order of the late Professor Moriarty. For years I have been aware of its existence though I have never before had the opportunity of handling it. I commend it very specially to your attention, Lestrade and also the bullets which fit it."

**PT** "You can trust us to look after that, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade, as the whole party moved towards the door. "Anything further to say?"

**PT** "Only to ask what charge you intend to prefer?"

**PT** "What charge, sir? Why, of course, the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

**PT** "Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you, and to you only, belongs the credit of the remarkable arrest which

you have effected. Yes, Lestrade, I congratulate you! With your usual happy mixture of cunning and audacity, you have got him.”

**PT** “Got him! Got whom, Mr. Holmes?”

**PT** “The man that the whole force has been seeking in vain—Colonel Sebastian Moran, who shot the Honourable Ronald Adair with an expanding bullet from an airgun through the open window of the second-floor front of No. 427 Park Lane, upon the thirtieth of last month. That’s the charge, Lestrade. And now, Watson, if you can endure the draught from a broken window, I think that half an hour in my study over a cigar may afford you some profitable amusement.”

**PT** Our old chambers had been left unchanged through the supervision of Mycroft Holmes and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered I saw, it is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old landmarks were all in their place. There were the chemical corner and the acid-stained, deal-topped table. There upon a shelf was the row of formidable scrapbooks and books of reference which many of our fellow-citizens would have been so glad to burn. The diagrams, the violin-case, and the pipe-rack—even the Persian slipper which contained the tobacco—all met my eyes as I glanced round me. There were two occupants of the room—one, Mrs. Hudson, who beamed upon us both as we entered—the other, the strange dummy which had played so important a part in the evening’s adventures. It was a wax-coloured model of my friend, so admirably done that it was a perfect facsimile. It stood on a small pedestal table with an old dressing-gown of Holmes’s so draped round it that the illusion from the street was absolutely perfect.

**PT** “I hope you observed all precautions, Mrs. Hudson?” said Holmes.

**PT** “I went to it on my knees, sir, just as you told me.”

**PT** “Excellent. You carried the thing out very well. Did you observe where the bullet went?”

**PT** “Yes, sir. I’m afraid it has spoilt your beautiful bust, for it passed right through the head and flattened itself on the wall. I picked it up from the carpet. Here it is!”

**PT** Holmes held it out to me. “A soft revolver bullet, as you perceive, Watson. There’s genius in that, for who would expect to find such a thing fired from an airgun? All right, Mrs. Hudson. I am much obliged for your

assistance. And now, Watson, let me see you in your old seat once more, for there are several points which I should like to discuss with you.”

**PT** He had thrown off the seedy frockcoat, and now he was the Holmes of old in the mouse-coloured dressing-gown which he took from his effigy.

**PT** “The old shikari’s nerves have not lost their steadiness, nor his eyes their keenness,” said he, with a laugh, as he inspected the shattered forehead of his bust.

**PT** “Plumb in the middle of the back of the head and smack through the brain. He was the best shot in India, and I expect that there are few better in London. Have you heard the name?”

**PT** “No, I have not.”

**PT** “Well, well, such is fame! But, then, if I remember right, you had not heard the name of Professor James Moriarty, who had one of the great brains of the century. Just give me down my index of biographies from the shelf.”

**PT** He turned over the pages lazily, leaning back in his chair and blowing great clouds from his cigar.

**PT** “My collection of M’s is a fine one,” said he. “Moriarty himself is enough to make any letter illustrious, and here is Morgan the poisoner, and Merridew of abominable memory, and Mathews, who knocked out my left canine in the waiting-room at Charing Cross, and, finally, here is our friend of tonight.”

**PT** He handed over the book, and I read:

**PT** Moran, Sebastian, Colonel. Unemployed. Formerly 1st Bangalore Pioneers. Born London, 1840. Son of Sir Augustus Moran, C. B., once British Minister to Persia. Educated Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki Campaign, Afghan Campaign, Charasiab (despatches), Sherpur, and Cabul. Author of Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas (1881); Three Months in the Jungle (1884). Address: Conduit Street. Clubs: The Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, the Bagatelle Card Club.

**PT** On the margin was written, in Holmes’s precise hand:

**PT** The second most dangerous man in London.

**PT** “This is astonishing,” said I, as I handed back the volume. “The man’s career is that of an honourable soldier.”

**PT** “It is true,” Holmes answered. “Up to a certain point he did well. He was always a man of iron nerve, and the story is still told in India how he crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height, and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family.”

**PT** “It is surely rather fanciful.”

**PT** “Well, I don’t insist upon it. Whatever the cause, Colonel Moran began to go wrong. Without any open scandal, he still made India too hot to hold him. He retired, came to London, and again acquired an evil name. It was at this time that he was sought out by Professor Moriarty, to whom for a time he was chief of the staff. Moriarty supplied him liberally with money, and used him only in one or two very high-class jobs, which no ordinary criminal could have undertaken. You may have some recollection of the death of Mrs. Stewart, of Lauder, in 1887. Not? Well, I am sure Moran was at the bottom of it, but nothing could be proved. So cleverly was the colonel concealed that, even when the Moriarty gang was broken up, we could not incriminate him. You remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of airguns? No doubt you thought me fanciful. I knew exactly what I was doing, for I knew of the existence of this remarkable gun, and I knew also that one of the best shots in the world would be behind it. When we were in Switzerland he followed us with Moriarty, and it was undoubtedly he who gave me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge.

**PT** “You may think that I read the papers with some attention during my sojourn in France, on the lookout for any chance of laying him by the heels. So long as he was free in London, my life would really not have been worth living. Night and day the shadow would have been over me, and sooner or later his chance must have come. What could I do? I could not shoot him at sight, or I should myself be in the dock. There was no use appealing to a magistrate. They cannot interfere on the strength of

what would appear to them to be a wild suspicion. So I could do nothing. But I watched the criminal news, knowing that sooner or later I should get him. Then came the death of this Ronald Adair. My chance had come at last. Knowing what I did, was it not certain that Colonel Moran had done it? He had played cards with the lad, he had followed him home from the club, he had shot him through the open window. There was not a doubt of it. The bullets alone are enough to put his head in a noose. I came over at once. I was seen by the sentinel, who would, I knew, direct the colonel's attention to my presence. He could not fail to connect my sudden return with his crime, and to be terribly alarmed. I was sure that he would make an attempt to get me out of the way at once, and would bring round his murderous weapon for that purpose. I left him an excellent mark in the window, and, having warned the police that they might be needed—by the way, Watson, you spotted their presence in that doorway with unerring accuracy—I took up what seemed to me to be a judicious post for observation, never dreaming that he would choose the same spot for his attack. Now, my dear Watson, does anything remain for me to explain?"

**PT** "Yes," said I. "You have not made it clear what was Colonel Moran's motive in murdering the Honourable Ronald Adair?"

**PT** "Ah! my dear Watson, there we come into those realms of conjecture, where the most logical mind may be at fault. Each may form his own hypothesis upon the present evidence, and yours is as likely to be correct as mine."

**PT** "You have formed one, then?"

**PT** "I think that it is not difficult to explain the facts. It came out in evidence that Colonel Moran and young Adair had, between them, won a considerable amount of money. Now, Moran undoubtedly played foul—of that I have long been aware. I believe that on the day of the murder Adair had discovered that Moran was cheating. Very likely he had spoken to him privately, and had threatened to expose him unless he voluntarily resigned his membership of the club, and promised not to play cards again. It is unlikely that a youngster like Adair would at once make a hideous scandal by exposing a well known man so much older than himself. Probably he acted as I suggest. The exclusion from his clubs would mean ruin to Moran, who lived by his ill-gotten card-gains. He therefore murdered Adair, who at the time was endeavouring to work out

how much money he should himself return, since he could not profit by his partner's foul play. He locked the door lest the ladies should surprise him and insist upon knowing what he was doing with these names and coins. Will it pass?"

**PT** "I have no doubt that you have hit upon the truth."

**PT** "It will be verified or disproved at the trial. Meanwhile, come what may, Colonel Moran will trouble us no more. The famous airgun of Von Herder will embellish the Scotland Yard Museum, and once again Mr. Sherlock Holmes is free to devote his life to examining those interesting little problems which the complex life of London so plentifully presents."

## The Adventure of the Norwood Builder

**PT** “From the point of view of the criminal expert,” said Mr. Sherlock Holmes, “London has become a singularly uninteresting city since the death of the late lamented Professor Moriarty.”

**PT** “I can hardly think that you would find many decent citizens to agree with you,” I answered.

**PT** “Well, well, I must not be selfish,” said he, with a smile, as he pushed back his chair from the breakfast-table. “The community is certainly the gainer, and no one the loser, save the poor out-of-work specialist, whose occupation has gone. With that man in the field, one’s morning paper presented infinite possibilities. Often it was only the smallest trace, Watson, the faintest indication, and yet it was enough to tell me that the great malignant brain was there, as the gentlest tremors of the edges of the web remind one of the foul spider which lurks in the centre. Petty thefts, wanton assaults, purposeless outrage—to the man who held the clue all could be worked into one connected whole. To the scientific student of the higher criminal world, no capital in Europe offered the advantages which London then possessed. But now—” He shrugged his shoulders in humorous deprecation of the state of things which he had himself done so much to produce.

**PT** At the time of which I speak, Holmes had been back for some months, and I at his request had sold my practice and returned to share the old quarters in Baker Street. A young doctor, named Verner, had purchased my small Kensington practice, and given with astonishingly little demur the highest price that I ventured to ask—an incident which only explained itself some years later, when I found that Verner was a distant relation of Holmes, and that it was my friend who had really found the money.

**PT** Our months of partnership had not been so uneventful as he had stated, for I find, on looking over my notes, that this period includes the case of the papers of ex-President Murillo, and also the shocking affair of the Dutch steamship Friesland, which so nearly cost us both our lives. His cold and proud nature was always averse, however, from anything in the shape of public applause, and he bound me in the most stringent

terms to say no further word of himself, his methods, or his successes—a prohibition which, as I have explained, has only now been removed.

**PT** Mr. Sherlock Holmes was leaning back in his chair after his whimsical protest, and was unfolding his morning paper in a leisurely fashion, when our attention was arrested by a tremendous ring at the bell, followed immediately by a hollow drumming sound, as if someone were beating on the outer door with his fist. As it opened there came a tumultuous rush into the hall, rapid feet clattered up the stair, and an instant later a wild-eyed and frantic young man, pale, disheveled, and palpitating, burst into the room. He looked from one to the other of us, and under our gaze of inquiry he became conscious that some apology was needed for this unceremonious entry.

**PT** “I’m sorry, Mr. Holmes,” he cried. “You mustn’t blame me. I am nearly mad. Mr. Holmes, I am the unhappy John Hector McFarlane.”

**PT** He made the announcement as if the name alone would explain both his visit and its manner, but I could see, by my companion’s unresponsive face, that it meant no more to him than to me.

**PT** “Have a cigarette, Mr. McFarlane,” said he, pushing his case across. “I am sure that, with your symptoms, my friend Dr. Watson here would prescribe a sedative. The weather has been so very warm these last few days. Now, if you feel a little more composed, I should be glad if you would sit down in that chair, and tell us very slowly and quietly who you are, and what it is that you want. You mentioned your name, as if I should recognize it, but I assure you that, beyond the obvious facts that you are a bachelor, a solicitor, a Freemason, and an asthmatic, I know nothing whatever about you.”

**PT** Familiar as I was with my friend’s methods, it was not difficult for me to follow his deductions, and to observe the untidiness of attire, the sheaf of legal papers, the watch-charm, and the breathing which had prompted them. Our client, however, stared in amazement.

**PT** “Yes, I am all that, Mr. Holmes; and, in addition, I am the most unfortunate man at this moment in London. For heaven’s sake, don’t abandon me, Mr. Holmes! If they come to arrest me before I have finished my story, make them give me time, so that I may tell you the whole truth. I could go to jail happy if I knew that you were working for me outside.”

**PT** “Arrest you!” said Holmes. “This is really most grati—most interesting. On what charge do you expect to be arrested?”

**PT** “Upon the charge of murdering Mr. Jonas Oldacre, of Lower Norwood.”

**PT** My companion’s expressive face showed a sympathy which was not, I am afraid, entirely unmixed with satisfaction.

**PT** “Dear me,” said he, “it was only this moment at breakfast that I was saying to my friend, Dr. Watson, that sensational cases had disappeared out of our papers.”

**PT** Our visitor stretched forward a quivering hand and picked up the Daily Telegraph, which still lay upon Holmes’s knee.

**PT** “If you had looked at it, sir, you would have seen at a glance what the errand is on which I have come to you this morning. I feel as if my name and my misfortune must be in every man’s mouth.” He turned it over to expose the central page. “Here it is, and with your permission I will read it to you. Listen to this, Mr. Holmes. The headlines are: ‘Mysterious Affair at Lower Norwood. Disappearance of a Well Known Builder. Suspicion of Murder and Arson. A Clue to the Criminal.’ That is the clue which they are already following, Mr. Holmes, and I know that it leads infallibly to me. I have been followed from London Bridge Station, and I am sure that they are only waiting for the warrant to arrest me. It will break my mother’s heart—it will break her heart!” He wrung his hands in an agony of apprehension, and swayed backward and forward in his chair.

**PT** I looked with interest upon this man, who was accused of being the perpetrator of a crime of violence. He was flaxen-haired and handsome, in a washed-out negative fashion, with frightened blue eyes, and a clean-shaven face, with a weak, sensitive mouth. His age may have been about twenty-seven, his dress and bearing that of a gentleman. From the pocket of his light summer overcoat protruded the bundle of endorsed papers which proclaimed his profession.

**PT** “We must use what time we have,” said Holmes. “Watson, would you have the kindness to take the paper and to read the paragraph in question?”

**PT** Underneath the vigorous headlines which our client had quoted, I read the following suggestive narrative:

**PT** “Late last night, or early this morning, an incident occurred at Lower Norwood which points, it is feared, to a serious crime. Mr. Jonas Oldacre is a well known resident of that suburb, where he has carried on his business as a builder for many years. Mr. Oldacre is a bachelor, fifty-two years of age, and lives in Deep Dene House, at the Sydenham end of the road of that name. He has had the reputation of being a man of eccentric habits, secretive and retiring. For some years he has practically withdrawn from the business, in which he is said to have massed considerable wealth. A small timber-yard still exists, however, at the back of the house, and last night, about twelve o’clock, an alarm was given that one of the stacks was on fire. The engines were soon upon the spot, but the dry wood burned with great fury, and it was impossible to arrest the conflagration until the stack had been entirely consumed. Up to this point the incident bore the appearance of an ordinary accident, but fresh indications seem to point to serious crime. Surprise was expressed at the absence of the master of the establishment from the scene of the fire, and an inquiry followed, which showed that he had disappeared from the house. An examination of his room revealed that the bed had not been slept in, that a safe which stood in it was open, that a number of important papers were scattered about the room, and finally, that there were signs of a murderous struggle, slight traces of blood being found within the room, and an oaken walking-stick, which also showed stains of blood upon the handle. It is known that Mr. Jonas Oldacre had received a late visitor in his bedroom upon that night, and the stick found has been identified as the property of this person, who is a young London solicitor named John Hector McFarlane, junior partner of Graham and McFarlane, of 426 Gresham Buildings, E. C. The police believe that they have evidence in their possession which supplies a very convincing motive for the crime, and altogether it cannot be doubted that sensational developments will follow.

**PT** “Later.—It is rumoured as we go to press that Mr. John Hector McFarlane has actually been arrested on the charge of the murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre. It is at least certain that a warrant has been issued. There have been further and sinister developments in the investigation at Norwood. Besides the signs of a struggle in the room of the unfortunate builder it is now known that the French windows of his bedroom (which is

on the ground floor) were found to be open, that there were marks as if some bulky object had been dragged across to the woodpile, and, finally, it is asserted that charred remains have been found among the charcoal ashes of the fire. The police theory is that a most sensational crime has been committed, that the victim was clubbed to death in his own bedroom, his papers rifled, and his dead body dragged across to the wood-stack, which was then ignited so as to hide all traces of the crime. The conduct of the criminal investigation has been left in the experienced hands of Inspector Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, who is following up the clues with his accustomed energy and sagacity.”

**PT** Sherlock Holmes listened with closed eyes and fingertips together to this remarkable account.

**PT** “The case has certainly some points of interest,” said he, in his languid fashion. “May I ask, in the first place, Mr. McFarlane, how it is that you are still at liberty, since there appears to be enough evidence to justify your arrest?”

**PT** “I live at Torrington Lodge, Blackheath, with my parents, Mr. Holmes, but last night, having to do business very late with Mr. Jonas Oldacre, I stayed at an hotel in Norwood, and came to my business from there. I knew nothing of this affair until I was in the train, when I read what you have just heard. I at once saw the horrible danger of my position, and I hurried to put the case into your hands. I have no doubt that I should have been arrested either at my city office or at my home. A man followed me from London Bridge Station, and I have no doubt—Great heaven! what is that?”

**PT** It was a clang of the bell, followed instantly by heavy steps upon the stair. A moment later, our old friend Lestrade appeared in the doorway. Over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of one or two uniformed policemen outside.

**PT** “Mr. John Hector McFarlane?” said Lestrade.

**PT** Our unfortunate client rose with a ghastly face.

**PT** “I arrest you for the wilful murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre, of Lower Norwood.”

**PT** McFarlane turned to us with a gesture of despair, and sank into his chair once more like one who is crushed.

**PT** “One moment, Lestrade,” said Holmes. “Half an hour more or less can make no difference to you, and the gentleman was about to give us an account of this very interesting affair, which might aid us in clearing it up.”

**PT** “I think there will be no difficulty in clearing it up,” said Lestrade, grimly.

**PT** “None the less, with your permission, I should be much interested to hear his account.”

**PT** “Well, Mr. Holmes, it is difficult for me to refuse you anything, for you have been of use to the force once or twice in the past, and we owe you a good turn at Scotland Yard,” said Lestrade. “At the same time I must remain with my prisoner, and I am bound to warn him that anything he may say will appear in evidence against him.”

**PT** “I wish nothing better,” said our client. “All I ask is that you should hear and recognize the absolute truth.”

**PT** Lestrade looked at his watch. “I’ll give you half an hour,” said he.

**PT** “I must explain first,” said McFarlane, “that I knew nothing of Mr. Jonas Oldacre. His name was familiar to me, for many years ago my parents were acquainted with him, but they drifted apart. I was very much surprised therefore, when yesterday, about three o’clock in the afternoon, he walked into my office in the city. But I was still more astonished when he told me the object of his visit. He had in his hand several sheets of a notebook, covered with scribbled writing—here they are—and he laid them on my table.

**PT** “‘Here is my will,’ said he. ‘I want you, Mr. McFarlane, to cast it into proper legal shape. I will sit here while you do so.’

**PT** “I set myself to copy it, and you can imagine my astonishment when I found that, with some reservations, he had left all his property to me. He was a strange little ferret-like man, with white eyelashes, and when I looked up at him I found his keen gray eyes fixed upon me with an amused expression. I could hardly believe my own as I read the terms of the will; but he explained that he was a bachelor with hardly any living relation, that he had known my parents in his youth, and that he had always heard of me as a very deserving young man, and was assured that his money would be in worthy hands. Of course, I could only

stammer out my thanks. The will was duly finished, signed, and witnessed by my clerk. This is it on the blue paper, and these slips, as I have explained, are the rough draft. Mr. Jonas Oldacre then informed me that there were a number of documents—building leases, title-deeds, mortgages, scrip, and so forth—which it was necessary that I should see and understand. He said that his mind would not be easy until the whole thing was settled, and he begged me to come out to his house at Norwood that night, bringing the will with me, and to arrange matters. ‘Remember, my boy, not one word to your parents about the affair until everything is settled. We will keep it as a little surprise for them.’ He was very insistent upon this point, and made me promise it faithfully.

**PT** “You can imagine, Mr. Holmes, that I was not in a humour to refuse him anything that he might ask. He was my benefactor, and all my desire was to carry out his wishes in every particular. I sent a telegram home, therefore, to say that I had important business on hand, and that it was impossible for me to say how late I might be. Mr. Oldacre had told me that he would like me to have supper with him at nine, as he might not be home before that hour. I had some difficulty in finding his house, however, and it was nearly half-past before I reached it. I found him—”

**PT** “One moment!” said Holmes. “Who opened the door?”

**PT** “A middle-aged woman, who was, I suppose, his housekeeper.”

**PT** “And it was she, I presume, who mentioned your name?”

**PT** “Exactly,” said McFarlane.

**PT** “Pray proceed.”

**PT** McFarlane wiped his damp brow, and then continued his narrative:

**PT** “I was shown by this woman into a sitting-room, where a frugal supper was laid out. Afterwards, Mr. Jonas Oldacre led me into his bedroom, in which there stood a heavy safe. This he opened and took out a mass of documents, which we went over together. It was between eleven and twelve when we finished. He remarked that we must not disturb the housekeeper. He showed me out through his own French window, which had been open all this time.”

**PT** “Was the blind down?” asked Holmes.

**PT** “I will not be sure, but I believe that it was only half down. Yes, I remember how he pulled it up in order to swing open the window. I could not find my stick, and he said, ‘Never mind, my boy, I shall see a good deal of you now, I hope, and I will keep your stick until you come back to claim it.’ I left him there, the safe open, and the papers made up in packets upon the table. It was so late that I could not get back to Blackheath, so I spent the night at the Anerley Arms, and I knew nothing more until I read of this horrible affair in the morning.”

**PT** “Anything more that you would like to ask, Mr. Holmes?” said Lestrade, whose eyebrows had gone up once or twice during this remarkable explanation.

**PT** “Not until I have been to Blackheath.”

**PT** “You mean to Norwood,” said Lestrade.

**PT** “Oh, yes, no doubt that is what I must have meant,” said Holmes, with his enigmatical smile. Lestrade had learned by more experiences than he would care to acknowledge that that brain could cut through that which was impenetrable to him. I saw him look curiously at my companion.

**PT** “I think I should like to have a word with you presently, Mr. Sherlock Holmes,” said he. “Now, Mr. McFarlane, two of my constables are at the door, and there is a four-wheeler waiting.” The wretched young man arose, and with a last beseeching glance at us walked from the room. The officers conducted him to the cab, but Lestrade remained.

**PT** Holmes had picked up the pages which formed the rough draft of the will, and was looking at them with the keenest interest upon his face.

**PT** “There are some points about that document, Lestrade, are there not?” said he, pushing them over.

**PT** The official looked at them with a puzzled expression.

**PT** “I can read the first few lines and these in the middle of the second page, and one or two at the end. Those are as clear as print,” said he, “but the writing in between is very bad, and there are three places where I cannot read it at all.”

**PT** “What do you make of that?” said Holmes.

**PT** “Well, what do you make of it?”

**PT** “That it was written in a train. The good writing represents stations, the bad writing movement, and the very bad writing passing over points. A scientific expert would pronounce at once that this was drawn up on a suburban line, since nowhere save in the immediate vicinity of a great city could there be so quick a succession of points. Granting that his whole journey was occupied in drawing up the will, then the train was an express, only stopping once between Norwood and London Bridge.”

**PT** Lestrade began to laugh.

**PT** “You are too many for me when you begin to get on your theories, Mr. Holmes,” said he. “How does this bear on the case?”

**PT** “Well, it corroborates the young man’s story to the extent that the will was drawn up by Jonas Oldacre in his journey yesterday. It is curious—is it not?—that a man should draw up so important a document in so haphazard a fashion. It suggests that he did not think it was going to be of much practical importance. If a man drew up a will which he did not intend ever to be effective, he might do it so.”

**PT** “Well, he drew up his own death warrant at the same time,” said Lestrade.

**PT** “Oh, you think so?”

**PT** “Don’t you?”

**PT** “Well, it is quite possible, but the case is not clear to me yet.”

**PT** “Not clear? Well, if that isn’t clear, what could be clear? Here is a young man who learns suddenly that, if a certain older man dies, he will succeed to a fortune. What does he do? He says nothing to anyone, but he arranges that he shall go out on some pretext to see his client that night. He waits until the only other person in the house is in bed, and then in the solitude of a man’s room he murders him, burns his body in the woodpile, and departs to a neighbouring hotel. The bloodstains in the room and also on the stick are very slight. It is probable that he imagined his crime to be a bloodless one, and hoped that if the body were consumed it would hide all traces of the method of his death—traces which, for some reason, must have pointed to him. Is not all this obvious?”

**PT** “It strikes me, my good Lestrade, as being just a trifle too obvious,” said Holmes. “You do not add imagination to your other great qualities, but if you could for one moment put yourself in the place of this young man, would you choose the very night after the will had been made to commit your crime? Would it not seem dangerous to you to make so very close a relation between the two incidents? Again, would you choose an occasion when you are known to be in the house, when a servant has let you in? And, finally, would you take the great pains to conceal the body, and yet leave your own stick as a sign that you were the criminal? Confess, Lestrade, that all this is very unlikely.”

**PT** “As to the stick, Mr. Holmes, you know as well as I do that a criminal is often flurried, and does such things, which a cool man would avoid. He was very likely afraid to go back to the room. Give me another theory that would fit the facts.”

**PT** “I could very easily give you half a dozen,” said Holmes. “Here for example, is a very possible and even probable one. I make you a free present of it. The older man is showing documents which are of evident value. A passing tramp sees them through the window, the blind of which is only half down. Exit the solicitor. Enter the tramp! He seizes a stick, which he observes there, kills Oldacre, and departs after burning the body.”

**PT** “Why should the tramp burn the body?”

**PT** “For the matter of that, why should McFarlane?”

**PT** “To hide some evidence.”

**PT** “Possibly the tramp wanted to hide that any murder at all had been committed.”

**PT** “And why did the tramp take nothing?”

**PT** “Because they were papers that he could not negotiate.”

**PT** Lestrade shook his head, though it seemed to me that his manner was less absolutely assured than before.

**PT** “Well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, you may look for your tramp, and while you are finding him we will hold on to our man. The future will show which is right. Just notice this point, Mr. Holmes: that so far as we know, none of the papers were removed, and that the prisoner is the one man in

the world who had no reason for removing them, since he was heir-at-law, and would come into them in any case.”

**PT** My friend seemed struck by this remark.

**PT** “I don’t mean to deny that the evidence is in some ways very strongly in favour of your theory,” said he. “I only wish to point out that there are other theories possible. As you say, the future will decide. Good morning! I dare say that in the course of the day I shall drop in at Norwood and see how you are getting on.”

**PT** When the detective departed, my friend rose and made his preparations for the day’s work with the alert air of a man who has a congenial task before him.

**PT** “My first movement Watson,” said he, as he bustled into his frockcoat, “must, as I said, be in the direction of Blackheath.”

**PT** “And why not Norwood?”

**PT** “Because we have in this case one singular incident coming close to the heels of another singular incident. The police are making the mistake of concentrating their attention upon the second, because it happens to be the one which is actually criminal. But it is evident to me that the logical way to approach the case is to begin by trying to throw some light upon the first incident—the curious will, so suddenly made, and to so unexpected an heir. It may do something to simplify what followed. No, my dear fellow, I don’t think you can help me. There is no prospect of danger, or I should not dream of stirring out without you. I trust that when I see you in the evening, I will be able to report that I have been able to do something for this unfortunate youngster, who has thrown himself upon my protection.”

**PT** It was late when my friend returned, and I could see, by a glance at his haggard and anxious face, that the high hopes with which he had started had not been fulfilled. For an hour he droned away upon his violin, endeavouring to soothe his own ruffled spirits. At last he flung down the instrument, and plunged into a detailed account of his misadventures.

**PT** “It’s all going wrong, Watson—all as wrong as it can go. I kept a bold face before Lestrade, but, upon my soul, I believe that for once the fellow is on the right track and we are on the wrong. All my instincts are one way, and all the facts are the other, and I much fear that British juries

have not yet attained that pitch of intelligence when they will give the preference to my theories over Lestrade's facts."

**PT** "Did you go to Blackheath?"

**PT** "Yes, Watson, I went there, and I found very quickly that the late lamented Oldacre was a pretty considerable blackguard. The father was away in search of his son. The mother was at home—a little, fluffy, blue-eyed person, in a tremor of fear and indignation. Of course, she would not admit even the possibility of his guilt. But she would not express either surprise or regret over the fate of Oldacre. On the contrary, she spoke of him with such bitterness that she was unconsciously considerably strengthening the case of the police for, of course, if her son had heard her speak of the man in this fashion, it would predispose him towards hatred and violence. 'He was more like a malignant and cunning ape than a human being,' said she, 'and he always was, ever since he was a young man.'

**PT** " 'You knew him at that time?' said I.

**PT** " 'Yes, I knew him well, in fact, he was an old suitor of mine. Thank heaven that I had the sense to turn away from him and to marry a better, if poorer, man. I was engaged to him, Mr. Holmes, when I heard a shocking story of how he had turned a cat loose in an aviary, and I was so horrified at his brutal cruelty that I would have nothing more to do with him.' She rummaged in a bureau, and presently she produced a photograph of a woman, shamefully defaced and mutilated with a knife. 'That is my own photograph,' she said. 'He sent it to me in that state, with his curse, upon my wedding morning.'

**PT** " 'Well,' said I, 'at least he has forgiven you now, since he has left all his property to your son.'

**PT** " 'Neither my son nor I want anything from Jonas Oldacre, dead or alive!' she cried, with a proper spirit. 'There is a God in heaven, Mr. Holmes, and that same God who has punished that wicked man will show, in His own good time, that my son's hands are guiltless of his blood.'

**PT** "Well, I tried one or two leads, but could get at nothing which would help our hypothesis, and several points which would make against it. I gave it up at last and off I went to Norwood.

**PT** “This place, Deep Dene House, is a big modern villa of staring brick, standing back in its own grounds, with a laurel-clumped lawn in front of it. To the right and some distance back from the road was the timber-yard which had been the scene of the fire. Here’s a rough plan on a leaf of my notebook. This window on the left is the one which opens into Oldacre’s room. You can look into it from the road, you see. That is about the only bit of consolation I have had today. Lestrade was not there, but his head constable did the honours. They had just found a great treasure-trove. They had spent the morning raking among the ashes of the burned woodpile, and besides the charred organic remains they had secured several discoloured metal discs. I examined them with care, and there was no doubt that they were trouser buttons. I even distinguished that one of them was marked with the name of ‘Hyams,’ who was Oldacre’s tailor. I then worked the lawn very carefully for signs and traces, but this drought has made everything as hard as iron. Nothing was to be seen save that some body or bundle had been dragged through a low privet hedge which is in a line with the woodpile. All that, of course, fits in with the official theory. I crawled about the lawn with an August sun on my back, but I got up at the end of an hour no wiser than before.

**PT** “Well, after this fiasco I went into the bedroom and examined that also. The bloodstains were very slight, mere smears and discolourations, but undoubtedly fresh. The stick had been removed, but there also the marks were slight. There is no doubt about the stick belonging to our client. He admits it. Footmarks of both men could be made out on the carpet, but none of any third person, which again is a trick for the other side. They were piling up their score all the time and we were at a standstill.

**PT** “Only one little gleam of hope did I get—and yet it amounted to nothing. I examined the contents of the safe, most of which had been taken out and left on the table. The papers had been made up into sealed envelopes, one or two of which had been opened by the police. They were not, so far as I could judge, of any great value, nor did the bankbook show that Mr. Oldacre was in such very affluent circumstances. But it seemed to me that all the papers were not there. There were allusions to some deeds—possibly the more valuable—which I could not find. This, of course, if we could definitely prove it, would turn Lestrade’s argument

against himself, for who would steal a thing if he knew that he would shortly inherit it?

**PT** “Finally, having drawn every other cover and picked up no scent, I tried my luck with the housekeeper. Mrs. Lexington is her name—a little, dark, silent person, with suspicious and sidelong eyes. She could tell us something if she would—I am convinced of it. But she was as close as wax. Yes, she had let Mr. McFarlane in at half-past nine. She wished her hand had withered before she had done so. She had gone to bed at half-past ten. Her room was at the other end of the house, and she could hear nothing of what had passed. Mr. McFarlane had left his hat, and to the best of her belief his stick, in the hall. She had been awakened by the alarm of fire. Her poor, dear master had certainly been murdered. Had he any enemies? Well, every man had enemies, but Mr. Oldacre kept himself very much to himself, and only met people in the way of business. She had seen the buttons, and was sure that they belonged to the clothes which he had worn last night. The woodpile was very dry, for it had not rained for a month. It burned like tinder, and by the time she reached the spot, nothing could be seen but flames. She and all the firemen smelled the burned flesh from inside it. She knew nothing of the papers, nor of Mr. Oldacre’s private affairs.

**PT** “So, my dear Watson, there’s my report of a failure. And yet—and yet—” he clenched his thin hands in a paroxysm of conviction—“I know it’s all wrong. I feel it in my bones. There is something that has not come out, and that housekeeper knows it. There was a sort of sulky defiance in her eyes, which only goes with guilty knowledge. However, there’s no good talking any more about it, Watson; but unless some lucky chance comes our way I fear that the Norwood Disappearance Case will not figure in that chronicle of our successes which I foresee that a patient public will sooner or later have to endure.”

**PT** “Surely,” said I, “the man’s appearance would go far with any jury?”

**PT** “That is a dangerous argument my dear Watson. You remember that terrible murderer, Bert Stevens, who wanted us to get him off in ’87? Was there ever a more mild-mannered, Sunday-school young man?”

**PT** “It is true.”

**PT** “Unless we succeed in establishing an alternative theory, this man is lost. You can hardly find a flaw in the case which can now be presented

against him, and all further investigation has served to strengthen it. By the way, there is one curious little point about those papers which may serve us as the starting-point for an inquiry. On looking over the bankbook I found that the low state of the balance was principally due to large checks which have been made out during the last year to Mr. Cornelius. I confess that I should be interested to know who this Mr. Cornelius may be with whom a retired builder has such very large transactions. Is it possible that he has had a hand in the affair? Cornelius might be a broker, but we have found no scrip to correspond with these large payments. Failing any other indication, my researches must now take the direction of an inquiry at the bank for the gentleman who has cashed these checks. But I fear, my dear fellow, that our case will end ingloriously by Lestrade hanging our client, which will certainly be a triumph for Scotland Yard."

**PT** I do not know how far Sherlock Holmes took any sleep that night, but when I came down to breakfast I found him pale and harassed, his bright eyes the brighter for the dark shadows round them. The carpet round his chair was littered with cigarette-ends and with the early editions of the morning papers. An open telegram lay upon the table.

**PT** "What do you think of this, Watson?" he asked, tossing it across.

**PT** It was from Norwood, and ran as follows:

**PT** Important fresh evidence to hand. McFarlane's guilt definitely established. Advise you to abandon case.

**PT** Lestrade.

**PT** "This sounds serious," said I.

**PT** "It is Lestrade's little cock-a-doodle of victory," Holmes answered, with a bitter smile. "And yet it may be premature to abandon the case. After all, important fresh evidence is a two-edged thing, and may possibly cut in a very different direction to that which Lestrade imagines. Take your breakfast, Watson, and we will go out together and see what we can do. I feel as if I shall need your company and your moral support today."

**PT** My friend had no breakfast himself, for it was one of his peculiarities that in his more intense moments he would permit himself no food, and I have known him presume upon his iron strength until he has fainted from pure inanition. "At present I cannot spare energy and nerve

force for digestion," he would say in answer to my medical remonstrances. I was not surprised, therefore, when this morning he left his untouched meal behind him, and started with me for Norwood. A crowd of morbid sightseers were still gathered round Deep Dene House, which was just such a suburban villa as I had pictured. Within the gates Lestrade met us, his face flushed with victory, his manner grossly triumphant.

**PT** "Well, Mr. Holmes, have you proved us to be wrong yet? Have you found your tramp?" he cried.

**PT** "I have formed no conclusion whatever," my companion answered.

**PT** "But we formed ours yesterday, and now it proves to be correct, so you must acknowledge that we have been a little in front of you this time, Mr. Holmes."

**PT** "You certainly have the air of something unusual having occurred," said Holmes.

**PT** Lestrade laughed loudly.

**PT** "You don't like being beaten any more than the rest of us do," said he. "A man can't expect always to have it his own way, can he, Dr. Watson? Step this way, if you please, gentlemen, and I think I can convince you once for all that it was John McFarlane who did this crime."

**PT** He led us through the passage and out into a dark hall beyond.

**PT** "This is where young McFarlane must have come out to get his hat after the crime was done," said he. "Now look at this." With dramatic suddenness he struck a match, and by its light exposed a stain of blood upon the whitewashed wall. As he held the match nearer, I saw that it was more than a stain. It was the well-marked print of a thumb.

**PT** "Look at that with your magnifying glass, Mr. Holmes."

**PT** "Yes, I am doing so."

**PT** "You are aware that no two thumbmarks are alike?"

**PT** "I have heard something of the kind."

**PT** “Well, then, will you please compare that print with this wax impression of young McFarlane’s right thumb, taken by my orders this morning?”

**PT** As he held the waxen print close to the bloodstain, it did not take a magnifying glass to see that the two were undoubtedly from the same thumb. It was evident to me that our unfortunate client was lost.

**PT** “That is final,” said Lestrade.

**PT** “Yes, that is final,” I involuntarily echoed.

**PT** “It is final,” said Holmes.

**PT** Something in his tone caught my ear, and I turned to look at him. An extraordinary change had come over his face. It was writhing with inward merriment. His two eyes were shining like stars. It seemed to me that he was making desperate efforts to restrain a convulsive attack of laughter.

**PT** “Dear me! Dear me!” he said at last. “Well, now, who would have thought it? And how deceptive appearances may be, to be sure! Such a nice young man to look at! It is a lesson to us not to trust our own judgment, is it not, Lestrade?”

**PT** “Yes, some of us are a little too much inclined to be cocksure, Mr. Holmes,” said Lestrade. The man’s insolence was maddening, but we could not resent it.

**PT** “What a providential thing that this young man should press his right thumb against the wall in taking his hat from the peg! Such a very natural action, too, if you come to think of it.” Holmes was outwardly calm, but his whole body gave a wriggle of suppressed excitement as he spoke.

**PT** “By the way, Lestrade, who made this remarkable discovery?”

**PT** “It was the housekeeper, Mrs. Lexington, who drew the night constable’s attention to it.”

**PT** “Where was the night constable?”

**PT** “He remained on guard in the bedroom where the crime was committed, so as to see that nothing was touched.”

**PT** “But why didn’t the police see this mark yesterday?”

**PT** “Well, we had no particular reason to make a careful examination of the hall. Besides, it’s not in a very prominent place, as you see.”

**PT** “No, no—of course not. I suppose there is no doubt that the mark was there yesterday?”

**PT** Lestrade looked at Holmes as if he thought he was going out of his mind. I confess that I was myself surprised both at his hilarious manner and at his rather wild observation.

**PT** “I don’t know whether you think that McFarlane came out of jail in the dead of the night in order to strengthen the evidence against himself,” said Lestrade. “I leave it to any expert in the world whether that is not the mark of his thumb.”

**PT** “It is unquestionably the mark of his thumb.”

**PT** “There, that’s enough,” said Lestrade. “I am a practical man, Mr. Holmes, and when I have got my evidence I come to my conclusions. If you have anything to say, you will find me writing my report in the sitting-room.”

**PT** Holmes had recovered his equanimity, though I still seemed to detect gleams of amusement in his expression.

**PT** “Dear me, this is a very sad development, Watson, is it not?” said he. “And yet there are singular points about it which hold out some hopes for our client.”

**PT** “I am delighted to hear it,” said I, heartily. “I was afraid it was all up with him.”

**PT** “I would hardly go so far as to say that, my dear Watson. The fact is that there is one really serious flaw in this evidence to which our friend attaches so much importance.”

**PT** “Indeed, Holmes! What is it?”

**PT** “Only this: that I know that that mark was not there when I examined the hall yesterday. And now, Watson, let us have a little stroll round in the sunshine.”

**PT** With a confused brain, but with a heart into which some warmth of hope was returning, I accompanied my friend in a walk round the garden. Holmes took each face of the house in turn, and examined it with great interest. He then led the way inside, and went over the whole building from basement to attic. Most of the rooms were unfurnished, but none the less Holmes inspected them all minutely. Finally, on the top corridor, which ran outside three untenanted bedrooms, he again was seized with a spasm of merriment.

**PT** “There are really some very unique features about this case, Watson,” said he. “I think it is time now that we took our friend Lestrade into our confidence. He has had his little smile at our expense, and perhaps we may do as much by him, if my reading of this problem proves to be correct. Yes, yes, I think I see how we should approach it.”

**PT** The Scotland Yard inspector was still writing in the parlour when Holmes interrupted him.

**PT** “I understood that you were writing a report of this case,” said he.

**PT** “So I am.”

**PT** “Don’t you think it may be a little premature? I can’t help thinking that your evidence is not complete.”

**PT** Lestrade knew my friend too well to disregard his words. He laid down his pen and looked curiously at him.

**PT** “What do you mean, Mr. Holmes?”

**PT** “Only that there is an important witness whom you have not seen.”

**PT** “Can you produce him?”

**PT** “I think I can.”

**PT** “Then do so.”

**PT** “I will do my best. How many constables have you?”

**PT** “There are three within call.”

**PT** “Excellent!” said Holmes. “May I ask if they are all large, able-bodied men with powerful voices?”

**PT** “I have no doubt they are, though I fail to see what their voices have to do with it.”

**PT** “Perhaps I can help you to see that and one or two other things as well,” said Holmes. “Kindly summon your men, and I will try.”

**PT** Five minutes later, three policemen had assembled in the hall.

**PT** “In the outhouse you will find a considerable quantity of straw,” said Holmes. “I will ask you to carry in two bundles of it. I think it will be of the greatest assistance in producing the witness whom I require. Thank you very much. I believe you have some matches in your pocket Watson. Now, Mr. Lestrade, I will ask you all to accompany me to the top landing.”

**PT** As I have said, there was a broad corridor there, which ran outside three empty bedrooms. At one end of the corridor we were all marshalled by Sherlock Holmes, the constables grinning and Lestrade staring at my friend with amazement, expectation, and derision chasing each other across his features. Holmes stood before us with the air of a conjurer who is performing a trick.

