Mystery of the Vanishing Chocolate

written by Dave Jinks

It was a sunny morning, when Jupiter Jones, called Jupe, sitting in headquarters and eating his favorite sort of chocolate. It was a pity that it was so expensive, because it was a sort, which was hardly available in USA. That was because it came from Germany. He and his friends and colleagues Pete Crenshaw and Bob Andrews had been in Germany the year before and eaten lots of the chocolate there. It tasted very deliciously and Jupe decided to import German chocolate after they were back in Rocky Beach, California. Jupiter had bought a little fridge, now standing in his room. Half of it was only for German chocolate. The sort was called "Ritter Sport". Jupe loved it. Then Pete and Bob came in.

"I´ve been waiting for you to come here for half an hour!", said Jupe.

"We had to work at home.", said Bob.

"You haven´t waited so long.", asaid Pete. "I don´t guess so."

"I have.", said Jupe.

"I see you´re eating your favorite chocolate.", said Bob.

"Yeah", said Jupe, "Ritter Sport is the best chocolate I ever ate."

"And what about American chocolate?", asked Pete.

"That´s good, too, but I also love eating this one.", answered Jupe.

"Once you´ll become that fat that you´ll explode.", said Bob.

"I don´t guess so.", said Jupe. "It´s true that my Body Mass Index is above the appropriate value, but I always try to hold my BMI under 30."

"Of course.", Bob said ironically and Pete laughed.

"Jupiter Jones!", a voice called over the salvage yard.

"Oh no!", called Pete out. "That´s your aunt Mathilda, Jupe."

"We have to go to her.", said Jupe. "Since she observes the windows we normally jump out now, we can´t flee another way."

The Three Investigators had to work a whole day. In night, Jupe slept silently until he woke up. He believed to have heard someone go around in the house. He went downstairs.

"Aunt Mathilda?", he called silently. "Uncle Titus?"

Nothing.

Jupe went into the kitchen. But there was no one. Suddenly he heard someone be in his room. He ran upstairs, but it was too late. There wasn´t anyone any more. The burglar seemed to have left the house, which was proved by a rope hanging on a part of the window. The burglar ran over teh salvage yard and got into a car. Seconds later, he was away.

"Shit!", Jupe called out.

The next morning, The Three Investigators sat in their headquarters.

"What did you say?!", Pete called out.

"Your chocolate was stolen?!"

"Yes, Pete.", said Jupe.

"Oh my goodness! He stole your chocolate. How bad!" In Jupe´s opinion Bob´s irony wasn´t necessary.

"Bob, the chocolate is very valuable, because it doesn´t exist in USA very often. American collectors would pay several hundred dollars for German chocolate. Anyway, the richest ones of them would."

"Really, Jupe?!" Pete couldn´t believe it.

"Really, Pete.", said Jupe.

"But who could be interested in such a valuable sort of chocolate?", asked Bob.

"That´s what we should think about.", said Jupe.

"If we observe what you said, there are hundreds of collectors who could have stolen it.", said Pete.

"No, Pete.", said Jupe.

"Why not?", asked Pete.

"Because they don´t know I have this chocolate.", said Jupe. "But it´s possible that it´s a normal burglar thinking there´s anything valuable in our house. He could have looked for something in any room and accidentally found the German chocolate. He took it, used his rope and disappeared in his car."

"That´s naturally possible.", said Pete.

The Three Investigators thought about the new case for hours, but they didn´t come to any result. Then they heard a car coming onto the salvage yard.

"I don´t believe it!", Pete called out.

"Did you see a ghost?", asked Bob boredly.

"Something like that.", said Pete. "But not quite. It´s our favorite enemy, Skinny Norris."

"He only wants to argue us.", said Jupe. "we´ll go out and ask him what he wants exactly."

They went out. Skinny stood in front of his car.

"The three bundles of nerves", he said, "with three meaningless signs on their business card."

"question marks.", Jupe corrected. "And they´re not meaningless."

