

**IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK A
LOT LIKE CHRISTMAS.**

**REALLY, HOLMES, WHAT
DOES CHRISTMAS LOOK LIKE?**



OH, YOU KNOW, WATSON, HOLLY AROUND THE GAS LAMPS, CHRISTMAS CAROLS, AND CHRISTMAS PUDDING!

*YOU ALMOST
SOUNDED...
PLEASANT AND
SENTIMENTAL JUST
THEN, HOLMES.*



I DID NOT MEAN TO. BUT YOU KNOW HOW MY MINDS
REBELS AT STAGNATION. I SIMPLY MEANT TO POINT
OUT I ABHOR THE DULL ROUTINE OF EXISTENCE, AND
AT CHRISTMASTIME, AT LEAST THE ATMOSPHERE
AROUND THE CITY CHANGES A BIT.

SO YOU ACTUALLY LIKE
SOMETHING! YOU LIKE CHRISTMAS!



WATSON, IT IS ONLY
A MOMENTARY FEELING
OF SOMETHING ELSE.
IT IS NOT AFFECTION
FOR ANYTHING.

OH, NO, MY GOODNESS!
WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU
TO SHOW AFFECTION
FOR ANYTHING, HOLMES!



*EXACTLY, WATSON. NOW
YOU UNDERSTAND ME.*



I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND YOU.