**PT** “Would you kindly send one of your constables for two buckets of water? Put the straw on the floor here, free from the wall on either side. Now I think that we are all ready.”

**PT** Lestrade’s face had begun to grow red and angry. “I don’t know whether you are playing a game with us, Mr. Sherlock Holmes,” said he. “If you know anything, you can surely say it without all this tomfoolery.”

**PT** “I assure you, my good Lestrade, that I have an excellent reason for everything that I do. You may possibly remember that you chaffed me a little, some hours ago, when the sun seemed on your side of the hedge, so you must not grudge me a little pomp and ceremony now. Might I ask you, Watson, to open that window, and then to put a match to the edge of the straw?”

**PT** I did so, and driven by the draught a coil of gray smoke swirled down the corridor, while the dry straw crackled and flamed.

**PT** “Now we must see if we can find this witness for you, Lestrade. Might I ask you all to join in the cry of ‘Fire!’? Now then; one, two, three—”

**PT** “Fire!” we all yelled.

**PT** “Thank you. I will trouble you once again.”

**PT** “Fire!”

**PT** “Just once more, gentlemen, and all together.”

**PT** “Fire!” The shout must have rung over Norwood.

**PT** It had hardly died away when an amazing thing happened. A door suddenly flew open out of what appeared to be solid wall at the end of the corridor, and a little, wizened man darted out of it, like a rabbit out of its burrow.

**PT** “Capital!” said Holmes, calmly. “Watson, a bucket of water over the straw. That will do! Lestrade, allow me to present you with your principal missing witness, Mr. Jonas Oldacre.”

**PT** The detective stared at the newcomer with blank amazement. The latter was blinking in the bright light of the corridor, and peering at us and at the smouldering fire. It was an odious face—crafty, vicious, malignant, with shifty, light-gray eyes and white lashes.

**PT** “What’s this, then?” said Lestrade, at last. “What have you been doing all this time, eh?”

**PT** Oldacre gave an uneasy laugh, shrinking back from the furious red face of the angry detective.

**PT** “I have done no harm.”

**PT** “No harm? You have done your best to get an innocent man hanged. If it wasn’t for this gentleman here, I am not sure that you would not have succeeded.”

**PT** The wretched creature began to whimper.

**PT** “I am sure, sir, it was only my practical joke.”

**PT** “Oh! a joke, was it? You won’t find the laugh on your side, I promise you. Take him down, and keep him in the sitting-room until I come. Mr. Holmes,” he continued, when they had gone, “I could not speak before the constables, but I don’t mind saying, in the presence of Dr. Watson, that this is the brightest thing that you have done yet, though it is a mystery to me how you did it. You have saved an innocent man’s

life, and you have prevented a very grave scandal, which would have ruined my reputation in the Force.”

**PT** Holmes smiled, and clapped Lestrade upon the shoulder.

**PT** “Instead of being ruined, my good sir, you will find that your reputation has been enormously enhanced. Just make a few alterations in that report which you were writing, and they will understand how hard it is to throw dust in the eyes of Inspector Lestrade.”

**PT** “And you don’t want your name to appear?”

**PT** “Not at all. The work is its own reward. Perhaps I shall get the credit also at some distant day, when I permit my zealous historian to lay out his foolscap once more—eh, Watson? Well, now, let us see where this rat has been lurking.”

**PT** A lath-and-plaster partition had been run across the passage six feet from the end, with a door cunningly concealed in it. It was lit within by slits under the eaves. A few articles of furniture and a supply of food and water were within, together with a number of books and papers.

**PT** “There’s the advantage of being a builder,” said Holmes, as we came out. “He was able to fix up his own little hiding-place without any confederate—save, of course, that precious housekeeper of his, whom I should lose no time in adding to your bag, Lestrade.”

**PT** “I’ll take your advice. But how did you know of this place, Mr. Holmes?”

**PT** “I made up my mind that the fellow was in hiding in the house. When I paced one corridor and found it six feet shorter than the corresponding one below, it was pretty clear where he was. I thought he had not the nerve to lie quiet before an alarm of fire. We could, of course, have gone in and taken him, but it amused me to make him reveal himself. Besides, I owed you a little mystification, Lestrade, for your chaff in the morning.”

**PT** “Well, sir, you certainly got equal with me on that. But how in the world did you know that he was in the house at all?”

**PT** “The thumbmark, Lestrade. You said it was final; and so it was, in a very different sense. I knew it had not been there the day before. I pay a good deal of attention to matters of detail, as you may have observed,

and I had examined the hall, and was sure that the wall was clear. Therefore, it had been put on during the night.”

**PT** “But how?”

**PT** “Very simply. When those packets were sealed up, Jonas Oldacre got McFarlane to secure one of the seals by putting his thumb upon the soft wax. It would be done so quickly and so naturally, that I daresay the young man himself has no recollection of it. Very likely it just so happened, and Oldacre had himself no notion of the use he would put it to. Brooding over the case in that den of his, it suddenly struck him what absolutely damning evidence he could make against McFarlane by using that thumbmark. It was the simplest thing in the world for him to take a wax impression from the seal, to moisten it in as much blood as he could get from a pinprick, and to put the mark upon the wall during the night, either with his own hand or with that of his housekeeper. If you examine among those documents which he took with him into his retreat, I will lay you a wager that you find the seal with the thumbmark upon it.”

**PT** “Wonderful!” said Lestrade. “Wonderful! It’s all as clear as crystal, as you put it. But what is the object of this deep deception, Mr. Holmes?”

**PT** It was amusing to me to see how the detective’s overbearing manner had changed suddenly to that of a child asking questions of its teacher.

**PT** “Well, I don’t think that is very hard to explain. A very deep, malicious, vindictive person is the gentleman who is now waiting us downstairs. You know that he was once refused by McFarlane’s mother? You don’t! I told you that you should go to Blackheath first and Norwood afterwards. Well, this injury, as he would consider it, has rankled in his wicked, scheming brain, and all his life he has longed for vengeance, but never seen his chance. During the last year or two, things have gone against him—secret speculation, I think—and he finds himself in a bad way. He determines to swindle his creditors, and for this purpose he pays large checks to a certain Mr. Cornelius, who is, I imagine, himself under another name. I have not traced these checks yet, but I have no doubt that they were banked under that name at some provincial town where Oldacre from time to time led a double existence. He intended to change his name altogether, draw this money, and vanish, starting life again elsewhere.”

**PT** “Well, that’s likely enough.”

**PT** “It would strike him that in disappearing he might throw all pursuit off his track, and at the same time have an ample and crushing revenge upon his old sweetheart, if he could give the impression that he had been murdered by her only child. It was a masterpiece of villainy, and he carried it out like a master. The idea of the will, which would give an obvious motive for the crime, the secret visit unknown to his own parents, the retention of the stick, the blood, and the animal remains and buttons in the woodpile, all were admirable. It was a net from which it seemed to me, a few hours ago, that there was no possible escape. But he had not that supreme gift of the artist, the knowledge of when to stop. He wished to improve that which was already perfect—to draw the rope tighter yet round the neck of his unfortunate victim—and so he ruined all. Let us descend, Lestrade. There are just one or two questions that I would ask him.”

**PT** The malignant creature was seated in his own parlour, with a policeman upon each side of him.

**PT** “It was a joke, my good sir—a practical joke, nothing more,” he whined incessantly. “I assure you, sir, that I simply concealed myself in order to see the effect of my disappearance, and I am sure that you would not be so unjust as to imagine that I would have allowed any harm to befall poor young Mr. McFarlane.”

**PT** “That’s for a jury to decide,” said Lestrade. “Anyhow, we shall have you on a charge of conspiracy, if not for attempted murder.”

**PT** “And you’ll probably find that your creditors will impound the banking account of Mr. Cornelius,” said Holmes.

**PT** The little man started, and turned his malignant eyes upon my friend.

**PT** “I have to thank you for a good deal,” said he. “Perhaps I’ll pay my debt some day.”

**PT** Holmes smiled indulgently.

**PT** “I fancy that, for some few years, you will find your time very fully occupied,” said he. “By the way, what was it you put into the woodpile besides your old trousers? A dead dog, or rabbits, or what? You won’t

tell? Dear me, how very unkind of you! Well, well, I daresay that a couple of rabbits would account both for the blood and for the charred ashes. If ever you write an account, Watson, you can make rabbits serve your turn.”

## The Adventure of the Dancing Men

**PT** Holmes had been seated for some hours in silence with his long, thin back curved over a chemical vessel in which he was brewing a particularly malodorous product. His head was sunk upon his breast, and he looked from my point of view like a strange, lank bird, with dull gray plumage and a black topknot.

**PT** “So, Watson,” said he, suddenly, “you do not propose to invest in South African securities?”

**PT** I gave a start of astonishment. Accustomed as I was to Holmes’s curious faculties, this sudden intrusion into my most intimate thoughts was utterly inexplicable.

**PT** “How on earth do you know that?” I asked.

**PT** He wheeled round upon his stool, with a steaming test-tube in his hand, and a gleam of amusement in his deep-set eyes.

**PT** “Now, Watson, confess yourself utterly taken aback,” said he.

**PT** “I am.”

**PT** “I ought to make you sign a paper to that effect.”

**PT** “Why?”

**PT** “Because in five minutes you will say that it is all so absurdly simple.”

**PT** “I am sure that I shall say nothing of the kind.”

**PT** “You see, my dear Watson,”—he propped his test-tube in the rack, and began to lecture with the air of a professor addressing his class—“it is not really difficult to construct a series of inferences, each dependent upon its predecessor and each simple in itself. If, after doing so, one simply knocks out all the central inferences and presents one’s audience with the starting-point and the conclusion, one may produce a startling, though possibly a meretricious, effect. Now, it was not really difficult, by an inspection of the groove between your left forefinger and thumb, to feel sure that you did not propose to invest your small capital in the gold fields.”

**PT** “I see no connection.”

**PT** “Very likely not; but I can quickly show you a close connection. Here are the missing links of the very simple chain: 1. You had chalk between your left finger and thumb when you returned from the club last night. 2. You put chalk there when you play billiards, to steady the cue. 3. You never play billiards except with Thurston. 4. You told me, four weeks ago, that Thurston had an option on some South African property which would expire in a month, and which he desired you to share with him. 5. Your check book is locked in my drawer, and you have not asked for the key. 6. You do not propose to invest your money in this manner.”

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## A Aventura da Casa Vazia

**En** Na primavera de 1894, o assassinato do Honorável Ronald Adair sob circunstâncias altamente incomuns e inexplicáveis capturou a atenção de toda Londres e desanimou a alta sociedade. O público tomou conhecimento dos detalhes que surgiram durante a investigação policial, mas muito foi omitido porque o caso da acusação parecia tão esmagadoramente forte que era desnecessário revelar todos os fatos. Apenas agora, quase dez anos depois, o narrador tem permissão para fornecer os elos perdidos que completam a notável cadeia de eventos. O crime em si era interessante, mas esse interesse era insignificante comparado à sequência inconcebível, que proporcionou o maior choque e surpresa da vida aventureira do narrador. Mesmo após esse longo intervalo, pensar nisso ainda o emociona e traz de volta aquela súbita enxurrada de alegria, espanto e incredulidade que dominou sua mente. Ele se dirige ao público, que demonstrou interesse em seus vislumbres ocasionais dos pensamentos e ações de um homem muito notável, e explica que não é culpado por manter seu conhecimento para si, pois teria considerado seu primeiro dever compartilhá-lo se não estivesse vinculado a uma proibição direta dos próprios lábios daquele homem, retirada apenas no dia três do mês passado.

**En** Devido à sua estreita amizade com Sherlock Holmes, o narrador desenvolveu um forte interesse pelo crime. Após o desaparecimento de Holmes, ele lia atentamente todos os casos públicos. Ele até tentou aplicar os métodos de Holmes para resolvê-los sozinho, mas não teve muito sucesso. No entanto, nenhum caso o afetou tanto quanto a tragédia de Ronald Adair. Ler as evidências do inquérito, que resultou em um veredito de homicídio por uma pessoa desconhecida, fez com que ele percebesse mais do que nunca o quanto a comunidade havia perdido com a morte de Holmes. Ele tinha certeza de que certos aspectos desse caso estranho teriam interessado especialmente a Holmes, e que a observação treinada e a mente afiada de Holmes teriam ajudado a polícia, ou mais provavelmente, resolvido o caso antes deles. Durante todo o dia, enquanto dirigia em suas rondas, ele pensou sobre o caso, mas não encontrou uma explicação satisfatória. Correndo o risco de repetir uma história já conhecida, ele decidiu resumir os fatos que eram conhecidos do público após o inquérito.

**En** O Honorável Ronald Adair era o segundo filho do Conde de Maynooth, que estava servindo como governador de uma colônia australiana. Sua mãe havia retornado da Austrália para fazer uma cirurgia de catarata. Ela, Ronald e sua irmã Hilda viviam juntos na 427 Park Lane. Ronald circulava na alta sociedade; não tinha inimigos conhecidos nem vícios graves. Ele havia ficado noivo de Miss Edith Woodley, mas o noivado foi desfeito por acordo mútuo meses antes, e parecia não ter deixado sentimentos profundos. Sua vida era tranquila e convencional, pois seus hábitos eram calmos e sua natureza sem emoções. No entanto, a morte chegou a esse jovem aristocrata despreocupado de uma forma muito estranha e inesperada entre as 22:00 e 23:20 da noite de 30 de março de 1894.

**En** Ronald Adair era um entusiasta do jogo de cartas, embora nunca apostasse quantias que pudessem prejudicar suas finanças. Ele pertencia a vários clubes, incluindo o Baldwin, o Cavendish e o Bagatelle. No dia de sua morte, após o jantar, jogou uma partida de whist no clube Bagatelle, tendo também jogado lá naquela tarde. De acordo com seus colegas jogadores — Sr. Murray, Sir John Hardy e Coronel Moran — o jogo era whist e as cartas caíram de maneira bastante equilibrada. Adair pode ter perdido cerca de cinco libras, mas não mais do que isso, o que era insignificante dada sua considerável fortuna. Ele era conhecido por jogar quase diariamente em um clube ou outro, mas era cauteloso e geralmente saía vencedor. O inquérito revelou que, algumas semanas antes, em parceria com o Coronel Moran, ele havia ganhado quatrocentas e vinte libras em uma única sessão de Godfrey Milner e Lord Balmoral. Isso resumia a história recente de sua vida, conforme surgiu durante a investigação.

**En** Na noite do crime, Ronald Adair voltou do clube exatamente às dez horas. Sua mãe e irmã estavam fora visitando um parente. A empregada testemunhou que o ouviu entrar na sala da frente do segundo andar, que ele usava como sala de estar. Ela havia acendido uma lareira ali, mas, como fumegava, abriu a janela. Nenhum som foi ouvido do quarto até as onze e vinte, quando Lady Maynooth e sua filha voltaram. Querendo dar boa noite, tentaram entrar no quarto dele, mas encontraram a porta trancada por dentro. Chamaram e bateram, mas não obtiveram resposta. Ajuda foi chamada e a porta foi arrombada. O infeliz jovem foi encontrado caído perto da mesa. Sua cabeça havia sido horivelmente mutilada por uma bala expansiva de revólver, mas

nenhuma arma foi encontrada no quarto. Sobre a mesa estavam duas notas de dez libras e dezessete libras e dez xelins em prata e ouro, dispostas em pequenos montes de quantidades variadas. Havia também uma folha de papel com algumas figuras e os nomes de amigos do clube ao lado delas, sugerindo que antes de sua morte ele estava calculando seus ganhos ou perdas no jogo de cartas.

**En** Um exame minucioso dos fatos só tornou o caso mais intrigante. Primeiramente, não havia motivo para o jovem ter trancado a porta por dentro. Era possível que o assassino tivesse feito isso e depois escapado pela janela. No entanto, a queda era de pelo menos seis metros, e abaixo havia um canteiro de açafões em plena floração. Nem as flores nem a terra mostravam qualquer sinal de perturbação, e a estreita faixa de grama entre a casa e a rua estava intocada. Assim, parecia que o jovem havia trancado a porta ele mesmo. Mas como ele morreu? Ninguém poderia ter escalado até a janela sem deixar rastros. Se alguém tivesse atirado pela janela, teria que ser um atirador extraordinário com um revólver para causar um ferimento tão mortal. Além disso, Park Lane era uma rua movimentada, e um ponto de táxi ficava a menos de cem metros. Ninguém ouviu um tiro. Mas lá estavam o homem morto e a bala do revólver, que se alastrou como uma bala de ponta macia, causando morte instantânea. Esses eram os fatos do Mistério de Park Lane, tornados ainda mais confusos pela total falta de motivo: o jovem Adair não tinha inimigos conhecidos, e nada de valor no quarto havia sido levado.

**En** O narrador ruminou os fatos o dia inteiro, tentando encontrar uma teoria que os explicasse todos. Ele queria descobrir aquela linha de menor resistência que seu amigo dissera ser o ponto de partida de qualquer investigação. Ele admitiu que fez pouco progresso. À noite, atravessou o parque e chegou ao final da Oxford Street em Park Lane por volta das seis horas. Um grupo de curiosos na calçada, todos olhando para uma janela específica, guiaram-no até a casa que ele viera ver. Um homem alto e magro com óculos escuros, que o narrador suspeitava fortemente ser um detetive à paisana, explicava sua própria teoria enquanto os outros se aglomeravam para ouvir. O narrador se aproximou o máximo que pôde, mas achou as observações do homem absurdas, então se afastou com desgosto. Ao fazer isso, esbarrou em um idoso deformado que estava atrás dele e derrubou vários livros que o homem carregava. Ao pegá-los, notou o título de um dos livros, A

Origem do Culto às Árvores, e pensou que o homem devia ser um pobre bibliófilo, colecionando volumes obscuros como profissão ou hobby. Ele tentou se desculpar, mas os livros eram claramente muito preciosos para o dono. Com um rosnado de desprezo, o velho se virou, e o narrador viu suas costas curvadas e suíças brancas desaparecerem na multidão.

**En** As observações do narrador sobre o número 427 da Park Lane pouco esclareceram o problema que o interessava. A casa era separada da rua por um muro baixo e uma grade, com não mais de um metro e meio de altura. Portanto, era fácil para qualquer um entrar no jardim, mas a janela era completamente inacessível, pois não havia cano de água ou qualquer coisa que pudesse ajudar mesmo o homem mais ativo a escalá-la. Mais intrigado do que nunca, ele voltou para Kensington. Ele estava em seu escritório há apenas cinco minutos quando a empregada entrou para dizer que alguém desejava vê-lo. Para seu espanto, era ninguém menos que o estranho velho colecionador de livros, com seu rosto afiado e enrugado espiando por entre uma moldura de cabelos brancos, e seus preciosos volumes, pelo menos uma dúzia deles, apertados sob o braço direito.

**En** Ele disse em uma voz estranha e rouca que o narrador devia estar surpreso em vê-lo.

**En** O narrador admitiu que estava.

**En** O orador confessou que tinha consciência. Quando viu o cavalheiro entrar na casa, decidiu segui-lo e pedir desculpas por sua grosseria anterior, expressando gratidão pela ajuda com seus livros.

**En** Eu respondi que ele estava exagerando em uma questão pequena e perguntei como ele me havia reconhecido.

**En** O homem se apresentou como vizinho, apontando sua livraria na esquina da Rua Church. Ele me convidou para visitá-la, sugerindo que eu poderia ser um colecionador. Em seguida, ofereceu vários livros, recomendando-os para preencher uma lacuna na minha estante, que parecia desarrumada.

**En** Virei-me para olhar o armário atrás de mim. Quando olhei de volta, Sherlock Holmes estava do outro lado da mesa, sorrindo. Levantei-me, olhei chocado e então desmaiei pela primeira e única vez na minha vida. Uma névoa cinzenta turvou minha visão; quando clareou, senti meu

colarinho desabotoado e senti o gosto de conhaque. Holmes estava inclinado sobre mim com seu frasco.

**En** Holmes se desculpou sinceramente, dizendo que não esperava me afetar tão profundamente.

**En** Segurei-o firmemente pelos braços, relutante em soltar.

**En** Gritei seu nome e perguntei se era realmente ele. Não conseguia acreditar que ele estava vivo e havia conseguido escalar para fora daquele terrível abismo.

**En** Ele me pediu para esperar um momento e perguntou se eu estava realmente bem o suficiente para discutir as coisas. Ele admitiu que sua reaparição desnecessariamente dramática deve ter me causado um choque sério.

**En** Eu disse a ele que estava bem, mas mal podia acreditar nos meus olhos. Era incrível que ele, de todas as pessoas, estivesse parado no meu escritório. Apertei sua manga novamente e senti o braço fino e musculoso por baixo. Declarei que ele não era um espírito, disse que estava muito feliz em vê-lo e pedi que se sentasse e explicasse como havia sobrevivido àquele terrível abismo.

**En** Ele sentou-se à minha frente e acendeu um cigarro em seu antigo jeito indiferente. Estava vestido com o surrado casaco de um vendedor de livros, mas o resto do disfarce — cabelo branco e livros velhos — estava sobre a mesa. Holmes parecia mais magro e mais perspicaz do que antes, mas seu rosto aquilino tinha um tom branco-mortiço que sugeria que sua vida recente não havia sido saudável.

**En** Sherlock Holmes disse a Watson que estava feliz por poder se esticar. Observou que não era um pequeno inconveniente para um homem alto ter que reduzir sua altura em um pé por várias horas. Holmes então afirmou que eles tinham uma noite difícil e perigosa pela frente e pediu a cooperação de Watson. Ele sugeriu que poderia ser prudente adiar as explicações até que o trabalho da noite fosse concluído.

**En** Watson respondeu que estava repleto de curiosidade e preferia muito ouvir o relato imediatamente.

**En** Holmes perguntou se Watson o acompanharia naquela noite.

**En** Watson respondeu que iria a qualquer hora e a qualquer lugar que Holmes escolhesse.

**En** Holmes comentou que aquilo realmente parecia os velhos tempos. Ele notou que eles tinham tempo para um jantar rápido antes de precisarem partir. Então, voltando-se para o assunto do abismo, explicou que não havia experimentado nenhuma dificuldade séria em escapar dele, pela simples razão de que nunca havia estado dentro dele.

**En** O interlocutor perguntou a Holmes se ele nunca havia estado naquela situação específica.

**En** Holmes disse a Watson que nunca havia estado naquela situação. Sua nota era genuína. Quando viu Moriarty no caminho estreito para a segurança, soube que sua carreira estava terminando. Os olhos cinzentos de Moriarty mostravam sua determinação. Holmes escreveu uma nota curta com a permissão de Moriarty, deixou-a com sua caixa de cigarros e sua bengala, e caminhou pelo caminho com Moriarty atrás. No final, ele se virou para enfrentá-lo. Moriarty correu e lançou seus braços em volta de Holmes. Eles cambalearam na beira. Holmes usou baritsu para se libertar, e Moriarty gritou, chutou e caiu. Holmes o viu bater em uma rocha, quicar e mergulhar na água.

**En** Watson ouviu com espanto enquanto Holmes dava essa explicação entre baforadas de seu cigarro.

**En** Watson exclamou sobre as pegadas, insistindo que tinha visto dois homens descerem o caminho e nenhum voltar.

**En** Holmes explicou que, no instante em que Moriarty desapareceu, ele percebeu que era uma oportunidade de sorte. Ele sabia que Moriarty não era o único que queria sua morte; havia pelo menos outros três homens perigosos. Se o mundo acreditasse que ele estava morto, esses homens se tornariam descuidados, e ele poderia destruí-los. Ele pensou em tudo isso antes de Moriarty chegar ao fundo da Cascata de Reichenbach.

**En** Holmes examinou a parede rochosa atrás dele. Watson a descrevera como íngreme em seu relato, mas isso não era exatamente correto. Havia alguns pequenos apoios para os pés e alguma indicação de uma saliência. O penhasco era alto demais para ser escalado inteiramente, e andar pelo caminho molhado teria deixado rastros. Ele

poderia ter invertido as botas para enganar, mas três conjuntos de pegadas em uma direção teriam sugerido um truque. Então ele decidiu arriscar a escalada. Foi desagradável, com a queda d'água rugindo abaixo. Ele parecia ouvir a voz de Moriarty gritando do abismo. Um erro teria sido fatal. Várias vezes, quando tufos de grama se soltavam em sua mão ou seu pé escorregava nas reentrâncias molhadas da rocha, ele pensou que estava perdido. Mas ele lutou para subir e alcançou uma saliência de vários palmos de profundidade coberta por musgo verde macio, onde podia ficar deitado, invisível e confortável. Ali ele ficou enquanto Watson e os outros investigavam sua morte de maneira solidária, porém ineficiente.

**En** Quando todos foram embora, tendo formado conclusões inevitáveis mas completamente erradas, Holmes ficou sozinho. Ele pensou que suas aventuras haviam terminado, mas um evento muito inesperado mostrou-lhe que ainda havia surpresas. Uma enorme rocha caiu de cima, passou estrondosamente por ele, atingiu o caminho e saltou para o abismo. A princípio ele pensou que foi um acidente, mas então, olhando para cima, viu a cabeça de um homem contra o céu escurecendo, e outra pedra atingiu a saliência onde ele estava deitado, a menos de trinta centímetros de sua cabeça. O significado era claro: Moriarty não estava sozinho. Um cúmplice — um homem perigoso, só de olhar — havia ficado de guarda enquanto o Professor atacava. De longe, sem ser visto, ele testemunhara a morte de seu amigo e a fuga de Holmes. Ele esperou, então subiu até o topo do penhasco para tentar ter sucesso onde seu companheiro falhou.

**En** Holmes não demorou para pensar. Ele viu novamente o rosto sombrio sobre o penhasco e soube que outra pedra viria. Ele desceu em disparada para o caminho. Ele não teria conseguido fazer isso a sangue frio; foi cem vezes mais difícil do que subir. Mas ele não teve tempo de pensar no perigo, pois outra pedra passou zunindo por ele enquanto ele se pendurava pelas mãos na borda da saliência. No meio do caminho ele escorregou, mas, por sorte, caiu no caminho, machucado e sangrando. Ele correu, percorrendo dez milhas sobre as montanhas na escuridão, e uma semana depois se viu em Florença, certo de que ninguém no mundo sabia o que tinha sido dele.

**En** Holmes tinha apenas um confidente: seu irmão Mycroft. Ele se desculpou com Watson, explicando que era de suma importância que

todos pensassem que ele estava morto, e Watson não teria escrito um relato tão convincente de seu fim se não acreditasse que era verdade. Holmes quisera escrever para Watson muitas vezes nos últimos três anos, mas temia que a afeição de Watson pudesse levá-lo a uma indiscrição que trairia seu segredo. Foi por isso que ele se virou quando Watson derrubou seus livros naquela noite; ele estava em perigo, e qualquer surpresa de Watson poderia chamar atenção para sua identidade. Ele teve que confiar em Mycroft para obter o dinheiro de que precisava. Os eventos em Londres não tinham corrido tão bem quanto o esperado: o julgamento da gangue Moriarty deixou dois membros perigosos livres. Holmes viajou por dois anos no Tibete, visitou Lhasa e passou um tempo com o lama principal. Um norueguês chamado Sigerson era na verdade Holmes. Ele então passou pela Pérsia, visitou Meca e fez uma visita curta, mas interessante, ao Califa em Cartum, cujos resultados comunicou ao Ministério das Relações Exteriores. Retornando à França, passou meses pesquisando derivados de alcatrão de carvão em um laboratório em Montpellier. Quando soube que apenas um inimigo permanecia em Londres, estava prestes a voltar, mas a notícia do notável Mistério da Park Lane apressou seus movimentos. Isso o atraiu tanto por seus próprios méritos quanto por oferecer oportunidades pessoais. Ele veio para Londres, foi pessoalmente à Baker Street, deixou a Sra. Hudson histérica e descobriu que Mycroft havia mantido seus quartos e papéis exatamente como antes. Assim, às duas horas daquele dia, ele se encontrou em sua velha poltrona, desejando poder ver seu velho amigo Watson.

**En** Essa foi a notável narrativa que Watson ouviu naquela noite de abril. Teria sido completamente inacreditável se ele não tivesse visto a figura alta e magra e o rosto perspicaz e ansioso do próprio Holmes. Holmes soubera da triste perda de Watson, e sua simpatia foi demonstrada mais em seu comportamento do que em suas palavras. Ele disse que o trabalho é o melhor antídoto para a tristeza, e que tinha um trabalho para eles naquela noite que, se bem-sucedido, justificaria a vida de um homem neste planeta. Watson implorou que ele contasse mais, mas Holmes respondeu que ele ouviria e veria o suficiente antes da manhã. Eles tinham três anos do passado para discutir, e isso bastaria até as nove e meia, quando iniciariam a notável aventura da casa vazia.

**En** Pareciam os velhos tempos enquanto eu estava sentado ao lado dele em um hansom, com meu revólver no bolso e uma emoção de

aventura. Holmes estava frio, severo e silencioso. As luzes da rua iluminavam seu rosto sério, e eu podia ver sua testa franzida em pensamento, seus lábios finos pressionados. Eu não sabia que criminoso perigoso estávamos caçando no mundo sombrio do crime londrino, mas pela atitude de Holmes eu tinha certeza de que era um caso muito sério. O ocasional sorriso sarcástico em seu rosto sombrio não prometia nada de bom para a pessoa que estávamos procurando.

**En** Pensei que fôssemos para Baker Street, mas Holmes parou o táxi na esquina da Cavendish Square. Ao descer, ele olhou ao redor com cuidado, e em cada esquina ele tomou muito cuidado para garantir que não estávamos sendo seguidos. Nossa rota era estranha. Holmes conhecia muito bem as ruas secundárias de Londres, e desta vez ele caminhou rápida e confiantemente por um labirinto de cocheiras e estábulos que eu nunca tinha visto antes. Finalmente saímos em uma pequena estrada com casas velhas e escuras, que levava à Manchester Street e depois à Blandford Street. Lá ele virou rapidamente em uma passagem estreita, passou por um portão de madeira em um pátio vazio e usou uma chave para abrir a porta dos fundos de uma casa. Entramos juntos, e ele fechou a porta atrás de nós.

**En** A casa estava completamente escura, e percebi que estava vazia. Nossos pés faziam barulho no assoalho de madeira nu, e quando estendi a mão toquei uma parede onde o papel de parede estava pendurado em tiras. Os dedos finos e frios de Holmes fecharam-se em torno do meu pulso e me guiaram por um longo corredor, até que pude ver vagamente a claraboia acima da porta. Então Holmes virou-se repentinamente para a direita, e nos encontramos em uma grande sala quadrada e vazia. Os cantos estavam escuros, mas o centro estava fracamente iluminado pelas luzes da rua lá fora. Não havia lâmpada por perto, e a janela estava grossa de poeira, então mal podíamos ver as formas um do outro. Holmes colocou a mão no meu ombro e falou perto do meu ouvido.

**En** Holmes sussurrou, perguntando se eu sabia onde estávamos.

**En** Olhei fixamente através da janela opaca e respondi que achava que era Baker Street.

**En** Ele confirmou que eles estavam em Camden House, diretamente em frente às suas antigas acomodações.

**En** Watson perguntou sobre o motivo da presença deles.

**En** Holmes explicou que a casa oferecia uma excelente vista dos seus antigos aposentos. Ele pediu que Watson se aproximasse da janela com cautela, sem ser visto, e olhasse para suas antigas instalações—a inspiração para muitas das histórias de Watson. Ele se perguntou se sua ausência de três anos havia diminuído sua capacidade de surpreender Watson.

**En** Watson avançou sorrateiramente e olhou para a janela familiar. Ele soltou um suspiro de espanto. A persiana estava abaixada, e uma luz forte brilhava lá dentro. A sombra de um homem sentado era projetada nitidamente na janela, inconfundivelmente Holmes na postura, ombros e traços, como uma silhueta preta. Tão espantado estava Watson que estendeu a mão para tocar o verdadeiro Holmes ao seu lado, que tremia de riso silencioso.

**En** Holmes instigou Watson para obter sua reação.

**En** O orador exclamou com surpresa que era maravilhoso.

**En** Ele expressou esperança de que o tempo não diminuísse suas qualidades únicas, e o narrador ouviu em sua voz a satisfação de um artista admirando seu próprio trabalho. Ele então perguntou se o busto realmente se parecia com ele.

**En** O orador declarou que estaria disposto a jurar que era ele.

**En** Ele explicou que o busto, feito de cera, foi esculpido por Monsieur Oscar Meunier, de Grenoble, que passou vários dias na moldagem. Ele mesmo arrumou o resto durante sua visita à Baker Street naquela tarde.

**En** Ele perguntou o motivo.

**En** Holmes disse a Watson que ele tinha um motivo convincente para querer que certas pessoas acreditassem que ele estava presente em um local quando na verdade estava em outro lugar.

**En** Watson perguntou se Holmes acreditava que os quartos estavam sob vigilância.

**En** Holmes afirmou que estava ciente da vigilância em seus quartos.

**En** Watson então perguntou quem era o responsável pela observação.

**En** Holmes explicou que seus antigos adversários, a organização liderada pelo homem que pereceu nas Cataratas de Reichenbach, eram os que estavam vigiando. Ele lembrou Watson que apenas aquele grupo sabia de sua sobrevivência. Eles previam que ele eventualmente retornaria ao seu alojamento, então mantinham vigilância constante, e observaram sua chegada naquela mesma manhã.

**En** Watson perguntou a Holmes como ele sabia.

**En** Holmes explicou que havia reconhecido o sentinela deles da sua janela. O homem era Parker, um sujeito inofensivo que tocava harpa de boca. No entanto, Holmes estava muito mais preocupado com o homem perigoso atrás de Parker, que era amigo íntimo de Moriarty, aquele que havia jogado pedras do penhasco e era considerado o criminoso mais astuto e perigoso de Londres. Holmes afirmou que esse homem os estava seguindo naquela noite, sem saber que eles o estavam seguindo.

**En** Watson começou a entender o plano de Holmes. Eles estavam escondidos, observando aqueles que os observavam. A sombra na janela era a isca, e eles eram os caçadores. Eles ficaram em silêncio no escuro, observando as pessoas passarem. Holmes permaneceu imóvel, mas alerta, com os olhos fixos na rua. A noite estava fria e ventosa, com pessoas passando apressadas. Watson notou dois homens se abrigando em uma porta e tentou apontá-los, mas Holmes pareceu impaciente e continuou olhando. Holmes ficou inquieto, batendo os dedos e mudando os pés; parecia que seu plano não estava funcionando como esperado. Quando a meia-noite se aproximou e a rua esvaziou, Holmes andou de um lado para o outro ansiosamente. Watson estava prestes a falar quando olhou para a janela iluminada e se assustou. Ele agarrou o braço de Holmes e apontou para cima.

**En** Watson exclamou que a sombra havia se movido.

**En** A sombra não era mais vista de perfil, mas agora mostrava suas costas para eles.

**En** Três anos não haviam feito nada para suavizar seu mau humor ou sua impaciência com pessoas menos inteligentes do que ele.

**En** Holmes afirmou que o objeto havia se movido e que não era tolo o suficiente para montar um manequim óbvio. Explicou que a Sra. Hudson havia alterado a figura oito vezes em duas horas, sempre pela frente

para evitar projetar uma sombra. Então, de repente, ele ficou muito quieto e animado. Lá fora, a rua estava vazia e escura. Holmes puxou Watson para um canto e colocou a mão em seus lábios como um aviso. Seus dedos tremiam; Watson nunca o tinha visto tão agitado, mas a rua permanecia em silêncio.

**En** Então Watson ouviu um som furtivo vindo dos fundos da casa, não da Baker Street. Uma porta abriu e fechou, e passos rastejaram pelo corredor. Holmes e Watson se pressionaram contra a parede. Watson empunhou seu revólver. Na escuridão, eles viram a vaga silhueta de um homem, mais escura que a porta aberta. Ele entrou no quarto, agachado e ameaçador. Passou perto deles sem notá-los, foi até a janela e a levantou suavemente. A luz da rua iluminou seu rosto. Era um homem idoso, com nariz fino, testa calva e alta, e um grande bigode grisalho. Usava chapéu de ópera e camisa social de noite. Seu rosto era magro e selvagem. Ele colocou um objeto metálico no chão, depois tirou um objeto volumoso do bolso e trabalhou nele, produzindo um clique. Usou uma alavanca e ouviu um ruído de moagem e outro clique. Ele se levantou segurando uma arma com uma coronha estranha. Abriu-a, carregou-a e apoiou o cano no parapeito da janela. Apontou para a figura preta na tela amarela. Após um momento de imobilidade, ele atirou: um zumbido alto e o tilintar de vidro. Holmes saltou em suas costas e o atirou ao chão. O homem levantou e agarrou Holmes pela garganta, mas Watson o atingiu na cabeça com a coronha do revólver. Ele caiu novamente e, enquanto Watson o segurava, Holmes soprou um apito. Policiais e um detetive invadiram a sala.

**En** Holmes chamou por Lestrade, perguntando se era ele.

**En** Lestrade confirmou que sim e que ele mesmo havia assumido o caso, acrescentando que era bom ver o Sr. Holmes de volta a Londres.

**En** Holmes disse a Lestrade que achava que Lestrade precisava de uma ajuda não oficial. Ele ressaltou que três assassinatos não resolvidos em um ano não eram aceitáveis. No entanto, ele admitiu que Lestrade havia lidado com o Mistério de Molesey razoavelmente bem, embora não exatamente no seu padrão habitual.

**En** Todos se levantaram. O prisioneiro respirava com dificuldade, com um policial forte de cada lado. Alguns curiosos começaram a se reunir na rua. Holmes foi até a janela, fechou-a e abaixou as persianas. Lestrade

acendeu duas velas, e os policiais descobriram suas lanternas. Finalmente, pude dar uma boa olhada no prisioneiro.

**En** O rosto do homem era extremamente forte e sinistro. Ele tinha a testa de um filósofo e o maxilar de um sensualista, indicando que poderia ter tido grandes capacidades para o bem ou para o mal. Seus olhos azuis cruéis com pálpebras caídas e cínicas, seu nariz feroz e sua testa profundamente sulcada eram claros sinais de perigo. Ele não prestou atenção em ninguém exceto Holmes, encarando-o com uma mistura de ódio e espanto. Ficou murmurando que Holmes era um demônio, um demônio astuto.

**En** Holmes se dirigiu ao homem como Coronel e ajustou seu colarinho amassado. Ele citou uma peça antiga, dizendo que as jornadas terminam em encontros de amantes. Depois comentou que não achava que tinha visto o Coronel desde que o Coronel lhe prestara aquelas atenções quando Holmes estava deitado na saliência acima da Cascata de Reichenbach.

**En** O coronel continuou a encarar Holmes como se estivesse em transe. Tudo o que ele pôde fazer foi repetir que Holmes era um demônio astuto.

**En** Holmes disse que ainda não havia apresentado o Coronel. Ele explicou que o Coronel Sebastian Moran havia servido no Exército Indiano e era considerado o melhor caçador de caça grande que o Império já produzira. Holmes perguntou se seu recorde de caça a tigres continuava imbatível.

**En** O velho permaneceu em silêncio, encarando Holmes ferozmente. Com seus olhos selvagens e bigode espesso, ele tinha uma surpreendente semelhança com um tigre.

**En** Holmes expressou surpresa por um truque tão simples ter enganado um caçador experiente como Moran. Ele comparou à tática familiar de amarrar um cabrito debaixo de uma árvore e esperar para atirar no tigre. A casa vazia era sua árvore, Moran era o tigre, e os outros homens presentes eram suas armas de reserva, tornando o paralelo exato.

**En** O Coronel Moran avançou com um rosnado raivoso, mas os policiais o seguraram. A expressão de fúria em seu rosto era assustadora.

**En** Holmes admitiu que Moran lhe dera uma pequena surpresa. Ele não antecipara que Moran usaria a casa vazia e sua janela conveniente pessoalmente. Ele presumira que Moran agiria a partir da rua, onde seu amigo Lestrade e seus homens estavam esperando. Tirando isso, tudo havia corrido conforme suas expectativas.

**En** O Coronel Moran virou-se para o detetive oficial.

**En** O Coronel Moran disse que o detetive poderia ou não ter justa causa para prendê-lo, mas que não havia razão para ele suportar os insultos daquela pessoa. Ele insistiu que, se estivesse nas mãos da lei, tudo deveria ser feito de maneira legal.

**En** Lestrade concordou que o pedido era razoável e então perguntou a Holmes se ele tinha mais alguma coisa a dizer antes de partirem.

**En** Holmes havia pegado a poderosa espingarda de ar do chão e estava examinando seu mecanismo.

**En** Holmes descreveu a arma como admirável e única, silenciosa e de tremendo poder. Ele explicou que conhecia o mecânico alemão cego, Von Herder, que a havia construído para o falecido Professor Moriarty. Embora soubesse de sua existência há anos, nunca antes tivera a oportunidade de manuseá-la. Ele recomendou especialmente a arma e suas balas correspondentes à atenção de Lestrade.

**En** Lestrade garantiu a Holmes que eles cuidariam do assunto e, enquanto todos se dirigiam para a porta, perguntou se Holmes tinha mais algum comentário.

**En** Holmes respondeu perguntando de que acusação planejavam acusá-lo.

**En** Lestrade respondeu que a acusação era de tentativa de assassinato de Sherlock Holmes.

**En** Holmes recusou-se a se envolver, afirmando que o crédito pela notável prisão pertencia inteiramente a Lestrade. Ele parabenizou Lestrade, observando que sua mistura típica de astúcia e ousadia havia garantido a captura.

**En** Lestrade perguntou a Holmes quem eles haviam capturado.

**En** Holmes explicou a Lestrade que o homem que a polícia procurava era o Coronel Sebastian Moran, que havia atirado no Honorável Ronald Adair com uma bala expansiva de uma pistola de ar comprimido. O tiro foi disparado através de uma janela aberta no segundo andar da frente de uma casa em Park Lane no dia 30 do mês anterior. Ele então se virou para Watson e sugeriu que, se ele pudesse tolerar a corrente de ar da janela quebrada, meia hora no escritório com um charuto poderia ser divertido.