"Yes.", said Skinny. "Each question mark for one bundle of nerves. Or shall I say, they get on my nerves?" He dreckily laughed.

"And you come here only for saying us that?", asked Jupe. "Don´t you ever think of the environment?"

"You shut up!" Skinny said impolitely. Then he continued:

"The 1st bundle of nerves has to have a diet, I heard?" He dreckily laughed once again.

"Skinny, you´re unique. Anyway everyone hopes so.", said Pete. And Bob had even more to say:

"Because of what does an intelligent thought die in your brain? - Because of loneliness!"

"And", said Jupe, "you´re like a cloud. If you get away, the day´s better!"

"And you´re a fat pill of nougat!", said Skinny. "A bit overweight, aren´t you?"

"I´m not too fat, I´m too short.", said Jupe.

"That´s enough!", Skinny called out loudly. "I disappear!"

"Bye, Skinny!", Jupe called. 2And think of the environment!"

"Shut up!", Skinny shouted. Then he raced out of the Jones Salvage Yard and dispappeared.

"Strange.", said Jupe a few minues later. He, pete and Bob had gone back into headquarters.

"What´s strange?", asked Bob.

"It´s strange that Skinny Norris talked about that I´d have to have a diet. How did he know that my chocolate was stolen?"

"Very simply: He did it himself.", said Pete.

"Honestly said: That explanation is too simple to believe.", said Jupe." He said he had heard about it. There are two possibilities: Either he did it himself, that would be the plainest and most uncomplicated possibility. Or someone else did it and he really heard about it."

"Do you really think he didn´t do it himself?", asked Pete. In his poinion, possibility number 2 was to complicated.

"I think it´s most possible. However: I´ll buy new chocolate today. Maybe the burglar comes back and looks for this chocolate. If so, it would be easy to solve this case. If not, we´ll look for another possibility."

Jupe did what he had said. In the afternoon, he went to the new mall in Rocky Beach for buying some chocolate. Pete and Bob were waiting outside the candy store, while Jupe was in. He looked for the German "Ritter Sport" chocolate, but he couldn´t find it.

"Excuse me, sir", he talked to the seller, "where is the German 'Ritter Sport' chocolate here?"

"Oh", said the man, "we have got new chocolate today. Strangely, because normally we always get chocolate at the 3rd of each month. And today is the 2nd. Whatever, it´s here." He showed Jupe the shelf with the German chocolate.

When Jupe came out, he talked to his colleagues at once.

"Pete! Bob!"

"What´s up, Jupe? Oh, I see you have bought new 'Ritter Sport'."

"That´s what I mean.", said Jupe. "Come on, we sit on the bank here."

The Three Investigators sat on the back. Then Jupe explained:

"Well, that´s exactly the as much as the burglar has stolen last night. What he stole, cost exactly 98,86 $ and the sorts, I know exactly,too. And the chocolate came one day to early and costs 111,11 $ now. What do you think what happened?"

"I dunno.", said Pete.

"He - or the person who sold it to the store - could have stolen it from you!"

"That´s absolutely correctly and well deliberated, Bob.", said Jupe. "That´s the way a good investigator combines!"

"And what to do now?", asked Pete.

"You, Pete, will go into the store now and ask for 'Ritter Sport'. Since I bought any 'Ritter Sport' chocolate that was in there, there is no of them any more. They´ll say that someone has bought anything and you´ll ask when they´ll get new chocolate. They´ll say 'tomorrow'. You´ll ask where they get it from. Then you´ll come out here and say me the name of the company or whatever. Any questions?"

"No.", said Pete. "See you then."

Pete went into the store. He pretended looking through the shelves, then he went to the cashier.

"Excuse me, please, sir.", said Pete. "I´m looking for 'Ritter Sport'. You know, this high-quality chocolate from Germany."

"I´m afraid there is no German chocolate any more.", said the man. "I have sold it to one boy, maybe in your age. 45 packs of them. I´m sorry."

"When will the next ones come?", asked Pete.

