



My name's Dr. Watson, and I'm a good friend of the famous detective Sherlock Holmes.

Two days after Christmas last year I went to his house – 221B Baker Street.

I want to say "Happy Christmas" to him

When I arrived, I found him in the sitting-room. He was by the window with some newspapers next to him.

There was an old hat on a chair near him. and he had a magnifying glass in his hand.

**You're working on something, "I said".
Shall I go? No, said Holmes. Sit down and look at that interesting old hat over there.**

I sat down. It was cold out in the street, but it was nice and warm in Holmes's sitting room.

Why are you interested in that old hat? Is it something to do with a crime? I asked.

Holmes laughed. Not a crime, no, he said. I got it from Peterson, the doorman at the Baker Street Hotel.

He found it in the street and brought it here on Christmas Day for me to look at.

He also brought a dead bird with him – a good fat Christmas goose at the same time.

I gave the goose back to him this morning. He's cooking it at his house now and he's going to eat it for dinner tonight.

First it was a hat, and now you're talking about a goose I said. I don't understand.

Then let's begin, when it all began, said Holmes.

At about four o'clock in the morning of Christmas Day, Peterson went home after work.

When he got to Tottenham Court Road he saw, in the street in front of him,

a tall man with a goose over his shoulder.

Peterson walked behind him for some time.

There were some young men in the street in front of them.

Suddenly one of them hit the tall man's hat off his head and it fell into the road.

Then the tall man tried to hit the young man with walking stick,

but by accident he broke the window of a shop behind him.

At that moment Peterson ran to the man to help him,

but the tall man ran away.

Perhaps he felt bad about breaking the shop window.

Perhaps he thought that Peterson – in his doorman's coat and hat – was a policeman.

When he ran, he left his Christmas bird in the street next to his hat.

The young men ran away at the same time,

so Peterson took the goose and the hat home with him,

and the next day he brought them here.

There was an interesting little ticket on the goose's left leg, said Holmes. It said “

For Mr. and Mrs Henry Baker “. We can find the letters H. B. in the hat too.

Oh... the owner of the hat and the goose

is called Henry Baker, I said.

traducir

y soy a buen amigo

dos días

fui a su casa

cuando yo llegué

había un sombrero viejo

en su mano

estás trabajando

sientate y mira