**En** Quando Watson entrou, notou que os cômodos haviam sido mantidos arrumados por Mycroft Holmes e pela Sra. Hudson, mas tudo que era familiar permanecia. A mesa de produtos químicos, os livros de referência, o estojo de violino, o suporte de cachimbos e até mesmo o chinelo persa cheio de tabaco ainda estavam lá. Duas pessoas estavam na sala: a Sra. Hudson, que sorriu calorosamente, e um modelo de cera realista de Holmes que havia desempenhado um papel crucial no plano da noite. Vestido com um dos roupões velhos de Holmes, parecia perfeitamente real visto da rua.

**En** Holmes perguntou à Sra. Hudson se ela havia tomado todas as precauções necessárias.

**En** A Sra. Hudson respondeu que havia seguido suas instruções exatamente, incluindo aproximar-se dele de joelhos.

**En** Holmes a elogiou por sua excelente execução e então perguntou se ela havia notado onde a bala havia caído.

**En** Sra. Hudson confirmou que a bala havia arruinado seu belo busto, pois atravessara completamente a cabeça e se achatara contra a parede. Ela a havia recuperado do tapete e a apresentou a ele.

**En** Holmes mostrou a bala a Watson e observou que era uma bala de revólver macia, uma escolha inteligente porque ninguém esperaria tal projétil de uma arma de ar comprimido. Ele agradeceu à Sra. Hudson por sua ajuda e então convidou Watson a retomar seu lugar de costume, pois havia vários assuntos que desejava discutir.

**En** Ele removeu o surrado casaco e agora aparecia como o Holmes dos tempos passados, vestindo o roupão cinza-ratinho que havia tirado do manequim de si mesmo.

**En** Ele riu e observou que o nervo do velho caçador não fraquejara nem sua visão embotara, enquanto examinava a testa estilhaçada de seu busto.

**En** Ele declarou que a bala havia atingido precisamente o centro da parte de trás da cabeça e passado direto pelo cérebro. O atirador era o melhor da Índia, e em Londres poucos poderiam rivalizar com ele. Então perguntou se Watson já ouvira o nome.

**En** Ele afirmou que não tinha.

**En** Ele comentou sobre a natureza da fama e perguntou se o ouvinte já tinha ouvido falar do Professor James Moriarty, a quem descreveu como uma das maiores mentes do século. Em seguida, pediu que o ouvinte lhe entregasse seu índice de biografias da estante.

**En** Ele virou as páginas lentamente, recostando-se na cadeira e soltando grandes nuvens de fumaça de seu charuto.

**En** Ele observou que sua coleção de nomes começando com M era excelente. Notou que só Moriarty já era suficiente para tornar qualquer letra famosa, e então listou Morgan, o envenenador, Merridew de terrível memória, Mathews, que havia nocauteado seu canino esquerdo na sala de espera de Charing Cross, e finalmente a pessoa que eles encontrariam naquela noite.

**En** Ele entregou o livro ao narrador, que então leu a entrada.

**En** O Coronel Sebastian Moran, atualmente desempregado, serviu anteriormente no 1º Batalhão de Pioneiros de Bangalore. Nascido em Londres em 1840, era filho de Sir Augustus Moran, ex-ministro britânico na Pérsia. Educado em Eton e Oxford, participou de várias campanhas militares, incluindo Jowaki, Afeganistão, Charasiab, Sherpur e Cabul, e foi autor de dois livros: *Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas* (1881) e *Three Months in the Jungle* (1884). Residia na Conduit Street e era membro dos clubes Anglo-Indian, Tankerville e Bagatelle Card.

**En** Na margem, Holmes havia adicionado uma nota com sua característica caligrafia precisa.

**En** A nota descrevia o Coronel Moran como o segundo homem mais perigoso de Londres.

**En** Externou meu espanto ao devolver o volume, comentando que a carreira do homem parecia ser a de um soldado honrado.

**En** Holmes reconheceu que, até certo ponto, Moran havia se saído bem, observando que ele sempre fora um homem de nervos de aço. Ele contou uma história ainda contada na Índia sobre como Moran rastejou por um dreno atrás de um tigre comedor de homens ferido. Holmes então observou que algumas árvores atingem uma certa altura e de repente desenvolvem uma excentricidade feia, um fenômeno frequentemente visto em humanos. Ele explicou sua teoria de que o desenvolvimento de um indivíduo recapitula toda a procissão de seus ancestrais, e que uma virada repentina para o bem ou para o mal reflete uma forte influência que entra na linha familiar. A pessoa se torna, por assim dizer, um epítome de sua própria história familiar.

**En** Ele observou que a ideia parecia um tanto fantasiosa.

**En** Holmes explicou que o Coronel Moran, após fracassar na Índia, veio para Londres e ganhou uma má reputação. Moriarty o recrutou como tenente-chefe, usando-o para crimes de alto nível que criminosos comuns não poderiam realizar. Moran foi suspeito na morte da Sra. Stewart em 1887, mas nunca foi provado. Holmes, ciente da habilidade de Moran com uma arma de ar especial, tomou precauções mesmo depois que a gangue de Moriarty foi desmantelada. Moran os seguiu até a Suíça e atacou Holmes na saliência de Reichenbach.

**En** Holmes contou que lia jornais na França esperando capturar Moran. Enquanto Moran estivesse livre, Holmes se sentia em perigo. Ele não podia agir apenas com suspeitas, então esperou. O assassinato de Ronald Adair lhe deu a oportunidade. Holmes tinha certeza de que Moran havia atirado em Adair após um jogo de cartas. Ele voltou a Londres, sabendo que Moran se alarmaria e tentaria matá-lo. Holmes montou um posto de observação, sem esperar que Moran atacasse do mesmo local.

**En** Watson pediu a Holmes que esclarecesse o motivo do Coronel Moran para assassinar Ronald Adair.

**En** Holmes admitiu que estavam entrando no reino da conjectura, onde mesmo a mente mais lógica poderia se enganar, e permitiu que a hipótese de Watson pudesse ser tão boa quanto a sua.

**En** Ele perguntou se eu havia chegado a uma conclusão.

**En** Ele explicou que o coronel Moran e o jovem Adair haviam ganhado uma grande quantia de dinheiro juntos. Ele suspeitava há muito tempo que Moran trapaceava nas cartas e acreditava que, no dia do assassinato, Adair o havia pego. Adair provavelmente falou em particular com Moran e ameaçou expô-lo a menos que ele renunciasse ao clube e promettesse nunca mais jogar cartas. Um jovem como Adair provavelmente não queria causar um escândalo ao acusar publicamente um homem mais velho e conhecido. Moran, que dependia dos ganhos desonestos das cartas para viver, teria sido arruinado pela expulsão de seus clubes, então ele assassinou Adair. Na época, Adair tentava calcular quanto dinheiro deveria devolver, já que não poderia ficar com os lucros da trapaça de seu parceiro. Ele havia trancado a porta para não ser perturbado pelas senhoras. Ele então perguntou se essa explicação era satisfatória.

**En** Ele expressou certeza de que eu havia descoberto a verdade.

**En** Ele disse que o julgamento verificaria ou refutaria a teoria. Enquanto isso, acontecesse o que acontecesse, o coronel Moran não seria mais um problema. A famosa arma de ar comprimido de Von Herder se tornaria uma peça de exibição no Museu da Scotland Yard, e o Sr. Sherlock Holmes estaria novamente livre para se dedicar a investigar os intrigantes pequenos problemas que a vida complexa de Londres oferece tão abundantemente.

## A Aventura do Construtor de Norwood

**En** Sherlock Holmes comentou que, do ponto de vista de um especialista em crimes, Londres havia se tornado uma cidade notavelmente monótona desde a morte do falecido professor Moriarty.

**En** Eu respondi que duvidava que muitas pessoas respeitáveis compartilhassem de sua opinião.

**En** Ele sorriu e disse que não deveria ser egoísta, então comentou que a sociedade se beneficiava enquanto apenas o especialista desempregado perdia. Ele lembrou que, com aquele homem ativo, o jornal da manhã oferecia infinitas possibilidades. Muitas vezes, um traço minúsculo era suficiente para revelar a grande mente criminosa, como os mais leves tremores da teia denunciando a aranha. Pequenos crimes, agressões, violência sem sentido — tudo podia ser conectado por quem detinha a pista. Para um estudante do mundo criminal superior, nenhuma capital europeia oferecia tantas vantagens como Londres naquela época. Mas agora — ele deu de ombros, reconhecendo humoristicamente seu próprio papel em provocar essa situação.

**En** Naquela época, Holmes já estava de volta há vários meses, e a seu pedido eu havia vendido meu consultório e retornado ao nosso antigo aposento em Baker Street. Um jovem médico chamado Verner comprou meu pequeno consultório em Kensington, concordando com surpreendentemente pouca hesitação com o preço mais alto que ousei pedir. Isso só fez sentido anos depois, quando descobri que Verner era um parente distante de Holmes e que meu amigo na verdade havia fornecido o dinheiro.

**En** Nossos meses juntos não haviam sido tão tranquilos quanto ele afirmava, pois minhas anotações mostram que esse período incluiu o caso dos papéis do ex-presidente Murillo e o chocante incidente do navio a vapor holandês Friesland, que quase custou a vida de nós dois. Ainda assim, sua natureza fria e orgulhosa sempre evitou elogios públicos, e ele me obrigou estritamente a não dizer mais nada sobre si mesmo, seus métodos ou seus sucessos — uma proibição que, como expliquei, só agora foi suspensa.

**En** O Sr. Sherlock Holmes estava recostado em sua cadeira após seu protesto caprichoso, desdobrando calmamente seu jornal matinal,

quando nossa atenção foi atraída por um toque estrondoso da campainha, seguido imediatamente por um som oco como se alguém estivesse batendo na porta da rua com o punho. Quando a porta se abriu, uma entrada tumultuada invadiu o hall, pés rápidos subiram as escadas e, um instante depois, um jovem de olhar selvagem e frenético, pálido, desgrenhado e ofegante, irrompeu na sala. Ele olhou de um para outro de nós e, sob nosso olhar inquisidor, percebeu que era necessário um pedido de desculpas por aquela entrada sem cerimônia.

**En** O homem gritou e pediu desculpas ao Sr. Holmes, insistindo que não deveria ser culpado. Ele disse que estava quase louco e se identificou como o infeliz John Hector McFarlane.

**En** Ele disse seu nome como se ele sozinho explicasse sua visita e seu comportamento agitado, mas o narrador observou que a expressão de Holmes permaneceu inalterada, indicando que o nome era tão sem sentido para ele quanto para o narrador.

**En** Holmes ofereceu um cigarro ao Sr. McFarlane e observou que o Dr. Watson provavelmente receitaria um sedativo dado seu estado. Ele notou o clima quente e então pediu a McFarlane que se sentasse e explicasse calmamente quem era e o que queria. Holmes acrescentou que, além de observar que McFarlane era solteiro, advogado, maçom e asmático, não sabia nada sobre ele.

**En** Embora o narrador conhecesse os métodos dedutivos de Holmes e pudesse ver as pistas na roupa desarrumada de McFarlane, nos papéis legais, no pingente do relógio e na respiração difícil, o próprio cliente ficou surpreso com as observações de Holmes.

**En** McFarlane confirmou as deduções de Holmes e declarou-se o homem mais infeliz de Londres naquele momento. Ele implorou a Holmes que não o abandonasse e, se a polícia viesse prendê-lo antes de terminar sua história, que pedisse tempo para que pudesse contar toda a verdade. McFarlane disse que ficaria contente em ir para a prisão sabendo que Holmes estava trabalhando em seu favor.

**En** Holmes respondeu que a ideia de prendê-lo era muito interessante e perguntou de que crime o homem esperava ser acusado.

**En** O visitante respondeu que a acusação era homicídio do Sr. Jonas Oldacre, de Lower Norwood.

**En** A expressão de Watson revelou simpatia, mas também, ele teve que admitir, um toque de satisfação.

**En** Holmes observou que ele acabara de comentar com Watson no café da manhã que casos sensacionais haviam desaparecido dos jornais.

**En** O visitante estendeu uma mão trêmula e pegou o Daily Telegraph, que ainda estava sobre o joelho de Holmes.

**En** Um homem angustiado foi visitar Sherlock Holmes, convencido de que todos sabiam de seu infortúnio. Ele mostrou a Holmes a página central de um jornal, dizendo que a polícia estava seguindo uma pista que inevitavelmente levaria à sua prisão. Ele estava extremamente preocupado com o efeito disso sobre sua mãe e tremia de medo enquanto falava.

**En** O narrador estudou o homem acusado de cometer um crime violento. Ele tinha cerca de vinte e sete anos, cabelos claros, olhos azuis pálidos e um rosto barbeado com uma boca fraca e sensível. Parecia um cavalheiro e, do bolso do casaco, papéis oficiais mostravam sua profissão.

**En** Holmes disse que eles tinham que aproveitar ao máximo o tempo que tinham e pediu a Watson que pegasse o jornal e lesse o parágrafo relevante.

**En** Abaixo das manchetes dramáticas que seu cliente havia citado, o narrador encontrou a seguinte história.

**En** O jornal noticiou um incidente grave em Lower Norwood no final daquela noite ou no início da manhã. O Sr. Jonas Oldacre, um solteirão de cinquenta e dois anos e construtor conhecido, morava sozinho na Casa Deep Dene. Ele era conhecido por ser reservado e havia enriquecido com seu negócio, do qual havia se afastado em grande parte. Por volta da meia-noite, um incêndio começou em seu depósito de madeira. Embora os bombeiros tenham chegado rapidamente, a madeira seca queimava com fúria, e a pilha foi completamente destruída. O incidente inicialmente parecia acidental, mas logo sugeriu um crime grave. O Sr. Oldacre não foi encontrado em lugar nenhum. Sua cama não havia sido usada, seu cofre estava aberto, papéis importantes estavam espalhados e havia sinais de luta, incluindo um pouco de

sangue e uma bengala com sangue no cabo. A bengala foi identificada como pertencente a um jovem advogado londrino chamado John Hector McFarlane, que havia visitado o Sr. Oldacre naquela noite. A polícia acreditava ter fortes evidências e um motivo, e esperava novos desdobramentos.

**En** Foi relatado que o Sr. John Hector McFarlane havia sido preso pelo assassinato do Sr. Jonas Oldacre, e um mandado de prisão havia sido emitido. Outros desenvolvimentos sinistros na investigação em Norwood incluíram sinais de luta no quarto do construtor, bem como a descoberta de que as janelas francesas no térreo estavam abertas, com marcas sugerindo que um objeto pesado havia sido arrastado em direção a uma pilha de lenha. Além disso, restos carbonizados foram encontrados entre as cinzas de uma fogueira. A teoria da polícia era que a vítima havia sido espancada até a morte em seu próprio quarto, seus papéis roubados e seu corpo arrastado até a pilha de lenha, que foi então incendiada para esconder as evidências. O Inspetor Lestrade da Scotland Yard, conhecido por sua energia e habilidade, estava liderando a investigação.

**En** Sherlock Holmes ouviu atentamente este relato extraordinário, com os olhos fechados e as pontas dos dedos unidas.

**En** Holmes comentou que o caso certamente tinha alguns pontos de interesse. Ele então perguntou ao Sr. McFarlane como era que ele ainda estava em liberdade, já que parecia haver provas suficientes para justificar sua prisão.

**En** McFarlane explicou que morava com seus pais em Torrington Lodge, em Blackheath, mas que, devido à necessidade de realizar negócios muito tarde com o Sr. Jonas Oldacre, havia se hospedado em um hotel em Norwood e ido para seu escritório de lá. Disse que não sabia nada sobre o assunto até ler o jornal no trem, e imediatamente percebeu o terrível perigo de sua situação, então correu para colocar seu caso nas mãos de Holmes. Acreditava que teria sido preso tanto em seu escritório na cidade quanto em sua casa. Acrescentou que um homem o seguiu da Estação London Bridge e então exclamou subitamente em alarme.

**En** Uma campanha alta tocou, seguida imediatamente por passos pesados nas escadas. Momentos depois, seu velho amigo, o inspetor

Lestrade, apareceu na porta, e por cima de seu ombro eles puderam ver um ou dois policiais uniformizados do lado de fora.

**En** Lestrade dirigiu-se ao homem como Sr. John Hector McFarlane.

**En** O infeliz cliente levantou-se, com o rosto pálido como a morte.

**En** Lestrade informou-o de que estava preso pelo assassinato deliberado do Sr. Jonas Oldacre, de Lower Norwood.

**En** McFarlane virou-se para eles com um gesto de desespero e desabou de volta em sua cadeira como se estivesse completamente derrotado.

**En** Holmes pediu a Lestrade que esperasse, destacando que meia hora a mais ou a menos não faria diferença para ele e que McFarlane estava prestes a fornecer um relato do intrigante caso, o que poderia ajudar a resolvê-lo.

**En** Lestrade afirmou sombriamente que acreditava que não haveria dificuldade em resolver o assunto.

**En** No entanto, com a permissão de Lestrade, o falante expressou grande interesse em ouvir a história do prisioneiro.

**En** Lestrade disse ao Sr. Holmes que achava difícil recusá-lo, já que Holmes havia ajudado a polícia antes e eles lhe deviam um favor. Ele acrescentou que tinha que ficar com o prisioneiro e era obrigado a avisá-lo de que qualquer coisa que dissesse poderia ser usada como evidência.

**En** Nosso cliente respondeu que não desejava nada mais do que eles ouvissem e reconhecessem a verdade completa.

**En** Lestrade olhou para o relógio e disse que lhes daria meia hora.

**En** McFarlane começou explicando que não tinha nenhum conhecimento prévio do Sr. Jonas Oldacre; ele só conhecia o nome porque seus pais o haviam conhecido muitos anos atrás, embora tivessem perdido contato desde então. Ele ficou, portanto, muito surpreso quando Oldacre visitou seu escritório na cidade por volta das três horas da tarde anterior. Sua surpresa aumentou quando Oldacre revelou o propósito de sua visita. Oldacre tinha várias páginas de um

caderno cobertas de escritos rabiscados, que colocou na mesa de McFarlane.

**En** Oldacre afirmou que as páginas constituíam seu testamento e pediu a McFarlane que o colocasse em forma legal adequada. Ele disse que esperaria ali enquanto McFarlane o fizesse.

**En** McFarlane começou a copiá-lo e ficou surpreso ao descobrir que, com algumas ressalvas, Oldacre havia deixado toda a sua propriedade para ele. Oldacre, um homenzinho estranho com cílios brancos e olhos cinzentos perspicazes, observava-o com uma expressão divertida. Incapaz de acreditar no que lia, McFarlane ouviu Oldacre explicar que era solteiro, sem praticamente parentes vivos, que conhecera os pais de McFarlane na juventude e que sempre ouvira dizer que McFarlane era um jovem merecedor, confiante de que seu dinheiro estaria em boas mãos. McFarlane apenas conseguiu balbuciar seus agradecimentos. O testamento foi devidamente concluído, assinado e testemunhado pelo funcionário de McFarlane. Oldacre então informou que havia numerosos documentos — arrendamentos de construção, escrituras de propriedade, hipotecas, ações e assim por diante — que McFarlane precisava revisar e entender. Ele disse que sua mente não ficaria tranquila até que tudo estivesse resolvido e pediu a McFarlane que fosse à sua casa em Norwood naquela noite, trazendo o testamento, para acertar as coisas. Ele insistiu que McFarlane não dissesse nada aos pais até que tudo estivesse resolvido, querendo que fosse uma surpresa. Ele fez McFarlane prometer fielmente.

**En** McFarlane disse a Holmes que não estava disposto a recusar nada que seu benfeitor pedisse; seu único desejo era cumprir os desejos de Oldacre em todos os detalhes. Portanto, ele enviou um telegrama para casa dizendo que tinha negócios importantes e não podia dizer a que horas voltaria. Oldacre havia mencionado que gostaria que McFarlane jantasse com ele às nove, pois talvez não estivesse em casa antes disso. No entanto, McFarlane teve dificuldade em encontrar a casa e chegou por volta das nove e meia. Ele então encontrou Oldacre...

**En** Holmes interrompeu, perguntando quem tinha aberto a porta.

**En** Ele a descreveu como uma mulher de meia-idade que ele acreditava ser a governanta.

**En** Ele perguntou se foi aquela mulher que mencionou o nome da outra pessoa.

**En** McFarlane confirmou que isso estava correto.

**En** Ele convidou McFarlane a continuar.

**En** McFarlane enxugou a testa úmida e retomou sua história.

**En** A mulher me levou a uma sala de estar onde um jantar simples estava preparado. Mais tarde, o Sr. Jonas Oldacre me conduziu ao seu quarto, onde havia um cofre pesado. Ele o abriu e retirou uma grande quantidade de documentos, que examinamos juntos. Terminamos entre onze e meia-noite. Ele disse que não deveríamos incomodar a governanta, e então me levou para fora pela janela francesa, que havia permanecido aberta o tempo todo.

**En** Holmes perguntou se a persiana havia sido abaixada.

**En** Ele não tinha certeza, mas acreditava que a persiana estava apenas pela metade. Lembrou que Oldacre a puxou para cima para abrir a janela. Não conseguiu encontrar sua bengala, e Oldacre lhe disse para não se preocupar, dizendo que esperava vê-lo bastante e que guardaria a bengala até ele voltar. Ele deixou Oldacre com o cofre ainda aberto e os documentos organizados em pacotes sobre a mesa. Era tarde demais para voltar a Blackheath, então passou a noite no Anerley Arms e não soube mais nada até ler sobre o terrível acontecimento na manhã seguinte.

**En** Lestrade perguntou a Holmes se ele tinha mais alguma pergunta, pois suas sobranceiras haviam se erguido mais de uma vez durante o relato extraordinário.

**En** Holmes respondeu que não teria nenhuma pergunta até que tivesse visitado Blackheath.

**En** Lestrade comentou que Holmes devia estar se referindo a Norwood.

**En** Holmes sorriu enigmaticamente e concordou que provavelmente se referia a isso. Lestrade aprendera com mais experiências do que gostaria de admitir que a mente de Holmes conseguia resolver problemas que estavam além da sua. O narrador viu Lestrade olhando para Holmes com curiosidade.

**En** Lestrade disse a Holmes que desejava falar com ele mais tarde. Então informou o Sr. McFarlane que dois policiais e uma carruagem estavam esperando. O infeliz jovem levantou-se, deu um último olhar suplicante para eles e saiu da sala. Os oficiais o levaram ao táxi, mas Lestrade ficou.

**En** Holmes havia pegado as páginas que formavam o rascunho do testamento e as examinou com intenso interesse.

**En** Holmes empurrou o documento em direção a Lestrade e perguntou se havia certos pontos que mereciam atenção.

**En** O funcionário olhou para eles, com o rosto demonstrando que não entendia.

**En** Ele disse que conseguia ler as primeiras linhas, algumas linhas no meio da segunda página e algumas no final, que estavam tão claras quanto impressas. No entanto, a escrita entre essas partes estava muito ruim, e havia três lugares onde ele não conseguia ler nada.

**En** Holmes perguntou ao funcionário o que ele achava daquilo.

**En** O funcionário repetiu a pergunta de volta para Holmes.

**En** Holmes explicou que foi escrito em um trem. A escrita clara indicava estações, a escrita ruim indicava movimento e a escrita muito ruim indicava passagem por agulhas. Um perito científico saberia imediatamente que foi escrito em uma linha suburbana, porque apenas perto de uma grande cidade poderia haver uma sucessão tão rápida de agulhas. Se o testamento tivesse sido escrito durante toda a viagem, então o trem era um expresso que parou apenas uma vez entre Norwood e London Bridge.

**En** Lestrade começou a rir.

**En** Lestrade admitiu que não conseguia acompanhar Holmes quando ele começava a desenvolver suas teorias e perguntou como aquela informação se relacionava com o caso.

**En** Holmes explicou que o documento corroborava a história do jovem, já que o testamento havia sido redigido por Jonas Oldacre em sua viagem no dia anterior. Ele comentou como era curioso que um homem redigisse um documento tão importante de maneira descuidada, sugerindo que Oldacre não esperava que tivesse efeito real. Qualquer

pessoa que escrevesse um testamento que nunca pretendesse que fosse executado poderia fazê-lo dessa forma.

**En** Lestrade observou que Oldacre efetivamente havia escrito sua própria sentença de morte ao mesmo tempo.

**En** Holmes perguntou, cético, se Lestrade acreditava que esse era o caso.

**En** Holmes perguntou a Lestrade se ele não concordava.

**En** Lestrade admitiu que poderia ser possível, mas ainda não entendia completamente o caso.

**En** Lestrade descreveu o que considerava um caso óbvio: um jovem que herdaria com a morte de um homem mais velho marcou secretamente uma visita, assassinou-o quando estavam sozinhos, queimou o corpo numa pilha de lenha e foi para um hotel. As poucas manchas de sangue sugeriam que ele achava que o crime era sem sangue e que destruir o corpo esconderia como o homem morreu, especialmente pistas que apontavam para ele. Lestrade perguntou se isso não era óbvio.

**En** Holmes observou que o caso parecia óbvio demais. Ele questionou por que o jovem cometeria o assassinato na mesma noite em que o testamento foi feito, tornando a conexão muito clara. Ele também se perguntou por que o assassino escolheria um horário em que era sabido que estava na casa e foi deixado entrar por um criado, e por que ele daria tanto trabalho para esconder o corpo mas deixaria sua própria bengala como evidência. Holmes sugeriu que isso era altamente improvável.

**En** Lestrade rebateu que criminosos frequentemente agem em pânico e fazem coisas que uma pessoa calma não faria. Ele especulou que o assassino poderia ter medo de voltar ao quarto. Ele desafiou Holmes a oferecer outra teoria que se encaixasse nos fatos.

**En** Holmes respondeu que poderia facilmente oferecer vários exemplos, e deu um que era bastante possível e até provável. Ele descreveu uma cena em que um homem mais velho estava mostrando alguns documentos obviamente valiosos. Um mendigo que passava os notou através de uma janela, que estava apenas parcialmente coberta por uma persiana. Depois que o advogado saiu, o mendigo entrou,

pegou um bastão que viu ali, matou Oldacre e depois saiu após queimar o corpo.

**En** Alguém perguntou por que o mendigo queimaria o corpo.

**En** Holmes retrucou perguntando por que McFarlane também faria isso.

**En** Ele respondeu que era para esconder alguma evidência.

**En** Possivelmente, ele disse, o mendigo queria ocultar o fato de que qualquer assassinato havia sido cometido.

**En** Holmes perguntou por que o vagabundo não havia levado nada.

**En** A razão dada foi que os papéis não eram negociáveis pelo vagabundo.

**En** Lestrade balançou a cabeça, mas observei que sua certeza parecia diminuída.

**En** Lestrade retrucou que Holmes poderia procurar seu vagabundo, mas a polícia manteria seu suspeito. Ele argumentou que o futuro mostraria quem estava certo. Ele salientou que, pelo que sabiam, nenhum documento havia sido removido, e o prisioneiro, como herdeiro legítimo, era a única pessoa sem motivo para pegá-los, já que eles viriam para ele de qualquer forma.

**En** Meu amigo pareceu impressionado com essa observação.

**En** Ele disse que não pretendia negar que as evidências apoiavam fortemente a outra teoria, mas queria ressaltar que outras teorias eram possíveis. Ele concordou que o futuro decidiria. Ele desejou um bom dia e mencionou que provavelmente visitaria Norwood mais tarde naquele dia para ver como as coisas estavam progredindo.

**En** Depois que o detetive partiu, seu amigo se levantou e se preparou para o trabalho do dia com a energia de alguém que tem uma tarefa agradável pela frente.

**En** Enquanto vestia rapidamente seu sobretudo, ele disse a Watson que seu primeiro movimento, como já havia dito, seria em direção a Blackheath.

**En** Watson perguntou por que ele não estava indo para Norwood em vez disso.

**En** Ele explicou que, neste caso, um evento estranho seguia de perto outro. A polícia estava cometendo o erro de focar apenas no segundo evento porque era um crime. No entanto, parecia claro para ele que a abordagem lógica era começar esclarecendo o primeiro evento — o testamento incomum, feito repentinamente e para um herdeiro tão inesperado. Isso poderia ajudar a simplificar o que se seguiu. Ele disse a Watson que não achava que Watson pudesse ajudá-lo desta vez, pois não havia perigo; caso contrário, ele não sonharia em sair sem ele. Ele confiava que, à noite, poderia relatar que havia feito algo pelo jovem infeliz que havia se colocado sob sua proteção.

**En** Meu amigo voltou tarde, e um olhar em seu rosto cansado e preocupado mostrou que as altas esperanças com que ele havia começado não tinham sido realizadas. Por uma hora ele tocou seu violino suavemente, tentando acalmar seu espírito perturbado. Finalmente, ele deixou o instrumento de lado e deu um relato detalhado de seus infortúnios.

**En** Holmes disse que tudo estava dando errado, tão errado quanto possível. Ele havia mantido uma aparência corajosa diante de Lestrade, mas acreditava que, pela primeira vez, Lestrade poderia estar no caminho certo e eles no errado. Todos os seus instintos apontavam para um lado, mas todos os fatos apontavam para o outro, e ele temia que os júris britânicos ainda não fossem inteligentes o suficiente para preferir suas teorias aos fatos de Lestrade.

**En** Perguntei a ele se tinha ido a Blackheath.

**En** Holmes confirmou que tinha ido a Blackheath e rapidamente descobriu que o falecido Oldacre era um canalha considerável. O pai de Oldacre estava ausente procurando pelo filho. A mãe estava em casa — uma mulher pequena, agitada, de olhos azuis, tremendo de medo e raiva. Naturalmente, ela não admitiria qualquer possibilidade de culpa do filho. No entanto, ela não demonstrou surpresa nem pesar pelo destino de Oldacre. Pelo contrário, ela falou dele com tanta amargura que, inadvertidamente, fortaleceu o caso da polícia, porque se seu filho tivesse ouvido tais palavras, isso teria encorajado ódio e violência. Ela descreveu Oldacre como mais parecido com um macaco maligno e

astuto do que com um ser humano, e disse que ele sempre foi assim desde jovem.

**En** Perguntei a ela se o conhecia naquela época.

**En** A mulher disse a Holmes que conhecia bem Jonas Oldacre; ele havia sido um antigo pretendente. Ela estava grata por ter tido a sensatez de rejeitá-lo e se casar com um homem melhor, embora mais pobre. Ela esteve noiva dele até ouvir uma história horrível sobre como ele soltou um gato em um aviário, e sua brutal crueldade a chocou tanto que ela terminou o relacionamento. Ela então vasculhou uma cômoda e produziu uma fotografia de uma mulher que havia sido vergonhosamente desfigurada e mutilada com uma faca. Ela disse que era sua própria fotografia, que ele havia enviado a ela na manhã de seu casamento, junto com sua maldição.

**En** O narrador observou que Oldacre devia tê-la perdoado, já que havia deixado toda a sua propriedade para o filho dela.

**En** Ela declarou com espírito que nem ela nem seu filho queriam nada de Jonas Oldacre, vivo ou morto. Ela expressou sua crença de que havia um Deus no céu, e que esse mesmo Deus que havia punido aquele homem perverso provaria, a Seu tempo, que as mãos de seu filho estavam inocentes do sangue de Oldacre.

**En** O narrador tentou algumas pistas, mas não encontrou nada que ajudasse sua hipótese, e vários pontos que a contradiziam. Ele acabou abandonando o esforço e foi para Norwood.

**En** Deep Dene House era uma grande vila moderna de tijolos vistosos, recuada da estrada com um gramado na frente. À direita e mais atrás ficava o pátio de madeira onde ocorrera o incêndio. O narrador notou a janela à esquerda que dava para o quarto de Oldacre, visível da estrada. Lestrade estava ausente, mas o sargento-chefe mostrou o local ao narrador. A polícia encontrara um tesouro: revirando as cinzas da pilha de madeira queimada, descobriram vários discos de metal descoloridos, que eram botões de calça; um trazia o nome 'Hyams', o alfaiate de Oldacre. O narrador examinou cuidadosamente o gramado em busca de sinais, mas a seca havia endurecido o chão. Nada era visível, exceto que algo ou alguém havia sido arrastado através de uma sebe baixa de alfena em linha com a pilha de madeira. Isso se encaixava

na teoria oficial. Apesar de rastejar pelo gramado sob o sol de agosto por uma hora, ele não ficou mais sábio.

**En** Após a tentativa fracassada, Holmes examinou o quarto e encontrou manchas de sangue frescas, embora fossem fracas. A bengala havia sido removida, mas deixara marcas. O cliente admitiu que a bengala era dele. Pegadas de dois homens eram visíveis no tapete, mas nenhuma de uma terceira pessoa, o que Holmes considerou um truque da oposição. Ele sentiu que não estavam progredindo enquanto seus oponentes estavam vencendo.

**En** Holmes encontrou uma pequena esperança ao examinar o cofre. A maioria dos papéis havia sido retirada e deixada sobre a mesa; alguns haviam sido abertos pela polícia. Não pareciam muito valiosos, e o talão de cheques mostrava que o Sr. Oldacre não era muito rico. No entanto, Holmes achou que alguns papéis estavam faltando, possivelmente escrituras valiosas. Se pudessem provar isso, isso funcionaria contra a teoria de Lestrade, pois seria estranho para uma pessoa roubar algo que herdaria mais tarde.

**En** Holmes então falou com a governanta, a Sra. Lexington, uma mulher quieta, morena e de olhos suspeitos. Ele tinha certeza de que ela sabia de algo, mas ela era muito reservada. Ela confirmou que o Sr. McFarlane havia chegado às nove e meia, e ela desejou não o ter deixado entrar. Ela foi para a cama às dez e meia e não ouviu nada. Foi acordada pelo alarme de incêndio. Ela acreditava que seu patrão havia sido assassinado. Disse que ele era reservado e tinha inimigos de negócios. Ela identificou os botões encontrados como pertencentes às roupas dele. A pilha de lenha estava seca e queimou rapidamente; ela e os bombeiros sentiram cheiro de carne queimada. Ela afirmou não saber nada sobre os papéis ou os assuntos particulares do Sr. Oldacre.

**En** Holmes disse a Watson que sua investigação havia terminado em fracasso. No entanto, ele tinha certeza de que tudo estava errado. Ele percebeu que a governanta sabia a verdade, pois seus olhos mostravam uma desobediência culpada. Ele disse que não adiantava discutir mais o assunto, mas a menos que um acaso de sorte aparecesse, o caso do Desaparecimento de Norwood não se tornaria uma história de sucesso para eles.

**En** Watson comentou que a aparência do homem certamente influenciaria um júri.

**En** Holmes disse a Watson que seu argumento era perigoso. Ele lembrou de um terrível assassino chamado Bert Stevens, que em 1887 lhes havia pedido ajuda para escapar da punição. Holmes apontou que Stevens parecia ser um jovem de comportamento amável, frequentador da escola dominical.

**En** Watson concordou que era verdade.

**En** Holmes disse que, se não conseguissem encontrar uma explicação alternativa, o homem estaria perdido. O caso contra ele parecia impecável, e novas investigações só o fortaleceram. Ele notou um detalhe curioso sobre os papéis: o livro bancário mostrava que o saldo baixo se devia principalmente a grandes cheques emitidos para um Sr. Cornelius no último ano. Holmes se perguntou quem seria esse Sr. Cornelius, já que um construtor aposentado normalmente não teria transações tão grandes. Ele considerou se Cornelius poderia ser um corretor, mas não encontraram certificados de ações correspondentes a esses pagamentos. Sem outras pistas, Holmes decidiu que iria ao banco perguntar sobre a pessoa que havia descontado esses cheques. Ele temia que o caso terminasse vergonhosamente, com Lestrade enforcando o cliente deles, o que seria um triunfo para a Scotland Yard.

**En** Watson não sabia quanto sono Sherlock Holmes havia conseguido naquela noite, mas quando desceu para o café da manhã, Holmes parecia pálido e cansado. Seus olhos estavam brilhantes, mas havia olheiras ao redor deles. O tapete ao redor de sua cadeira estava coberto de pontas de cigarro e das primeiras edições dos jornais matinais. Um telegrama aberto estava sobre a mesa.

**En** Holmes pediu a opinião de Watson sobre algo que havia recebido e jogou-o para o outro lado da mesa.

**En** A mensagem era de Norwood e dizia o seguinte.

**En** Havia novas evidências importantes que estabeleciam claramente a culpa de McFarlane. O remetente os aconselhou a abandonar o caso.

**En** Foi assinada por Lestrade.

**En** Comentei que a notícia parecia grave.

**En** Holmes respondeu com um sorriso amargo que era o pequeno grito de vitória de Lestrade. No entanto, ele achou que poderia ser prematuro abandonar o caso, pois novas evidências importantes poderiam cortar em uma direção muito diferente. Ele sugeriu que, após o café da manhã, eles deveriam sair juntos para ver o que poderia ser feito, e sentiu que precisaria da companhia e do apoio moral de Watson naquele dia.

**En** Holmes não havia tomado café da manhã, como era seu costume em períodos de intensa concentração; ele frequentemente se levava ao ponto de desmaiar por falta de alimento. Afirmou que não podia poupar sua energia para a digestão. Naquela manhã, deixou sua refeição intocada e acompanhou o narrador até Norwood. Uma multidão de curiosos mórbidos ainda cercava a Casa Deep Dene, uma típica vila suburbana. Dentro dos portões, Lestrade os cumprimentou com o rosto corado e um ar triunfante, claramente orgulhoso de seu aparente sucesso.

**En** Lestrade perguntou a Holmes, sarcasticamente, se ele havia provado que eles estavam errados ou encontrado seu vagabundo.

**En** Holmes respondeu que não havia formado conclusão alguma.

**En** Lestrade destacou que eles haviam chegado à conclusão no dia anterior, e ela havia se provado correta, então Holmes deveria admitir que estavam à frente dele desta vez.

**En** Holmes comentou que Lestrade certamente parecia acreditar que algo incomum havia acontecido.

**En** Lestrade riu alto.

**En** Lestrade comentou que Holmes não gostava de perder tanto quanto qualquer um. Ele acrescentou que nenhum homem sempre poderia ter as coisas do seu jeito, e então os convidou a segui-lo, expressando confiança de que finalmente poderia provar a culpa de John McFarlane.

**En** Ele os conduziu pelo corredor e entrou em um salão escuro além.

**En** Lestrade explicou que era ali que o jovem McFarlane devia ter vindo buscar seu chapéu após o crime. Com uma dramaticidade repentina, ele riscou um fósforo, revelando uma mancha de sangue na

parede caiada. Ao aproximar o fósforo, ficou claro que não era apenas uma mancha, mas uma impressão digital distinta.

**En** Ele pediu a Holmes que examinasse a impressão com sua lente de aumento.

**En** Ele afirmou que estava fazendo isso.

**En** Ele perguntou se o ouvinte sabia que cada impressão digital é única.

**En** Ele respondeu que tinha ouvido algo semelhante.

**En** Ele então solicitou que a impressão fosse comparada com uma impressão em cera do polegar direito do jovem McFarlane, que havia sido feita naquela manhã por sua ordem.

**En** Ele aproximou a impressão em cera da mancha de sangue, e ficou claro sem ampliação que as duas impressões eram do mesmo polegar. Pareceu-lhe óbvio que seu infeliz cliente estava perdido.

**En** Lestrade declarou que sua decisão era final.

**En** O narrador repetiu involuntariamente que era realmente definitivo.

**En** Holmes também afirmou que o assunto estava encerrado.

**En** O narrador percebeu algo incomum no tom de Holmes e virou-se para olhá-lo. O rosto de Holmes havia passado por uma transformação notável; estava contorcido de diversão reprimida. Seus olhos brilhavam como estrelas, e parecia que ele estava lutando para conter uma crise de riso.

**En** Eventualmente, Holmes expressou seu espanto, comentando como as aparências podem enganar. Ele observou que o jovem parecia tão agradável e sugeriu a Lestrade que isso era uma lição para não confiar apenas no próprio julgamento.

**En** Lestrade comentou que algumas pessoas eram um pouco excessivamente confiantes. Sua atitude rude era irritante, mas eles não podiam demonstrar sua irritação.

**En** Holmes observou que foi muito afortunado o jovem ter pressionado o polegar direito contra a parede ao tirar o chapéu. Ele notou que era

uma ação perfeitamente natural. Embora Holmes parecesse calmo, seu corpo tremia com excitação mal contida enquanto falava.

**En** Holmes perguntou a Lestrade quem havia feito aquela descoberta notável.

**En** Lestrade respondeu que a governanta, Sra. Lexington, havia chamado a atenção do policial noturno para isso.

**En** Holmes então perguntou onde estava o policial noturno.

**En** Ele ficou no quarto onde o crime ocorreu, garantindo que ninguém perturbasse nada.

**En** Alguém se perguntou por que a polícia não tinha notado aquela marca no dia anterior.

**En** A explicação foi que não havia motivo para examinar o corredor de perto, e a marca não estava em um local óbvio.

**En** A pessoa concordou que o local não era proeminente e então perguntou se era certo que a marca estava lá no dia anterior.

**En** Lestrade encarou Holmes como se acreditasse que Holmes tinha enlouquecido. O narrador também admitiu estar surpreso com o humor alegre de Holmes e seu comentário um tanto estranho.

**En** Lestrade sugeriu que McFarlane poderia ter saído da prisão à noite para fortalecer as evidências contra si mesmo. Em seguida, desafiou qualquer um a negar que a impressão digital era de McFarlane.

**En** A impressão digital era, sem dúvida, dele.

**En** Lestrade declarou que era um homem prático que chegava a conclusões quando tinha evidências suficientes. Disse a Holmes que estaria na sala de estar escrevendo seu relatório, caso Holmes tivesse algo a acrescentar.

**En** Holmes havia recuperado a compostura, embora Watson ainda pensasse ver indícios de diversão em seu rosto.

**En** Holmes comentou com Watson que era um rumo de eventos muito infeliz, mas havia aspectos incomuns que ofereciam alguma esperança para o cliente deles.

**En** Eu disse que estava muito satisfeito em ouvir isso, pois temia que ele estivesse acabado.

**En** Holmes respondeu que não iria tão longe, mas havia uma falha grave na evidência que seu amigo considerava tão importante.