"Tomorrow.", said the man. "Then chocolate this youngster bought some minutes ago came this morning."

"Oh, that´s a pity.", said Pete. "I need the chocolate today. Tomorrow, it´s the birthday of a friend of mine. Where does the chocolate come from?"

"Mostly from Germany.", said the man. "But there are a few American collectors of chocolate, who sell us chocolate sometimes."

"Is there a list of these collectors?", asked Pete. "Or aren´t they that famous?"

"They aren´t.", said the man. "We get them from two collectors, but I don´t know the names. I´m only an employee here, so I don´t know much about details of business."

"And what about the boss of this store?", asked Pete. "Does he knew about them?"

"Of course, he does.", said the man. "He only said that there are two American collectors of German chocolate."

"Where is the boss?", asked Pete.

"He´s in an office in Los Angeles now.", said the man.

"Don´t you have a shield, on which your name stands?", asked Pete.

"Oh, sorry, I have forgotten to put it on my clothes." He took a shield and fixed it on his pullover. His name was Mr. Horace. "Are you satisfied now?", he asked.

"Yeah, sir, I am. I only noticed this detail, but it´s not so bad."

"Okay.", said Mr. Horace. He gave Pete the address of the house in L. A., in which the boss, Mr. Johnson worked. Pete said bye and went out.

"And? what did you find out?", asked Jupe a few seconds later on the bank.

Pete told Jupe and Bob what Horace had told to him.

"Well done, Pete!", said Jupe.

"Are you satisfied with my performance in this case?", asked Pete.

"Yeah, I am!", said Jupe laughingly and the others started laughing, too.

The Three Investigators decided to go to L. A., but they couldn´t use their bikes. They were compelled to ask Worthington to drive them to there.

"It´s very nice, Worthington, that you drive us to L. A. Without you, we couldn´t solve our case.", said Bob.

"There, Worthington, over there.", said Jupe. "There´s the skyscraper we´re looking for."

"Okay", said Worthington, "I´ll wait here as long as you need. I´ll read my book."

"Okay, sir.", aid Jupe. "But it could last some time. We ask you for patience."

"No problem.", said Worthington.

The skyscraper, which stood in Downtown L. A., in the middle of the business district, was very high. It had got 21 floors. Jupe, Pete and Bob asked for Mr. Johnson at the reception and took the elevator to get to the 7th floor.

"Here we are.", said Jupe.

There was a corridor and a few doors. On one door stood:

LLYONELL A. JOHNSON

GERMAN CHOCOLATE IMPORT

Jupe knocked.

"Come in!", someone called out of the room.

The Three Investigators went in.

"Hello, sir.", said Jupe in his most friendly way of sound. "My name is Jupiter Jones, that´s Pete Crenshaw, my colleague and that´s Bob Andrews, another colleague of mine."

"What can I do for you?", asked Mr. Johnson.

"We´d like to ask you some questions about German chocolate.", said Jupe.

"What about the chocolate?", asked Mr. Johnson.

"How do you get the chocolate?", asked Jupe.

"Most of it, I import from Germany, of course.", said Mr. Johnson. "But a little part of the chocolate is from two American collectors importing their chocolate on their own. They say they import it, too, but some of the chocolate, they get another way."

"And you never ask them, how?", asked Bob.

"No, never.", said Mr. Johnson. "When I asked them, how they get the not imported chocolate, they said it´s their secret. I didn´t have problems with what they said. - Well, I actually did, but if I had said that, they would have canceled our business relation."

"But would that destruct your business?", asked Pete. "You still said, most of the chocolate is imported directly from Germany. So the share of the ot imported chocolate should not be so high."

"It wouldn´t destruct my business.", said Mr. Johnson, "But it would be bad anyway. The firms getting my chocolate, need a definite amout of chocolate. If I wouldn´t get chocolate from these two collectors, I couldn´t bring the firms enough. They wouldn´t pay that much to me and for the amount of chocolate, I would have to pay more to the German factories because of the duty. So it´s important that I get enough chocolate from the collectors and from Germany, of course. But why are you three that interested in it?"

