



Sherlock Holmes

Spanish Translated Story (Part 1)

Originally written by Arthur Conan Doyle



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Story with side-by-side translation

English

"My dear fellow," said Sherlock Holmes as we sat on either side of the fire in his lodgings at Baker Street.

"Life is infinitely stranger than anything which our minds could invent.

If we could fly out of that window hand in hand, and see the strange events going on, it would make all fiction with its foreseen conclusions stale and unprofitable."

"And yet I am not convinced," I answered.

"The cases which come to light in the papers are, as a rule, bald enough, and vulgar enough.

We have in our police reports realism pushed to its extreme limits, and yet the result is neither fascinating nor artistic."

"A certain selection and discretion must be used in producing a realistic effect," remarked Holmes.

"There is nothing so unnatural as the commonplace."

I smiled and shook my head. "I can quite understand your thinking," I said.

"Of course, in your position of unofficial adviser and helper to everybody who is absolutely puzzled, you are brought in contact with all that is strange and bizarre."

I picked up the morning paper from the ground.

Spanish

"Mi querido amigo", dijo Sherlock Holmes cuando nos sentamos a ambos lados del fuego en su alojamiento en Baker Street.

"La vida es infinitamente más extraña que cualquier cosa que nuestras mentes puedan inventar.

Si pudiéramos volar por esa ventana tomados de la mano y ver los extraños eventos que suceden, toda la ficción con sus conclusiones previstas se volvería obsoleta y poco rentable".

"Y, sin embargo, no estoy convencido", respondí.

"Los casos que salen a la luz en los periódicos son, por regla general, bastante directos y vulgares.

Tenemos en nuestros informes policiales un realismo llevado a sus límites extremos y, sin embargo, el resultado no es ni fascinante ni artístico".

"Se debe usar cierta selección y discreción para producir un efecto realista", comentó Holmes.

"No hay nada tan antinatural como el lugar común."

Sonréí y sacudí mi cabeza. "Puedo entender perfectamente tu forma de pensar", le dije.

"Por supuesto, en tu posición de asesor no oficial y ayudante de todos los que están absolutamente desconcertados, te pones en contacto con todo lo que es extraño y estrambótico".

Recogí el periódico de la mañana del suelo.

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"Let us put it to a practical test.

Here is the first heading upon which I come:
'A husband's cruelty to his wife.'

There is half a column of print, but I know without reading it that it is all perfectly familiar to me.

The crudest of writers could invent nothing more crude."

"Indeed, your example is an unfortunate one for your argument," said Holmes, taking the paper and glancing his eye down it.

"This is the Dundas separation case, and, as it happens, I was engaged in clearing up some small points in connection with it.

There was no other woman, and the conduct complained of was that he had drifted into the habit of winding up every meal, by taking out his false teeth and hurling them at his wife.

This is not an action likely to occur to the imagination of the average storyteller."

He held out his snuffbox of old gold, with a great amethyst in the centre of the lid.

Its splendour was in such contrast to his homely ways and simple life that I could not help commenting upon it.

He said: "I forgot that I had not seen you for some weeks.

It is a little souvenir from the King of Bohemia in return for my assistance in the case of the Irene Adler papers."

"And the ring?" I asked, glancing at a remarkable thing that sparkled upon his finger.

"Pongámoslo a prueba práctica.

Aquí está el primer encabezado al que llego:
'La crueldad de un esposo hacia su esposa.'

Hay media columna impresa, pero sé sin leerla que me resulta perfectamente familiar.

El más tosco de los escritores no podría inventar nada más tosco".

"De hecho, su ejemplo es desafortunado para su argumento", dijo Holmes, tomando el periódico y mirando hacia abajo.

"Éste es el caso de la separación de Dundas y, da la casualidad, yo estaba ocupado aclarando algunos pequeños puntos relacionados con él.

No había otra mujer, y la conducta de la que se quejaba era que había adquirido el hábito de terminar cada comida, sacándose la dentadura postiza y arrojándosela a su esposa.

Esta no es una acción que probablemente se le ocurra a la imaginación del narrador promedio".

Le tendió su tabaquera de oro viejo, con una gran amatista en el centro de la tapa.

Su esplendor contrastaba tanto con sus costumbres hogareñas y su vida sencilla que no pude evitar comentarlo.

Él dijo: "Olvidé que no te había visto en algunas semanas.

Es un pequeño recuerdo del rey de Bohemia a cambio de mi ayuda en el caso de los papeles de Irene Adler."

"¿Y el anillo?" pregunté, mirando algo notable que brillaba en su dedo.

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"It was from the reigning family of Holland, though the matter in which I served them was of such delicacy that I cannot confide it even to you."

He had risen from his chair and was standing between the parted blinds gazing down into the dull London street.

"Era de la familia reinante de Holanda, aunque el asunto en el que les serví fue de tal delicadeza que no puedo confiarlo ni siquiera a tú".

Se había levantado de su silla y estaba de pie entre las persianas entreabiertas, mirando hacia la aburrida calle de Londres.

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