**En** Perguntei a ele o que era.

**En** Ele disse simplesmente que a marca não estava lá quando inspecionou o salão no dia anterior. Então sugeriu um passeio ao sol.

**En** Sentindo-me confuso, mas com um retorno de calor de esperança, acompanhei Holmes em uma volta pelo jardim. Ele estudou cada lado da casa com grande interesse, depois liderou o caminho para dentro, inspecionando cada cômodo do porão ao sótão, até mesmo os não mobiliados, cuidadosamente. Finalmente, no corredor superior, do lado de fora de três quartos vazios, ele foi novamente tomado por um acesso de diversão.

**En** Holmes disse a Watson que o caso tinha alguns aspectos muito incomuns. Ele acreditava que era hora de compartilhar suas conclusões com Lestrade. Lestrade havia rido deles, mas eles poderiam dar a última gargalhada se o entendimento de Holmes estivesse correto. Ele achava que sabia como proceder.

**En** O inspetor da Scotland Yard ainda estava escrevendo na sala de estar quando Holmes o interrompeu.

**En** Holmes observou que achava que o inspetor estava redigindo um relatório sobre o caso.

**En** O inspetor confirmou que sim.

**En** Holmes sugeriu que talvez fosse cedo demais para isso, pois ele sentia que as evidências ainda estavam incompletas.

**En** Lestrade conhecia Holmes muito bem para ignorar o que ele disse; ele largou a caneta e o encarou com curiosidade.

**En** Lestrade perguntou o que Holmes queria dizer com aquilo.

**En** Holmes respondeu que havia uma testemunha importante que Lestrade ainda não havia entrevistado.

**En** Lestrade perguntou se Holmes poderia trazer essa testemunha.

**En** Holmes disse que acreditava que sim.

**En** Ele foi instruído a prosseguir com a ação.

**En** Ele disse que faria o possível e perguntou sobre o número de policiais disponíveis.

**En** Três estavam a uma curta distância, prontos para responder.

**En** Holmes expressou sua aprovação e perguntou se os policiais eram todos homens robustos com vozes fortes.

**En** Ele não tinha dúvidas de que eram, mas não via a relevância das vozes deles.

**En** Holmes disse que talvez pudesse ajudá-los a entender esse assunto e alguns outros também. Ele pediu a Lestrade que chamasse seus homens para que pudesse tentar demonstrar.

**En** Em cinco minutos, três policiais se reuniram no corredor.

**En** Holmes observou que havia uma grande quantidade de palha no anexo e pediu que dois feixes fossem trazidos para dentro. Ele acreditava que isso o ajudaria muito a produzir a testemunha de que precisava. Agradeceu a Watson por ter fósforos e depois pediu a Lestrade e aos outros que o acompanhassem até o patamar superior.

**En** Havia um corredor largo que passava por três quartos vazios. Em uma extremidade, Holmes posicionou todos, com os policiais sorrindo e Lestrade olhando para ele com uma mistura de espanto, expectativa e desdém. Holmes ficou diante deles como um mágico prestes a realizar um truque.

**En** Holmes pediu a Lestrade que enviasse um policial para buscar dois baldes de água. Ele instruiu-os a colocar a palha no chão, longe das paredes. Em seguida, anunciou que estavam prontos.

**En** O rosto de Lestrade ficou vermelho de raiva. Ele acusou Holmes de possivelmente estar jogando com eles e exigiu que, se Holmes soubesse de algo, o dissesse claramente, sem tamanha tolice.

**En** Holmes garantiu a Lestrade que tinha uma razão válida para tudo o que fazia. Lembrou a Lestrade que Lestrade zombara dele antes, quando a situação favorecia Lestrade, então Lestrade não deveria se

opor a um pouco de cerimônia agora. Holmes então pediu a Watson que abrisse a janela e acendesse um fósforo na borda da palha.

**En** Watson obedeceu. A corrente de ar da janela levou uma espiral de fumaça cinza pelo corredor, enquanto a palha seca crepitava e explodia em chamas.

**En** Holmes propôs que agora encontrassem a testemunha para Lestrade. Pediu a todos que se juntassem gritando 'Fogo!' e contou até três.

**En** Todos gritaram 'Fogo!' em unísono.

**En** Ele agradeceu e disse que os incomodaria mais uma vez.

**En** Alguém gritou que havia fogo.

**En** Ele disse aos homens que atirassem mais uma vez, todos ao mesmo tempo.

**En** O grito de fogo foi ouvido e deve ter ecoado por Norwood.

**En** O eco mal havia desaparecido quando um evento notável ocorreu. Uma porta se abriu de repente do que parecia uma parede sólida no fim do corredor, e um homem pequeno e enrugado surgiu rapidamente, como um coelho de sua toca.

**En** Holmes disse calmamente que era excelente. Ele disse a Watson para derramar um balde de água sobre a palha, acrescentando que isso bastaria. Então ele informou Lestrade que estava lhe apresentando a principal testemunha desaparecida, o Sr. Jonas Oldacre.

**En** O detetive olhou fixamente para o recém-chegado com total espanto. O homem piscou na luz forte do corredor, olhando para eles e para o fogo fumegante. Seu rosto era odioso, mostrando astúcia, perversidade e maldade, com olhos cinza-claros evasivos e cílios brancos.

**En** Lestrade finalmente perguntou o que era aquilo, então, e o que ele tinha feito todo esse tempo.

**En** Oldacre deu uma risada inquieta, recuando do rosto vermelho furioso do detetive irritado.

**En** Oldacre declarou que não havia feito nenhum mal.

**En** Lestrade disse com raiva à pessoa que ela quase havia feito um homem inocente ser enforcado. Ele disse que, se não fosse pelo outro cavalheiro, a pessoa poderia ter conseguido.

**En** A criatura miserável começou a chorar baixinho.

**En** O homem insistiu que era apenas uma brincadeira.

**En** Lestrade descartou a explicação do homem, chamando-a de piada de mau gosto, e ordenou que ele fosse levado. Quando ficaram a sós com Holmes e Watson, Lestrade elogiou Holmes, dizendo que este era seu melhor trabalho até então. Ele reconheceu que Holmes havia salvado um homem inocente e evitado um escândalo que teria arruinado a reputação de Lestrade.

**En** Holmes sorriu e deu um tapinha no ombro de Lestrade.

**En** Holmes garantiu ao cavalheiro que sua reputação não seria arruinada, mas sim muito aumentada. Ele sugeriu que, fazendo algumas modificações no relatório, outros veriam como era difícil enganar o Inspetor Lestrade.

**En** Lestrade perguntou se Holmes desejava permanecer anônimo.

**En** Holmes respondeu que não queria reconhecimento; o trabalho em si era suficiente. Ele acrescentou que talvez um dia seu historiador, Watson, escreveria sobre isso e lhe daria crédito. Então Holmes voltou sua atenção para descobrir onde o fugitivo estivera escondido.

**En** Uma parede falsa havia sido construída atravessando o corredor, com uma porta habilmente oculta. Lá dentro, o cômodo era iluminado por aberturas estreitas sob os beirais. Continha alguns móveis, um estoque de comida e água, além de numerosos livros e papéis.

**En** Holmes comentou que ser construtor permitira ao homem construir seu próprio esconderijo sem ajuda, exceto pela de sua governanta. Ele aconselhou Lestrade a prender a governanta sem demora.

**En** Ele concordou em seguir o conselho de Holmes, mas perguntou como Holmes tinha chegado a conhecer aquele local.

**En** Holmes explicou que havia deduzido que o homem estava escondido na casa porque um corredor era um metro e oitenta mais curto que o de baixo. Ele raciocinou que o homem não permaneceria em

silêncio durante um alarme de incêndio. Embora pudesse tê-lo capturado diretamente, Holmes preferiu obrigá-lo a se revelar. Ele também admitiu que queria enganar Lestrade em troca das provocações anteriores.

**En** Lestrade concedeu que Holmes realmente o havia superado, mas indagou como Holmes sabia que o homem estava na casa em primeiro lugar.

**En** Holmes revelou que a impressão digital era a chave. Ele destacou que ela não estava presente no dia anterior, pois havia examinado cuidadosamente o corredor e confirmado que a parede estava limpa. Portanto, ela deve ter sido colocada ali durante a noite.

**En** Lestrade perguntou como Holmes poderia ter certeza.

**En** Holmes explicou que, quando os pacotes foram lacrados, Oldacre fez McFarlane pressionar o polegar na cera mole, provavelmente sem que McFarlane percebesse. Mais tarde, Oldacre pegou uma impressão de cera daquele selo, umedeceu-a com um pouco de sangue de um furinho de alfinete e colocou a marca na parede. Holmes sugeriu que, se examinassem os papéis de Oldacre, encontrariam o selo original com a marca do polegar.

**En** Lestrade ficou impressionado e disse que a explicação de Holmes estava maravilhosamente clara. Ele então perguntou qual era o propósito de um engano tão profundo.

**En** O narrador achou divertido ver como a maneira autoritária do detetive havia mudado para a de uma criança fazendo perguntas a um professor.

**En** Holmes explicou que o homem lá embaixo era malicioso e vingativo, tendo sido rejeitado pela mãe de McFarlane anos atrás. Recentemente, suas especulações secretas haviam fracassado, e ele decidiu fraudar seus credores. Ele pagou grandes cheques sob o nome Cornelius, que Holmes suspeitava ser um pseudônimo. Oldacre pretendia mudar de nome, sacar o dinheiro e começar uma nova vida em outro lugar.

**En** Lestrade concordou que a explicação parecia provável.

**En** Holmes explicou que o homem pretendia desaparecer e despistar a perseguição, ao mesmo tempo que se vingava brutalmente de sua

antiga namorada, fazendo parecer que seu único filho o havia assassinado. O esquema era uma obra-prima de astúcia, e o homem o executou com maestria: o testamento que sugeria um motivo, a visita secreta desconhecida de seus pais, a retenção da bengala, e o sangue, restos de animais e botões na pilha de lenha eram todos detalhes perfeitos. Poucas horas antes, Holmes pensara que a armadilha era inescapável. No entanto, o homem cometeu o erro do artista de não saber quando parar. Ele tentou aperfeiçoar o que já era impecável, apertando ainda mais o nó no pescoço de sua vítima, e ao fazer isso arruinou tudo. Holmes então propôs que descessem e lhe fizessem algumas perguntas.

**En** O homem mau sentou-se em sua própria sala de estar, com um policial de cada lado.

**En** Reclamando repetidamente, o homem insistiu que era apenas uma brincadeira. Ele alegou que só se escondera para ver como as pessoas reagiriam ao seu desaparecimento, e garantiu que nunca teria permitido que nenhum mal acontecesse ao jovem Sr. McFarlane.

**En** Lestrade respondeu que um júri decidiria isso. De qualquer forma, eles o acusariam de conspiração, senão de tentativa de homicídio.

**En** Holmes acrescentou que os credores do homem provavelmente confiscariam a conta bancária do Sr. Cornelius.

**En** O homenzinho estremeceu e fixou seu olhar venenoso em meu amigo.

**En** Ele reconheceu que devia muito a Holmes e insinuou que um dia poderia pagar a dívida.

**En** Holmes sorriu com uma expressão tolerante.

**En** Holmes observou que o homem estaria ocupado por vários anos. Ele então perguntou o que mais havia sido colocado na pilha de lenha além das calças velhas, sugerindo um cachorro morto ou coelhos. Concluiu que alguns coelhos poderiam explicar o sangue e as cinzas, e aconselhou Watson a usar coelhos em seu relato, caso algum dia o escrevesse.

## A Aventura dos Homens Dançantes

**En** Por horas, Holmes permanecera sentado em silêncio, com suas longas costas curvadas sobre um recipiente químico onde preparava uma substância particularmente malcheirosa. Com a cabeça baixa, ele me parecia um pássaro estranho e magro, com plumagem cinza opaca e um topete preto.

**En** Holmes perguntou de repente a Watson se ele estava planejando investir em títulos sul-africanos.

**En** Watson ficou estupefato; embora conhecesse as notáveis habilidades de Holmes, essa súbita percepção de seus pensamentos privados foi completamente desconcertante.

**En** Watson perguntou-lhe como diabos ele poderia saber disso.

**En** Ele se virou em seu banco, segurando um tubo de ensaio fumegante, com um olhar divertido em seus olhos fundos.

**En** Holmes disse a Watson que admitisse que estava completamente surpreso.

**En** Ele confirmou que era.

**En** Ele disse que deveria fazer o outro assinar um papel nesse sentido.

**En** Ele perguntou por quê.

**En** Ele explicou que em cinco minutos o outro diria que tudo era absurdamente simples.

**En** Ele tinha certeza de que não diria nada disso.

**En** Ele explicou que não era realmente difícil construir uma série de inferências, cada uma simples e dependente da anterior. Se alguém removesse as etapas intermediárias e apresentasse apenas o ponto de partida e a conclusão, o efeito poderia ser surpreendente, embora talvez não inteiramente genuíno. Então ele mencionou que, ao inspecionar o sulco entre o dedo indicador e o polegar esquerdos de Watson, ele poderia ter certeza de que Watson não pretendia investir seu pequeno capital em campos de ouro.

**En** Watson afirmou que não via nenhuma conexão.

**En** Holmes então expôs os elos perdidos da cadeia: Watson tinha giz no dedo indicador e polegar esquerdos após voltar do clube, que ele usava ao jogar bilhar; ele só jogava bilhar com Thurston; quatro semanas antes, Watson havia mencionado que Thurston tinha uma opção sobre uma propriedade sul-africana que expiraria em um mês e queria que Watson se juntasse a ele; o talão de cheques de Watson estava trancado na gaveta de Holmes e Watson não havia pedido a chave; portanto, Watson não pretendia investir dinheiro dessa maneira.

# The Adventure of the Empty House

Pt/En

Português

Na primavera de 1894, o assassinato do Honorável Ronald Adair sob circunstâncias altamente incomuns e inexplicáveis capturou a atenção de toda Londres e desanimou a alta sociedade. O público tomou conhecimento dos detalhes que surgiram durante a investigação policial, mas muito foi omitido porque o caso da acusação parecia tão esmagadoramente forte que era desnecessário revelar todos os fatos. Apenas agora, quase dez anos depois, o narrador tem permissão para fornecer os elos perdidos que completam a notável cadeia de eventos. O crime em si era interessante, mas esse interesse era insignificante comparado à sequência inconcebível, que proporcionou o maior choque e surpresa da vida aventureira do narrador. Mesmo após esse longo intervalo, pensar nisso ainda o emociona e traz de volta aquela súbita enxurrada de alegria, espanto e incredulidade que dominou sua mente. Ele se dirige ao público, que demonstrou interesse em seus vislumbres ocasionais dos pensamentos e ações de um homem muito notável, e explica que não é culpado por manter seu conhecimento para si, pois teria considerado seu primeiro dever compartilhá-lo se não estivesse vinculado a uma proibição direta dos próprios lábios daquele homem, retirada apenas no dia três do mês passado.

Original English

It was in the spring of the year 1894 that all London was interested, and the fashionable world dismayed, by the murder of the Honourable Ronald Adair under most unusual and inexplicable circumstances. The public has already learned those particulars of the crime which came out in the police investigation, but a good deal was suppressed upon that occasion, since the case for the prosecution was so overwhelmingly strong that it was not necessary to bring forward all the facts. Only now, at the end of nearly ten years, am I allowed to supply those missing links which make up the whole of that remarkable chain. The crime was of interest in itself, but that interest was as nothing to me compared to the inconceivable sequel, which afforded me the greatest shock and surprise of any event in my adventurous life. Even now, after this long interval, I find myself thrilling as I think of it, and feeling once more that sudden flood of joy, amazement, and incredulity which utterly submerged my mind. Let me say to that public, which has shown some interest in those glimpses which I have

occasionally given them of the thoughts and actions of a very remarkable man, that they are not to blame me if I have not shared my knowledge with them, for I should have considered it my first duty to do so, had I not been barred by a positive prohibition from his own lips, which was only withdrawn upon the third of last month.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Devido à sua estreita amizade com Sherlock Holmes, o narrador desenvolveu um forte interesse pelo crime. Após o desaparecimento de Holmes, ele lia atentamente todos os casos públicos. Ele até tentou aplicar os métodos de Holmes para resolvê-los sozinho, mas não teve muito sucesso. No entanto, nenhum caso o afetou tanto quanto a tragédia de Ronald Adair. Ler as evidências do inquérito, que resultou em um veredito de homicídio por uma pessoa desconhecida, fez com que ele percebesse mais do que nunca o quanto a comunidade havia perdido com a morte de Holmes. Ele tinha certeza de que certos aspectos desse caso estranho teriam interessado especialmente a Holmes, e que a observação treinada e a mente afiada de Holmes teriam ajudado a polícia, ou mais provavelmente, resolvido o caso antes deles. Durante todo o dia, enquanto dirigia em suas rondas, ele pensou sobre o caso, mas não encontrou uma explicação satisfatória. Correndo o risco de repetir uma história já conhecida, ele decidiu resumir os fatos que eram conhecidos do público após o inquérito.

### **Original English**

It can be imagined that my close intimacy with Sherlock Holmes had interested me deeply in crime, and that after his disappearance I never failed to read with care the various problems which came before the public. And I even attempted, more than once, for my own private satisfaction, to employ his methods in their solution, though with indifferent success. There was none, however, which appealed to me like this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I read the evidence at the inquest, which led up to a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown, I realized more clearly than I had ever done the loss which the community had sustained by the death of Sherlock Holmes. There were points about this strange business which would, I was sure, have specially appealed to him, and the efforts of the police would have been supplemented, or more probably anticipated, by the trained observation and the alert mind of the first criminal agent in Europe. All day, as I drove upon my round, I turned over

the case in my mind and found no explanation which appeared to me to be adequate. At the risk of telling a twice-told tale, I will recapitulate the facts as they were known to the public at the conclusion of the inquest.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Honorável Ronald Adair era o segundo filho do Conde de Maynooth, que estava servindo como governador de uma colônia australiana. Sua mãe havia retornado da Austrália para fazer uma cirurgia de catarata. Ela, Ronald e sua irmã Hilda viviam juntos na 427 Park Lane. Ronald circulava na alta sociedade; não tinha inimigos conhecidos nem vícios graves. Ele havia ficado noivo de Miss Edith Woodley, mas o noivado foi desfeito por acordo mútuo meses antes, e parecia não ter deixado sentimentos profundos. Sua vida era tranquila e convencional, pois seus hábitos eram calmos e sua natureza sem emoções. No entanto, a morte chegou a esse jovem aristocrata despreocupado de uma forma muito estranha e inesperada entre as 22:00 e 23:20 da noite de 30 de março de 1894.

### **Original English**

The Honourable Ronald Adair was the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time governor of one of the Australian colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo the operation for cataract, and she, her son Ronald, and her daughter Hilda were living together at 427 Park Lane. The youth moved in the best society—had, so far as was known, no enemies and no particular vices. He had been engaged to Miss Edith Woodley, of Carstairs, but the engagement had been broken off by mutual consent some months before, and there was no sign that it had left any very profound feeling behind it. For the rest the man's life moved in a narrow and conventional circle, for his habits were quiet and his nature unemotional. Yet it was upon this easygoing young aristocrat that death came, in most strange and unexpected form, between the hours of ten and eleven-twenty on the night of March 30, 1894.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ronald Adair era um entusiasta do jogo de cartas, embora nunca apostasse quantias que pudessem prejudicar suas finanças. Ele pertencia a vários clubes, incluindo o Baldwin, o Cavendish e o Bagatelle. No dia de sua morte, após o jantar, jogou uma partida de whist no clube Bagatelle, tendo também jogado lá naquela tarde. De acordo com seus colegas jogadores — Sr. Murray, Sir John Hardy e Coronel Moran — o jogo era whist e as cartas caíram de maneira bastante equilibrada. Adair pode ter perdido cerca de cinco libras, mas não mais do que isso, o que era insignificante dada sua considerável fortuna. Ele era conhecido por jogar quase diariamente em um clube ou outro, mas era cauteloso e geralmente saía vencedor. O inquérito revelou que, algumas semanas antes, em parceria com o Coronel Moran, ele havia ganhado quatrocentas e vinte libras em uma única sessão de Godfrey Milner e Lord Balmoral. Isso resumia a história recente de sua vida, conforme surgiu durante a investigação.

### Original English

Ronald Adair was fond of cards—playing continually, but never for such stakes as would hurt him. He was a member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish, and the Bagatelle card clubs. It was shown that, after dinner on the day of his death, he had played a rubber of whist at the latter club. He had also played there in the afternoon. The evidence of those who had played with him—Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy, and Colonel Moran—showed that the game was whist, and that there was a fairly equal fall of the cards. Adair might have lost five pounds, but not more. His fortune was a considerable one, and such a loss could not in any way affect him. He had played nearly every day at one club or other, but he was a cautious player, and usually rose a winner. It came out in evidence that, in partnership with Colonel Moran, he had actually won as much as four hundred and twenty pounds in a sitting, some weeks before, from Godfrey Milner and Lord Balmoral. So much for his recent history as it came out at the inquest.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Na noite do crime, Ronald Adair voltou do clube exatamente às dez horas. Sua mãe e irmã estavam fora visitando um parente. A empregada testemunhou que o ouviu entrar na sala da frente do segundo andar, que ele usava como sala de estar. Ela havia acendido uma lareira ali, mas, como fumegava, abriu a janela. Nenhum som foi ouvido do quarto até as onze e vinte, quando Lady Maynooth e sua filha voltaram. Querendo dar boa noite, tentaram entrar no quarto dele, mas encontraram a porta trancada por dentro. Chamaram e bateram, mas não obtiveram resposta. Ajuda foi chamada e a porta foi arrombada. O infeliz jovem foi encontrado caído perto da mesa. Sua cabeça havia sido horrivelmente mutilada por uma bala expansiva de revólver, mas nenhuma arma foi encontrada no quarto. Sobre a mesa estavam duas notas de dez libras e dezessete libras e dez xelins em prata e ouro, dispostas em pequenos montes de quantidades variadas. Havia também uma folha de papel com algumas figuras e os nomes de amigos do clube ao lado delas, sugerindo que antes de sua morte ele estava calculando seus ganhos ou perdas no jogo de cartas.

### Original English

On the evening of the crime, he returned from the club exactly at ten. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a relation. The servant deposed that she heard him enter the front room on the second floor, generally used as his sitting-room. She had lit a fire there, and as it smoked she had opened the window. No sound was heard from the room until eleven-twenty, the hour of the return of Lady Maynooth and her daughter. Desiring to say good night, she attempted to enter her son's room. The door was locked on the inside, and no answer could be got to their cries and knocking. Help was obtained, and the door forced. The unfortunate young man was found lying near the table. His head had been horribly mutilated by an expanding revolver bullet, but no weapon of any sort was to be found in the room. On the table lay two banknotes for ten pounds each and seventeen pounds ten in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles of varying amount. There were some figures also upon a sheet of paper, with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it was conjectured that before his death he was endeavouring to make out his losses or winnings at cards.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Um exame minucioso dos fatos só tornou o caso mais intrigante. Primeiramente, não havia motivo para o jovem ter trancado a porta por dentro. Era possível que o assassino tivesse feito isso e depois escapado pela janela. No entanto, a queda era de pelo menos seis metros, e abaixo havia um canteiro de açafões em plena floração. Nem as flores nem a terra mostravam qualquer sinal de perturbação, e a estreita faixa de grama entre a casa e a rua estava intocada. Assim, parecia que o jovem havia trancado a porta ele mesmo. Mas como ele morreu? Ninguém poderia ter escalado até a janela sem deixar rastros. Se alguém tivesse atirado pela janela, teria que ser um atirador extraordinário com um revólver para causar um ferimento tão mortal. Além disso, Park Lane era uma rua movimentada, e um ponto de táxi ficava a menos de cem metros. Ninguém ouviu um tiro. Mas lá estavam o homem morto e a bala do revólver, que se alastrou como uma bala de ponta macia, causando morte instantânea. Esses eram os fatos do Mistério de Park Lane, tornados ainda mais confusos pela total falta de motivo: o jovem Adair não tinha inimigos conhecidos, e nada de valor no quarto havia sido levado.

### Original English

A minute examination of the circumstances served only to make the case more complex. In the first place, no reason could be given why the young man should have fastened the door upon the inside. There was the possibility that the murderer had done this, and had afterwards escaped by the window. The drop was at least twenty feet, however, and a bed of crocuses in full bloom lay beneath. Neither the flowers nor the earth showed any sign of having been disturbed, nor were there any marks upon the narrow strip of grass which separated the house from the road. Apparently, therefore, it was the young man himself who had fastened the door. But how did he come by his death? No one could have climbed up to the window without leaving traces. Suppose a man had fired through the window, he would indeed be a remarkable shot who could with a revolver inflict so deadly a wound. Again, Park Lane is a frequented thoroughfare; there is a cab stand within a hundred yards of the house. No one had heard a shot. And yet there was the dead man and there the revolver bullet, which had mushroomed out, as soft-nosed bullets will, and so inflicted a wound which must have caused instantaneous death. Such were the circumstances of the Park Lane Mystery, which were further complicated by entire absence of motive, since, as I have said, young Adair was not known to have any enemy, and no attempt had been made to remove the

money or valuables in the room.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O narrador ruminou os fatos o dia inteiro, tentando encontrar uma teoria que os explicasse todos. Ele queria descobrir aquela linha de menor resistência que seu amigo dissera ser o ponto de partida de qualquer investigação. Ele admitiu que fez pouco progresso. À noite, atravessou o parque e chegou ao final da Oxford Street em Park Lane por volta das seis horas. Um grupo de curiosos na calçada, todos olhando para uma janela específica, guiaram-no até a casa que ele viera ver. Um homem alto e magro com óculos escuros, que o narrador suspeitava fortemente ser um detetive à paisana, explicava sua própria teoria enquanto os outros se aglomeravam para ouvir. O narrador se aproximou o máximo que pôde, mas achou as observações do homem absurdas, então se afastou com desgosto. Ao fazer isso, esbarrou em um idoso deformado que estava atrás dele e derrubou vários livros que o homem carregava. Ao pegá-los, notou o título de um dos livros, *A Origem do Culto às Árvores*, e pensou que o homem devia ser um pobre bibliófilo, colecionando volumes obscuros como profissão ou hobby. Ele tentou se desculpar, mas os livros eram claramente muito preciosos para o dono. Com um rosnado de desprezo, o velho se virou, e o narrador viu suas costas curvadas e suíças brancas desaparecerem na multidão.

### Original English

All day I turned these facts over in my mind, endeavouring to hit upon some theory which could reconcile them all, and to find that line of least resistance which my poor friend had declared to be the starting-point of every investigation. I confess that I made little progress. In the evening I strolled across the Park, and found myself about six o'clock at the Oxford Street end of Park Lane. A group of loafers upon the pavements, all staring up at a particular window, directed me to the house which I had come to see. A tall, thin man with coloured glasses, whom I strongly suspected of being a plainclothes detective, was pointing out some theory of his own, while the others crowded round to listen to what he said. I got as near him as I could, but his observations seemed to me to be absurd, so I withdrew again in some disgust. As I did so I struck against an elderly, deformed man, who had been behind me, and I knocked down several books which he was carrying. I remember that as I picked them up, I observed the title of one of them, *The Origin of Tree Worship*, and it struck me that the fellow

must be some poor bibliophile, who, either as a trade or as a hobby, was a collector of obscure volumes. I endeavoured to apologize for the accident, but it was evident that these books which I had so unfortunately maltreated were very precious objects in the eyes of their owner. With a snarl of contempt he turned upon his heel, and I saw his curved back and white side-whiskers disappear among the throng.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

As observações do narrador sobre o número 427 da Park Lane pouco esclareceram o problema que o interessava. A casa era separada da rua por um muro baixo e uma grade, com não mais de um metro e meio de altura. Portanto, era fácil para qualquer um entrar no jardim, mas a janela era completamente inacessível, pois não havia cano de água ou qualquer coisa que pudesse ajudar mesmo o homem mais ativo a escalá-la. Mais intrigado do que nunca, ele voltou para Kensington. Ele estava em seu escritório há apenas cinco minutos quando a empregada entrou para dizer que alguém desejava vê-lo. Para seu espanto, era ninguém menos que o estranho velho colecionador de livros, com seu rosto afiado e enrugado espiando por entre uma moldura de cabelos brancos, e seus preciosos volumes, pelo menos uma dúzia deles, apertados sob o braço direito.

### **Original English**

My observations of No. 427 Park Lane did little to clear up the problem in which I was interested. The house was separated from the street by a low wall and railing, the whole not more than five feet high. It was perfectly easy, therefore, for anyone to get into the garden, but the window was entirely inaccessible, since there was no waterpipe or anything which could help the most active man to climb it. More puzzled than ever, I retraced my steps to Kensington. I had not been in my study five minutes when the maid entered to say that a person desired to see me. To my astonishment it was none other than my strange old book collector, his sharp, wizened face peering out from a frame of white hair, and his precious volumes, a dozen of them at least, wedged under his right arm.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele disse em uma voz estranha e rouca que o narrador devia estar surpreso em vê-lo.

**Original English**

“You’re surprised to see me, sir,” said he, in a strange, croaking voice.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O narrador admitiu que estava.

**Original English**

I acknowledged that I was.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador confessou que tinha consciência. Quando viu o cavalheiro entrar na casa, decidiu segui-lo e pedir desculpas por sua grosseria anterior, expressando gratidão pela ajuda com seus livros.

**Original English**

“Well, I’ve a conscience, sir, and when I chanced to see you go into this house, as I came hobbling after you, I thought to myself, I’ll just step in and see that kind gentleman, and tell him that if I was a bit gruff in my manner there was not any harm meant, and that I am much obliged to him for picking up my books.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eu respondi que ele estava exagerando em uma questão pequena e perguntei como ele me havia reconhecido.

**Original English**

“You make too much of a trifle,” said I. “May I ask how you knew who I was?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O homem se apresentou como vizinho, apontando sua livraria na esquina da Rua Church. Ele me convidou para visitá-la, sugerindo que eu poderia ser um colecionador. Em seguida, ofereceu vários livros, recomendando-os para preencher uma lacuna na minha estante, que parecia desarrumada.

### **Original English**

“Well, sir, if it isn’t too great a liberty, I am a neighbour of yours, for you’ll find my little bookshop at the corner of Church Street, and very happy to see you, I am sure. Maybe you collect yourself, sir. Here’s British Birds, and Catullus, and The Holy War—a bargain, every one of them. With five volumes you could just fill that gap on that second shelf. It looks untidy, does it not, sir?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Virei-me para olhar o armário atrás de mim. Quando olhei de volta, Sherlock Holmes estava do outro lado da mesa, sorrindo. Levantei-me, olhei chocado e então desmaiei pela primeira e única vez na minha vida. Uma névoa cinzenta turvou minha visão; quando clareou, senti meu colarinho desabotoado e senti o gosto de conhaque. Holmes estava inclinado sobre mim com seu frasco.

### **Original English**

I moved my head to look at the cabinet behind me. When I turned again, Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me across my study table. I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that I must have fainted for the first and the last time in my life. Certainly a gray mist swirled before my eyes, and when it cleared I found my collar-ends undone and the tingling aftertaste of brandy upon my lips. Holmes was bending over my chair, his flask in his hand.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes se desculpou sinceramente, dizendo que não esperava me afetar tão profundamente.

**Original English**

“My dear Watson,” said the well-remembered voice, “I owe you a thousand apologies. I had no idea that you would be so affected.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Segurei-o firmemente pelos braços, relutante em soltar.

**Original English**

I gripped him by the arms.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Gritei seu nome e perguntei se era realmente ele. Não conseguia acreditar que ele estava vivo e havia conseguido escalar para fora daquele terrível abismo.

**Original English**

“Holmes!” I cried. “Is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele me pediu para esperar um momento e perguntou se eu estava realmente bem o suficiente para discutir as coisas. Ele admitiu que sua reparação desnecessariamente dramática deve ter me causado um choque sério.

**Original English**

“Wait a moment,” said he. “Are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious shock by my unnecessarily dramatic reappearance.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu disse a ele que estava bem, mas mal podia acreditar nos meus olhos. Era incrível que ele, de todas as pessoas, estivesse parado no meu escritório. Apertei sua manga novamente e senti o braço fino e musculoso por baixo. Declarei que ele não era um espírito, disse que estava muito feliz em vê-lo e pedi que se sentasse e explicasse como havia sobrevivido àquele terrível abismo.

### **Original English**

“I am all right, but indeed, Holmes, I can hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens! to think that you—you of all men—should be standing in my study.” Again I gripped him by the sleeve, and felt the thin, sinewy arm beneath it. “Well, you’re not a spirit anyhow,” said I. “My dear chap, I’m overjoyed to see you. Sit down, and tell me how you came alive out of that dreadful chasm.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele sentou-se à minha frente e acendeu um cigarro em seu antigo jeito indiferente. Estava vestido com o surrado casaco de um vendedor de livros, mas o resto do disfarce — cabelo branco e livros velhos — estava sobre a mesa. Holmes parecia mais magro e mais perspicaz do que antes, mas seu rosto aquilino tinha um tom branco-mortiço que sugeria que sua vida recente não havia sido saudável.

### **Original English**

He sat opposite to me, and lit a cigarette in his old, nonchalant manner. He was dressed in the seedy frockcoat of the book merchant, but the rest of that individual lay in a pile of white hair and old books upon the table. Holmes looked even thinner and keener than of old, but there was a dead-white tinge in his aquiline face which told me that his life recently had not been a healthy one.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sherlock Holmes disse a Watson que estava feliz por poder se esticar. Observou que não era um pequeno inconveniente para um homem alto ter que reduzir sua altura em um pé por várias horas. Holmes então afirmou que eles tinham uma noite difícil e perigosa pela frente e pediu a cooperação de Watson. Ele sugeriu que poderia ser prudente adiar as explicações até que o trabalho da noite fosse concluído.

### **Original English**

“I am glad to stretch myself, Watson,” said he. “It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations, we have, if I may ask for your cooperation, a hard and dangerous night’s work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation when that work is finished.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson respondeu que estava repleto de curiosidade e preferia muito ouvir o relato imediatamente.

### **Original English**

“I am full of curiosity. I should much prefer to hear now.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes perguntou se Watson o acompanharia naquela noite.

### **Original English**

“You’ll come with me tonight?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Watson respondeu que iria a qualquer hora e a qualquer lugar que Holmes escolhesse.

**Original English**

“When you like and where you like.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes comentou que aquilo realmente parecia os velhos tempos. Ele notou que eles tinham tempo para um jantar rápido antes de precisarem partir. Então, voltando-se para o assunto do abismo, explicou que não havia experimentado nenhuma dificuldade séria em escapar dele, pela simples razão de que nunca havia estado dentro dele.

**Original English**

“This is, indeed, like the old days. We shall have time for a mouthful of dinner before we need go. Well, then, about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was in it.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O interlocutor perguntou a Holmes se ele nunca havia estado naquela situação específica.

**Original English**

“You never were in it?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes disse a Watson que nunca havia estado naquela situação. Sua nota era genuína. Quando viu Moriarty no caminho estreito para a segurança, soube que sua carreira estava terminando. Os olhos cinzentos de Moriarty mostravam sua determinação. Holmes escreveu uma nota curta com a permissão de Moriarty, deixou-a com sua caixa de cigarros e sua bengala, e caminhou pelo caminho com Moriarty atrás. No final, ele se virou para enfrentá-lo. Moriarty correu e lançou seus braços em volta de Holmes. Eles cambalearam na beira. Holmes usou baritsu para se libertar, e Moriarty gritou, chutou e caiu. Holmes o viu bater em uma rocha, quicar e mergulhar na água.

### Original English

"No, Watson, I never was in it. My note to you was absolutely genuine. I had little doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perceived the somewhat sinister figure of the late Professor Moriarty standing upon the narrow pathway which led to safety. I read an inexorable purpose in his gray eyes. I exchanged some remarks with him, therefore, and obtained his courteous permission to write the short note which you afterwards received. I left it with my cigarette-box and my stick, and I walked along the pathway, Moriarty still at my heels. When I reached the end I stood at bay. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his own game was up, and was only anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together upon the brink of the fall. I have some knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been very useful to me. I slipped through his grip, and he with a horrible scream kicked madly for a few seconds, and clawed the air with both his hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his balance, and over he went. With my face over the brink, I saw him fall for a long way. Then he struck a rock, bounded off, and splashed into the water."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Watson ouviu com espanto enquanto Holmes dava essa explicação entre baforadas de seu cigarro.

### Original English

I listened with amazement to this explanation, which Holmes delivered between the puffs of his cigarette.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson exclamou sobre as pegadas, insistindo que tinha visto dois homens descerem o caminho e nenhum voltar.

### **Original English**

“But the tracks!” I cried. “I saw, with my own eyes, that two went down the path and none returned.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou que, no instante em que Moriarty desapareceu, ele percebeu que era uma oportunidade de sorte. Ele sabia que Moriarty não era o único que queria sua morte; havia pelo menos outros três homens perigosos. Se o mundo acreditasse que ele estava morto, esses homens se tornariam descuidados, e ele poderia destruí-los. Ele pensou em tudo isso antes de Moriarty chegar ao fundo da Cascata de Reichenbach.

### **Original English**

“It came about in this way. The instant that the Professor had disappeared, it struck me what a really extraordinarily lucky chance Fate had placed in my way. I knew that Moriarty was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased by the death of their leader. They were all most dangerous men. One or other would certainly get me. On the other hand, if all the world was convinced that I was dead they would take liberties, these men, they would soon lay themselves open, and sooner or later I could destroy them. Then it would be time for me to announce that I was still in the land of the living. So rapidly does the brain act that I believe I had thought this all out before Professor Moriarty had reached the bottom of the Reichenbach Fall.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes examinou a parede rochosa atrás dele. Watson a descrevera como íngreme em seu relato, mas isso não era exatamente correto. Havia alguns pequenos apoios para os pés e alguma indicação de uma saliência. O penhasco era alto demais para ser escalado inteiramente, e andar pelo caminho molhado teria deixado rastros. Ele poderia ter invertido as botas para enganar, mas três conjuntos de pegadas em uma direção teriam sugerido um truque. Então ele decidiu arriscar a escalada. Foi desagradável, com a queda d'água rugindo abaixo. Ele parecia ouvir a voz de Moriarty gritando do abismo. Um erro teria sido fatal. Várias vezes, quando tufos de grama se soltavam em sua mão ou seu pé escorregava nas reentrâncias molhadas da rocha, ele pensou que estava perdido. Mas ele lutou para subir e alcançou uma saliência de vários palmos de profundidade coberta por musgo verde macio, onde podia ficar deitado, invisível e confortável. Ali ele ficou enquanto Watson e os outros investigavam sua morte de maneira solidária, porém ineficiente.

### Original English

"I stood up and examined the rocky wall behind me. In your picturesque account of the matter, which I read with great interest some months later, you assert that the wall was sheer. That was not literally true. A few small footholds presented themselves, and there was some indication of a ledge. The cliff is so high that to climb it all was an obvious impossibility, and it was equally impossible to make my way along the wet path without leaving some tracks. I might, it is true, have reversed my boots, as I have done on similar occasions, but the sight of three sets of tracks in one direction would certainly have suggested a deception. On the whole, then, it was best that I should risk the climb. It was not a pleasant business, Watson. The fall roared beneath me. I am not a fanciful person, but I give you my word that I seemed to hear Moriarty's voice screaming at me out of the abyss. A mistake would have been fatal. More than once, as tufts of grass came out in my hand or my foot slipped in the wet notches of the rock, I thought that I was gone. But I struggled upward, and at last I reached a ledge several feet deep and covered with soft green moss, where I could lie unseen, in the most perfect comfort. There I was stretched, when you, my dear Watson, and all your following were investigating in the most sympathetic and inefficient manner the circumstances of my death.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Quando todos foram embora, tendo formado conclusões inevitáveis mas completamente erradas, Holmes ficou sozinho. Ele pensou que suas aventuras haviam terminado, mas um evento muito inesperado mostrou-lhe que ainda havia surpresas. Uma enorme rocha caiu de cima, passou estrondosamente por ele, atingiu o caminho e saltou para o abismo. A princípio ele pensou que foi um acidente, mas então, olhando para cima, viu a cabeça de um homem contra o céu escurecendo, e outra pedra atingiu a saliência onde ele estava deitado, a menos de trinta centímetros de sua cabeça. O significado era claro: Moriarty não estava sozinho. Um cúmplice — um homem perigoso, só de olhar — havia ficado de guarda enquanto o Professor atacava. De longe, sem ser visto, ele testemunhara a morte de seu amigo e a fuga de Holmes. Ele esperou, então subiu até o topo do penhasco para tentar ter sucesso onde seu companheiro falhou.

### Original English

“At last, when you had all formed your inevitable and totally erroneous conclusions, you departed for the hotel, and I was left alone. I had imagined that I had reached the end of my adventures, but a very unexpected occurrence showed me that there were surprises still in store for me. A huge rock, falling from above, boomed past me, struck the path, and bounded over into the chasm. For an instant I thought that it was an accident, but a moment later, looking up, I saw a man’s head against the darkening sky, and another stone struck the very ledge upon which I was stretched, within a foot of my head. Of course, the meaning of this was obvious. Moriarty had not been alone. A confederate—and even that one glance had told me how dangerous a man that confederate was—had kept guard while the Professor had attacked me. From a distance, unseen by me, he had been a witness of his friend’s death and of my escape. He had waited, and then making his way round to the top of the cliff, he had endeavoured to succeed where his comrade had failed.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes não demorou para pensar. Ele viu novamente o rosto sombrio sobre o penhasco e soube que outra pedra viria. Ele desceu em disparada para o caminho. Ele não teria conseguido fazer isso a sangue frio; foi cem vezes mais difícil do que subir. Mas ele não teve tempo de pensar no perigo, pois outra pedra passou zunindo por ele enquanto ele se pendurava pelas mãos na borda da saliência. No meio do caminho ele escorregou, mas, por sorte, caiu no caminho, machucado e sangrando. Ele correu, percorrendo dez milhas sobre as montanhas na escuridão, e uma semana depois se viu em Florença, certo de que ninguém no mundo sabia o que tinha sido dele.