"May I give you our business card?", asked Jupe.

He pulled a business card of The Three Investigators out of his pocket and gave it to Mr. Johnson. He read it out loudly.

Mr. Johnson seemed to be impressed.

"Yeah, that´s good.", he said. "How much shall I pay?"

"Pay?", asked Bob.

"I mistrust these American collectors.", said Mr. Johnson. "I would like you to observe them and analyze where they get the chocolate from. How much?"

"We don´t take any fees.", said Jupe. "It´s an honor for us to investigate for you."

"Okay. Will you investigate for me?", asked Mr. Johnson.

"Yeah, sir", said Jupe, "we will. But I´d like you to give us the names of these two collectors of German chocolate."

"The names are Sean Cassedy and Cuniberto Gonzáles. Mr. Cassedy lives in Beverly Hills, Mr. Gonzáles in Tijuana."

"Okay.", said Jupe. "Pete and Bob, you´ll ask in Beverly Hills. In 20 minutes, there will be a bus taking you to there. I´ll tell Worthington to take me to Tijuana. It´s no problem for me to get a permission for transit, so no problems getting to Mexico. We´ll meet in headquarters in 3 hours. Is anything clear to you?"

Anything was clear.

Three hours later, The Three Investigators met in their headquarters.

"What did you find out?", asked Jupe.

"Well", Bob began, "Sean Cassedy imports his chocolate from Germany and from Switzerland. That´s because he also collects chocolate from other countries, not only from Germany. He says he loves Swiss chocolate, too, but the German is good as well."

"He also says he has his connections all over Europe, so there´s no problem for him to get chocolate cheaply.", Pete added.

"And what about Mr. Gonzáles, Jupiter?", asked Bob.

"Cuniberto Gonzáles is Mexican. He hasn´t got the ability to get chocolate from Germany cheaply. He says he has to pay a lot of money. More exactly said: 49341.45 US$ for each ton. That´s a lot of money: Imagine you had to pay nearly 50 dollars only for 0.1 pounds of chocolate!"

"So that´s why he has such difficulties that he decided to get chocolate illegally.", said Bob.

"You´re right, Bob.", said Jupe. "When I was in the store in the Rocky Beach Mall once, I must have lost a business card. Before, I had been in headquarters. I had counted my business cards and I had still got 10. When I was back, I saw that one was away. So I must have lost it in the store. Cuniberto Gonzáles found it. There is my address standing on back. He came to me and looked for my chocolate storage. He found it and ran away. Maybe he has still done something like that anywhere else. We don´t know."

In the late evening, The Three Investigators sat in their headquarters once again. They didn´t want to be at home alone, so they met. Jupe was listeining to the radio.

"Exactly one hour ago, nearly anywhere in Los Angeles several hundred pounds of chocolate were stolen.", said the newsreader. "The owners of them said the sort was a valuable sort because it isn´t to find very easily in USA. The sort´s called 'Ritter Sport' and comes from Germany. There was a car driving away. Some policemen of the Los Angeles Police Department (L. A. P. D. ) have seen it, but they weren´t sure about the license number. More about this mysterious case tomorrow. Radio 11-11. Your channel never repeating anything. I say it still once again: Your channel never repeating anything!"

"What do you think?", asked Jupe. "Why to wait until tomorrow if we could tell the police to tell us about this case now?"

The Three Investigators had old press-identity cards from a previous case. They went to police department and asked the policemen about the case. There were three policemen, so each of The Three Investigators had to interview one of them.

"Well, Mr. Jones", Sergeant Cota, a neat Sergeant having been there for a few months, said, "I´m the computer expert here. I have listed any obervation of the police, but I´m not allowed to show you the data, of course. So I´ll tell you exclusively about my own details. Well, ... I have the feeling that there´s another reason for you to interview me. May I know about it?"

Jupe gave Sergeant Cota a business card. He (Sergeant Cota) was very impressed.

