Die drei ???
Black Madonna
artists arrive in the small coastal town south of Los Angeles to reserve the best places for themselves. Justus’ uncle, Titus Jonas, who manages a used car business further north in Rocky Beach also sets up his stand here for a few days. And the Three Investigators have promised to help him with sales at the weekend. They grab their bags and start walking. It isn’t a pleasure to walk on asphalt in the heat of the Californian summer and all three are soaked in sweat when they finally reach Carino Beach. Already, quite a lot is going on. Market stalls are lined up on the right and left. The owners are unpacking their goods. All around, there are food stalls with food
from all over the world. The multinational city, Los Angeles, is represented by all shades of skin, ages and all classes. Policemen are patrolling the streets to keep fights and theft under control. Carino Beach pier looks like a bridge which reaches into the sea and ends abruptly after about 100 yards. The pier serves as a further base for traders.

“Our stand is over there,” Justus calls out.

“Uncle Titus actually managed to get a spot on the pier.”

“Couldn’t he have built it up in the water?” Peter looks longingly at the huge waves breaking on the beach shore.

“Blast! Why didn’t I bring my surfboard!” Justus begins, “Well, because we promised to …”
“… help your uncle. Yes, yes. I know.”
As they empty their water bottles, Justus brings them all ice cream. He has almost caught up with Peter and Bob when someone pushes him aside. Justus stumbles, loses his balance, and drops the ice cream.
“Watch out!” he calls out angrily.
The man who pushed him turns around briefly. Justus stops instinctively. From behind, the guy looks quite normal – dark hair, light shirt, jeans, tanned and strong. But he is wearing a white plastic clown mask with a red nose over his face. His broad, staring grin would look funny in a circus ring, but here it seems quite out of place. “You pushed me over,” Justus calls out. “Now you can pay me for the ice
The man stares coldly at Justus; then he turns around without a word and walks on. Three other men are following him. Two are equally big and strong, but one is a little smaller and thinner. All three are wearing clown masks with ordinary T-shirts and jeans.

“Wait!” Justus calls after them, but they ignore him. Like bulldozers, they push their way through the crowd and anyone who doesn’t get out of the way fast enough is pushed aside roughly, just like Justus. Peter and Bob now reach the First Investigator.

The ice cream melts into an unappetizing sticky sauce in the hot
sand.

“What a mess!” Peter complains. “Oh well, let’s go and get some new ice cream.”

They line up again at the ice cream van.

“Who were those guys?” Justus throws a look in the direction in which the four men disappeared.

“One thing is for sure, they were not funny clowns.”

“Is our criminal intelligence required again?” Peter teases. “Can’t we ever have a day’s holiday away from being investigators? Just like everybody else?”

“I’d like to know.”

“They probably belong to a fairground and simply haven’t taken off their costumes.”