### Original English

"I did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again I saw that grim face look over the cliff, and I knew that it was the precursor of another stone. I scrambled down on to the path. I don't think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the danger, for another stone sang past me as I hung by my hands from the edge of the ledge. Halfway down I slipped, but, by the blessing of God, I landed, torn and bleeding, upon the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later I found myself in Florence, with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had become of me.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes tinha apenas um confidente: seu irmão Mycroft. Ele se desculpou com Watson, explicando que era de suma importância que todos pensassem que ele estava morto, e Watson não teria escrito um relato tão convincente de seu fim se não acreditasse que era verdade. Holmes quisera escrever para Watson muitas vezes nos últimos três anos, mas temia que a afeição de Watson pudesse levá-lo a uma indiscrição que trairia seu segredo. Foi por isso que ele se virou quando Watson derrubou seus livros naquela noite; ele estava em perigo, e qualquer surpresa de Watson poderia chamar atenção para sua identidade. Ele teve que confiar em Mycroft para obter o dinheiro de que precisava. Os eventos em Londres não tinham corrido tão bem quanto o esperado: o julgamento da gangue Moriarty deixou dois membros perigosos livres. Holmes viajou por

dois anos no Tibete, visitou Lhasa e passou um tempo com o lama principal. Um norueguês chamado Sigerson era na verdade Holmes. Ele então passou pela Pérsia, visitou Meca e fez uma visita curta, mas interessante, ao Califa em Cartum, cujos resultados comunicou ao Ministério das Relações Exteriores. Retornando à França, passou meses pesquisando derivados de alcatrão de carvão em um laboratório em Montpellier. Quando soube que apenas um inimigo permanecia em Londres, estava prestes a voltar, mas a notícia do notável Mistério da Park Lane apressou seus movimentos. Isso o atraiu tanto por seus próprios méritos quanto por oferecer oportunidades pessoais. Ele veio para Londres, foi pessoalmente à Baker Street, deixou a Sra. Hudson histérica e descobriu que Mycroft havia mantido seus quartos e papéis exatamente como antes. Assim, às duas horas daquele dia, ele se encontrou em sua velha poltrona, desejando poder ver seu velho amigo Watson.

### Original English

"I had only one confidant—my brother Mycroft. I owe you many apologies, my dear Watson, but it was all-important that it should be thought I was dead, and it is quite certain that you would not have written so convincing an account of my unhappy end had you not yourself thought that it was true. Several times during the last three years I have taken up my pen to write to you, but always I feared lest your affectionate regard for me should tempt you to some indiscretion which would betray my secret. For that reason I turned away from you this evening when you upset my books, for I was in danger at the time, and any show of surprise and emotion upon your part might have drawn attention to my identity and led to the most deplorable and irreparable results. As to Mycroft, I had to confide in him in order to obtain the money which I needed. The course of events in London did not run so well as I had hoped, for the trial of the Moriarty gang left two of its most dangerous members, my own most vindictive enemies, at liberty. I travelled for two years in Tibet, therefore, and amused myself by visiting Lhasa, and spending some days with the head lama. You may have read of the remarkable explorations of a Norwegian named Sigerson, but I am sure that it never occurred to you that you were receiving news of your friend. I then passed through Persia, looked in at Mecca, and paid a short but interesting visit to the Khalifa at Khartoum the results of which I have communicated to the Foreign Office. Returning to France, I spent some months in a research into the coal-tar derivatives, which I conducted in a laboratory at Montpellier, in the south of France. Having concluded this to my satisfaction and learning that only one of my enemies was now left in London, I was about to return when my movements were hastened by the news of this very remarkable Park Lane Mystery, which not only appealed

to me by its own merits, but which seemed to offer some most peculiar personal opportunities. I came over at once to London, called in my own person at Baker Street, threw Mrs. Hudson into violent hysterics, and found that Mycroft had preserved my rooms and my papers exactly as they had always been. So it was, my dear Watson, that at two o'clock today I found myself in my old armchair in my own old room, and only wishing that I could have seen my old friend Watson in the other chair which he has so often adorned."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Essa foi a notável narrativa que Watson ouviu naquela noite de abril. Teria sido completamente inacreditável se ele não tivesse visto a figura alta e magra e o rosto perspicaz e ansioso do próprio Holmes. Holmes soubera da triste perda de Watson, e sua simpatia foi demonstrada mais em seu comportamento do que em suas palavras. Ele disse que o trabalho é o melhor antídoto para a tristeza, e que tinha um trabalho para eles naquela noite que, se bem-sucedido, justificaria a vida de um homem neste planeta. Watson implorou que ele contasse mais, mas Holmes respondeu que ele ouviria e veria o suficiente antes da manhã. Eles tinham três anos do passado para discutir, e isso bastaria até as nove e meia, quando iniciariam a notável aventura da casa vazia.

### **Original English**

Such was the remarkable narrative to which I listened on that April evening—a narrative which would have been utterly incredible to me had it not been confirmed by the actual sight of the tall, spare figure and the keen, eager face, which I had never thought to see again. In some manner he had learned of my own sad bereavement, and his sympathy was shown in his manner rather than in his words. "Work is the best antidote to sorrow, my dear Watson," said he; "and I have a piece of work for us both tonight which, if we can bring it to a successful conclusion, will in itself justify a man's life on this planet." In vain I begged him to tell me more. "You will hear and see enough before morning," he answered. "We have three years of the past to discuss. Let that suffice until half-past nine, when we start upon the notable adventure of the empty house."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Pareciam os velhos tempos enquanto eu estava sentado ao lado dele em um hansom, com meu revólver no bolso e uma emoção de aventura. Holmes estava frio, severo e silencioso. As luzes da rua iluminavam seu rosto sério, e eu podia ver sua testa franzida em pensamento, seus lábios finos pressionados. Eu não sabia que criminoso perigoso estávamos caçando no mundo sombrio do crime londrino, mas pela atitude de Holmes eu tinha certeza de que era um caso muito sério. O ocasional sorriso sarcástico em seu rosto sombrio não prometia nada de bom para a pessoa que estávamos procurando.

### Original English

It was indeed like old times when, at that hour, I found myself seated beside him in a hansom, my revolver in my pocket, and the thrill of adventure in my heart. Holmes was cold and stern and silent. As the gleam of the streetlamps flashed upon his austere features, I saw that his brows were drawn down in thought and his thin lips compressed. I knew not what wild beast we were about to hunt down in the dark jungle of criminal London, but I was well assured, from the bearing of this master huntsman, that the adventure was a most grave one—while the sardonic smile which occasionally broke through his ascetic gloom boded little good for the object of our quest.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Pensei que fôssemos para Baker Street, mas Holmes parou o táxi na esquina da Cavendish Square. Ao descer, ele olhou ao redor com cuidado, e em cada esquina ele tomou muito cuidado para garantir que não estávamos sendo seguidos. Nossa rota era estranha. Holmes conhecia muito bem as ruas secundárias de Londres, e desta vez ele caminhou rápida e confiantemente por um labirinto de cocheiras e estábulos que eu nunca tinha visto antes. Finalmente saímos em uma pequena estrada com casas velhas e escuras, que levava à Manchester Street e depois à Blandford Street. Lá ele virou rapidamente em uma passagem estreita, passou por um portão de madeira em um pátio vazio e usou uma chave para abrir a porta dos fundos de uma casa. Entramos juntos, e ele fechou a porta atrás de nós.

### Original English

I had imagined that we were bound for Baker Street, but Holmes stopped the cab at the corner of Cavendish Square. I observed that as he stepped out he gave a most searching glance to right and left, and at every subsequent street corner he took the utmost pains to assure that he was not followed. Our route was certainly a singular one. Holmes's knowledge of the byways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly and with an assured step through a network of mews and stables, the very existence of which I had never known. We emerged at last into a small road, lined with old, gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester Street, and so to Blandford Street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wooden gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with a key the back door of a house. We entered together, and he closed it behind us.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A casa estava completamente escura, e percebi que estava vazia. Nossos pés faziam barulho no assoalho de madeira nu, e quando estendi a mão toquei uma parede onde o papel de parede estava pendurado em tiras. Os dedos finos e frios de Holmes fecharam-se em torno do meu pulso e me guiaram por um longo corredor, até que pude ver vagamente a claraboia acima da porta. Então Holmes virou-se repentinamente para a direita, e nos encontramos em uma grande sala quadrada e vazia. Os cantos estavam escuros, mas o centro estava fracamente iluminado pelas luzes da rua lá fora. Não havia lâmpada por perto, e a janela estava grossa de poeira, então mal podíamos ver as formas um do outro. Holmes colocou a mão no meu ombro e falou perto do meu ouvido.

### **Original English**

The place was pitch dark, but it was evident to me that it was an empty house. Our feet creaked and crackled over the bare planking, and my outstretched hand touched a wall from which the paper was hanging in ribbons. Holmes's cold, thin fingers closed round my wrist and led me forward down a long hall, until I dimly saw the murky fanlight over the door. Here Holmes turned suddenly to the right and we found ourselves in a large, square, empty room, heavily shadowed in the corners, but faintly lit in the centre from the lights of the street beyond. There was no lamp near, and the window was thick with dust, so that we could only just discern each other's figures within. My companion put his hand upon my shoulder and his lips close to my ear.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes sussurrou, perguntando se eu sabia onde estávamos.

**Original English**

“Do you know where we are?” he whispered.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Olhei fixamente através da janela opaca e respondi que achava que era Baker Street.

**Original English**

“Surely that is Baker Street,” I answered, staring through the dim window.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele confirmou que eles estavam em Camden House, diretamente em frente às suas antigas acomodações.

**Original English**

“Exactly. We are in Camden House, which stands opposite to our own old quarters.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Watson perguntou sobre o motivo da presença deles.

**Original English**

“But why are we here?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes explicou que a casa oferecia uma excelente vista dos seus antigos aposentos. Ele pediu que Watson se aproximasse da janela com cautela, sem ser visto, e olhasse para suas antigas instalações—a inspiração para muitas das histórias de Watson. Ele se perguntou se sua ausência de três anos havia diminuído sua capacidade de surpreender Watson.

### Original English

“Because it commands so excellent a view of that picturesque pile. Might I trouble you, my dear Watson, to draw a little nearer to the window, taking every precaution not to show yourself, and then to look up at our old rooms—the starting-point of so many of your little fairytales? We will see if my three years of absence have entirely taken away my power to surprise you.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Watson avançou sorrateiramente e olhou para a janela familiar. Ele soltou um suspiro de espanto. A persiana estava abaixada, e uma luz forte brilhava lá dentro. A sombra de um homem sentado era projetada nitidamente na janela, inconfundivelmente Holmes na postura, ombros e traços, como uma silhueta preta. Tão espantado estava Watson que estendeu a mão para tocar o verdadeiro Holmes ao seu lado, que tremia de riso silencioso.

### Original English

I crept forward and looked across at the familiar window. As my eyes fell upon it, I gave a gasp and a cry of amazement. The blind was down, and a strong light was burning in the room. The shadow of a man who was seated in a chair within was thrown in hard, black outline upon the luminous screen of the window. There was no mistaking the poise of the head, the squareness of the shoulders, the sharpness of the features. The face was turned half-round, and the effect was that of one of those black silhouettes which our grandparents loved to frame. It was a perfect reproduction of Holmes. So amazed was I that I threw out my hand to make sure that the man himself was standing beside me. He was quivering with silent laughter.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes instigou Watson para obter sua reação.

**Original English**

“Well?” said he.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador exclamou com surpresa que era maravilhoso.

**Original English**

“Good heavens!” I cried. “It is marvellous.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele expressou esperança de que o tempo não diminuísse suas qualidades únicas, e o narrador ouviu em sua voz a satisfação de um artista admirando seu próprio trabalho. Ele então perguntou se o busto realmente se parecia com ele.

**Original English**

“I trust that age doth not wither nor custom stale my infinite variety,” said he, and I recognized in his voice the joy and pride which the artist takes in his own creation. “It really is rather like me, is it not?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador declarou que estaria disposto a jurar que era ele.

**Original English**

“I should be prepared to swear that it was you.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele explicou que o busto, feito de cera, foi esculpido por Monsieur Oscar Meunier, de Grenoble, que passou vários dias na moldagem. Ele mesmo arrumou o resto durante sua visita à Baker Street naquela tarde.

### **Original English**

“The credit of the execution is due to Monsieur Oscar Meunier, of Grenoble, who spent some days in doing the moulding. It is a bust in wax. The rest I arranged myself during my visit to Baker Street this afternoon.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele perguntou o motivo.

### **Original English**

“But why?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes disse a Watson que ele tinha um motivo convincente para querer que certas pessoas acreditassem que ele estava presente em um local quando na verdade estava em outro lugar.

### **Original English**

“Because, my dear Watson, I had the strongest possible reason for wishing certain people to think that I was there when I was really elsewhere.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson perguntou se Holmes acreditava que os quartos estavam sob vigilância.

### **Original English**

“And you thought the rooms were watched?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes afirmou que estava ciente da vigilância em seus quartos.

**Original English**

“I knew that they were watched.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Watson então perguntou quem era o responsável pela observação.

**Original English**

“By whom?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes explicou que seus antigos adversários, a organização liderada pelo homem que pereceu nas Cataratas de Reichenbach, eram os que estavam vigiando. Ele lembrou Watson que apenas aquele grupo sabia de sua sobrevivência. Eles previam que ele eventualmente retornaria ao seu alojamento, então mantinham vigilância constante, e observaram sua chegada naquela mesma manhã.

**Original English**

“By my old enemies, Watson. By the charming society whose leader lies in the Reichenbach Fall. You must remember that they knew, and only they knew, that I was still alive. Sooner or later they believed that I should come back to my rooms. They watched them continuously, and this morning they saw me arrive.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson perguntou a Holmes como ele sabia.

### **Original English**

“How do you know?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou que havia reconhecido o sentinela deles da sua janela. O homem era Parker, um sujeito inofensivo que tocava harpa de boca. No entanto, Holmes estava muito mais preocupado com o homem perigoso atrás de Parker, que era amigo íntimo de Moriarty, aquele que havia jogado pedras do penhasco e era considerado o criminoso mais astuto e perigoso de Londres. Holmes afirmou que esse homem os estava seguindo naquela noite, sem saber que eles o estavam seguindo.

### **Original English**

“Because I recognized their sentinel when I glanced out of my window. He is a harmless enough fellow, Parker by name, a garroter by trade, and a remarkable performer upon the jew’s-harp. I cared nothing for him. But I cared a great deal for the much more formidable person who was behind him, the bosom friend of Moriarty, the man who dropped the rocks over the cliff, the most cunning and dangerous criminal in London. That is the man who is after me tonight Watson, and that is the man who is quite unaware that we are after him.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson começou a entender o plano de Holmes. Eles estavam escondidos, observando aqueles que os observavam. A sombra na janela era a isca, e eles eram os caçadores. Eles ficaram em silêncio no escuro, observando as pessoas passarem. Holmes permaneceu imóvel, mas alerta, com os olhos fixos na rua. A noite estava fria e ventosa, com pessoas passando apressadas. Watson notou dois homens se abrigando em uma porta e tentou apontá-los, mas Holmes pareceu impaciente e continuou olhando. Holmes ficou inquieto, batendo os dedos e mudando

os pés; parecia que seu plano não estava funcionando como esperado. Quando a meia-noite se aproximou e a rua esvaziou, Holmes andou de um lado para o outro ansiosamente. Watson estava prestes a falar quando olhou para a janela iluminada e se assustou. Ele agarrou o braço de Holmes e apontou para cima.

### Original English

My friend's plans were gradually revealing themselves. From this convenient retreat, the watchers were being watched and the trackers tracked. That angular shadow up yonder was the bait, and we were the hunters. In silence we stood together in the darkness and watched the hurrying figures who passed and repassed in front of us. Holmes was silent and motionless; but I could tell that he was keenly alert, and that his eyes were fixed intently upon the stream of passersby. It was a bleak and boisterous night and the wind whistled shrilly down the long street. Many people were moving to and fro, most of them muffled in their coats and cravats. Once or twice it seemed to me that I had seen the same figure before, and I especially noticed two men who appeared to be sheltering themselves from the wind in the doorway of a house some distance up the street. I tried to draw my companion's attention to them; but he gave a little ejaculation of impatience, and continued to stare into the street. More than once he fidgeted with his feet and tapped rapidly with his fingers upon the wall. It was evident to me that he was becoming uneasy, and that his plans were not working out altogether as he had hoped. At last, as midnight approached and the street gradually cleared, he paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. I was about to make some remark to him, when I raised my eyes to the lighted window, and again experienced almost as great a surprise as before. I clutched Holmes's arm, and pointed upward.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Watson exclamou que a sombra havia se movido.

### Original English

"The shadow has moved!" I cried.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A sombra não era mais vista de perfil, mas agora mostrava suas costas para eles.

### **Original English**

It was indeed no longer the profile, but the back, which was turned towards us.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Três anos não haviam feito nada para suavizar seu mau humor ou sua impaciência com pessoas menos inteligentes do que ele.

### **Original English**

Three years had certainly not smoothed the asperities of his temper or his impatience with a less active intelligence than his own.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes afirmou que o objeto havia se movido e que não era tolo o suficiente para montar um manequim óbvio. Explicou que a Sra. Hudson havia alterado a figura oito vezes em duas horas, sempre pela frente para evitar projetar uma sombra. Então, de repente, ele ficou muito quieto e animado. Lá fora, a rua estava vazia e escura. Holmes puxou Watson para um canto e colocou a mão em seus lábios como um aviso. Seus dedos tremiam; Watson nunca o tinha visto tão agitado, mas a rua permanecia em silêncio.

### **Original English**

"Of course it has moved," said he. "Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy, and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this room two hours, and Mrs. Hudson has made some change in that figure eight times, or once in every quarter of an hour. She works it from the front, so that her shadow may never be seen. Ah!" He drew in his breath with a shrill, excited intake. In the dim light I saw his head thrown forward, his

whole attitude rigid with attention. Outside the street was absolutely deserted. Those two men might still be crouching in the doorway, but I could no longer see them. All was still and dark, save only that brilliant yellow screen in front of us with the black figure outlined upon its centre. Again in the utter silence I heard that thin, sibilant note which spoke of intense suppressed excitement. An instant later he pulled me back into the blackest corner of the room, and I felt his warning hand upon my lips. The fingers which clutched me were quivering. Never had I known my friend more moved, and yet the dark street still stretched lonely and motionless before us.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Então Watson ouviu um som furtivo vindo dos fundos da casa, não da Baker Street. Uma porta abriu e fechou, e passos rastejaram pelo corredor. Holmes e Watson se pressionaram contra a parede. Watson empunhou seu revólver. Na escuridão, eles viram a vaga silhueta de um homem, mais escura que a porta aberta. Ele entrou no quarto, agachado e ameaçador. Passou perto deles sem notá-los, foi até a janela e a levantou suavemente. A luz da rua iluminou seu rosto. Era um homem idoso, com nariz fino, testa calva e alta, e um grande bigode grisalho. Usava chapéu de ópera e camisa social de noite. Seu rosto era magro e selvagem. Ele colocou um objeto metálico no chão, depois tirou um objeto volumoso do bolso e trabalhou nele, produzindo um clique. Usou uma alavanca e ouviu um ruído de moagem e outro clique. Ele se levantou segurando uma arma com uma coronha estranha. Abriu-a, carregou-a e apoiou o cano no parapeito da janela. Apontou para a figura preta na tela amarela. Após um momento de imobilidade, ele atirou: um zumbido alto e o tilintar de vidro. Holmes saltou em suas costas e o atirou ao chão. O homem levantou e agarrou Holmes pela garganta, mas Watson o atingiu na cabeça com a coronha do revólver. Ele caiu novamente e, enquanto Watson o segurava, Holmes soprou um apito. Policiais e um detetive invadiram a sala.

### **Original English**

But suddenly I was aware of that which his keener senses had already distinguished. A low, stealthy sound came to my ears, not from the direction of Baker Street, but from the back of the very house in which we lay concealed. A door opened and shut. An instant later steps crept down the passage—steps which were meant to be silent, but which reverberated harshly through the empty house. Holmes crouched back against the wall,

and I did the same, my hand closing upon the handle of my revolver. Peering through the gloom, I saw the vague outline of a man, a shade blacker than the blackness of the open door. He stood for an instant, and then he crept forward, crouching, menacing, into the room. He was within three yards of us, this sinister figure, and I had braced myself to meet his spring, before I realized that he had no idea of our presence. He passed close beside us, stole over to the window, and very softly and noiselessly raised it for half a foot. As he sank to the level of this opening, the light of the street, no longer dimmed by the dusty glass, fell full upon his face. The man seemed to be beside himself with excitement. His two eyes shone like stars, and his features were working convulsively. He was an elderly man, with a thin, projecting nose, a high, bald forehead, and a huge grizzled moustache. An opera hat was pushed to the back of his head, and an evening dress shirtfront gleamed out through his open overcoat. His face was gaunt and swarthy, scored with deep, savage lines. In his hand he carried what appeared to be a stick, but as he laid it down upon the floor it gave a metallic clang. Then from the pocket of his overcoat he drew a bulky object, and he busied himself in some task which ended with a loud, sharp click, as if a spring or bolt had fallen into its place. Still kneeling upon the floor he bent forward and threw all his weight and strength upon some lever, with the result that there came a long, whirling, grinding noise, ending once more in a powerful click. He straightened himself then, and I saw that what he held in his hand was a sort of gun, with a curiously misshapen butt. He opened it at the breech, put something in, and snapped the breech-lock. Then, crouching down, he rested the end of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window, and I saw his long moustache droop over the stock and his eye gleam as it peered along the sights. I heard a little sigh of satisfaction as he cuddled the butt into his shoulder; and saw that amazing target, the black man on the yellow ground, standing clear at the end of his foresight. For an instant he was rigid and motionless. Then his finger tightened on the trigger. There was a strange, loud whiz and a long, silvery tinkle of broken glass. At that instant Holmes sprang like a tiger on to the marksman's back, and hurled him flat upon his face. He was up again in a moment, and with convulsive strength he seized Holmes by the throat, but I struck him on the head with the butt of my revolver, and he dropped again upon the floor. I fell upon him, and as I held him my comrade blew a shrill call upon a whistle. There was the clatter of running feet upon the pavement, and two policemen in uniform, with one plainclothes detective, rushed through the front entrance and into the room.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes chamou por Lestrade, perguntando se era ele.

### **Original English**

“That you, Lestrade?” said Holmes.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade confirmou que sim e que ele mesmo havia assumido o caso, acrescentando que era bom ver o Sr. Holmes de volta a Londres.

### **Original English**

“Yes, Mr. Holmes. I took the job myself. It’s good to see you back in London, sir.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes disse a Lestrade que achava que Lestrade precisava de uma ajuda não oficial. Ele ressaltou que três assassinatos não resolvidos em um ano não eram aceitáveis. No entanto, ele admitiu que Lestrade havia lidado com o Mistério de Molesey razoavelmente bem, embora não exatamente no seu padrão habitual.

### **Original English**

“I think you want a little unofficial help. Three undetected murders in one year won’t do, Lestrade. But you handled the Molesey Mystery with less than your usual—that’s to say, you handled it fairly well.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Todos se levantaram. O prisioneiro respirava com dificuldade, com um policial forte de cada lado. Alguns curiosos começaram a se reunir na rua. Holmes foi até a janela, fechou-a e abaixou as persianas. Lestrade acendeu duas velas, e os policiais descobriram suas lanternas. Finalmente, pude dar uma boa olhada no prisioneiro.

### **Original English**

We had all risen to our feet, our prisoner breathing hard, with a stalwart constable on each side of him. Already a few loiterers had begun to collect in the street. Holmes stepped up to the window, closed it, and dropped the blinds. Lestrade had produced two candles, and the policemen had uncovered their lanterns. I was able at last to have a good look at our prisoner.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O rosto do homem era extremamente forte e sinistro. Ele tinha a testa de um filósofo e o maxilar de um sensualista, indicando que poderia ter tido grandes capacidades para o bem ou para o mal. Seus olhos azuis cruéis com pálpebras caídas e cínicas, seu nariz feroz e sua testa profundamente sulcada eram claros sinais de perigo. Ele não prestou atenção em ninguém exceto Holmes, encarando-o com uma mistura de ódio e espanto. Ficou murmurando que Holmes era um demônio, um demônio astuto.

### **Original English**

It was a tremendously virile and yet sinister face which was turned towards us. With the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist below, the man must have started with great capacities for good or for evil. But one could not look upon his cruel blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the fierce, aggressive nose and the threatening, deep-lined brow, without reading Nature's plainest danger-signals. He took no heed of any of us, but his eyes were fixed upon Holmes's face with an expression in which hatred and amazement were equally blended. "You fiend!" he kept on muttering. "You clever, clever fiend!"

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes se dirigiu ao homem como Coronel e ajustou seu colarinho amassado. Ele citou uma peça antiga, dizendo que as jornadas terminam em encontros de amantes. Depois comentou que não achava que tinha visto o Coronel desde que o Coronel lhe prestara aquelas atenções quando Holmes estava deitado na saliência acima da Cascata de Reichenbach.

### Original English

“Ah, Colonel!” said Holmes, arranging his rumpled collar. “ ‘Journeys end in lovers’ meetings,’ as the old play says. I don’t think I have had the pleasure of seeing you since you favoured me with those attentions as I lay on the ledge above the Reichenbach Fall.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

O coronel continuou a encarar Holmes como se estivesse em transe. Tudo o que ele pôde fazer foi repetir que Holmes era um demônio astuto.

### Original English

The colonel still stared at my friend like a man in a trance. “You cunning, cunning fiend!” was all that he could say.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes disse que ainda não havia apresentado o Coronel. Ele explicou que o Coronel Sebastian Moran havia servido no Exército Indiano e era considerado o melhor caçador de caça grande que o Império já produzira. Holmes perguntou se seu recorde de caça a tigres continuava imbatível.

### Original English

“I have not introduced you yet,” said Holmes. “This, gentlemen, is Colonel Sebastian Moran, once of Her Majesty’s Indian Army, and the best heavy-game shot that our Eastern Empire has ever produced. I believe I am correct Colonel, in saying that your bag of tigers still remains unrivalled?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O velho permaneceu em silêncio, encarando Holmes ferozmente. Com seus olhos selvagens e bigode espesso, ele tinha uma surpreendente semelhança com um tigre.

### **Original English**

The fierce old man said nothing, but still glared at my companion. With his savage eyes and bristling moustache he was wonderfully like a tiger himself.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes expressou surpresa por um truque tão simples ter enganado um caçador experiente como Moran. Ele comparou à tática familiar de amarrar um cabrito debaixo de uma árvore e esperar para atirar no tigre. A casa vazia era sua árvore, Moran era o tigre, e os outros homens presentes eram suas armas de reserva, tornando o paralelo exato.

### **Original English**

"I wonder that my very simple stratagem could deceive so old a shikari," said Holmes. "It must be very familiar to you. Have you not tethered a young kid under a tree, lain above it with your rifle, and waited for the bait to bring up your tiger? This empty house is my tree, and you are my tiger. You have possibly had other guns in reserve in case there should be several tigers, or in the unlikely supposition of your own aim failing you. These," he pointed around, "are my other guns. The parallel is exact."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Coronel Moran avançou com um rosnado raivoso, mas os policiais o seguraram. A expressão de fúria em seu rosto era assustadora.

### **Original English**

Colonel Moran sprang forward with a snarl of rage, but the constables dragged him back. The fury upon his face was terrible to look at.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes admitiu que Moran lhe dera uma pequena surpresa. Ele não antecipara que Moran usaria a casa vazia e sua janela conveniente pessoalmente. Ele presumira que Moran agiria a partir da rua, onde seu amigo Lestrade e seus homens estavam esperando. Tirando isso, tudo havia corrido conforme suas expectativas.

### **Original English**

“I confess that you had one small surprise for me,” said Holmes. “I did not anticipate that you would yourself make use of this empty house and this convenient front window. I had imagined you as operating from the street, where my friend, Lestrade and his merry men were awaiting you. With that exception, all has gone as I expected.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Coronel Moran virou-se para o detetive oficial.

### **Original English**

Colonel Moran turned to the official detective.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Coronel Moran disse que o detetive poderia ou não ter justa causa para prendê-lo, mas que não havia razão para ele suportar os insultos daquela pessoa. Ele insistiu que, se estivesse nas mãos da lei, tudo deveria ser feito de maneira legal.

### **Original English**

“You may or may not have just cause for arresting me,” said he, “but at least there can be no reason why I should submit to the gibes of this

person. If I am in the hands of the law, let things be done in a legal way.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade concordou que o pedido era razoável e então perguntou a Holmes se ele tinha mais alguma coisa a dizer antes de partirem.

### **Original English**

“Well, that’s reasonable enough,” said Lestrade. “Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes havia pegado a poderosa espingarda de ar do chão e estava examinando seu mecanismo.

### **Original English**

Holmes had picked up the powerful airgun from the floor, and was examining its mechanism.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes descreveu a arma como admirável e única, silenciosa e de tremendo poder. Ele explicou que conhecia o mecânico alemão cego, Von Herder, que a havia construído para o falecido Professor Moriarty. Embora soubesse de sua existência há anos, nunca antes tivera a oportunidade de manuseá-la. Ele recomendou especialmente a arma e suas balas correspondentes à atenção de Lestrade.

### **Original English**

“An admirable and unique weapon,” said he, “noiseless and of tremendous power: I knew Von Herder, the blind German mechanic, who constructed it to the order of the late Professor Moriarty. For years I have been aware of its existence though I have never before had the opportunity of handling it. I commend it very specially to your attention, Lestrade and also the bullets

which fit it.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade garantiu a Holmes que eles cuidariam do assunto e, enquanto todos se dirigiam para a porta, perguntou se Holmes tinha mais algum comentário.

### **Original English**

“You can trust us to look after that, Mr. Holmes,” said Lestrade, as the whole party moved towards the door. “Anything further to say?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes respondeu perguntando de que acusação planejavam acusá-lo.

### **Original English**

“Only to ask what charge you intend to prefer?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade respondeu que a acusação era de tentativa de assassinato de Sherlock Holmes.

### **Original English**

“What charge, sir? Why, of course, the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes recusou-se a se envolver, afirmando que o crédito pela notável prisão pertencia inteiramente a Lestrade. Ele parabenizou Lestrade, observando que sua mistura típica de astúcia e ousadia havia garantido a captura.

### **Original English**

“Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you, and to you only, belongs the credit of the remarkable arrest which you have effected. Yes, Lestrade, I congratulate you! With your usual happy mixture of cunning and audacity, you have got him.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade perguntou a Holmes quem eles haviam capturado.

### **Original English**

“Got him! Got whom, Mr. Holmes?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou a Lestrade que o homem que a polícia procurava era o Coronel Sebastian Moran, que havia atirado no Honorável Ronald Adair com uma bala expansiva de uma pistola de ar comprimido. O tiro foi disparado através de uma janela aberta no segundo andar da frente de uma casa em Park Lane no dia 30 do mês anterior. Ele então se virou para Watson e sugeriu que, se ele pudesse tolerar a corrente de ar da janela quebrada, meia hora no escritório com um charuto poderia ser divertido.

### **Original English**

“The man that the whole force has been seeking in vain—Colonel Sebastian Moran, who shot the Honourable Ronald Adair with an expanding bullet from an airgun through the open window of the second-floor front of No. 427 Park Lane, upon the thirtieth of last month. That’s the charge, Lestrade. And now, Watson, if you can endure the draught from a broken window, I think that half an hour in my study over a

cigar may afford you some profitable amusement.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando Watson entrou, notou que os cômodos haviam sido mantidos arrumados por Mycroft Holmes e pela Sra. Hudson, mas tudo que era familiar permanecia. A mesa de produtos químicos, os livros de referência, o estojo de violino, o suporte de cachimbos e até mesmo o chinelo persa cheio de tabaco ainda estavam lá. Duas pessoas estavam na sala: a Sra. Hudson, que sorriu calorosamente, e um modelo de cera realista de Holmes que havia desempenhado um papel crucial no plano da noite. Vestido com um dos roupões velhos de Holmes, parecia perfeitamente real visto da rua.

### **Original English**

Our old chambers had been left unchanged through the supervision of Mycroft Holmes and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered I saw, it is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old landmarks were all in their place. There were the chemical corner and the acid-stained, deal-topped table. There upon a shelf was the row of formidable scrapbooks and books of reference which many of our fellow-citizens would have been so glad to burn. The diagrams, the violin-case, and the pipe-rack—even the Persian slipper which contained the tobacco—all met my eyes as I glanced round me. There were two occupants of the room—one, Mrs. Hudson, who beamed upon us both as we entered—the other, the strange dummy which had played so important a part in the evening’s adventures. It was a wax-coloured model of my friend, so admirably done that it was a perfect facsimile. It stood on a small pedestal table with an old dressing-gown of Holmes’s so draped round it that the illusion from the street was absolutely perfect.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes perguntou à Sra. Hudson se ela havia tomado todas as precauções necessárias.

**Original English**

“I hope you observed all precautions, Mrs. Hudson?” said Holmes.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A Sra. Hudson respondeu que havia seguido suas instruções exatamente, incluindo aproximar-se dele de joelhos.

**Original English**

“I went to it on my knees, sir, just as you told me.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes a elogiou por sua excelente execução e então perguntou se ela havia notado onde a bala havia caído.

**Original English**

“Excellent. You carried the thing out very well. Did you observe where the bullet went?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Sra. Hudson confirmou que a bala havia arruinado seu belo busto, pois atravessara completamente a cabeça e se achatara contra a parede. Ela a havia recuperado do tapete e a apresentou a ele.

**Original English**

“Yes, sir. I’m afraid it has spoilt your beautiful bust, for it passed right through the head and flattened itself on the wall. I picked it up from the carpet. Here it is!”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes mostrou a bala a Watson e observou que era uma bala de revólver macia, uma escolha inteligente porque ninguém esperaria tal projétil de uma arma de ar comprimido. Ele agradeceu à Sra. Hudson por sua ajuda e então convidou Watson a retomar seu lugar de costume, pois havia vários assuntos que desejava discutir.

**Original English**

Holmes held it out to me. "A soft revolver bullet, as you perceive, Watson. There's genius in that, for who would expect to find such a thing fired from an airgun? All right, Mrs. Hudson. I am much obliged for your assistance. And now, Watson, let me see you in your old seat once more, for there are several points which I should like to discuss with you."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele removeu o surrado casaco e agora aparecia como o Holmes dos tempos passados, vestindo o roupão cinza-ratinho que havia tirado do manequim de si mesmo.

**Original English**

He had thrown off the seedy frockcoat, and now he was the Holmes of old in the mouse-coloured dressing-gown which he took from his effigy.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele riu e observou que o nervo do velho caçador não fraquejara nem sua visão embotara, enquanto examinava a testa estilhaçada de seu busto.

**Original English**

"The old shikari's nerves have not lost their steadiness, nor his eyes their keenness," said he, with a laugh, as he inspected the shattered forehead of his bust.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele declarou que a bala havia atingido precisamente o centro da parte de trás da cabeça e passado direto pelo cérebro. O atirador era o melhor da Índia, e em Londres poucos poderiam rivalizar com ele. Então perguntou se Watson já ouvira o nome.

### **Original English**

“Plumb in the middle of the back of the head and smack through the brain. He was the best shot in India, and I expect that there are few better in London. Have you heard the name?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele afirmou que não tinha.

### **Original English**

“No, I have not.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele comentou sobre a natureza da fama e perguntou se o ouvinte já tinha ouvido falar do Professor James Moriarty, a quem descreveu como uma das maiores mentes do século. Em seguida, pediu que o ouvinte lhe entregasse seu índice de biografias da estante.

### **Original English**

“Well, well, such is fame! But, then, if I remember right, you had not heard the name of Professor James Moriarty, who had one of the great brains of the century. Just give me down my index of biographies from the shelf.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele virou as páginas lentamente, recostando-se na cadeira e soltando grandes nuvens de fumaça de seu charuto.

### **Original English**

He turned over the pages lazily, leaning back in his chair and blowing great clouds from his cigar.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele observou que sua coleção de nomes começando com M era excelente. Notou que só Moriarty já era suficiente para tornar qualquer letra famosa, e então listou Morgan, o envenenador, Merridew de terrível memória, Mathews, que havia nocauteado seu canino esquerdo na sala de espera de Charing Cross, e finalmente a pessoa que eles encontrariam naquela noite.

### **Original English**

“My collection of M’s is a fine one,” said he. “Moriarty himself is enough to make any letter illustrious, and here is Morgan the poisoner, and Merridew of abominable memory, and Mathews, who knocked out my left canine in the waiting-room at Charing Cross, and, finally, here is our friend of tonight.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele entregou o livro ao narrador, que então leu a entrada.

### **Original English**

He handed over the book, and I read:

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Coronel Sebastian Moran, atualmente desempregado, serviu anteriormente no 1º Batalhão de Pioneiros de Bangalore. Nascido em Londres em 1840, era filho de Sir Augustus Moran, ex-ministro britânico na Pérsia. Educado em Eton e Oxford, participou de várias campanhas militares, incluindo Jowaki, Afeganistão, Charasiab, Sherpur e Cabul, e foi autor de dois livros: *Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas* (1881) e *Three Months in the Jungle* (1884). Residia na Conduit Street e era membro dos clubes Anglo-Indian, Tankerville e Bagatelle Card.

### **Original English**

Moran, Sebastian, Colonel. Unemployed. Formerly 1st Bangalore Pioneers. Born London, 1840. Son of Sir Augustus Moran, C. B., once British Minister to Persia. Educated Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki Campaign, Afghan Campaign, Charasiab (despatches), Sherpur, and Cabul. Author of *Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas* (1881); *Three Months in the Jungle* (1884). Address: Conduit Street. Clubs: The Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, the Bagatelle Card Club.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Na margem, Holmes havia adicionado uma nota com sua característica caligrafia precisa.

### **Original English**

On the margin was written, in Holmes's precise hand:

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A nota descrevia o Coronel Moran como o segundo homem mais perigoso de Londres.

### **Original English**

The second most dangerous man in London.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Externou meu espanto ao devolver o volume, comentando que a carreira do homem parecia ser a de um soldado honrado.

### **Original English**

“This is astonishing,” said I, as I handed back the volume. “The man’s career is that of an honourable soldier.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes reconheceu que, até certo ponto, Moran havia se saído bem, observando que ele sempre fora um homem de nervos de aço. Ele contou uma história ainda contada na Índia sobre como Moran rastejou por um dreno atrás de um tigre comedor de homens ferido. Holmes então observou que algumas árvores atingem uma certa altura e de repente desenvolvem uma excentricidade feia, um fenômeno frequentemente visto em humanos. Ele explicou sua teoria de que o desenvolvimento de um indivíduo recapitula toda a procissão de seus ancestrais, e que uma virada repentina para o bem ou para o mal reflete uma forte influência que entra na linha familiar. A pessoa se torna, por assim dizer, um epítome de sua própria história familiar.

### **Original English**

“It is true,” Holmes answered. “Up to a certain point he did well. He was always a man of iron nerve, and the story is still told in India how he crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height, and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele observou que a ideia parecia um tanto fantasiosa.

### **Original English**

“It is surely rather fanciful.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou que o Coronel Moran, após fracassar na Índia, veio para Londres e ganhou uma má reputação. Moriarty o recrutou como tenente-chefe, usando-o para crimes de alto nível que criminosos comuns não poderiam realizar. Moran foi suspeito na morte da Sra. Stewart em 1887, mas nunca foi provado. Holmes, ciente da habilidade de Moran com uma arma de ar especial, tomou precauções mesmo depois que a gangue de Moriarty foi desmantelada. Moran os seguiu até a Suíça e atacou Holmes na saliência de Reichenbach.

### **Original English**

“Well, I don’t insist upon it. Whatever the cause, Colonel Moran began to go wrong. Without any open scandal, he still made India too hot to hold him. He retired, came to London, and again acquired an evil name. It was at this time that he was sought out by Professor Moriarty, to whom for a time he was chief of the staff. Moriarty supplied him liberally with money, and used him only in one or two very high-class jobs, which no ordinary criminal could have undertaken. You may have some recollection of the death of Mrs. Stewart, of Lauder, in 1887. Not? Well, I am sure Moran was at the bottom of it, but nothing could be proved. So cleverly was the colonel concealed that, even when the Moriarty gang was broken up, we could not incriminate him. You remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of airguns? No doubt you thought me fanciful. I knew exactly what I was doing, for I knew of the existence of this remarkable gun, and I knew also that one of the best shots in the world would be behind it. When we were in Switzerland he followed us with Moriarty, and it was undoubtedly he who gave me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes contou que lia jornais na França esperando capturar Moran. Enquanto Moran estivesse livre, Holmes se sentia em perigo. Ele não podia agir apenas com suspeitas, então esperou. O assassinato de Ronald Adair lhe deu a oportunidade. Holmes tinha certeza de que Moran havia atirado em Adair após um jogo de cartas. Ele voltou a Londres, sabendo que Moran se alarmaria e tentaria matá-lo. Holmes montou um posto de observação, sem esperar que Moran atacasse do mesmo local.

### Original English

“You may think that I read the papers with some attention during my sojourn in France, on the lookout for any chance of laying him by the heels. So long as he was free in London, my life would really not have been worth living. Night and day the shadow would have been over me, and sooner or later his chance must have come. What could I do? I could not shoot him at sight, or I should myself be in the dock. There was no use appealing to a magistrate. They cannot interfere on the strength of what would appear to them to be a wild suspicion. So I could do nothing. But I watched the criminal news, knowing that sooner or later I should get him. Then came the death of this Ronald Adair. My chance had come at last. Knowing what I did, was it not certain that Colonel Moran had done it? He had played cards with the lad, he had followed him home from the club, he had shot him through the open window. There was not a doubt of it. The bullets alone are enough to put his head in a noose. I came over at once. I was seen by the sentinel, who would, I knew, direct the colonel’s attention to my presence. He could not fail to connect my sudden return with his crime, and to be terribly alarmed. I was sure that he would make an attempt to get me out of the way at once, and would bring round his murderous weapon for that purpose. I left him an excellent mark in the window, and, having warned the police that they might be needed—by the way, Watson, you spotted their presence in that doorway with unerring accuracy—I took up what seemed to me to be a judicious post for observation, never dreaming that he would choose the same spot for his attack. Now, my dear Watson, does anything remain for me to explain?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson pediu a Holmes que esclarecesse o motivo do Coronel Moran para assassinar Ronald Adair.