"Wow! Well, I accidentally was at Esperanza Corner at once. A man was calling someone names. The someone, in this case, was a dark-clothed man putting maybe one pound of chocolate into his car and disappearing with it. I could pursue him - for exactly 10 seconds. Then a pick-up stood in my way. But I could read the license number. It was California SC 34-89."

Pete was led into a dark office. The policeman was sitting there. Pete asked him about the case.

"Well, Mr. Crenshaw", said Officer Maynard, "I was called by a man who wants not to be named. So I only tell you what happened: His collection of German chocolate was stolen. It had a value of more than 500 US$. He said he had seen the car after running out of the house. And he said the license number was SC 34-89." "Thanks, sir.", said Pete. "Rhat was exactly what I wanted to know."

Bob was interviewing Inspector Nelson. He asked him what happened. Nelson said similar things as Sergeant Cota, only he talked about another license number: JS-69-45. Then he was talking about his collection fo license numbers from any place in the world. He had got about 100 numbers from America, from Japan, from Australia, from Hawaii and from Europe. About all this he talked nearly half an hour. Finally 'Mr. Andrews' decided to go.

The next morning, Jupe, Pete and Bob met in their headquarters. They had already told each other what they had found out. Now Jupe was summarizing anything.

"We´ve two different numbers: SC 34-89 and JS 69-45. Which one´s the rioght one? I have the solution already, but guess, colleagues. Guess."

"I´d say it´s SC 34-89.", said Pete.

"Pete always guesses wrong", said Bob, "So I say it´s JS 69-45."

"You´re right, Bob.", said Jupe. He had a short break, then he said: "But you aren´t wrong, Pete."

"What does that mean?!", asked pete and Bob synchronously.

"That means that there were two cars looking absolutely equally.", said Jupe. "Only the license numbers are different."

"Two cars?!" Pete couldn´t believe it.

"Yeah, Pete.", said Jupe. "I combine: The first car was driven by Cuniberto Gonzáles. The other one by someone else, more exactly said, by his accomplice we don´t still know."

"But you certainly want to find out who he is, I guess?"

"Exactly, Pete.", said Jupe. "we´ll ask Chief Reynolds if he can find out whom the two cars belong to."

"Well", said Chief Reynolds, "I can try to find out who the cars belong to, but I don´t believe they are the chocolate thieves! You have to prove it."

"Ask Sergeant Cota, Officer Maynard and Inspector Nelson from the L. A. P. D., if you don´t believe that.", said Jupe.

"I will.", said Chief Reynolds. "But you won´t be involved in the investigations. It´s too dangerous."

"But we have promised Mr. Johnson from the 'Johnson German Chocolate Import' to investigate in this case.", said Pete. "He doesn´t want the police to do that."

"That, you must not have said, Pete.", said Jupe. "We have to keep secret, what our clients say." And to Chief Reynolds, he said: "Well, sir, I´m a victim of this thief, too. He stole 45 packs of chocolate out of my refrigerator in my bedroom. We should be involved because we know more about the thief than the police."

"Quiet!", Chief Reynolds shouted. "I investigate in this case because it´s mine!"

"Actually it´s our case.", said Bob.

"You are stopping my investigations!", Chief Reynolds shouted accusingly. "And now you go out! Don´t you bother me!"

"Man, he has a good humor today!", Pete said ironically. He, Jupe and Bob were standing outside.

"I do not believe it!", Jupe shouted out angrily. "I don´t!"

"Calm down, Jupe, it´s okay - "

"Okay?!" Jupe still continued getting angrier and angrier. "Did you say it´s okay?! Chief Reynolds said that we´re getting into his investigations although it´s our case! And is there any fuc... damn reason?!"

"I don´t think so.", said Bob.

"And exactly that is what makes me get that extremely angry! Only that! He has no reason! If so, he would have told us about it! A rational reason!"

"Jupe´s opinion is exactly mine!" Pete got angry now, too. "He wants us to stop investigating without any reason! Too dangerous?! We have solved any else cases and they were much more dangerous!"

