



Sherlock Holmes

Spanish Translated Story (Part 2)

Originally written by Arthur Conan Doyle



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Story with side-by-side translation

English

On glancing over my notes at the seventy-odd cases in which I have studied the methods of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I find many tragic, some comic, a large number merely strange, but none commonplace.

Working as he did, rather for the love of his art than for the acquirement of wealth, he refused to associate himself with any investigation which did not tend towards the unusual, and even the fantastic.

Of all these varied cases, however, I cannot recall any which presented more singular features than that which was associated with the well-known Surrey family of the Royslotts of Stoke Moran.

The events in question occurred in the early days of my association with Holmes, when we were sharing rooms in Baker Street.

It was early in April in the year '83 that I woke one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed.

He was a late riser, as a rule, and as the clock on the mantelpiece showed me that it was only a quarter-past seven, I blinked up at him in some surprise.

"Very sorry to wake you up Watson," he said.

"What is it? A fire?"

"No; a client. It seems that a young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, who insists upon seeing me.

She is waiting now in the sitting room.

Spanish

Al repasar mis notas en unos setenta casos en los que he estudiado los métodos de mi amigo Sherlock Holmes, encuentro muchos trágicos, algunos cómicos, un gran número simplemente extraños, pero ninguno común.

Trabajando como lo hizo, más por amor a su arte que por la adquisición de riquezas, se negó a asociarse con cualquier investigación que no tendiera a lo insólito, e incluso a lo fantástico.

Sin embargo, de todos estos casos variados, no puedo recordar ninguno que presentara características más singulares, que el que se asoció con la conocida familia Surrey de los Royslott de Stoke Moran.

Los hechos en cuestión ocurrieron en los primeros días de mi asociación con Holmes, cuando compartíamos habitaciones en Baker Street.

Fue a principios de abril del año 83 cuando me desperté una mañana y encontré a Sherlock Holmes de pie, completamente vestido, al lado de mi cama.

Por lo general, se levantaba tarde, y cuando el reloj de la repisa de la chimenea me mostró que solo eran las siete y cuarto, parpadeé hacia él con cierta sorpresa.

"Lamento mucho despertarlo Watson", dijo.

"¿Qué es? ¿Un incendio?"

"No; un cliente. Parece que ha llegado una señorita bastante excitada, que insiste en verme.

Ella está esperando ahora en la sala de estar.

I presume that it is something very pressing which she has to communicate.

Should it prove to be an interesting case, you would, I am sure, wish to follow it from the outset.

I thought, at any rate, that I should call you and give you the chance."

"My dear fellow, I would not miss it for anything."

I had no keener pleasure than in following Holmes in his professional investigations, and in admiring the rapid deductions.

I rapidly threw on my clothes and was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend down to the sitting room.

A lady dressed in black and heavily veiled, who had been sitting in the window, rose as we entered.

"Good morning madam," said Holmes cheerily.

"My name is Sherlock Holmes.

This is my good friend and associate, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself.

I am glad to see that Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire.

I shall order you a cup of hot coffee, for I see you are shivering."

"It is not the cold that makes me shiver," said the woman in a low voice, changing her seat as requested.

"What then?"

"It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror."

Supongo que es algo muy apremiante lo que tiene que comunicar.

Si resultara ser un caso interesante, estoy seguro de que desearías seguirlo desde el principio.

Pensé, en cualquier caso, que debería llamarte y darte la oportunidad".

"Mi querido amigo, no me lo perdería por nada".

No tuve mayor placer que seguir a Holmes en sus investigaciones profesionales y admirar las rápidas deducciones.

Rápidamente me puse la ropa y en unos minutos estuve listo para acompañar a mi amigo a la sala de estar.

Una dama vestida de negro y con un tupido velo, que había estado sentada en la ventana, se levantó cuando entramos.

"Buenos días, señora", dijo Holmes alegremente.

"Mi nombre es Sherlock Holmes.

Este es mi buen amigo y socio, el Dr. Watson, ante quien puede hablar tan libremente como ante mí.

Me alegra ver que la Sra. Hudson ha tenido el buen sentido de encender el fuego.

Te pediré una taza de café caliente, porque veo que estás temblando."

"No es el frío lo que me da escalofríos", dijo la mujer en voz baja, cambiando de asiento según lo solicitado.

"¿Entonces qué?"

"Es miedo, señor Holmes. Es terror".

She raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation.

Her features and figure were those of a woman of thirty, but her hair was shot with premature grey, and her expression was weary.

"You must not fear," said he soothingly. "We shall soon set matters right; I have no doubt."

Se levantó el velo mientras hablaba, y pudimos ver que en verdad se encontraba en un lamentable estado de agitación.

Sus rasgos y figura eran los de una mujer de treinta años, pero su cabello estaba salpicado de canas prematuras y su expresión era cansada.

"No debes temer", dijo con dulzura. "Pronto arreglaremos las cosas; no tengo duda."