### **Original English**

“Yes,” said I. “You have not made it clear what was Colonel Moran’s motive in murdering the Honourable Ronald Adair?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes admitiu que estavam entrando no reino da conjectura, onde mesmo a mente mais lógica poderia se enganar, e permitiu que a hipótese de Watson pudesse ser tão boa quanto a sua.

### **Original English**

“Ah! my dear Watson, there we come into those realms of conjecture, where the most logical mind may be at fault. Each may form his own hypothesis upon the present evidence, and yours is as likely to be correct as mine.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele perguntou se eu havia chegado a uma conclusão.

### **Original English**

“You have formed one, then?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele explicou que o coronel Moran e o jovem Adair haviam ganhado uma grande quantia de dinheiro juntos. Ele suspeitava há muito tempo que Moran trapaceava nas cartas e acreditava que, no dia do assassinato, Adair o havia pego. Adair provavelmente falou em particular com Moran e ameaçou expô-lo a menos que ele renunciasse ao clube e promettesse

nunca mais jogar cartas. Um jovem como Adair provavelmente não quereria causar um escândalo ao acusar publicamente um homem mais velho e conhecido. Moran, que dependia dos ganhos desonestos das cartas para viver, teria sido arruinado pela expulsão de seus clubes, então ele assassinou Adair. Na época, Adair tentava calcular quanto dinheiro deveria devolver, já que não poderia ficar com os lucros da trapaça de seu parceiro. Ele havia trancado a porta para não ser perturbado pelas senhoras. Ele então perguntou se essa explicação era satisfatória.

### Original English

"I think that it is not difficult to explain the facts. It came out in evidence that Colonel Moran and young Adair had, between them, won a considerable amount of money. Now, Moran undoubtedly played foul—of that I have long been aware. I believe that on the day of the murder Adair had discovered that Moran was cheating. Very likely he had spoken to him privately, and had threatened to expose him unless he voluntarily resigned his membership of the club, and promised not to play cards again. It is unlikely that a youngster like Adair would at once make a hideous scandal by exposing a well known man so much older than himself. Probably he acted as I suggest. The exclusion from his clubs would mean ruin to Moran, who lived by his ill-gotten card-gains. He therefore murdered Adair, who at the time was endeavouring to work out how much money he should himself return, since he could not profit by his partner's foul play. He locked the door lest the ladies should surprise him and insist upon knowing what he was doing with these names and coins. Will it pass?"

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Ele expressou certeza de que eu havia descoberto a verdade.

### Original English

"I have no doubt that you have hit upon the truth."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele disse que o julgamento verificaria ou refutaria a teoria. Enquanto isso, acontecesse o que acontecesse, o coronel Moran não seria mais um problema. A famosa arma de ar comprimido de Von Herder se tornaria uma peça de exibição no Museu da Scotland Yard, e o Sr. Sherlock Holmes estaria novamente livre para se dedicar a investigar os intrigantes pequenos problemas que a vida complexa de Londres oferece tão abundantemente.

### **Original English**

“It will be verified or disproved at the trial. Meanwhile, come what may, Colonel Moran will trouble us no more. The famous airgun of Von Herder will embellish the Scotland Yard Museum, and once again Mr. Sherlock Holmes is free to devote his life to examining those interesting little problems which the complex life of London so plentifully presents.”

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# **The Adventure of the Norwood Builder**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sherlock Holmes comentou que, do ponto de vista de um especialista em crimes, Londres havia se tornado uma cidade notavelmente monótona desde a morte do falecido professor Moriarty.

### **Original English**

“From the point of view of the criminal expert,” said Mr. Sherlock Holmes, “London has become a singularly uninteresting city since the death of the late lamented Professor Moriarty.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Eu respondi que duvidava que muitas pessoas respeitáveis compartilhassem de sua opinião.

### Original English

“I can hardly think that you would find many decent citizens to agree with you,” I answered.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele sorriu e disse que não deveria ser egoísta, então comentou que a sociedade se beneficiava enquanto apenas o especialista desempregado perdia. Ele lembrou que, com aquele homem ativo, o jornal da manhã oferecia infinitas possibilidades. Muitas vezes, um traço minúsculo era suficiente para revelar a grande mente criminoso, como os mais leves tremores da teia denunciando a aranha. Pequenos crimes, agressões, violência sem sentido — tudo podia ser conectado por quem detinha a pista. Para um estudante do mundo criminal superior, nenhuma capital europeia oferecia tantas vantagens como Londres naquela época. Mas agora — ele deu de ombros, reconhecendo humoristicamente seu próprio papel em provocar essa situação.

### Original English

“Well, well, I must not be selfish,” said he, with a smile, as he pushed back his chair from the breakfast-table. “The community is certainly the gainer, and no one the loser, save the poor out-of-work specialist, whose occupation has gone. With that man in the field, one’s morning paper presented infinite possibilities. Often it was only the smallest trace, Watson, the faintest indication, and yet it was enough to tell me that the great malignant brain was there, as the gentlest tremors of the edges of the web remind one of the foul spider which lurks in the centre. Petty thefts, wanton assaults, purposeless outrage—to the man who held the clue all could be worked into one connected whole. To the scientific student of the higher criminal world, no capital in Europe offered the advantages which London then possessed. But now—” He shrugged his shoulders in humorous deprecation of the state of things which he had himself done so much to produce.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Naquela época, Holmes já estava de volta há vários meses, e a seu pedido eu havia vendido meu consultório e retornado ao nosso antigo aposento em Baker Street. Um jovem médico chamado Verner comprou meu pequeno consultório em Kensington, concordando com surpreendentemente pouca hesitação com o preço mais alto que ousei pedir. Isso só fez sentido anos depois, quando descobri que Verner era um parente distante de Holmes e que meu amigo na verdade havia fornecido o dinheiro.

### **Original English**

At the time of which I speak, Holmes had been back for some months, and I at his request had sold my practice and returned to share the old quarters in Baker Street. A young doctor, named Verner, had purchased my small Kensington practice, and given with astonishingly little demur the highest price that I ventured to ask—an incident which only explained itself some years later, when I found that Verner was a distant relation of Holmes, and that it was my friend who had really found the money.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nossos meses juntos não haviam sido tão tranquilos quanto ele afirmava, pois minhas anotações mostram que esse período incluiu o caso dos papéis do ex-presidente Murillo e o chocante incidente do navio a vapor holandês Friesland, que quase custou a vida de nós dois. Ainda assim, sua natureza fria e orgulhosa sempre evitou elogios públicos, e ele me obrigou estritamente a não dizer mais nada sobre si mesmo, seus métodos ou seus sucessos — uma proibição que, como expliquei, só agora foi suspensa.

### **Original English**

Our months of partnership had not been so uneventful as he had stated, for I find, on looking over my notes, that this period includes the case of the papers of ex-President Murillo, and also the shocking affair of the Dutch steamship Friesland, which so nearly cost us both our lives. His cold and proud nature was always averse, however, from anything in the shape of public applause, and he bound me in the most stringent terms to say no

further word of himself, his methods, or his successes—a prohibition which, as I have explained, has only now been removed.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Sr. Sherlock Holmes estava recostado em sua cadeira após seu protesto caprichoso, desdobrando calmamente seu jornal matinal, quando nossa atenção foi atraída por um toque estrondoso da campainha, seguido imediatamente por um som oco como se alguém estivesse batendo na porta da rua com o punho. Quando a porta se abriu, uma entrada tumultuada invadiu o hall, pés rápidos subiram as escadas e, um instante depois, um jovem de olhar selvagem e frenético, pálido, desgrenhado e ofegante, irrompeu na sala. Ele olhou de um para outro de nós e, sob nosso olhar inquisidor, percebeu que era necessário um pedido de desculpas por aquela entrada sem cerimônia.

### **Original English**

Mr. Sherlock Holmes was leaning back in his chair after his whimsical protest, and was unfolding his morning paper in a leisurely fashion, when our attention was arrested by a tremendous ring at the bell, followed immediately by a hollow drumming sound, as if someone were beating on the outer door with his fist. As it opened there came a tumultuous rush into the hall, rapid feet clattered up the stair, and an instant later a wild-eyed and frantic young man, pale, disheveled, and palpitating, burst into the room. He looked from one to the other of us, and under our gaze of inquiry he became conscious that some apology was needed for this unceremonious entry.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O homem gritou e pediu desculpas ao Sr. Holmes, insistindo que não deveria ser culpado. Ele disse que estava quase louco e se identificou como o infeliz John Hector McFarlane.

### **Original English**

“I’m sorry, Mr. Holmes,” he cried. “You mustn’t blame me. I am nearly mad. Mr. Holmes, I am the unhappy John Hector McFarlane.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele disse seu nome como se ele sozinho explicasse sua visita e seu comportamento agitado, mas o narrador observou que a expressão de Holmes permaneceu inalterada, indicando que o nome era tão sem sentido para ele quanto para o narrador.

### **Original English**

He made the announcement as if the name alone would explain both his visit and its manner, but I could see, by my companion's unresponsive face, that it meant no more to him than to me.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes ofereceu um cigarro ao Sr. McFarlane e observou que o Dr. Watson provavelmente receitaria um sedativo dado seu estado. Ele notou o clima quente e então pediu a McFarlane que se sentasse e explicasse calmamente quem era e o que queria. Holmes acrescentou que, além de observar que McFarlane era solteiro, advogado, maçom e asmático, não sabia nada sobre ele.

### **Original English**

"Have a cigarette, Mr. McFarlane," said he, pushing his case across. "I am sure that, with your symptoms, my friend Dr. Watson here would prescribe a sedative. The weather has been so very warm these last few days. Now, if you feel a little more composed, I should be glad if you would sit down in that chair, and tell us very slowly and quietly who you are, and what it is that you want. You mentioned your name, as if I should recognize it, but I assure you that, beyond the obvious facts that you are a bachelor, a solicitor, a Freemason, and an asthmatic, I know nothing whatever about you."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Embora o narrador conhecesse os métodos dedutivos de Holmes e pudesse ver as pistas na roupa desarrumada de McFarlane, nos papéis legais, no pingente do relógio e na respiração difícil, o próprio cliente ficou surpreso com as observações de Holmes.

### **Original English**

Familiar as I was with my friend's methods, it was not difficult for me to follow his deductions, and to observe the untidiness of attire, the sheaf of legal papers, the watch-charm, and the breathing which had prompted them. Our client, however, stared in amazement.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

McFarlane confirmou as deduções de Holmes e declarou-se o homem mais infeliz de Londres naquele momento. Ele implorou a Holmes que não o abandonasse e, se a polícia viesse prendê-lo antes de terminar sua história, que pedisse tempo para que pudesse contar toda a verdade. McFarlane disse que ficaria contente em ir para a prisão sabendo que Holmes estava trabalhando em seu favor.

### **Original English**

"Yes, I am all that, Mr. Holmes; and, in addition, I am the most unfortunate man at this moment in London. For heaven's sake, don't abandon me, Mr. Holmes! If they come to arrest me before I have finished my story, make them give me time, so that I may tell you the whole truth. I could go to jail happy if I knew that you were working for me outside."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes respondeu que a ideia de prendê-lo era muito interessante e perguntou de que crime o homem esperava ser acusado.

### **Original English**

"Arrest you!" said Holmes. "This is really most grati—most interesting. On what charge do you expect to be arrested?"

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O visitante respondeu que a acusação era homicídio do Sr. Jonas Oldacre, de Lower Norwood.

**Original English**

“Upon the charge of murdering Mr. Jonas Oldacre, of Lower Norwood.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A expressão de Watson revelou simpatia, mas também, ele teve que admitir, um toque de satisfação.

**Original English**

My companion’s expressive face showed a sympathy which was not, I am afraid, entirely unmixed with satisfaction.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes observou que ele acabara de comentar com Watson no café da manhã que casos sensacionais haviam desaparecido dos jornais.

**Original English**

“Dear me,” said he, “it was only this moment at breakfast that I was saying to my friend, Dr. Watson, that sensational cases had disappeared out of our papers.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O visitante estendeu uma mão trêmula e pegou o Daily Telegraph, que ainda estava sobre o joelho de Holmes.

### **Original English**

Our visitor stretched forward a quivering hand and picked up the Daily Telegraph, which still lay upon Holmes's knee.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Um homem angustiado foi visitar Sherlock Holmes, convencido de que todos sabiam de seu infortúnio. Ele mostrou a Holmes a página central de um jornal, dizendo que a polícia estava seguindo uma pista que inevitavelmente levaria à sua prisão. Ele estava extremamente preocupado com o efeito disso sobre sua mãe e tremia de medo enquanto falava.

### **Original English**

"If you had looked at it, sir, you would have seen at a glance what the errand is on which I have come to you this morning. I feel as if my name and my misfortune must be in every man's mouth." He turned it over to expose the central page. "Here it is, and with your permission I will read it to you. Listen to this, Mr. Holmes. The headlines are: 'Mysterious Affair at Lower Norwood. Disappearance of a Well Known Builder. Suspicion of Murder and Arson. A Clue to the Criminal.' That is the clue which they are already following, Mr. Holmes, and I know that it leads infallibly to me. I have been followed from London Bridge Station, and I am sure that they are only waiting for the warrant to arrest me. It will break my mother's heart—it will break her heart!" He wrung his hands in an agony of apprehension, and swayed backward and forward in his chair.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador estudou o homem acusado de cometer um crime violento. Ele tinha cerca de vinte e sete anos, cabelos claros, olhos azuis pálidos e um rosto barbeado com uma boca fraca e sensível. Parecia um cavalheiro e, do bolso do casaco, papéis oficiais mostravam sua profissão.

### **Original English**

I looked with interest upon this man, who was accused of being the perpetrator of a crime of violence. He was flaxen-haired and handsome, in a washed-out negative fashion, with frightened blue eyes, and a clean-shaven face, with a weak, sensitive mouth. His age may have been about twenty-seven, his dress and bearing that of a gentleman. From the pocket of his light summer overcoat protruded the bundle of endorsed papers which proclaimed his profession.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes disse que eles tinham que aproveitar ao máximo o tempo que tinham e pediu a Watson que pegasse o jornal e lesse o parágrafo relevante.

### **Original English**

“We must use what time we have,” said Holmes. “Watson, would you have the kindness to take the paper and to read the paragraph in question?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Abaixo das manchetes dramáticas que seu cliente havia citado, o narrador encontrou a seguinte história.

### **Original English**

Underneath the vigorous headlines which our client had quoted, I read the following suggestive narrative:

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## Pt/En

### Português

O jornal noticiou um incidente grave em Lower Norwood no final daquela noite ou no início da manhã. O Sr. Jonas Oldacre, um solteirão de cinquenta e dois anos e construtor conhecido, morava sozinho na Casa Deep Dene. Ele era conhecido por ser reservado e havia enriquecido com seu negócio, do qual havia se afastado em grande parte. Por volta da meia-noite, um incêndio começou em seu depósito de madeira. Embora os bombeiros tenham chegado rapidamente, a madeira seca queimava com fúria, e a pilha foi completamente destruída. O incidente inicialmente parecia acidental, mas logo sugeriu um crime grave. O Sr. Oldacre não foi encontrado em lugar nenhum. Sua cama não havia sido usada, seu cofre estava aberto, papéis importantes estavam espalhados e havia sinais de luta, incluindo um pouco de sangue e uma bengala com sangue no cabo. A bengala foi identificada como pertencente a um jovem advogado londrino chamado John Hector McFarlane, que havia visitado o Sr. Oldacre naquela noite. A polícia acreditava ter fortes evidências e um motivo, e esperava novos desdobramentos.

### Original English

"Late last night, or early this morning, an incident occurred at Lower Norwood which points, it is feared, to a serious crime. Mr. Jonas Oldacre is a well known resident of that suburb, where he has carried on his business as a builder for many years. Mr. Oldacre is a bachelor, fifty-two years of age, and lives in Deep Dene House, at the Sydenham end of the road of that name. He has had the reputation of being a man of eccentric habits, secretive and retiring. For some years he has practically withdrawn from the business, in which he is said to have massed considerable wealth. A small timber-yard still exists, however, at the back of the house, and last night, about twelve o'clock, an alarm was given that one of the stacks was on fire. The engines were soon upon the spot, but the dry wood burned with great fury, and it was impossible to arrest the conflagration until the stack had been entirely consumed. Up to this point the incident bore the appearance of an ordinary accident, but fresh indications seem to point to serious crime. Surprise was expressed at the absence of the master of the establishment from the scene of the fire, and an inquiry followed, which showed that he had disappeared from the house. An examination of his room revealed that the bed had not been slept in, that a safe which stood in it was open, that a number of important papers were scattered about the room, and finally, that there were signs of a murderous struggle, slight traces of blood being found within the room, and an oaken walking-stick,

which also showed stains of blood upon the handle. It is known that Mr. Jonas Oldacre had received a late visitor in his bedroom upon that night, and the stick found has been identified as the property of this person, who is a young London solicitor named John Hector McFarlane, junior partner of Graham and McFarlane, of 426 Gresham Buildings, E. C. The police believe that they have evidence in their possession which supplies a very convincing motive for the crime, and altogether it cannot be doubted that sensational developments will follow.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Foi relatado que o Sr. John Hector McFarlane havia sido preso pelo assassinato do Sr. Jonas Oldacre, e um mandado de prisão havia sido emitido. Outros desenvolvimentos sinistros na investigação em Norwood incluíram sinais de luta no quarto do construtor, bem como a descoberta de que as janelas francesas no térreo estavam abertas, com marcas sugerindo que um objeto pesado havia sido arrastado em direção a uma pilha de lenha. Além disso, restos carbonizados foram encontrados entre as cinzas de uma fogueira. A teoria da polícia era que a vítima havia sido espancada até a morte em seu próprio quarto, seus papéis roubados e seu corpo arrastado até a pilha de lenha, que foi então incendiada para esconder as evidências. O Inspetor Lestrade da Scotland Yard, conhecido por sua energia e habilidade, estava liderando a investigação.

### **Original English**

"Later.—It is rumoured as we go to press that Mr. John Hector McFarlane has actually been arrested on the charge of the murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre. It is at least certain that a warrant has been issued. There have been further and sinister developments in the investigation at Norwood. Besides the signs of a struggle in the room of the unfortunate builder it is now known that the French windows of his bedroom (which is on the ground floor) were found to be open, that there were marks as if some bulky object had been dragged across to the woodpile, and, finally, it is asserted that charred remains have been found among the charcoal ashes of the fire. The police theory is that a most sensational crime has been committed, that the victim was clubbed to death in his own bedroom, his papers rifled, and his dead body dragged across to the wood-stack, which was then ignited so as to hide all traces of the crime. The conduct of the criminal investigation has been left in the experienced hands of Inspector Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, who is following up the clues with his

accustomed energy and sagacity.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sherlock Holmes ouviu atentamente este relato extraordinário, com os olhos fechados e as pontas dos dedos unidas.

### **Original English**

Sherlock Holmes listened with closed eyes and fingertips together to this remarkable account.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes comentou que o caso certamente tinha alguns pontos de interesse. Ele então perguntou ao Sr. McFarlane como era que ele ainda estava em liberdade, já que parecia haver provas suficientes para justificar sua prisão.

### **Original English**

“The case has certainly some points of interest,” said he, in his languid fashion. “May I ask, in the first place, Mr. McFarlane, how it is that you are still at liberty, since there appears to be enough evidence to justify your arrest?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

McFarlane explicou que morava com seus pais em Torrington Lodge, em Blackheath, mas que, devido à necessidade de realizar negócios muito tarde com o Sr. Jonas Oldacre, havia se hospedado em um hotel em Norwood e ido para seu escritório de lá. Disse que não sabia nada sobre o assunto até ler o jornal no trem, e imediatamente percebeu o terrível perigo de sua situação, então correu para colocar seu caso nas mãos de Holmes. Acreditava que teria sido preso tanto em seu escritório na cidade quanto em sua casa. Acrescentou que um homem o seguiu da Estação London Bridge e então exclamou subitamente em alarme.

### Original English

“I live at Torrington Lodge, Blackheath, with my parents, Mr. Holmes, but last night, having to do business very late with Mr. Jonas Oldacre, I stayed at an hotel in Norwood, and came to my business from there. I knew nothing of this affair until I was in the train, when I read what you have just heard. I at once saw the horrible danger of my position, and I hurried to put the case into your hands. I have no doubt that I should have been arrested either at my city office or at my home. A man followed me from London Bridge Station, and I have no doubt—Great heaven! what is that?”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Uma campainha alta tocou, seguida imediatamente por passos pesados nas escadas. Momentos depois, seu velho amigo, o inspetor Lestrade, apareceu na porta, e por cima de seu ombro eles puderam ver um ou dois policiais uniformizados do lado de fora.

### Original English

It was a clang of the bell, followed instantly by heavy steps upon the stair. A moment later, our old friend Lestrade appeared in the doorway. Over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of one or two uniformed policemen outside.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Lestrade dirigiu-se ao homem como Sr. John Hector McFarlane.

### Original English

“Mr. John Hector McFarlane?” said Lestrade.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O infeliz cliente levantou-se, com o rosto pálido como a morte.

### **Original English**

Our unfortunate client rose with a ghastly face.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade informou-o de que estava preso pelo assassinato deliberado do Sr. Jonas Oldacre, de Lower Norwood.

### **Original English**

“I arrest you for the wilful murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre, of Lower Norwood.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

McFarlane virou-se para eles com um gesto de desespero e desabou de volta em sua cadeira como se estivesse completamente derrotado.

### **Original English**

McFarlane turned to us with a gesture of despair, and sank into his chair once more like one who is crushed.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes pediu a Lestrade que esperasse, destacando que meia hora a mais ou a menos não faria diferença para ele e que McFarlane estava prestes a fornecer um relato do intrigante caso, o que poderia ajudar a resolvê-lo.

### **Original English**

“One moment, Lestrade,” said Holmes. “Half an hour more or less can make no difference to you, and the gentleman was about to give us an account of this very interesting affair, which might aid us in clearing it up.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade afirmou sombriamente que acreditava que não haveria dificuldade em resolver o assunto.

### **Original English**

“I think there will be no difficulty in clearing it up,” said Lestrade, grimly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No entanto, com a permissão de Lestrade, o falante expressou grande interesse em ouvir a história do prisioneiro.

### **Original English**

“None the less, with your permission, I should be much interested to hear his account.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade disse ao Sr. Holmes que achava difícil recusá-lo, já que Holmes havia ajudado a polícia antes e eles lhe deviam um favor. Ele acrescentou que tinha que ficar com o prisioneiro e era obrigado a avisá-lo de que qualquer coisa que dissesse poderia ser usada como evidência.

### **Original English**

“Well, Mr. Holmes, it is difficult for me to refuse you anything, for you have been of use to the force once or twice in the past, and we owe you a good turn at Scotland Yard,” said Lestrade. “At the same time I must remain with my prisoner, and I am bound to warn him that anything he may say will appear in evidence against him.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nosso cliente respondeu que não desejava nada mais do que eles ouvissem e reconhecessem a verdade completa.

### **Original English**

“I wish nothing better,” said our client. “All I ask is that you should hear and recognize the absolute truth.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade olhou para o relógio e disse que lhes daria meia hora.

### **Original English**

Lestrade looked at his watch. “I’ll give you half an hour,” said he.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

McFarlane começou explicando que não tinha nenhum conhecimento prévio do Sr. Jonas Oldacre; ele só conhecia o nome porque seus pais o haviam conhecido muitos anos atrás, embora tivessem perdido contato desde então. Ele ficou, portanto, muito surpreso quando Oldacre visitou seu escritório na cidade por volta das três horas da tarde anterior. Sua surpresa aumentou quando Oldacre revelou o propósito de sua visita. Oldacre tinha várias páginas de um caderno cobertas de escritos rabiscados, que colocou na mesa de McFarlane.

### **Original English**

“I must explain first,” said McFarlane, “that I knew nothing of Mr. Jonas Oldacre. His name was familiar to me, for many years ago my parents were acquainted with him, but they drifted apart. I was very much surprised therefore, when yesterday, about three o’clock in the afternoon, he walked into my office in the city. But I was still more astonished when he told me the object of his visit. He had in his hand several sheets of a notebook, covered with scribbled writing—here they are—and he laid them on my table.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Oldacre afirmou que as páginas constituíam seu testamento e pediu a McFarlane que o colocasse em forma legal adequada. Ele disse que esperaria ali enquanto McFarlane o fizesse.

### Original English

“ ‘Here is my will,’ said he. ‘I want you, Mr. McFarlane, to cast it into proper legal shape. I will sit here while you do so.’

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## Pt/En

### Português

McFarlane começou a copiá-lo e ficou surpreso ao descobrir que, com algumas ressalvas, Oldacre havia deixado toda a sua propriedade para ele. Oldacre, um homenzinho estranho com cílios brancos e olhos cinzentos perspicazes, observava-o com uma expressão divertida. Incapaz de acreditar no que lia, McFarlane ouviu Oldacre explicar que era solteiro, sem praticamente parentes vivos, que conhecera os pais de McFarlane na juventude e que sempre ouvira dizer que McFarlane era um jovem merecedor, confiante de que seu dinheiro estaria em boas mãos. McFarlane apenas conseguiu balbuciar seus agradecimentos. O testamento foi devidamente concluído, assinado e testemunhado pelo funcionário de McFarlane. Oldacre então informou que havia numerosos documentos — arrendamentos de construção, escrituras de propriedade, hipotecas, ações e assim por diante — que McFarlane precisava revisar e entender. Ele disse que sua mente não ficaria tranquila até que tudo estivesse resolvido e pediu a McFarlane que fosse à sua casa em Norwood naquela noite, trazendo o testamento, para acertar as coisas. Ele insistiu que McFarlane não dissesse nada aos pais até que tudo estivesse resolvido, querendo que fosse uma surpresa. Ele fez McFarlane prometer fielmente.

### Original English

“I set myself to copy it, and you can imagine my astonishment when I found that, with some reservations, he had left all his property to me. He was a strange little ferret-like man, with white eyelashes, and when I looked up at him I found his keen gray eyes fixed upon me with an amused expression. I could hardly believe my own as I read the terms of the will; but he

explained that he was a bachelor with hardly any living relation, that he had known my parents in his youth, and that he had always heard of me as a very deserving young man, and was assured that his money would be in worthy hands. Of course, I could only stammer out my thanks. The will was duly finished, signed, and witnessed by my clerk. This is it on the blue paper, and these slips, as I have explained, are the rough draft. Mr. Jonas Oldacre then informed me that there were a number of documents—building leases, title-deeds, mortgages, scrip, and so forth—which it was necessary that I should see and understand. He said that his mind would not be easy until the whole thing was settled, and he begged me to come out to his house at Norwood that night, bringing the will with me, and to arrange matters. ‘Remember, my boy, not one word to your parents about the affair until everything is settled. We will keep it as a little surprise for them.’ He was very insistent upon this point, and made me promise it faithfully.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

McFarlane disse a Holmes que não estava disposto a recusar nada que seu benfeitor pedisse; seu único desejo era cumprir os desejos de Oldacre em todos os detalhes. Portanto, ele enviou um telegrama para casa dizendo que tinha negócios importantes e não podia dizer a que horas voltaria. Oldacre havia mencionado que gostaria que McFarlane jantasse com ele às nove, pois talvez não estivesse em casa antes disso. No entanto, McFarlane teve dificuldade em encontrar a casa e chegou por volta das nove e meia. Ele então encontrou Oldacre...

### **Original English**

“You can imagine, Mr. Holmes, that I was not in a humour to refuse him anything that he might ask. He was my benefactor, and all my desire was to carry out his wishes in every particular. I sent a telegram home, therefore, to say that I had important business on hand, and that it was impossible for me to say how late I might be. Mr. Oldacre had told me that he would like me to have supper with him at nine, as he might not be home before that hour. I had some difficulty in finding his house, however, and it was nearly half-past before I reached it. I found him—”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes interrompeu, perguntando quem tinha aberto a porta.

**Original English**

“One moment!” said Holmes. “Who opened the door?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele a descreveu como uma mulher de meia-idade que ele acreditava ser a governanta.

**Original English**

“A middle-aged woman, who was, I suppose, his housekeeper.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou se foi aquela mulher que mencionou o nome da outra pessoa.

**Original English**

“And it was she, I presume, who mentioned your name?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

McFarlane confirmou que isso estava correto.

**Original English**

“Exactly,” said McFarlane.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele convidou McFarlane a continuar.

**Original English**

“Pray proceed.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

McFarlane enxugou a testa úmida e retomou sua história.

**Original English**

McFarlane wiped his damp brow, and then continued his narrative:

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A mulher me levou a uma sala de estar onde um jantar simples estava preparado. Mais tarde, o Sr. Jonas Oldacre me conduziu ao seu quarto, onde havia um cofre pesado. Ele o abriu e retirou uma grande quantidade de documentos, que examinamos juntos. Terminamos entre onze e meia-noite. Ele disse que não deveríamos incomodar a governanta, e então me levou para fora pela janela francesa, que havia permanecido aberta o tempo todo.

**Original English**

“I was shown by this woman into a sitting-room, where a frugal supper was laid out. Afterwards, Mr. Jonas Oldacre led me into his bedroom, in which there stood a heavy safe. This he opened and took out a mass of documents, which we went over together. It was between eleven and twelve when we finished. He remarked that we must not disturb the housekeeper. He showed me out through his own French window, which had been open all this time.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes perguntou se a persiana havia sido abaixada.

### **Original English**

“Was the blind down?” asked Holmes.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele não tinha certeza, mas acreditava que a persiana estava apenas pela metade. Lembrou que Oldacre a puxou para cima para abrir a janela. Não conseguiu encontrar sua bengala, e Oldacre lhe disse para não se preocupar, dizendo que esperava vê-lo bastante e que guardaria a bengala até ele voltar. Ele deixou Oldacre com o cofre ainda aberto e os documentos organizados em pacotes sobre a mesa. Era tarde demais para voltar a Blackheath, então passou a noite no Anerley Arms e não soube mais nada até ler sobre o terrível acontecimento na manhã seguinte.

### **Original English**

“I will not be sure, but I believe that it was only half down. Yes, I remember how he pulled it up in order to swing open the window. I could not find my stick, and he said, ‘Never mind, my boy, I shall see a good deal of you now, I hope, and I will keep your stick until you come back to claim it.’ I left him there, the safe open, and the papers made up in packets upon the table. It was so late that I could not get back to Blackheath, so I spent the night at the Anerley Arms, and I knew nothing more until I read of this horrible affair in the morning.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade perguntou a Holmes se ele tinha mais alguma pergunta, pois suas sobrancelhas haviam se erguido mais de uma vez durante o relato extraordinário.

### **Original English**

“Anything more that you would like to ask, Mr. Holmes?” said Lestrade, whose eyebrows had gone up once or twice during this remarkable explanation.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes respondeu que não teria nenhuma pergunta até que tivesse visitado Blackheath.

#### **Original English**

“Not until I have been to Blackheath.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Lestrade comentou que Holmes devia estar se referindo a Norwood.

#### **Original English**

“You mean to Norwood,” said Lestrade.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes sorriu enigmaticamente e concordou que provavelmente se referia a isso. Lestrade aprendera com mais experiências do que gostaria de admitir que a mente de Holmes conseguia resolver problemas que estavam além da sua. O narrador viu Lestrade olhando para Holmes com curiosidade.

#### **Original English**

“Oh, yes, no doubt that is what I must have meant,” said Holmes, with his enigmatical smile. Lestrade had learned by more experiences than he would care to acknowledge that that brain could cut through that which was impenetrable to him. I saw him look curiously at my companion.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade disse a Holmes que desejava falar com ele mais tarde. Então informou o Sr. McFarlane que dois policiais e uma carruagem estavam esperando. O infeliz jovem levantou-se, deu um último olhar suplicante para eles e saiu da sala. Os oficiais o levaram ao táxi, mas Lestrade ficou.

### **Original English**

"I think I should like to have a word with you presently, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said he. "Now, Mr. McFarlane, two of my constables are at the door, and there is a four-wheeler waiting." The wretched young man arose, and with a last beseeching glance at us walked from the room. The officers conducted him to the cab, but Lestrade remained.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes havia pegado as páginas que formavam o rascunho do testamento e as examinou com intenso interesse.

### **Original English**

Holmes had picked up the pages which formed the rough draft of the will, and was looking at them with the keenest interest upon his face.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes empurrou o documento em direção a Lestrade e perguntou se havia certos pontos que mereciam atenção.

### **Original English**

"There are some points about that document, Lestrade, are there not?" said he, pushing them over.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O funcionário olhou para eles, com o rosto demonstrando que não entendia.

### **Original English**

The official looked at them with a puzzled expression.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele disse que conseguia ler as primeiras linhas, algumas linhas no meio da segunda página e algumas no final, que estavam tão claras quanto impressas. No entanto, a escrita entre essas partes estava muito ruim, e havia três lugares onde ele não conseguia ler nada.

### **Original English**

“I can read the first few lines and these in the middle of the second page, and one or two at the end. Those are as clear as print,” said he, “but the writing in between is very bad, and there are three places where I cannot read it at all.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes perguntou ao funcionário o que ele achava daquilo.

### **Original English**

“What do you make of that?” said Holmes.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O funcionário repetiu a pergunta de volta para Holmes.

### **Original English**

“Well, what do you make of it?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou que foi escrito em um trem. A escrita clara indicava estações, a escrita ruim indicava movimento e a escrita muito ruim indicava passagem por agulhas. Um perito científico saberia imediatamente que foi escrito em uma linha suburbana, porque apenas perto de uma grande cidade poderia haver uma sucessão tão rápida de agulhas. Se o testamento tivesse sido escrito durante toda a viagem, então o trem era um expresso que parou apenas uma vez entre Norwood e London Bridge.

### **Original English**

“That it was written in a train. The good writing represents stations, the bad writing movement, and the very bad writing passing over points. A scientific expert would pronounce at once that this was drawn up on a suburban line, since nowhere save in the immediate vicinity of a great city could there be so quick a succession of points. Granting that his whole journey was occupied in drawing up the will, then the train was an express, only stopping once between Norwood and London Bridge.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade começou a rir.

### **Original English**

Lestrade began to laugh.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade admitiu que não conseguia acompanhar Holmes quando ele começava a desenvolver suas teorias e perguntou como aquela informação se relacionava com o caso.

### **Original English**

“You are too many for me when you begin to get on your theories, Mr. Holmes,” said he. “How does this bear on the case?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou que o documento corroborava a história do jovem, já que o testamento havia sido redigido por Jonas Oldacre em sua viagem no dia anterior. Ele comentou como era curioso que um homem redigisse um documento tão importante de maneira descuidada, sugerindo que Oldacre não esperava que tivesse efeito real. Qualquer pessoa que escrevesse um testamento que nunca pretendesse que fosse executado poderia fazê-lo dessa forma.

### **Original English**

“Well, it corroborates the young man’s story to the extent that the will was drawn up by Jonas Oldacre in his journey yesterday. It is curious—is it not?—that a man should draw up so important a document in so haphazard a fashion. It suggests that he did not think it was going to be of much practical importance. If a man drew up a will which he did not intend ever to be effective, he might do it so.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade observou que Oldacre efetivamente havia escrito sua própria sentença de morte ao mesmo tempo.

### **Original English**

“Well, he drew up his own death warrant at the same time,” said Lestrade.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes perguntou, cético, se Lestrade acreditava que esse era o caso.

### **Original English**

“Oh, you think so?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes perguntou a Lestrade se ele não concordava.

**Original English**

“Don’t you?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Lestrade admitiu que poderia ser possível, mas ainda não entendia completamente o caso.

**Original English**

“Well, it is quite possible, but the case is not clear to me yet.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Lestrade descreveu o que considerava um caso óbvio: um jovem que herdaria com a morte de um homem mais velho marcou secretamente uma visita, assassinou-o quando estavam sozinhos, queimou o corpo numa pilha de lenha e foi para um hotel. As poucas manchas de sangue sugeriam que ele achava que o crime era sem sangue e que destruir o corpo esconderia como o homem morreu, especialmente pistas que apontavam para ele. Lestrade perguntou se isso não era óbvio.

**Original English**

“Not clear? Well, if that isn’t clear, what could be clear? Here is a young man who learns suddenly that, if a certain older man dies, he will succeed to a fortune. What does he do? He says nothing to anyone, but he arranges that he shall go out on some pretext to see his client that night. He waits until the only other person in the house is in bed, and then in the solitude of a man’s room he murders him, burns his body in the woodpile, and departs to a neighbouring hotel. The bloodstains in the room and also on the stick are very slight. It is probable that he imagined his crime to be a bloodless one, and hoped that if the body were consumed it would hide all traces of the method of his death—traces which, for some reason, must have pointed to him. Is not all this obvious?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes observou que o caso parecia óbvio demais. Ele questionou por que o jovem cometeria o assassinato na mesma noite em que o testamento foi feito, tornando a conexão muito clara. Ele também se perguntou por que o assassino escolheria um horário em que era sabido que estava na casa e foi deixado entrar por um criado, e por que ele daria tanto trabalho para esconder o corpo mas deixaria sua própria bengala como evidência. Holmes sugeriu que isso era altamente improvável.

### **Original English**

“It strikes me, my good Lestrade, as being just a trifle too obvious,” said Holmes. “You do not add imagination to your other great qualities, but if you could for one moment put yourself in the place of this young man, would you choose the very night after the will had been made to commit your crime? Would it not seem dangerous to you to make so very close a relation between the two incidents? Again, would you choose an occasion when you are known to be in the house, when a servant has let you in? And, finally, would you take the great pains to conceal the body, and yet leave your own stick as a sign that you were the criminal? Confess, Lestrade, that all this is very unlikely.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade rebateu que criminosos frequentemente agem em pânico e fazem coisas que uma pessoa calma não faria. Ele especulou que o assassino poderia ter medo de voltar ao quarto. Ele desafiou Holmes a oferecer outra teoria que se encaixasse nos fatos.

### **Original English**

“As to the stick, Mr. Holmes, you know as well as I do that a criminal is often flurried, and does such things, which a cool man would avoid. He was very likely afraid to go back to the room. Give me another theory that would fit the facts.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes respondeu que poderia facilmente oferecer vários exemplos, e deu um que era bastante possível e até provável. Ele descreveu uma cena em que um homem mais velho estava mostrando alguns documentos obviamente valiosos. Um mendigo que passava os notou através de uma janela, que estava apenas parcialmente coberta por uma persiana. Depois que o advogado saiu, o mendigo entrou, pegou um bastão que viu ali, matou Oldacre e depois saiu após queimar o corpo.

### **Original English**

“I could very easily give you half a dozen,” said Holmes. “Here for example, is a very possible and even probable one. I make you a free present of it. The older man is showing documents which are of evident value. A passing tramp sees them through the window, the blind of which is only half down. Exit the solicitor. Enter the tramp! He seizes a stick, which he observes there, kills Oldacre, and departs after burning the body.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Alguém perguntou por que o mendigo queimaria o corpo.

### **Original English**

“Why should the tramp burn the body?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes retrucou perguntando por que McFarlane também faria isso.

### **Original English**

“For the matter of that, why should McFarlane?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele respondeu que era para esconder alguma evidência.

**Original English**

“To hide some evidence.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Possivelmente, ele disse, o mendigo queria ocultar o fato de que qualquer assassinato havia sido cometido.

**Original English**

“Possibly the tramp wanted to hide that any murder at all had been committed.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes perguntou por que o vagabundo não havia levado nada.

**Original English**

“And why did the tramp take nothing?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A razão dada foi que os papéis não eram negociáveis pelo vagabundo.

**Original English**

“Because they were papers that he could not negotiate.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade balançou a cabeça, mas observei que sua certeza parecia diminuída.

### **Original English**

Lestrade shook his head, though it seemed to me that his manner was less absolutely assured than before.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade retrucou que Holmes poderia procurar seu vagabundo, mas a polícia manteria seu suspeito. Ele argumentou que o futuro mostraria quem estava certo. Ele salientou que, pelo que sabiam, nenhum documento havia sido removido, e o prisioneiro, como herdeiro legítimo, era a única pessoa sem motivo para pegá-los, já que eles viriam para ele de qualquer forma.

### **Original English**

“Well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, you may look for your tramp, and while you are finding him we will hold on to our man. The future will show which is right. Just notice this point, Mr. Holmes: that so far as we know, none of the papers were removed, and that the prisoner is the one man in the world who had no reason for removing them, since he was heir-at-law, and would come into them in any case.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Meu amigo pareceu impressionado com essa observação.

### **Original English**

My friend seemed struck by this remark.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele disse que não pretendia negar que as evidências apoiavam fortemente a outra teoria, mas queria ressaltar que outras teorias eram possíveis. Ele concordou que o futuro decidiria. Ele desejou um bom dia e mencionou que provavelmente visitaria Norwood mais tarde naquele dia para ver como as coisas estavam progredindo.

### **Original English**

“I don’t mean to deny that the evidence is in some ways very strongly in favour of your theory,” said he. “I only wish to point out that there are other theories possible. As you say, the future will decide. Good morning! I dare say that in the course of the day I shall drop in at Norwood and see how you are getting on.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Depois que o detetive partiu, seu amigo se levantou e se preparou para o trabalho do dia com a energia de alguém que tem uma tarefa agradável pela frente.

### **Original English**

When the detective departed, my friend rose and made his preparations for the day’s work with the alert air of a man who has a congenial task before him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Enquanto vestia rapidamente seu sobretudo, ele disse a Watson que seu primeiro movimento, como já havia dito, seria em direção a Blackheath.

### **Original English**

“My first movement Watson,” said he, as he bustled into his frockcoat, “must, as I said, be in the direction of Blackheath.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Watson perguntou por que ele não estava indo para Norwood em vez disso.