"Hey!", Boib called out loudly. "That´s one of the cars the chocolate thief used!"

"Don´t make any jokes!", said Jupe. "There´s no... - That is the car! Really!"

The three Investigators saw the car driving onto an area, behind which stood a wooden house. Someone - it was no Mexican - went into the house.

"Come on, colleagues!", said Jupe.

Jupe´s anger was away at once. He, Pete and Bob went onto the area slowly. They hid behind a garbage container. There was the car standing: a grey Mercedes.

"The license number!", said Jupe. "JS 69-45! The second one!"

Suddenly the man came out of the house. He got into the car. When he drove away, The Three Investigators could look into the car more exactly - and suddenly saw several pounds of chocolate! Pete got onto his bicycle at once. He knew that the man in the car couldn´t drive so fast because it was a 25-MPH-zone. Finally Pete was nearly faster than the man in the car.

It was still one o´clock when Pete came to headquarters.

"I have asked Sergeant Cota for the numbers.", he said. "One belongs to a Juergen Lang and the other one to a Moritz Hinterthuer."

Jupe was flatting his underlip. "Hmm.", he said. "Well done, Pete. The names are German. It´s possible that they are spies acting in German chocolate productions, but I´m not quite sure."

"The car with the number JS 69-45 belongs to Mr. Hinterthuer.", said Pete.

"I think it was Hinterthuer.", said Jupe. "Ah, but now let´s watch TV. We´ll think aboput the case later."

with these words, Jupe turned the TV on. The first channel was a News channel. There the picture of the man in Hinterthuer´s car was shown!

"Look at this!", Jupe called out.

"This man was shot to death when he passed the crossroad at the end of the 25-MPH-zone in Rocky Beach.", said a reporter. "Obviously his name is Moritz Hinterthuer. He is from Germany. It´s the first time that someone was murdered on the street in Rocky Beach. Samuel Reynolds, chief of the Rocky beach Police Department will say something about it."

Now the cam showed Chief Reynolds in his office The Three Investigators had been in some hours before.

"well, it´s a tragedy.", he said. "I have never thought that such a tragedy could happen in Rocky beach That´s a certain signal for that living in Rocky beach isn´t secure any more."

The chief didn´t look angry any more. His face was white.

"Do you think that such a tragedy - just to say it in your words - could occur again here?", asked the reporter.

"It isn´t excluded principially.", said Chief Reynolds. "But we, the inhabitants of Rocky Beach, should try not to let anyone murder anyone a second time. It would be another tragedy and in my opinion, too much tragedies happen in the Los Angeles City Limit. I´ll try to catch the murderer, of course."

"Okay. thank you very much.", said the reporter. 2That was Chief Reynolds in an interview about the first murder in Rocky Beach. goodbye. By the way, my name is John Haynes."

The next day, The Three Investigators let Worthington bring them to the L. A. P. D. because they wanted to know more about the murder.

"Good morning, Sergeant Cota.", said Jupe when The Three Investigators came into the obduction room.

"Good morning, you three. I guess you want to know about the brutal killer of Mr. Moritz Hinterthür?"

"That´s right, sir.", said Jupe.

"Well, he was obduced already. I want you to prove that you´re real investigators, so you should guess." The Three Investigators and Sergeant Cota went to a computer. There was a graphic. You could see that someone had shot Hinterthuer to death.

"What do you see?", asked Sergeant Cota?"

"Well", began Jupe, "Yesterday evening, I have seen the car with the smashed glass. Someone had shot through the glass of the window on the right side. But the document here shows that someone must have shot him coming from the other side. That´s not logical."

"Exactly, Jupe.", said Sergeant Cota. "You´re right."

"It must have been suicide.", said Jupe. "Or he got damaged fatally another way. But he wasn´t murdered the way anyone thinks."

"That´s right, too.", said Sergeant Cota. "You´re real investigators."

Now Jupe looked at the picture more exactly. Then he said:

"It was no shot. Something else must have happened. An accident, maybe. But no murder. That proves that there was never any murder in Rocky Beach for 200 years. No first murder."