### Original English

“And why not Norwood?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele explicou que, neste caso, um evento estranho seguia de perto outro. A polícia estava cometendo o erro de focar apenas no segundo evento porque era um crime. No entanto, parecia claro para ele que a abordagem lógica era começar esclarecendo o primeiro evento — o testamento incomum, feito repentinamente e para um herdeiro tão inesperado. Isso poderia ajudar a simplificar o que se seguiu. Ele disse a Watson que não achava que Watson pudesse ajudá-lo desta vez, pois não havia perigo; caso contrário, ele não sonharia em sair sem ele. Ele confiava que, à noite, poderia relatar que havia feito algo pelo jovem infeliz que havia se colocado sob sua proteção.

### Original English

“Because we have in this case one singular incident coming close to the heels of another singular incident. The police are making the mistake of concentrating their attention upon the second, because it happens to be the one which is actually criminal. But it is evident to me that the logical way to approach the case is to begin by trying to throw some light upon the first incident—the curious will, so suddenly made, and to so unexpected an heir. It may do something to simplify what followed. No, my dear fellow, I don’t think you can help me. There is no prospect of danger, or I should not dream of stirring out without you. I trust that when I see you in the evening, I will be able to report that I have been able to do something for this unfortunate youngster, who has thrown himself upon my protection.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Meu amigo voltou tarde, e um olhar em seu rosto cansado e preocupado mostrou que as altas esperanças com que ele havia começado não tinham sido realizadas. Por uma hora ele tocou seu violino suavemente, tentando acalmar seu espírito perturbado. Finalmente, ele deixou o instrumento de lado e deu um relato detalhado de seus infortúnios.

### **Original English**

It was late when my friend returned, and I could see, by a glance at his haggard and anxious face, that the high hopes with which he had started had not been fulfilled. For an hour he droned away upon his violin, endeavouring to soothe his own ruffled spirits. At last he flung down the instrument, and plunged into a detailed account of his misadventures.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes disse que tudo estava dando errado, tão errado quanto possível. Ele havia mantido uma aparência corajosa diante de Lestrade, mas acreditava que, pela primeira vez, Lestrade poderia estar no caminho certo e eles no errado. Todos os seus instintos apontavam para um lado, mas todos os fatos apontavam para o outro, e ele temia que os júris britânicos ainda não fossem inteligentes o suficiente para preferir suas teorias aos fatos de Lestrade.

### **Original English**

“It’s all going wrong, Watson—all as wrong as it can go. I kept a bold face before Lestrade, but, upon my soul, I believe that for once the fellow is on the right track and we are on the wrong. All my instincts are one way, and all the facts are the other, and I much fear that British juries have not yet attained that pitch of intelligence when they will give the preference to my theories over Lestrade’s facts.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Perguntei a ele se tinha ido a Blackheath.

### Original English

“Did you go to Blackheath?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes confirmou que tinha ido a Blackheath e rapidamente descobriu que o falecido Oldacre era um canalha considerável. O pai de Oldacre estava ausente procurando pelo filho. A mãe estava em casa — uma mulher pequena, agitada, de olhos azuis, tremendo de medo e raiva. Naturalmente, ela não admitiria qualquer possibilidade de culpa do filho. No entanto, ela não demonstrou surpresa nem pesar pelo destino de Oldacre. Pelo contrário, ela falou dele com tanta amargura que, inadvertidamente, fortaleceu o caso da polícia, porque se seu filho tivesse ouvido tais palavras, isso teria encorajado ódio e violência. Ela descreveu Oldacre como mais parecido com um macaco maligno e astuto do que com um ser humano, e disse que ele sempre foi assim desde jovem.

### Original English

“Yes, Watson, I went there, and I found very quickly that the late lamented Oldacre was a pretty considerable blackguard. The father was away in search of his son. The mother was at home—a little, fluffy, blue-eyed person, in a tremor of fear and indignation. Of course, she would not admit even the possibility of his guilt. But she would not express either surprise or regret over the fate of Oldacre. On the contrary, she spoke of him with such bitterness that she was unconsciously considerably strengthening the case of the police for, of course, if her son had heard her speak of the man in this fashion, it would predispose him towards hatred and violence. ‘He was more like a malignant and cunning ape than a human being,’ said she, ‘and he always was, ever since he was a young man.’

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Perguntei a ela se o conhecia naquela época.

### **Original English**

“ ‘You knew him at that time?’ said I.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A mulher disse a Holmes que conhecia bem Jonas Oldacre; ele havia sido um antigo pretendente. Ela estava grata por ter tido a sensatez de rejeitá-lo e se casar com um homem melhor, embora mais pobre. Ela esteve noiva dele até ouvir uma história horrível sobre como ele soltou um gato em um aviário, e sua brutal crueldade a chocou tanto que ela terminou o relacionamento. Ela então vasculhou uma cômoda e produziu uma fotografia de uma mulher que havia sido vergonhosamente desfigurada e mutilada com uma faca. Ela disse que era sua própria fotografia, que ele havia enviado a ela na manhã de seu casamento, junto com sua maldição.

### **Original English**

“ ‘Yes, I knew him well, in fact, he was an old suitor of mine. Thank heaven that I had the sense to turn away from him and to marry a better, if poorer, man. I was engaged to him, Mr. Holmes, when I heard a shocking story of how he had turned a cat loose in an aviary, and I was so horrified at his brutal cruelty that I would have nothing more to do with him.’ She rummaged in a bureau, and presently she produced a photograph of a woman, shamefully defaced and mutilated with a knife. ‘That is my own photograph,’ she said. ‘He sent it to me in that state, with his curse, upon my wedding morning.’

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador observou que Oldacre devia tê-la perdoado, já que havia deixado toda a sua propriedade para o filho dela.

### **Original English**

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘at least he has forgiven you now, since he has left all his property to your son.’

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela declarou com espírito que nem ela nem seu filho queriam nada de Jonas Oldacre, vivo ou morto. Ela expressou sua crença de que havia um Deus no céu, e que esse mesmo Deus que havia punido aquele homem perverso provaria, a Seu tempo, que as mãos de seu filho estavam inocentes do sangue de Oldacre.

### **Original English**

“ ‘Neither my son nor I want anything from Jonas Oldacre, dead or alive!’ she cried, with a proper spirit. ‘There is a God in heaven, Mr. Holmes, and that same God who has punished that wicked man will show, in His own good time, that my son’s hands are guiltless of his blood.’

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador tentou algumas pistas, mas não encontrou nada que ajudasse sua hipótese, e vários pontos que a contradiziam. Ele acabou abandonando o esforço e foi para Norwood.

### **Original English**

“Well, I tried one or two leads, but could get at nothing which would help our hypothesis, and several points which would make against it. I gave it up at last and off I went to Norwood.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Deep Dene House era uma grande vila moderna de tijolos vistosos, recuada da estrada com um gramado na frente. À direita e mais atrás ficava o pátio de madeira onde ocorrera o incêndio. O narrador notou a janela à esquerda que dava para o quarto de Oldacre, visível da estrada. Lestrade estava ausente, mas o sargento-chefe mostrou o local ao narrador. A polícia encontrara um tesouro: revirando as cinzas da pilha de madeira queimada, descobriram vários discos de metal descoloridos, que eram botões de calça; um trazia o nome 'Hyams', o alfaiate de Oldacre. O narrador examinou cuidadosamente o gramado em busca de sinais, mas a seca havia endurecido o chão. Nada era visível, exceto que algo ou alguém havia sido arrastado através de uma sebe baixa de alfena em linha com a pilha de madeira. Isso se encaixava na teoria oficial. Apesar de rastejar pelo gramado sob o sol de agosto por uma hora, ele não ficou mais sábio.

### Original English

"This place, Deep Dene House, is a big modern villa of staring brick, standing back in its own grounds, with a laurel-clumped lawn in front of it. To the right and some distance back from the road was the timber-yard which had been the scene of the fire. Here's a rough plan on a leaf of my notebook. This window on the left is the one which opens into Oldacre's room. You can look into it from the road, you see. That is about the only bit of consolation I have had today. Lestrade was not there, but his head constable did the honours. They had just found a great treasure-trove. They had spent the morning raking among the ashes of the burned woodpile, and besides the charred organic remains they had secured several discoloured metal discs. I examined them with care, and there was no doubt that they were trouser buttons. I even distinguished that one of them was marked with the name of 'Hyams,' who was Oldacre's tailor. I then worked the lawn very carefully for signs and traces, but this drought has made everything as hard as iron. Nothing was to be seen save that some body or bundle had been dragged through a low privet hedge which is in a line with the woodpile. All that, of course, fits in with the official theory. I crawled about the lawn with an August sun on my back, but I got up at the end of an hour no wiser than before.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Após a tentativa fracassada, Holmes examinou o quarto e encontrou manchas de sangue frescas, embora fossem fracas. A bengala havia sido removida, mas deixara marcas. O cliente admitiu que a bengala era dele. Pegadas de dois homens eram visíveis no tapete, mas nenhuma de uma terceira pessoa, o que Holmes considerou um truque da oposição. Ele sentiu que não estavam progredindo enquanto seus oponentes estavam vencendo.

### Original English

“Well, after this fiasco I went into the bedroom and examined that also. The bloodstains were very slight, mere smears and discolourations, but undoubtedly fresh. The stick had been removed, but there also the marks were slight. There is no doubt about the stick belonging to our client. He admits it. Footmarks of both men could be made out on the carpet, but none of any third person, which again is a trick for the other side. They were piling up their score all the time and we were at a standstill.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes encontrou uma pequena esperança ao examinar o cofre. A maioria dos papéis havia sido retirada e deixada sobre a mesa; alguns haviam sido abertos pela polícia. Não pareciam muito valiosos, e o talão de cheques mostrava que o Sr. Oldacre não era muito rico. No entanto, Holmes achou que alguns papéis estavam faltando, possivelmente escrituras valiosas. Se pudessem provar isso, isso funcionaria contra a teoria de Lestrade, pois seria estranho para uma pessoa roubar algo que herdaria mais tarde.

### Original English

“Only one little gleam of hope did I get—and yet it amounted to nothing. I examined the contents of the safe, most of which had been taken out and left on the table. The papers had been made up into sealed envelopes, one or two of which had been opened by the police. They were not, so far as I could judge, of any great value, nor did the bankbook show that Mr. Oldacre was in such very affluent circumstances. But it seemed to me that all the papers were not there. There were allusions to some deeds—possibly the more valuable—which I could not find. This, of course, if we could definitely prove it, would turn Lestrade’s argument against

himself, for who would steal a thing if he knew that he would shortly inherit it?

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes então falou com a governanta, a Sra. Lexington, uma mulher quieta, morena e de olhos suspeitos. Ele tinha certeza de que ela sabia de algo, mas ela era muito reservada. Ela confirmou que o Sr. McFarlane havia chegado às nove e meia, e ela desejou não o ter deixado entrar. Ela foi para a cama às dez e meia e não ouviu nada. Foi acordada pelo alarme de incêndio. Ela acreditava que seu patrão havia sido assassinado. Disse que ele era reservado e tinha inimigos de negócios. Ela identificou os botões encontrados como pertencentes às roupas dele. A pilha de lenha estava seca e queimou rapidamente; ela e os bombeiros sentiram cheiro de carne queimada. Ela afirmou não saber nada sobre os papéis ou os assuntos particulares do Sr. Oldacre.

### **Original English**

“Finally, having drawn every other cover and picked up no scent, I tried my luck with the housekeeper. Mrs. Lexington is her name—a little, dark, silent person, with suspicious and sidelong eyes. She could tell us something if she would—I am convinced of it. But she was as close as wax. Yes, she had let Mr. McFarlane in at half-past nine. She wished her hand had withered before she had done so. She had gone to bed at half-past ten. Her room was at the other end of the house, and she could hear nothing of what had passed. Mr. McFarlane had left his hat, and to the best of her belief his stick, in the hall. She had been awakened by the alarm of fire. Her poor, dear master had certainly been murdered. Had he any enemies? Well, every man had enemies, but Mr. Oldacre kept himself very much to himself, and only met people in the way of business. She had seen the buttons, and was sure that they belonged to the clothes which he had worn last night. The woodpile was very dry, for it had not rained for a month. It burned like tinder, and by the time she reached the spot, nothing could be seen but flames. She and all the firemen smelled the burned flesh from inside it. She knew nothing of the papers, nor of Mr. Oldacre’s private affairs.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes disse a Watson que sua investigação havia terminado em fracasso. No entanto, ele tinha certeza de que tudo estava errado. Ele percebeu que a governanta sabia a verdade, pois seus olhos mostravam uma desobediência culpada. Ele disse que não adiantava discutir mais o assunto, mas a menos que um acaso de sorte aparecesse, o caso do Desaparecimento de Norwood não se tornaria uma história de sucesso para eles.

### **Original English**

“So, my dear Watson, there’s my report of a failure. And yet—and yet—” he clenched his thin hands in a paroxysm of conviction—“I know it’s all wrong. I feel it in my bones. There is something that has not come out, and that housekeeper knows it. There was a sort of sulky defiance in her eyes, which only goes with guilty knowledge. However, there’s no good talking any more about it, Watson; but unless some lucky chance comes our way I fear that the Norwood Disappearance Case will not figure in that chronicle of our successes which I foresee that a patient public will sooner or later have to endure.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson comentou que a aparência do homem certamente influenciaria um júri.

### **Original English**

“Surely,” said I, “the man’s appearance would go far with any jury?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes disse a Watson que seu argumento era perigoso. Ele lembrou de um terrível assassino chamado Bert Stevens, que em 1887 lhes havia pedido ajuda para escapar da punição. Holmes apontou que Stevens parecia ser um jovem de comportamento amável, frequentador da escola dominical.

### **Original English**

“That is a dangerous argument my dear Watson. You remember that terrible murderer, Bert Stevens, who wanted us to get him off in '87? Was there ever a more mild-mannered, Sunday-school young man?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson concordou que era verdade.

### **Original English**

“It is true.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes disse que, se não conseguissem encontrar uma explicação alternativa, o homem estaria perdido. O caso contra ele parecia impecável, e novas investigações só o fortaleceram. Ele notou um detalhe curioso sobre os papéis: o livro bancário mostrava que o saldo baixo se devia principalmente a grandes cheques emitidos para um Sr. Cornelius no último ano. Holmes se perguntou quem seria esse Sr. Cornelius, já que um construtor aposentado normalmente não teria transações tão grandes. Ele considerou se Cornelius poderia ser um corretor, mas não encontraram certificados de ações correspondentes a esses pagamentos. Sem outras pistas, Holmes decidiu que iria ao banco perguntar sobre a pessoa que havia descontado esses cheques. Ele temia que o caso terminasse vergonhosamente, com Lestrade enforcando o cliente deles, o que seria um triunfo para a Scotland Yard.

### **Original English**

“Unless we succeed in establishing an alternative theory, this man is lost. You can hardly find a flaw in the case which can now be presented against him, and all further investigation has served to strengthen it. By the way, there is one curious little point about those papers which may serve us as the starting-point for an inquiry. On looking over the bankbook I found that the low state of the balance was principally due to large checks which have been made out during the last year to Mr. Cornelius. I confess that I should be interested to know who this Mr. Cornelius may be with whom a retired builder has such very large transactions. Is it possible that he has had a hand in the affair? Cornelius might be a broker, but we have found no scrip

to correspond with these large payments. Failing any other indication, my researches must now take the direction of an inquiry at the bank for the gentleman who has cashed these checks. But I fear, my dear fellow, that our case will end ingloriously by Lestrade hanging our client, which will certainly be a triumph for Scotland Yard.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson não sabia quanto sono Sherlock Holmes havia conseguido naquela noite, mas quando desceu para o café da manhã, Holmes parecia pálido e cansado. Seus olhos estavam brilhantes, mas havia olheiras ao redor deles. O tapete ao redor de sua cadeira estava coberto de pontas de cigarro e das primeiras edições dos jornais matinais. Um telegrama aberto estava sobre a mesa.

### **Original English**

I do not know how far Sherlock Holmes took any sleep that night, but when I came down to breakfast I found him pale and harassed, his bright eyes the brighter for the dark shadows round them. The carpet round his chair was littered with cigarette-ends and with the early editions of the morning papers. An open telegram lay upon the table.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes pediu a opinião de Watson sobre algo que havia recebido e jogou-o para o outro lado da mesa.

### **Original English**

“What do you think of this, Watson?” he asked, tossing it across.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A mensagem era de Norwood e dizia o seguinte.

**Original English**

It was from Norwood, and ran as follows:

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Havia novas evidências importantes que estabeleciam claramente a culpa de McFarlane. O remetente os aconselhou a abandonar o caso.

**Original English**

Important fresh evidence to hand. McFarlane's guilt definitely established. Advise you to abandon case.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Foi assinada por Lestrade.

**Original English**

Lestrade.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Comentei que a notícia parecia grave.

**Original English**

"This sounds serious," said I.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes respondeu com um sorriso amargo que era o pequeno grito de vitória de Lestrade. No entanto, ele achou que poderia ser prematuro abandonar o caso, pois novas evidências importantes poderiam cortar em uma direção muito diferente. Ele sugeriu que, após o café da manhã, eles deveriam sair juntos para ver o que poderia ser feito, e sentiu que precisaria da companhia e do apoio moral de Watson naquele dia.

### Original English

“It is Lestrade’s little cock-a-doodle of victory,” Holmes answered, with a bitter smile. “And yet it may be premature to abandon the case. After all, important fresh evidence is a two-edged thing, and may possibly cut in a very different direction to that which Lestrade imagines. Take your breakfast, Watson, and we will go out together and see what we can do. I feel as if I shall need your company and your moral support today.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes não havia tomado café da manhã, como era seu costume em períodos de intensa concentração; ele frequentemente se levava ao ponto de desmaiar por falta de alimento. Afirmou que não podia poupar sua energia para a digestão. Naquela manhã, deixou sua refeição intocada e acompanhou o narrador até Norwood. Uma multidão de curiosos mórbidos ainda cercava a Casa Deep Dene, uma típica vila suburbana. Dentro dos portões, Lestrade os cumprimentou com o rosto corado e um ar triunfante, claramente orgulhoso de seu aparente sucesso.

### Original English

My friend had no breakfast himself, for it was one of his peculiarities that in his more intense moments he would permit himself no food, and I have known him presume upon his iron strength until he has fainted from pure inanition. “At present I cannot spare energy and nerve force for digestion,” he would say in answer to my medical remonstrances. I was not surprised, therefore, when this morning he left his untouched meal behind him, and started with me for Norwood. A crowd of morbid sightseers were still gathered round Deep Dene House, which was just such a suburban villa as I had pictured. Within the gates Lestrade met us, his face flushed with victory, his manner grossly triumphant.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Lestrade perguntou a Holmes, sarcasticamente, se ele havia provado que eles estavam errados ou encontrado seu vagabundo.

#### **Original English**

“Well, Mr. Holmes, have you proved us to be wrong yet? Have you found your tramp?” he cried.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes respondeu que não havia formado conclusão alguma.

#### **Original English**

“I have formed no conclusion whatever,” my companion answered.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Lestrade destacou que eles haviam chegado à conclusão no dia anterior, e ela havia se provado correta, então Holmes deveria admitir que estavam à frente dele desta vez.

#### **Original English**

“But we formed ours yesterday, and now it proves to be correct, so you must acknowledge that we have been a little in front of you this time, Mr. Holmes.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes comentou que Lestrade certamente parecia acreditar que algo incomum havia acontecido.

### **Original English**

“You certainly have the air of something unusual having occurred,” said Holmes.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade riu alto.

### **Original English**

Lestrade laughed loudly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade comentou que Holmes não gostava de perder tanto quanto qualquer um. Ele acrescentou que nenhum homem sempre poderia ter as coisas do seu jeito, e então os convidou a segui-lo, expressando confiança de que finalmente poderia provar a culpa de John McFarlane.

### **Original English**

“You don’t like being beaten any more than the rest of us do,” said he. “A man can’t expect always to have it his own way, can he, Dr. Watson? Step this way, if you please, gentlemen, and I think I can convince you once for all that it was John McFarlane who did this crime.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele os conduziu pelo corredor e entrou em um salão escuro além.

### **Original English**

He led us through the passage and out into a dark hall beyond.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade explicou que era ali que o jovem McFarlane devia ter vindo buscar seu chapéu após o crime. Com uma dramaticidade repentina, ele riscou um fósforo, revelando uma mancha de sangue na parede caiada. Ao aproximar o fósforo, ficou claro que não era apenas uma mancha, mas uma impressão digital distinta.

### **Original English**

"This is where young McFarlane must have come out to get his hat after the crime was done," said he. "Now look at this." With dramatic suddenness he struck a match, and by its light exposed a stain of blood upon the whitewashed wall. As he held the match nearer, I saw that it was more than a stain. It was the well-marked print of a thumb.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele pediu a Holmes que examinasse a impressão com sua lente de aumento.

### **Original English**

"Look at that with your magnifying glass, Mr. Holmes."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele afirmou que estava fazendo isso.

**Original English**

“Yes, I am doing so.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou se o ouvinte sabia que cada impressão digital é única.

**Original English**

“You are aware that no two thumbmarks are alike?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele respondeu que tinha ouvido algo semelhante.

**Original English**

“I have heard something of the kind.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele então solicitou que a impressão fosse comparada com uma impressão em cera do polegar direito do jovem McFarlane, que havia sido feita naquela manhã por sua ordem.

**Original English**

“Well, then, will you please compare that print with this wax impression of young McFarlane’s right thumb, taken by my orders this morning?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele aproximou a impressão em cera da mancha de sangue, e ficou claro sem ampliação que as duas impressões eram do mesmo polegar. Pareceu-lhe óbvio que seu infeliz cliente estava perdido.

### **Original English**

As he held the waxen print close to the bloodstain, it did not take a magnifying glass to see that the two were undoubtedly from the same thumb. It was evident to me that our unfortunate client was lost.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade declarou que sua decisão era final.

### **Original English**

“That is final,” said Lestrade.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador repetiu involuntariamente que era realmente definitivo.

### **Original English**

“Yes, that is final,” I involuntarily echoed.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes também afirmou que o assunto estava encerrado.

### **Original English**

“It is final,” said Holmes.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O narrador percebeu algo incomum no tom de Holmes e virou-se para olhá-lo. O rosto de Holmes havia passado por uma transformação notável; estava contorcido de diversão reprimida. Seus olhos brilhavam como estrelas, e parecia que ele estava lutando para conter uma crise de riso.

### Original English

Something in his tone caught my ear, and I turned to look at him. An extraordinary change had come over his face. It was writhing with inward merriment. His two eyes were shining like stars. It seemed to me that he was making desperate efforts to restrain a convulsive attack of laughter.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Eventualmente, Holmes expressou seu espanto, comentando como as aparências podem enganar. Ele observou que o jovem parecia tão agradável e sugeriu a Lestrade que isso era uma lição para não confiar apenas no próprio julgamento.

### Original English

“Dear me! Dear me!” he said at last. “Well, now, who would have thought it? And how deceptive appearances may be, to be sure! Such a nice young man to look at! It is a lesson to us not to trust our own judgment, is it not, Lestrade?”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Lestrade comentou que algumas pessoas eram um pouco excessivamente confiantes. Sua atitude rude era irritante, mas eles não podiam demonstrar sua irritação.

### Original English

“Yes, some of us are a little too much inclined to be cocksure, Mr. Holmes,” said Lestrade. The man’s insolence was maddening, but we could not resent it.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes observou que foi muito afortunado o jovem ter pressionado o polegar direito contra a parede ao tirar o chapéu. Ele notou que era uma ação perfeitamente natural. Embora Holmes parecesse calmo, seu corpo tremia com excitação mal contida enquanto falava.

### **Original English**

“What a providential thing that this young man should press his right thumb against the wall in taking his hat from the peg! Such a very natural action, too, if you come to think of it.” Holmes was outwardly calm, but his whole body gave a wriggle of suppressed excitement as he spoke.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes perguntou a Lestrade quem havia feito aquela descoberta notável.

### **Original English**

“By the way, Lestrade, who made this remarkable discovery?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade respondeu que a governanta, Sra. Lexington, havia chamado a atenção do policial noturno para isso.

### **Original English**

“It was the housekeeper, Mrs. Lexington, who drew the night constable’s attention to it.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes então perguntou onde estava o policial noturno.

**Original English**

“Where was the night constable?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele ficou no quarto onde o crime ocorreu, garantindo que ninguém perturbasse nada.

**Original English**

“He remained on guard in the bedroom where the crime was committed, so as to see that nothing was touched.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Alguém se perguntou por que a polícia não tinha notado aquela marca no dia anterior.

**Original English**

“But why didn't the police see this mark yesterday?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A explicação foi que não havia motivo para examinar o corredor de perto, e a marca não estava em um local óbvio.

**Original English**

“Well, we had no particular reason to make a careful examination of the hall. Besides, it's not in a very prominent place, as you see.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A pessoa concordou que o local não era proeminente e então perguntou se era certo que a marca estava lá no dia anterior.

### **Original English**

“No, no—of course not. I suppose there is no doubt that the mark was there yesterday?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade encarou Holmes como se acreditasse que Holmes tinha enlouquecido. O narrador também admitiu estar surpreso com o humor alegre de Holmes e seu comentário um tanto estranho.

### **Original English**

Lestrade looked at Holmes as if he thought he was going out of his mind. I confess that I was myself surprised both at his hilarious manner and at his rather wild observation.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade sugeriu que McFarlane poderia ter saído da prisão à noite para fortalecer as evidências contra si mesmo. Em seguida, desafiou qualquer um a negar que a impressão digital era de McFarlane.

### **Original English**

“I don’t know whether you think that McFarlane came out of jail in the dead of the night in order to strengthen the evidence against himself,” said Lestrade. “I leave it to any expert in the world whether that is not the mark of his thumb.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A impressão digital era, sem dúvida, dele.

### **Original English**

“It is unquestionably the mark of his thumb.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade declarou que era um homem prático que chegava a conclusões quando tinha evidências suficientes. Disse a Holmes que estaria na sala de estar escrevendo seu relatório, caso Holmes tivesse algo a acrescentar.

### **Original English**

“There, that’s enough,” said Lestrade. “I am a practical man, Mr. Holmes, and when I have got my evidence I come to my conclusions. If you have anything to say, you will find me writing my report in the sitting-room.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes havia recuperado a compostura, embora Watson ainda pensasse ver indícios de diversão em seu rosto.

### **Original English**

Holmes had recovered his equanimity, though I still seemed to detect gleams of amusement in his expression.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes comentou com Watson que era um rumo de eventos muito infeliz, mas havia aspectos incomuns que ofereciam alguma esperança para o cliente deles.

### **Original English**

“Dear me, this is a very sad development, Watson, is it not?” said he. “And yet there are singular points about it which hold out some hopes for our client.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Eu disse que estava muito satisfeito em ouvir isso, pois temia que ele estivesse acabado.

#### **Original English**

“I am delighted to hear it,” said I, heartily. “I was afraid it was all up with him.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes respondeu que não iria tão longe, mas havia uma falha grave na evidência que seu amigo considerava tão importante.

#### **Original English**

“I would hardly go so far as to say that, my dear Watson. The fact is that there is one really serious flaw in this evidence to which our friend attaches so much importance.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Perguntei a ele o que era.

#### **Original English**

“Indeed, Holmes! What is it?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele disse simplesmente que a marca não estava lá quando inspecionou o salão no dia anterior. Então sugeriu um passeio ao sol.

### **Original English**

“Only this: that I know that that mark was not there when I examined the hall yesterday. And now, Watson, let us have a little stroll round in the sunshine.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sentindo-me confuso, mas com um retorno de calor de esperança, acompanhei Holmes em uma volta pelo jardim. Ele estudou cada lado da casa com grande interesse, depois liderou o caminho para dentro, inspecionando cada cômodo do porão ao sótão, até mesmo os não mobiliados, cuidadosamente. Finalmente, no corredor superior, do lado de fora de três quartos vazios, ele foi novamente tomado por um acesso de diversão.

### **Original English**

With a confused brain, but with a heart into which some warmth of hope was returning, I accompanied my friend in a walk round the garden. Holmes took each face of the house in turn, and examined it with great interest. He then led the way inside, and went over the whole building from basement to attic. Most of the rooms were unfurnished, but none the less Holmes inspected them all minutely. Finally, on the top corridor, which ran outside three untenanted bedrooms, he again was seized with a spasm of merriment.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes disse a Watson que o caso tinha alguns aspectos muito incomuns. Ele acreditava que era hora de compartilhar suas conclusões com Lestrade. Lestrade havia rido deles, mas eles poderiam dar a última gargalhada se o entendimento de Holmes estivesse correto. Ele achava que sabia como proceder.

### Original English

“There are really some very unique features about this case, Watson,” said he. “I think it is time now that we took our friend Lestrade into our confidence. He has had his little smile at our expense, and perhaps we may do as much by him, if my reading of this problem proves to be correct. Yes, yes, I think I see how we should approach it.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

O inspetor da Scotland Yard ainda estava escrevendo na sala de estar quando Holmes o interrompeu.

### Original English

The Scotland Yard inspector was still writing in the parlour when Holmes interrupted him.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Holmes observou que achava que o inspetor estava redigindo um relatório sobre o caso.

### Original English

“I understood that you were writing a report of this case,” said he.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

O inspetor confirmou que sim.

### Original English

“So I am.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes sugeriu que talvez fosse cedo demais para isso, pois ele sentia que as evidências ainda estavam incompletas.

### **Original English**

“Don’t you think it may be a little premature? I can’t help thinking that your evidence is not complete.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade conhecia Holmes muito bem para ignorar o que ele disse; ele largou a caneta e o encarou com curiosidade.

### **Original English**

Lestrade knew my friend too well to disregard his words. He laid down his pen and looked curiously at him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade perguntou o que Holmes queria dizer com aquilo.

### **Original English**

“What do you mean, Mr. Holmes?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes respondeu que havia uma testemunha importante que Lestrade ainda não havia entrevistado.

### **Original English**

“Only that there is an important witness whom you have not seen.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Lestrade perguntou se Holmes poderia trazer essa testemunha.

**Original English**

“Can you produce him?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes disse que acreditava que sim.

**Original English**

“I think I can.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele foi instruído a prosseguir com a ação.

**Original English**

“Then do so.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele disse que faria o possível e perguntou sobre o número de policiais disponíveis.

**Original English**

“I will do my best. How many constables have you?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Três estavam a uma curta distância, prontos para responder.

**Original English**

“There are three within call.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes expressou sua aprovação e perguntou se os policiais eram todos homens robustos com vozes fortes.

**Original English**

“Excellent!” said Holmes. “May I ask if they are all large, able-bodied men with powerful voices?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele não tinha dúvidas de que eram, mas não via a relevância das vozes deles.

**Original English**

“I have no doubt they are, though I fail to see what their voices have to do with it.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes disse que talvez pudesse ajudá-los a entender esse assunto e alguns outros também. Ele pediu a Lestrade que chamasse seus homens para que pudesse tentar demonstrar.

**Original English**

“Perhaps I can help you to see that and one or two other things as well,” said Holmes. “Kindly summon your men, and I will try.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Em cinco minutos, três policiais se reuniram no corredor.

### **Original English**

Five minutes later, three policemen had assembled in the hall.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes observou que havia uma grande quantidade de palha no anexo e pediu que dois feixes fossem trazidos para dentro. Ele acreditava que isso o ajudaria muito a produzir a testemunha de que precisava. Agradeceu a Watson por ter fósforos e depois pediu a Lestrade e aos outros que o acompanhassem até o patamar superior.

### **Original English**

“In the outhouse you will find a considerable quantity of straw,” said Holmes. “I will ask you to carry in two bundles of it. I think it will be of the greatest assistance in producing the witness whom I require. Thank you very much. I believe you have some matches in your pocket Watson. Now, Mr. Lestrade, I will ask you all to accompany me to the top landing.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Havia um corredor largo que passava por três quartos vazios. Em uma extremidade, Holmes posicionou todos, com os policiais sorrindo e Lestrade olhando para ele com uma mistura de espanto, expectativa e desdém. Holmes ficou diante deles como um mágico prestes a realizar um truque.

### **Original English**

As I have said, there was a broad corridor there, which ran outside three empty bedrooms. At one end of the corridor we were all marshalled by Sherlock Holmes, the constables grinning and Lestrade staring at my friend with amazement, expectation, and derision chasing each other across his features. Holmes stood before us with the air of a conjurer who is

performing a trick.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes pediu a Lestrade que enviasse um policial para buscar dois baldes de água. Ele instruiu-os a colocar a palha no chão, longe das paredes. Em seguida, anunciou que estavam prontos.

### **Original English**

“Would you kindly send one of your constables for two buckets of water? Put the straw on the floor here, free from the wall on either side. Now I think that we are all ready.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O rosto de Lestrade ficou vermelho de raiva. Ele acusou Holmes de possivelmente estar jogando com eles e exigiu que, se Holmes soubesse de algo, o dissesse claramente, sem tamanha tolice.

### **Original English**

Lestrade’s face had begun to grow red and angry. “I don’t know whether you are playing a game with us, Mr. Sherlock Holmes,” said he. “If you know anything, you can surely say it without all this tomfoolery.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes garantiu a Lestrade que tinha uma razão válida para tudo o que fazia. Lembrou a Lestrade que Lestrade zombara dele antes, quando a situação favorecia Lestrade, então Lestrade não deveria se opor a um pouco de cerimônia agora. Holmes então pediu a Watson que abrisse a janela e acendesse um fósforo na borda da palha.

### **Original English**

“I assure you, my good Lestrade, that I have an excellent reason for everything that I do. You may possibly remember that you chaffed me a

little, some hours ago, when the sun seemed on your side of the hedge, so you must not grudge me a little pomp and ceremony now. Might I ask you, Watson, to open that window, and then to put a match to the edge of the straw?"

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Watson obedeceu. A corrente de ar da janela levou uma espiral de fumaça cinza pelo corredor, enquanto a palha seca crepitava e explodia em chamas.

#### **Original English**

I did so, and driven by the draught a coil of gray smoke swirled down the corridor, while the dry straw crackled and flamed.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes propôs que agora encontrassem a testemunha para Lestrade. Pediu a todos que se juntassem gritando 'Fogo!' e contou até três.

#### **Original English**

"Now we must see if we can find this witness for you, Lestrade. Might I ask you all to join in the cry of 'Fire!'? Now then; one, two, three—"

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Todos gritaram 'Fogo!' em uníssono.

#### **Original English**

"Fire!" we all yelled.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele agradeceu e disse que os incomodaria mais uma vez.

**Original English**

“Thank you. I will trouble you once again.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Alguém gritou que havia fogo.

**Original English**

“Fire!”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele disse aos homens que atirassem mais uma vez, todos ao mesmo tempo.

**Original English**

“Just once more, gentlemen, and all together.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O grito de fogo foi ouvido e deve ter ecoado por Norwood.

**Original English**

“Fire!” The shout must have rung over Norwood.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O eco mal havia desaparecido quando um evento notável ocorreu. Uma porta se abriu de repente do que parecia uma parede sólida no fim do corredor, e um homem pequeno e enrugado surgiu rapidamente, como um coelho de sua toca.

### **Original English**

It had hardly died away when an amazing thing happened. A door suddenly flew open out of what appeared to be solid wall at the end of the corridor, and a little, wizened man darted out of it, like a rabbit out of its burrow.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes disse calmamente que era excelente. Ele disse a Watson para derramar um balde de água sobre a palha, acrescentando que isso bastaria. Então ele informou Lestrade que estava lhe apresentando a principal testemunha desaparecida, o Sr. Jonas Oldacre.

### **Original English**

“Capital!” said Holmes, calmly. “Watson, a bucket of water over the straw. That will do! Lestrade, allow me to present you with your principal missing witness, Mr. Jonas Oldacre.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O detetive olhou fixamente para o recém-chegado com total espanto. O homem piscou na luz forte do corredor, olhando para eles e para o fogo fumegante. Seu rosto era odioso, mostrando astúcia, perversidade e maldade, com olhos cinza-claros evasivos e cílios brancos.

### **Original English**

The detective stared at the newcomer with blank amazement. The latter was blinking in the bright light of the corridor, and peering at us and at the smouldering fire. It was an odious face—crafty, vicious, malignant, with shifty, light-gray eyes and white lashes.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Lestrade finalmente perguntou o que era aquilo, então, e o que ele tinha feito todo esse tempo.

**Original English**

“What’s this, then?” said Lestrade, at last. “What have you been doing all this time, eh?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Oldacre deu uma risada inquieta, recuando do rosto vermelho furioso do detetive irritado.

**Original English**

Oldacre gave an uneasy laugh, shrinking back from the furious red face of the angry detective.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Oldacre declarou que não havia feito nenhum mal.

**Original English**

“I have done no harm.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Lestrade disse com raiva à pessoa que ela quase havia feito um homem inocente ser enforcado. Ele disse que, se não fosse pelo outro cavalheiro, a pessoa poderia ter conseguido.

**Original English**

“No harm? You have done your best to get an innocent man hanged. If it wasn’t for this gentleman here, I am not sure that you would not have

succeeded.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

A criatura miserável começou a chorar baixinho.

#### **Original English**

The wretched creature began to whimper.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O homem insistiu que era apenas uma brincadeira.

#### **Original English**

“I am sure, sir, it was only my practical joke.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Lestrade descartou a explicação do homem, chamando-a de piada de mau gosto, e ordenou que ele fosse levado. Quando ficaram a sós com Holmes e Watson, Lestrade elogiou Holmes, dizendo que este era seu melhor trabalho até então. Ele reconheceu que Holmes havia salvado um homem inocente e evitado um escândalo que teria arruinado a reputação de Lestrade.

#### **Original English**

“Oh! a joke, was it? You won’t find the laugh on your side, I promise you. Take him down, and keep him in the sitting-room until I come. Mr. Holmes,” he continued, when they had gone, “I could not speak before the constables, but I don’t mind saying, in the presence of Dr. Watson, that this is the brightest thing that you have done yet, though it is a mystery to me how you did it. You have saved an innocent man’s life, and you have prevented a very grave scandal, which would have ruined my reputation in the Force.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes sorriu e deu um tapinha no ombro de Lestrade.

**Original English**

Holmes smiled, and clapped Lestrade upon the shoulder.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes garantiu ao cavalheiro que sua reputação não seria arruinada, mas sim muito aumentada. Ele sugeriu que, fazendo algumas modificações no relatório, outros veriam como era difícil enganar o Inspetor Lestrade.

**Original English**

“Instead of being ruined, my good sir, you will find that your reputation has been enormously enhanced. Just make a few alterations in that report which you were writing, and they will understand how hard it is to throw dust in the eyes of Inspector Lestrade.”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Lestrade perguntou se Holmes desejava permanecer anônimo.

**Original English**

“And you don’t want your name to appear?”

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes respondeu que não queria reconhecimento; o trabalho em si era suficiente. Ele acrescentou que talvez um dia seu historiador, Watson, escreveria sobre isso e lhe daria crédito. Então Holmes voltou sua atenção para descobrir onde o fugitivo estivera escondido.

**Original English**

“Not at all. The work is its own reward. Perhaps I shall get the credit also at some distant day, when I permit my zealous historian to lay out his foolscap once more—eh, Watson? Well, now, let us see where this rat has been lurking.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Uma parede falsa havia sido construída atravessando o corredor, com uma porta habilmente oculta. Lá dentro, o cômodo era iluminado por aberturas estreitas sob os beirais. Continha alguns móveis, um estoque de comida e água, além de numerosos livros e papéis.

### **Original English**

A lath-and-plaster partition had been run across the passage six feet from the end, with a door cunningly concealed in it. It was lit within by slits under the eaves. A few articles of furniture and a supply of food and water were within, together with a number of books and papers.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes comentou que ser construtor permitira ao homem construir seu próprio esconderijo sem ajuda, exceto pela de sua governanta. Ele aconselhou Lestrade a prender a governanta sem demora.

### **Original English**

“There’s the advantage of being a builder,” said Holmes, as we came out. “He was able to fix up his own little hiding-place without any confederate—save, of course, that precious housekeeper of his, whom I should lose no time in adding to your bag, Lestrade.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele concordou em seguir o conselho de Holmes, mas perguntou como Holmes tinha chegado a conhecer aquele local.

### **Original English**

“I’ll take your advice. But how did you know of this place, Mr. Holmes?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou que havia deduzido que o homem estava escondido na casa porque um corredor era um metro e oitenta mais curto que o de baixo. Ele raciocinou que o homem não permaneceria em silêncio durante um alarme de incêndio. Embora pudesse tê-lo capturado diretamente, Holmes preferiu obrigá-lo a se revelar. Ele também admitiu que queria enganar Lestrade em troca das provocações anteriores.

### **Original English**

“I made up my mind that the fellow was in hiding in the house. When I paced one corridor and found it six feet shorter than the corresponding one below, it was pretty clear where he was. I thought he had not the nerve to lie quiet before an alarm of fire. We could, of course, have gone in and taken him, but it amused me to make him reveal himself. Besides, I owed you a little mystification, Lestrade, for your chaff in the morning.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade concedeu que Holmes realmente o havia superado, mas indagou como Holmes sabia que o homem estava na casa em primeiro lugar.

### **Original English**

“Well, sir, you certainly got equal with me on that. But how in the world did you know that he was in the house at all?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes revelou que a impressão digital era a chave. Ele destacou que ela não estava presente no dia anterior, pois havia examinado cuidadosamente o corredor e confirmado que a parede estava limpa. Portanto, ela deve ter sido colocada ali durante a noite.

### **Original English**

“The thumbmark, Lestrade. You said it was final; and so it was, in a very different sense. I knew it had not been there the day before. I pay a good deal of attention to matters of detail, as you may have observed, and I had examined the hall, and was sure that the wall was clear. Therefore, it had been put on during the night.”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lestrade perguntou como Holmes poderia ter certeza.

### **Original English**

“But how?”

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes explicou que, quando os pacotes foram lacrados, Oldacre fez McFarlane pressionar o polegar na cera mole, provavelmente sem que McFarlane percebesse. Mais tarde, Oldacre pegou uma impressão de cera daquele selo, umedeceu-a com um pouco de sangue de um furinho de alfinete e colocou a marca na parede. Holmes sugeriu que, se examinassem os papéis de Oldacre, encontrariam o selo original com a marca do polegar.

### **Original English**

“Very simply. When those packets were sealed up, Jonas Oldacre got McFarlane to secure one of the seals by putting his thumb upon the soft wax. It would be done so quickly and so naturally, that I daresay the young man himself has no recollection of it. Very likely it just so happened, and Oldacre had himself no notion of the use he would put it to. Brooding over

the case in that den of his, it suddenly struck him what absolutely damning evidence he could make against McFarlane by using that thumbmark. It was the simplest thing in the world for him to take a wax impression from the seal, to moisten it in as much blood as he could get from a pinprick, and to put the mark upon the wall during the night, either with his own hand or with that of his housekeeper. If you examine among those documents which he took with him into his retreat, I will lay you a wager that you find the seal with the thumbmark upon it.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Lestrade ficou impressionado e disse que a explicação de Holmes estava maravilhosamente clara. Ele então perguntou qual era o propósito de um engano tão profundo.

#### **Original English**

“Wonderful!” said Lestrade. “Wonderful! It’s all as clear as crystal, as you put it. But what is the object of this deep deception, Mr. Holmes?”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O narrador achou divertido ver como a maneira autoritária do detetive havia mudado para a de uma criança fazendo perguntas a um professor.

#### **Original English**

It was amusing to me to see how the detective’s overbearing manner had changed suddenly to that of a child asking questions of its teacher.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes explicou que o homem lá embaixo era malicioso e vingativo, tendo sido rejeitado pela mãe de McFarlane anos atrás. Recentemente, suas especulações secretas haviam fracassado, e ele decidiu fraudar seus credores. Ele pagou grandes cheques sob o nome Cornelius, que Holmes suspeitava ser um pseudônimo. Oldacre pretendia mudar de nome, sacar

o dinheiro e começar uma nova vida em outro lugar.

### Original English

“Well, I don’t think that is very hard to explain. A very deep, malicious, vindictive person is the gentleman who is now waiting us downstairs. You know that he was once refused by McFarlane’s mother? You don’t! I told you that you should go to Blackheath first and Norwood afterwards. Well, this injury, as he would consider it, has rankled in his wicked, scheming brain, and all his life he has longed for vengeance, but never seen his chance. During the last year or two, things have gone against him—secret speculation, I think—and he finds himself in a bad way. He determines to swindle his creditors, and for this purpose he pays large checks to a certain Mr. Cornelius, who is, I imagine, himself under another name. I have not traced these checks yet, but I have no doubt that they were banked under that name at some provincial town where Oldacre from time to time led a double existence. He intended to change his name altogether, draw this money, and vanish, starting life again elsewhere.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Lestrade concordou que a explicação parecia provável.

### Original English

“Well, that’s likely enough.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Holmes explicou que o homem pretendia desaparecer e despistar a perseguição, ao mesmo tempo que se vingava brutalmente de sua antiga namorada, fazendo parecer que seu único filho o havia assassinado. O esquema era uma obra-prima de astúcia, e o homem o executou com maestria: o testamento que sugeria um motivo, a visita secreta desconhecida de seus pais, a retenção da bengala, e o sangue, restos de animais e botões na pilha de lenha eram todos detalhes perfeitos. Poucas horas antes, Holmes pensara que a armadilha era inescapável. No entanto, o homem cometeu o erro do artista de não saber quando parar. Ele tentou aperfeiçoar o que já era impecável, apertando ainda mais o nó no pescoço de sua vítima, e ao fazer isso arruinou tudo. Holmes então

propôs que descessem e lhe fizessem algumas perguntas.

### Original English

“It would strike him that in disappearing he might throw all pursuit off his track, and at the same time have an ample and crushing revenge upon his old sweetheart, if he could give the impression that he had been murdered by her only child. It was a masterpiece of villainy, and he carried it out like a master. The idea of the will, which would give an obvious motive for the crime, the secret visit unknown to his own parents, the retention of the stick, the blood, and the animal remains and buttons in the woodpile, all were admirable. It was a net from which it seemed to me, a few hours ago, that there was no possible escape. But he had not that supreme gift of the artist, the knowledge of when to stop. He wished to improve that which was already perfect—to draw the rope tighter yet round the neck of his unfortunate victim—and so he ruined all. Let us descend, Lestrade. There are just one or two questions that I would ask him.”

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### Pt/En

#### Português

O homem mau sentou-se em sua própria sala de estar, com um policial de cada lado.

### Original English

The malignant creature was seated in his own parlour, with a policeman upon each side of him.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Reclamando repetidamente, o homem insistiu que era apenas uma brincadeira. Ele alegou que só se escondera para ver como as pessoas reagiriam ao seu desaparecimento, e garantiu que nunca teria permitido que nenhum mal acontecesse ao jovem Sr. McFarlane.

### Original English

“It was a joke, my good sir—a practical joke, nothing more,” he whined incessantly. “I assure you, sir, that I simply concealed myself in order to see the effect of my disappearance, and I am sure that you would not be so unjust as to imagine that I would have allowed any harm to befall poor

young Mr. McFarlane.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Lestrade respondeu que um júri decidiria isso. De qualquer forma, eles o acusariam de conspiração, senão de tentativa de homicídio.

#### **Original English**

“That’s for a jury to decide,” said Lestrade. “Anyhow, we shall have you on a charge of conspiracy, if not for attempted murder.”

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Holmes acrescentou que os credores do homem provavelmente confiscariam a conta bancária do Sr. Cornelius.

#### **Original English**

“And you’ll probably find that your creditors will impound the banking account of Mr. Cornelius,” said Holmes.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O homenzinho estremeceu e fixou seu olhar venenoso em meu amigo.

#### **Original English**

The little man started, and turned his malignant eyes upon my friend.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele reconheceu que devia muito a Holmes e insinuou que um dia poderia pagar a dívida.

### **Original English**

“I have to thank you for a good deal,” said he. “Perhaps I’ll pay my debt some day.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes sorriu com uma expressão tolerante.

### **Original English**

Holmes smiled indulgently.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes observou que o homem estaria ocupado por vários anos. Ele então perguntou o que mais havia sido colocado na pilha de lenha além das calças velhas, sugerindo um cachorro morto ou coelhos. Concluiu que alguns coelhos poderiam explicar o sangue e as cinzas, e aconselhou Watson a usar coelhos em seu relato, caso algum dia o escrevesse.

### **Original English**

“I fancy that, for some few years, you will find your time very fully occupied,” said he. “By the way, what was it you put into the woodpile besides your old trousers? A dead dog, or rabbits, or what? You won’t tell? Dear me, how very unkind of you! Well, well, I daresay that a couple of rabbits would account both for the blood and for the charred ashes. If ever you write an account, Watson, you can make rabbits serve your turn.”

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# **The Adventure of the Dancing Men**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Por horas, Holmes permanecera sentado em silêncio, com suas longas costas curvadas sobre um recipiente químico onde preparava uma substância particularmente malcheirosa. Com a cabeça baixa, ele me parecia um pássaro estranho e magro, com plumagem cinza opaca e um topete preto.

### **Original English**

Holmes had been seated for some hours in silence with his long, thin back curved over a chemical vessel in which he was brewing a particularly malodorous product. His head was sunk upon his breast, and he looked from my point of view like a strange, lank bird, with dull gray plumage and a black topknot.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Holmes perguntou de repente a Watson se ele estava planejando investir em títulos sul-africanos.

### **Original English**

“So, Watson,” said he, suddenly, “you do not propose to invest in South African securities?”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Watson ficou estupefato; embora conhecesse as notáveis habilidades de Holmes, essa súbita percepção de seus pensamentos privados foi completamente desconcertante.

### **Original English**

I gave a start of astonishment. Accustomed as I was to Holmes’s curious faculties, this sudden intrusion into my most intimate thoughts was utterly inexplicable.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Watson perguntou-lhe como diabos ele poderia saber disso.

**Original English**

“How on earth do you know that?” I asked.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele se virou em seu banco, segurando um tubo de ensaio fumegante, com um olhar divertido em seus olhos fundos.

**Original English**

He wheeled round upon his stool, with a steaming test-tube in his hand, and a gleam of amusement in his deep-set eyes.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Holmes disse a Watson que admitisse que estava completamente surpreso.

**Original English**

“Now, Watson, confess yourself utterly taken aback,” said he.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele confirmou que era.

**Original English**

“I am.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele disse que deveria fazer o outro assinar um papel nesse sentido.

**Original English**

“I ought to make you sign a paper to that effect.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou por quê.

**Original English**

“Why?”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele explicou que em cinco minutos o outro diria que tudo era absurdamente simples.

**Original English**

“Because in five minutes you will say that it is all so absurdly simple.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele tinha certeza de que não diria nada disso.

**Original English**

“I am sure that I shall say nothing of the kind.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## Pt/En

### Português

Ele explicou que não era realmente difícil construir uma série de inferências, cada uma simples e dependente da anterior. Se alguém removesse as etapas intermediárias e apresentasse apenas o ponto de partida e a conclusão, o efeito poderia ser surpreendente, embora talvez não inteiramente genuíno. Então ele mencionou que, ao inspecionar o sulco entre o dedo indicador e o polegar esquerdos de Watson, ele poderia ter certeza de que Watson não pretendia investir seu pequeno capital em campos de ouro.

### Original English

“You see, my dear Watson,”—he propped his test-tube in the rack, and began to lecture with the air of a professor addressing his class—“it is not really difficult to construct a series of inferences, each dependent upon its predecessor and each simple in itself. If, after doing so, one simply knocks out all the central inferences and presents one’s audience with the starting-point and the conclusion, one may produce a startling, though possibly a meretricious, effect. Now, it was not really difficult, by an inspection of the groove between your left forefinger and thumb, to feel sure that you did not propose to invest your small capital in the gold fields.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## Pt/En

### Português

Watson afirmou que não via nenhuma conexão.

### Original English

“I see no connection.”

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## Pt/En

### Português

Holmes então expôs os elos perdidos da cadeia: Watson tinha giz no dedo indicador e polegar esquerdos após voltar do clube, que ele usava ao jogar bilhar; ele só jogava bilhar com Thurston; quatro semanas antes, Watson havia mencionado que Thurston tinha uma opção sobre uma propriedade sul-africana que expiraria em um mês e queria que Watson se juntasse a ele; o talão de cheques de Watson estava trancado na gaveta de Holmes e

Watson não havia pedido a chave; portanto, Watson não pretendia investir dinheiro dessa maneira.

### Original English

“Very likely not; but I can quickly show you a close connection. Here are the missing links of the very simple chain: 1. You had chalk between your left finger and thumb when you returned from the club last night. 2. You put chalk there when you play billiards, to steady the cue. 3. You never play billiards except with Thurston. 4. You told me, four weeks ago, that Thurston had an option on some South African property which would expire in a month, and which he desired you to share with him. 5. Your check book is locked in my drawer, and you have not asked for the key. 6. You do not propose to invest your money in this manner.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

# 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.

## **angrily** ˈæŋɡrɪli (9 occurrences)

**Português:** com raiva

**Simple English:** In a way that shows anger.

**Example:** *He spoke angrily about the problem.*

### **Uses in this book:**

1. Colonel Moran moved forward angrily, but the police officers held him back.  
[Back to B1](#)
2. He angrily told them they were wrong.
3. He said the other man left angrily and started to make his own plans without him.
4. The man became a little paler and looked angrily at Holmes.
5. The daughter, a pale girl with fair hair, looked at them angrily.

## **annoying** /əˈnɔɪɪŋ/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** irritante; chato; enervante

**Simple English:** Causing slight irritation or anger.

**Example:** *The sound of the clock ticking was really annoying during the test.*

### **Uses in this book:**

1. His rude behaviour was very annoying, but they could not show their anger.  
[Back to B1](#)
2. She suggested that if the problem was annoying him, they could travel together to avoid the trouble.

**asthma** 'æzmə (1 occurrence)

**Português:** asma

**Simple English:** A illness that makes it hard to breathe.

**Example:** *He has asthma and sometimes uses an inhaler.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mr. Holmes mentioned that he knew Mr. McFarlane was single, a lawyer, a Freemason, and had asthma, but nothing else. [Back to B1](#)

**background** 'bækgraund (2 occurrences)

**Português:** origem

**Simple English:** The past or experience of a person or family.

**Example:** *He was not from a poor background.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He seemed satisfied and aimed at a black figure on a yellow background.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Fournaye, who is from a Creole background, has a very emotional nature and has had extreme jealousy in the past.

**backup** 'bæklʌp (1 occurrence)

**Português:** suporte

**Simple English:** A copy or alternative used in case the main one fails.

**Example:** *These controls could be used from a backup position if the main controls broke.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He added that hunters sometimes have extra guns ready, and the guns around the room were like those backup guns. [Back to B1](#)

**bounced** baunst (1 occurrence)

**Português:** saltou

**Simple English:** moved up and down quickly after hitting a surface

**Example:** *The carriage bounced on the rough road.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes watched him fall a long way before he hit a rock, bounced, and fell into the water. [Back to B1](#)

**brave** /brɛɪv/ (9 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 had always been very brave. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was not unusual for a man to follow a woman, and this man was not brave because he ran away.
3. It showed he was very strong and brave to keep going after such an injury.
4. Carey was fifty years old and had been a brave and successful sailor, fishing for seals and whales.
5. Then, she became brave and went downstairs.

**bravery** 'breɪ.və.ri (1 occurrence)

**Português:** coragem

**Simple English:** the quality of being brave or courageous

**Example:** *Tarzan admired the bravery of the warriors.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said that Lestrade deserved all the credit for the arrest, praising his cleverness and bravery in catching the person. [Back to B1](#)

**bumped** bʌmpt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** esbarrou

**Simple English:** hit something accidentally

**Example:** *She bumped into the door by mistake.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As he turned away, he bumped into an older, deformed man carrying books. [Back to B1](#)

**burnt** *bɜːrnt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** queimado

**Simple English:** Damaged by fire or heat.

**Example:** *The burnt wood smelled like smoke.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Also, burnt remains were found in the ashes of a fire. [Back to B1](#)

**calculating** *ˈkælkjʊleɪtɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** calculando

**Simple English:** Finding a number using math.

**Example:** *She was calculating the total cost of the meal.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. There were also some numbers and names on a paper, which suggested he was calculating his card game winnings or losses. [Back to B1](#)

**center** *ˈsɛntər* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** centro

**Simple English:** The middle point of something.

**Example:** *Nan was the center of attention.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The corners were dark, but the center was lit by streetlights from outside. [Back to B1](#)

2. He identified a small, dark, pyramid-shaped mass with a hollow center, which Watson had mentioned.

3. He also noted that his own eyes did not fit in the center of the glasses, so the lady's eyes must be set far apart.

**cheat** *ˈtʃiːt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** enganar; trapacear; batota

**Simple English:** To be sexually unfaithful to a partner.

**Example:** *She found out that he decided to cheat on her with someone else.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He decided to cheat his creditors by using a fake name, Mr. Cornelius, to withdraw large amounts of money. [Back to B1](#)

**chemistry** *'kɛm.i.stri* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** química

**Simple English:** The science about substances and how they change.

**Example:** *She studies chemistry at university.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Watson saw the chemistry equipment, the table, scrapbooks, reference books, diagrams, a violin case, a pipe rack, and a slipper used for tobacco.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Holmes put a paper on the table and went back to his chemistry work.

**comfortably** *'kʌmfərtəbli* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** confortavelmente

**Simple English:** In a way that feels good and relaxed.

**Example:** *He sat comfortably in the big chair.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. There he could hide comfortably and unseen. [Back to B1](#)

**confirm** */kən'fɜ:rm/* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** confirmar

**Simple English:** To show something is true by providing proof clearly.

**Example:** *Can you confirm the time for our appointment tomorrow?*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The other person said they should make the speaker sign a paper to confirm this. [Back to B1](#)

2. Holmes wanted the Duke to confirm this himself.

3. Watson repeated, "The butcher's?" to confirm.

**confusing** */kən'fju:zɪŋ/* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** confuso; confundindo; desconcertante

**Simple English:** Difficult to understand or unclear, causing uncertainty.

**Example:** *The confusing directions led us to the wrong location for the meeting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The case was even more confusing because there was no reason for the murder, as the young man had no enemies, and no money or valuables were taken. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes said he found the pencils and knives to be fine, but one person was confusing him.
3. Holmes agreed that Bannister had seemed honest, which made the situation more confusing.
4. So, I was happy that Mr. Overton had sent his confusing message.
5. He said that the glasses were confusing.

### **counting** /'kaʊntɪŋ/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** contando

**Simple English:** Adding numbers to find a total.

**Example:** *He guessed their value without counting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He asked everyone to shout 'Fire!' together, counting to three. [Back to B1](#)

### **currently** /'kʌrəntli/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** atualmente; momento; presentemente

**Simple English:** At the present moment or existing at this time.

**Example:** *I am currently learning how to cook Italian dishes.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He is currently unemployed. [Back to B1](#)
2. Sherlock admitted that the doctor currently had the advantage, and he did not like to leave a game unfinished.

### **Despite** dɪ'spaɪt (3 occurrences)

**Português:** apesar de

**Simple English:** Even though something happens.

**Example:** *Despite the rain, they played outside.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Despite searching for an hour in the hot sun, he did not find any new information. [Back to B1](#)

2. Despite his simple clothes, his voice was sharp and he acted with quick energy that made people pay attention.

3. The narrator heard that, despite his money and title, he had almost caused serious trouble a few times.

**digesting** *daɪˈdʒɛstɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** digerindo

**Simple English:** Breaking down food in the body.

**Example:** *The animal is digesting its food.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He explained that he needed all his energy for his work and could not use it for digesting food. [Back to B1](#)

**doorbell** *ˈdɔːr,bɛl* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** campainha

**Simple English:** A bell that rings to show someone is at the door.

**Example:** *The doorbell rang loudly during the storm.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was calmly opening his morning paper when a very loud ring of the doorbell was heard. [Back to B1](#)

2. The doorbell rang.

**echo** *ˈɛkoʊ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** eco

**Simple English:** A sound repeated after the original sound stops.

**Example:** *We heard the echo of our voices in the mountains.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. A shout of "Fire!" was heard, and it seemed to echo over Norwood. [Back to B1](#)

**entertaining** ,entər'teɪnɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** divertido

**Simple English:** Something that is fun and interesting.

**Example:** *The movie was very entertaining for all children.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes then invited Watson to his study for a cigar, suggesting it would be entertaining. [Back to B1](#)

**equipment** ɪ'kwɪpmənt (2 occurrences)

**Português:** equipamento

**Simple English:** Tools or things used for a special purpose.

**Example:** *The team has all the equipment they need.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Watson saw the chemistry equipment, the table, scrapbooks, reference books, diagrams, a violin case, a pipe rack, and a slipper used for tobacco. [Back to B1](#)

2. He replied that he could start as soon as he collected his equipment.

**Extra** /'ɛkstrə/ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** extra; adicional; acréscimo

**Simple English:** More than needed or added to current amount.

**Example:** *We ordered extra pizza to share with our friends on Friday.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He added that hunters sometimes have extra guns ready, and the guns around the room were like those backup guns. [Back to B1](#)

2. Holmes said it was bad and told Watson to stand back and not make any extra noise.

3. He warned the sailor to tell only the truth, with no extra details and no missing parts.

**fake** *feɪk* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** falso

**Simple English:** Not real or true.

**Example:** *He used fake names for the main people.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes said that something had moved and that he was not foolish enough to set up a fake object that clever men would believe. [Back to B1](#)
2. He decided to cheat his creditors by using a fake name, Mr. Cornelius, to withdraw large amounts of money. [Back to B1](#)
3. His serious mouth made a fake laugh, which was more frightening than his angry look.

**feathers** *'feðərz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** penas

**Simple English:** soft, light parts that cover birds' bodies

**Example:** *The bird has colorful feathers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He looked like a thin, strange bird with dull gray feathers and a black top on its head. [Back to B1](#)

**finances** *'faɪnænsɪz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** finanças

**Simple English:** Money management and problems.

**Example:** *He needs to fix his finances to be happy.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She claimed to know nothing about the missing papers or Mr. Oldacre's finances. [Back to B1](#)

**financial** */fə'nænfəl/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** financeira

**Simple English:** Related to money, banking, or economic management.

**Example:** *She is studying financial management at university to become an accountant.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Recently, his own financial situation had become bad, possibly due to bad investments. [Back to B1](#)

**footprints** *'fʊtprɪnts* (15 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. Holmes saw footprints of two men but no one else, which he thought was a trick. [Back to B1](#)
2. The soft soil showed many footprints.
3. He showed their footprints near the laurel bushes, saying he had been correct.
4. No footprints were found below, but this was the only way he could have left.
5. He had definitely climbed down using the ivy, because his footprints were seen on the lawn below.

**fought** *fɔ:t* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** lutaram

**Simple English:** Tried to win in a war or a fight.

**Example:** *Later, people fought a war.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was a soldier and fought in several campaigns, including the Jowaki Campaign and the Afghan Campaign. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes fought back, and after a short fight, Mr. Woodley was sent home in a cart.
3. Holmes and the sailor fell to the ground and fought.
4. The speaker grabbed a poker, and they fought.

### **funny** *'fʌni* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** engraçado

**Simple English:** Causing laughter or amusement.

**Example:** *The joke was really funny and made everyone laugh.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mr. Sherlock Holmes was sitting back in his chair after his funny protest.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Lestrade told the person that it was not a funny joke. [Back to B1](#)

3. The narrator found it funny to see how the detective's confident manner changed to that of a student asking a teacher for help. [Back to B1](#)

### **girlfriend** *'gɜːlfrɛnd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** namorada

**Simple English:** a female partner in a romantic relationship

**Example:** *Jason told Thoar's girlfriend he loved her.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He also wanted to get revenge on his old girlfriend. [Back to B1](#)

### **goat** *gəʊt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cabra

**Simple English:** A farm animal with horns and a beard.

**Example:** *The goat is eating grass in the field.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He asked if the Colonel knew the hunting method of tying a young goat to a tree and waiting with a rifle for a tiger to come. [Back to B1](#)

### **goodnight** *gʊd'naɪt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** boa noite

**Simple English:** Words used when going to sleep.

**Example:** *She said goodnight and went to bed.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They wanted to say goodnight to him, but his door was locked from the inside. [Back to B1](#)

## grey *greɪ* (7 occurrences)

**Português:** cinza

**Simple English:** a colour between black and white

**Example:** *She had grey hair.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He remembered a grey mist and later found his collar undone and the taste of brandy. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was an older man with a thin nose, a high forehead, and a large grey moustache. [Back to B1](#)
3. He then put on the grey dressing-gown that he had taken from the statue of himself. [Back to B1](#)
4. Between them, an older man with a grey beard, wearing a short surplice over a suit, had just finished a wedding ceremony.
5. Soon, an older man with red cheeks and grey sideburns was brought in.

## hopeful *'hoʊpfəl* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** esperançoso

**Simple English:** feeling that something good will happen

**Example:** *Gemnon felt hopeful again.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Watson followed his friend for a walk around the garden, feeling confused but also a little more hopeful. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said it made him hopeful and asked Mr. Hilton Cubitt to continue his interesting story.

## ignored *ɪg'nɔ:rd* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** ignorado

**Simple English:** did not pay attention to someone or something

**Example:** *The boys ignored him and kept preparing the fire.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He ignored everyone else, but his eyes were fixed on Holmes's face, showing both hate and surprise. [Back to B1](#)
2. The young woman found it strange that her uncle, who had ignored them when he was alive, now wanted to help them after his death.

3. He explained that the Duke had ignored a crime and helped a murderer escape.

**impatient** /ɪmˈpeɪʃənt/ (7 occurrences)

**Português:** impaciente; impacientes

**Simple English:** Easily annoyed by delay; eager for something to happen.

**Example:** *He grew impatient waiting for the train to arrive on time.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Watson noticed two men hiding in a doorway and tried to point them out to Holmes, but Holmes seemed impatient and kept watching the street. [Back to B1](#)
2. After three years, his temper had not improved, and he was still impatient with people who were not as intelligent as he was. [Back to B1](#)
3. For two days, Holmes was impatient and watched for every visitor.
4. Holmes sounded impatient.
5. Milverton checked his watch several times and once stood up and sat down again, looking impatient.

**interpreted** ɪnˈtɜːrprɪtɪd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** interpretado

**Simple English:** Understood or explained the meaning of something.

**Example:** *The message can be interpreted in different ways.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes explained that new evidence could be interpreted in different ways. [Back to B1](#)

**investments** ɪnˈvestmənts (1 occurrence)

**Português:** investimentos

**Simple English:** Money used to make more money.

**Example:** *He used money for his own investments.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Recently, his own financial situation had become bad, possibly due to bad investments. [Back to B1](#)

### items *'aitəmz* (9 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. Although the rooms were tidier than usual, they still had familiar items. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, he understood from the official inquiry that some items had been noticed.
3. He explained that there were important items in the room.
4. He suggested that these letters would make a better gift than expensive household items.
5. He did not say why he destroyed the busts, but the police found out that he might have made them himself because he worked for Gelder & Co., a company that made such items.

### knelt *nɛlt* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** ajoelhou

**Simple English:** To go down on one or both knees.

**Example:** *She knelt by the bed.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He knelt and used his weight on a lever, causing a long, noisy grinding sound, ending with another click. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then he knelt by the table, put his face in his hands, and began to cry very sadly.
3. As soon as the butler left, Lady Hilda knelt at Holmes's feet.

### lifelike *'laɪflaɪk* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** realista

**Simple English:** Looking real or natural like a living thing.

**Example:** *The lifelike model looked like a real person.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. There were two people in the room: Mrs. Hudson, who greeted them warmly, and a lifelike wax model of Holmes. [Back to B1](#)

**liquid** *'lɪkwɪd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** líquido

**Simple English:** a substance that flows and is not solid

**Example:** *The cup was full of a hot liquid.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was bent over a chemical pot making a bad-smelling liquid. [Back to B1](#)
2. He pointed to a stain on the carpet and asked if a lot of liquid had gone through it.

**magician** *mə'dʒɪʃən* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** mágico

**Simple English:** A person who performs tricks to entertain people.

**Example:** *The magician performed a new trick for the audience.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes seemed like a magician about to perform a trick. [Back to B1](#)

**messy** *'mes.i* (12 occurrences)

**Português:** bagunçado

**Simple English:** Not clean or tidy.

**Example:** *Her desk is always messy.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. A moment later, a very upset and frightened young man, pale and messy, rushed into the room. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator understood Mr. Holmes's conclusions about Mr. McFarlane's appearance and health, such as his messy clothes, legal papers, watch chain, and breathing. [Back to B1](#)
3. His clothes were messy, showing he was woken up suddenly.
4. The writing on the outside was messy and not like Holmes's usual neat handwriting.
5. His clothes were dirty from a long journey, and his hair was messy.

## **misleading** ,mɪs'liːdɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** enganoso

**Simple English:** Giving the wrong idea or information.

**Example:** *He accused Montoni of misleading him.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Finally, Holmes said he was surprised and commented on how appearances can be misleading. [Back to B1](#)

## **mix** mɪks (2 occurrences)

**Português:** mistura

**Simple English:** A combination of different things.

**Example:** *The cake is made from a mix of ingredients.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The constables were smiling, and Lestrade looked at Holmes with a mix of surprise, hope, and doubt on his face. [Back to B1](#)

2. The dog was white and tan, and looked like a mix between a beagle and a foxhound.

## **narrator** 'nærətər (127 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 thought about the facts all day, trying to find a solution to the mystery. [Back to B1](#)

2. The narrator listened but thought the ideas were silly. [Back to B1](#)

3. The narrator dropped the books. [Back to B1](#)

4. The narrator's visit to the house in Park Lane did not help him understand the problem. [Back to B1](#)

5. Feeling more confused, the narrator returned home. [Back to B1](#)

## nearby ˌniəɹˈbaɪ (13 occurrences)

**Português:** próximo

**Simple English:** close in distance

**Example:** *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Nearby was the timber-yard that had burned down. [Back to B1](#)
2. There were three constables nearby and ready to help. [Back to B1](#)
3. His bicycle was in a small shed nearby, and it was also gone.
4. He explained that the main road ran east and west next to the school, and there were no other roads nearby.
5. He also saw another wet, boggy area nearby and a small path between them.

## newspaper ˈnuːzˌpeɪpə (22 occurrences)

**Português:** jornal

**Simple English:** a printed paper with news and information

**Example:** *I read the newspaper every morning.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He told Watson that with him working, the morning newspaper offered many chances. [Back to B1](#)
2. Their visitor reached out a shaking hand and took the Daily Telegraph newspaper from Holmes's knee. [Back to B1](#)
3. He showed Holmes a newspaper article about a mysterious event in Lower Norwood. [Back to B1](#)
4. He asked Watson to take the newspaper and read a specific part of the article. [Back to B1](#)
5. The newspaper reported a serious incident that happened late the previous night or early that morning in Lower Norwood. [Back to B1](#)

## noisy 'nɔɪzi (1 occurrence)

**Português:** barulhento

**Simple English:** Making a lot of noise.

**Example:** *The street was noisy with traffic.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He knelt and used his weight on a lever, causing a long, noisy grinding sound, ending with another click. [Back to B1](#)

## normal 'nɔrməl (11 occurrences)

**Português:** normal

**Simple English:** usual or regular

**Example:** *It was a normal day at school.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He lived a quiet and normal life. [Back to B1](#)
2. The people who played with him, including Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy, and Colonel Moran, said the game was normal and the cards were fairly distributed. [Back to B1](#)
3. A crowd of people interested in the case were still gathered outside Deep Dene House, a normal-looking suburban home. [Back to B1](#)
4. He said it was a very normal thing to do. [Back to B1](#)
5. He said that a normal person chasing a boy would run.

## onto 'antu (14 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 had no time to think about the danger because another stone flew past him as he held onto the ledge. [Back to B1](#)
2. They finally came out onto a small road with old, dark houses. [Back to B1](#)
3. He took his gun and sat in his study, which looked out onto the garden.
4. He greeted them politely and sat at his desk, his red beard falling onto the table.

5. A thin layer of fresh mud came off onto his skin.

**panic** ˈpæɪnɪk (2 occurrences)

**Português:** pânico

**Simple English:** a sudden strong fear

**Example:** *He did not panic during the storm.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Lestrade responded that criminals often act in a panic and do things a calm person would not. [Back to B1](#)
2. This caused Godfrey to rush back home in a state of panic.

**perform** pərˈfɔrm (1 occurrence)

**Português:** executar

**Simple English:** to do an action or show a skill

**Example:** *The apes perform the ancient Dum-Dum dance.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes seemed like a magician about to perform a trick. [Back to B1](#)

**pot** pɒt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** panela

**Simple English:** a container for cooking or holding things

**Example:** *He grabbed a hot metal pot to throw at Tarzan.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was bent over a chemical pot making a bad-smelling liquid. [Back to B1](#)

**pour** /pɔːr/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** despeje; derramar; deitar

**Simple English:** To rain heavily and continuously from clouds above.

**Example:** *It began to pour just as we left the house for dinner.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He asked Watson to pour water on the straw and then told Lestrade that he was presenting the main missing witness, Mr. Jonas Oldacre. [Back to B1](#)

## prison 'prɪzən (10 occurrences)

**Português:** prisão

**Simple English:** A place where criminals are kept.

**Example:** *He was kept in a terrible prison for many years.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Lestrade asked if McFarlane had left prison at night to make himself look more guilty. [Back to B1](#)
2. He promised to help the woman get justice, even if he had to go to prison for it.
3. He warned Carruthers that he would likely spend about ten years in prison and that he should have kept his pistol in his pocket.
4. Williamson received seven years in prison, and Woodley received ten years.
5. Watson did not know what happened to Carruthers, but he thought the court did not punish him too severely because Woodley was known to be a dangerous criminal, and a few months in prison would have been enough for justice.

## 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. For example, Mrs. Stewart died in 1887, and Moran was likely responsible, but nothing could be proven. [Back to B1](#)
2. Lestrade asked Holmes if he had proven them wrong yet and if he had found the tramp. [Back to B1](#)

## rejected rɪ'dʒektɪd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** rejeitou

**Simple English:** to refuse to accept something or someone

**Example:** *The man rejected her love.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This man had been rejected by McFarlane's mother long ago, and he had never forgotten it. [Back to B1](#)

**responded** *rɪˈspændɪd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** respondeu

**Simple English:** to say or do something as an answer

**Example:** *Tarzan responded quickly.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Lestrade responded that criminals often act in a panic and do things a calm person would not. [Back to B1](#)
2. The doctor responded, but his rough face showed no change.

**sadness** *ˈsædnəs* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** tristeza

**Simple English:** A feeling of being unhappy or sorrowful.

**Example:** *This made the sadness stronger because it showed he was tired and without hope after much pain.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He told Watson that work is the best way to deal with sadness. [Back to B1](#)
2. After five minutes of silence, he looked up again and spoke with a calm sadness.
3. In her great sadness, she grabbed something from the table and hit him to make him release her.
4. She explained that she loved him very much and did not want to cause him any sadness, as she knew this news would break his heart.

**significant** */sɪgˈnɪfɪkənt/* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** significativo; importante; expressivo

**Simple English:** Important or great enough to attract attention or have impact.

**Example:** *The study shows a significant improvement in students' test scores.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He explained that there was one important problem with the evidence that their friend thought was very significant. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes stated that the presence of the unused alcohol was still significant.
3. Watson agreed that all these unusual points together were significant.

**silly** /'sɪli/ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** bobo; boba; tola

**Simple English:** Lacking seriousness, often in a playful way.

**Example:** *He made a silly joke that made everyone laugh.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator listened but thought the ideas were silly. [Back to B1](#)
2. He thought they looked like a childish game with silly little figures.
3. She replied that it was a silly joke and he should not pay attention to it.

**someday** 'sʌmdeɪ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** algum dia

**Simple English:** at some time in the future

**Example:** *Someday I want to visit Europe.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The man said he had to thank Holmes for a lot and that he might pay him back someday. [Back to B1](#)

**specific** spə'sɪfɪk (5 occurrences)

**Português:** específico

**Simple English:** special and clear, not general

**Example:** *She had a specific goal to finish the work.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He asked Watson to take the newspaper and read a specific part of the article. [Back to B1](#)
2. He decided this was his working idea and noted that 'E' was shown by a specific symbol.
3. Watson asked if the man only appeared at that specific time.
4. He explained that only someone agile like an acrobat or a sailor could have reached the bell rope from its bracket, and only a sailor could have tied the specific knots used on the chair.
5. Lucas offered to return the letter if she brought him a specific document from her husband's office box.

## **Statue** /'stætʃu:/ (13 occurrences)

**Português:** estátua

**Simple English:** Large object shaped like a person or animal from solid material.

**Example:** *The statue in the park represents a famous historical figure from our city.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He then put on the grey dressing-gown that he had taken from the statue of himself. [Back to B1](#)
2. Opposite it was a bookcase with a statue on top.
3. He explained that it was unusual for someone today to hate Napoleon the First so much that they would destroy any picture or statue of him they saw.
4. The place where pieces of the statue were found was not far away.
5. He explained that the criminal thought the small statue was more important than a person's life.

## **streetlights** 'stri:t.laɪts (1 occurrence)

**Português:** luzes de rua

**Simple English:** lights on the streets for visibility at night

**Example:** *Streetlights help people see at night.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The corners were dark, but the center was lit by streetlights from outside. [Back to B1](#)

## **style** stɑɪl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** estilo

**Simple English:** a way of writing, speaking, or doing something

**Example:** *He writes in a simple style.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes used his knowledge of baritsu, a Japanese wrestling style, to escape. [Back to B1](#)
2. It ended at a house with pillars in front, built in an old style.

## **summary** 'sʌməri (1 occurrence)

**Português:** resumo

**Simple English:** a short statement that gives the main points

**Example:** *A summary shows the important parts of someone's history.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He believed that a person's character can be like a summary of their family's history, showing strong influences from their ancestors that lead to good or bad actions. [Back to B1](#)

## **survived** sə'rvaɪvd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** sobreviveu

**Simple English:** to continue to live or exist after a dangerous event

**Example:** *Only a few animals survived the forest fire.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. I said I was very happy to see him and asked him to sit down and explain how he had survived the dangerous fall. [Back to B1](#)

## **taxi** 'tæksi (17 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 was in a taxi with Holmes, carrying a gun and feeling excited. [Back to B1](#)

2. The narrator thought they were going to Baker Street, but Holmes stopped the taxi in Cavendish Square. [Back to B1](#)

3. A taxi arrived while the American was speaking.

4. We watched the taxi drive away from the window.

5. He told Inspector Hopkins to call a taxi, and they would leave for Forest Row in fifteen minutes.

**teased** *ti:zd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** provocou

**Simple English:** Made fun of someone in a playful or unkind way.

**Example:** *Capietro teased him, saying he was in a hurry to lose.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He reminded Lestrade that Lestrade had teased him earlier when things were going well for Lestrade. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes also said he wanted to trick Lestrade a little, because Lestrade had teased him earlier. [Back to B1](#)

**thumbprint** *'θʌm.pɪnt* (9 occurrences)

**Português:** impressão do polegar

**Simple English:** the unique pattern on a thumb used for identification

**Example:** *Every thumbprint is unique and different from others.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He asked if the other person knew that every thumbprint is unique. [Back to B1](#)
2. He then asked the person to compare the thumbprint found with a wax copy of young McFarlane's right thumb, which he had ordered to be made that morning. [Back to B1](#)
3. He then asked if any expert would agree that a thumbprint found was McFarlane's. [Back to B1](#)
4. It was confirmed that the thumbprint was indeed McFarlane's. [Back to B1](#)
5. Holmes told Lestrade that a thumbprint was the clue. [Back to B1](#)

**tidier** *'taɪdiə* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** mais arrumado

**Simple English:** neater and more organized

**Example:** *The books on the shelf made the room look tidier.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He guessed the listener might collect books and pointed out some titles, suggesting they would fit on a shelf and make it look tidier. [Back to B1](#)
2. Although the rooms were tidier than usual, they still had familiar items. [Back to B1](#)

**tying** 'taɪɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** amarrando

**Simple English:** Making a knot to hold something.

**Example:** *He is tying his shoes tightly.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He asked if the Colonel knew the hunting method of tying a young goat to a tree and waiting with a rifle for a tiger to come. [Back to B1](#)

**unclear** ʌn'kleɪr (6 occurrences)

**Português:** incerto

**Simple English:** Not easy to understand or know.

**Example:** *It is unclear what she means.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes asked Lestrade if there were some unclear points about the document, and he pushed the pages towards him. [Back to B1](#)
2. The man on the bicycle was probably part of weekend visitors, but his identity and purpose were unclear.
3. The gypsies gave unclear answers and lied, saying they found the cap on the moor on Tuesday morning.
4. He thought the man said some unclear, sick words, and Susan changed them into a message that did not make sense.
5. He thought Mr. Overton was very worried when he sent the message, which made his words unclear.

**unluckiest** ʌn'ʌlkɪzɪst (1 occurrence)

**Português:** o mais azarado

**Simple English:** having the worst luck

**Example:** *He felt like the unluckiest man in the world.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said he was the unluckiest man in London at that moment. [Back to B1](#)

**unsafe** ʌn'seɪf (1 occurrence)

**Português:** perigoso

**Simple English:** not safe; having danger

**Example:** *Their leader went with them to smoke, leaving his tent empty and unsafe.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He felt unsafe as long as Moran was free in London. [Back to B1](#)

**unsolved** ʌn'sɑ:lvd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** não resolvido

**Simple English:** not solved or explained

**Example:** *The police have three unsolved murders this year.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He mentioned that three unsolved murders in one year was not good. [Back to B1](#)

**wallpaper** 'wɔ:l,peɪpə (1 occurrence)

**Português:** papel de parede

**Simple English:** decorative paper for walls

**Example:** *They bought new wallpaper for the living room.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator's hand touched a wall where the wallpaper was torn. [Back to B1](#)

**watchful** 'wɒtʃfəl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** atento

**Simple English:** Carefully looking and paying attention.

**Example:** *She was watchful while crossing the street.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She was a quiet woman with watchful eyes. [Back to B1](#)
2. He looked kind, like Mr. Pickwick, but his smile was not sincere, and his eyes seemed restless and watchful.

**waterfall** 'wɔ:tər,fɔ:l (2 occurrences)

**Português:** cachoeira

**Simple English:** water flowing down from a height

**Example:** *He moved toward the waterfall.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Holmes thought of all this very quickly, even before Moriarty hit the bottom of the waterfall. [Back to B1](#)
2. The waterfall roared below him. [Back to B1](#)

**whenever** wɛn'ɛvə (2 occurrences)

**Português:** sempre que

**Simple English:** at any time when something happens

**Example:** *Could he go to the quarries whenever he wanted?*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Watson replied that he would go whenever and wherever Holmes wanted. [Back to B1](#)
2. Carruthers said that he followed her on his bicycle whenever she left his employment, to make sure she was safe.

**windy** 'wɪndi (3 occurrences)

**Português:** ventoso

**Simple English:** Having a lot of wind.

**Example:** *It was a windy day at the beach.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It was a cold, windy night. [Back to B1](#)
2. They paid the taxi driver and, wearing their warm coats because it was very cold and windy, they walked along the edge of the heath.
3. He explained that it had been raining heavily and very windy since then.

**worry** /'wʌri/ (13 occurrences)

**Português:** se preocupe; te preocupes; preocupar

**Simple English:** To feel anxious about something.

**Example:** *Do not worry about it.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He told me not to worry and said he would keep my stick until I returned for it. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes told the inspector not to worry, saying that Abe Slaney would not try to escape.
3. Holmes told him not to worry.
4. The man's face was pale and showed signs of worry.
5. Holmes told Watson not to worry, as they had solved harder problems before.

**worthwhile** 'wɜrθ,waɪl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** que vale a pena

**Simple English:** important enough to spend time or effort

**Example:** *The movie was long but worthwhile.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said he had a job for them that night which, if successful, would make a life worthwhile. [Back to B1](#)
2. Holmes said that their actions might succeed or fail, but they had to do something for Mr. Hopkins to make their second visit worthwhile.