"It happened because of a normal accident. The police has made the proof itself. You see? Anything´s harmless."

"But the victim of this accident was a rogue.", said Jupe and he told Sergeant Cota about the theft of German chocolate and their investigations.

"That´s very interesting.", said Sergeant Cota. "I think we can find cuniberto Gonzáles quickly. we´ll seearch for him. Don´t worry."

But The Three Investigators had more luck than the police of Los Angeles. They accidentally found him. That was when Jupe bought new chocolate in Mr. Johnson´s store in the Rocky Beach Mall.

"Excuse me?", said Jupe to Mr. Horace.

"yes?"

"I´m looking for Germna chocolate.", said Jupe.

"I´m sorry, mate.", said Mr. Horace. "There´s no German chocolate any more."

"No?", asked Jupe, surprised.

"No. Oh, there´s the man who bought it. - Hello, Sir, did you forget anything here?"

The man was Mexican. He spoke with a light Spanish accent.

"No. I only forgot to... er... how to say... ask for when the next... coud you help me... por favor, muchachito?"

"Certainly I can.", said Jupe knowing he was meant. "¿Que esperas decir Señor Horace?"

Jupe and the man spoke to each other in Spanish, then he asked: "What´s your name?" in Spanish.

"Me llamo Señor Cuniberto Gonzáles.", said the man. Jupe didn´t do anything. He didn´t want to be recognized by Señor Gonzáles.

"Mr. Horace, Señor Gonzáles wants to say he´s forgotten to ask you for French chocolate. He´s willing to pay much money for it."

"Oh, I´m afraid we don´t have got french chocolate any more. The next 7 pounds will come next month."

Jupe translated these sentences into Spanish.

"Oh, que no es bueno, Señor.", said Mr. Gonzáles.

"Well, I have to go now.", said Jupe twice, once in English and once in Spanish.

"Pete? Can you hear me?" Jupe was sitting on the bank The Three Investigators already had sat on before. Jupe had a mobile radio for having contact with Pete, who was going through the mall.

"Yeah, Jupe."

"okay. We have Gonzáles. Call Sergeant Cota and Chief Reynolds."

"Okay."

Twenty minues later, Gonzáles was arrested because of theft of chocolate of a vlue of about 2,000 US$. Later, Jupe, Pete and Bob were sitting in front of the house of the Jones Family. Aunt Mathilda had made a new creation The Three Investigators should test: Peanut and Banana. It was a peanut cake with pieces of Banana.

"Well", said Bob, "There was really no murder on the street? But what happened to Mr. Hinterthuer?"

"Hinterthuer was a German spy. He found out that 'Ritter Sport' was exported into other countries. One of these countries are the United States of America, shortly USA. He - "

"We know what 'USA' stands for, Jupe.", Pete interrupted.

Jupe still continued: "He, Mr. Hinterthuer, had a rival. - No rival in this sense, but it was Mr. Juergen Lang, an agent of the German secret service. When he found out that Hinterthuer had gone to USA for selling the stolen chocolate from Germany, he followed him. It was bad luck for Hinterthuer that he had an accident, which led him to death. Now Lang had problems because he didn´t know about who would buy the stolen chocolate. He could find out that Mr. Johnson bought it very expensively, but he bought it from Gonzáles. Gonzáles stole the chocolate for Hinterthuer, who gave him very much money for that. That, we had found out. But Chief Reynolds wanted us not to investigate because he knew it was a big syndicate. This syndicate had a problem because the most important member died in an accident in Rocky Beach. I accidentally met Gonzáles in the store. He wanted to buy German chocolate, so he got a proof for having bought it. If the police would come, he would show it to them and mentally put out his tongue."

"Wow!", called Bob out. "And it´s an advantage that Gonzáles stole your chocolate."

"Why?", asked Jupe.

"So you could have a diet!" Bob and Pete laughed. Jupe didn´t say anything first, then he laughed, too.