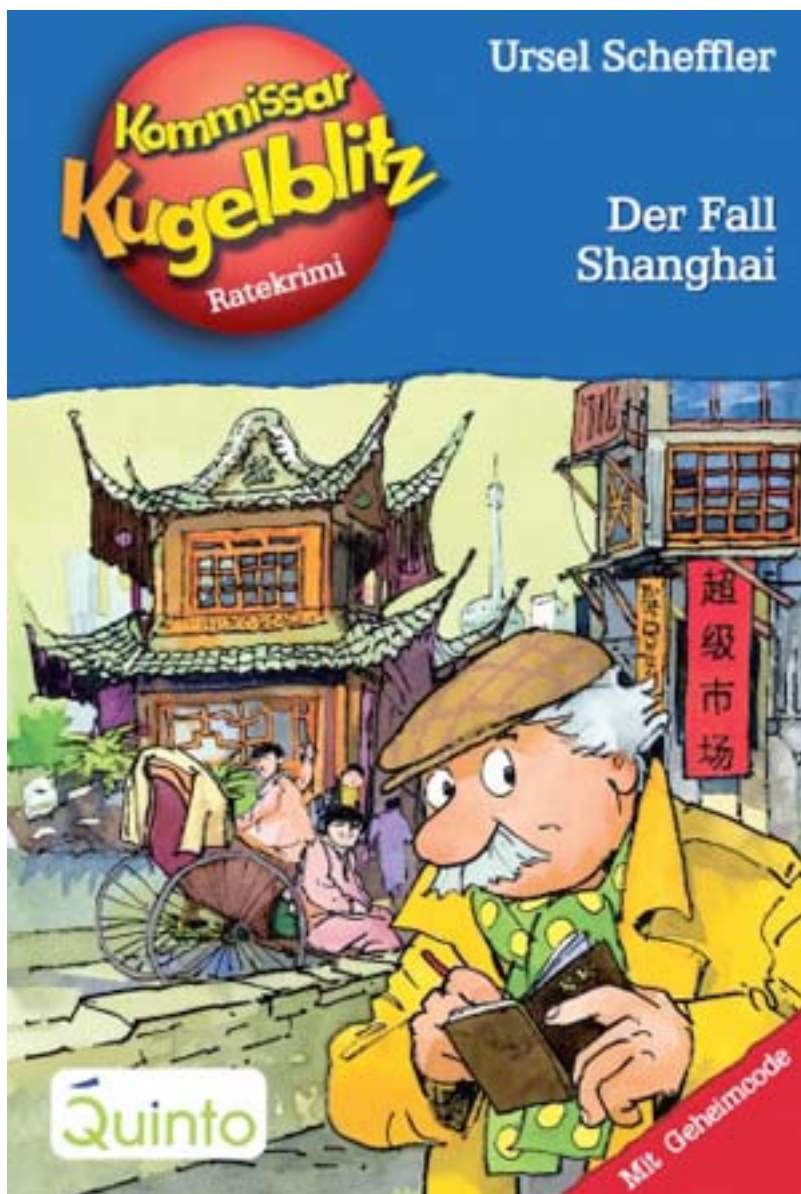


THE SHANGHAI CASE

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ein Kommissar Kugelblitz-Krimi von Ursel Scheffler
(c) English Version Ursel Scheffler
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starring:

Inspector Quizly (Kommissar Kugelblitz)

Fred Chips (Fritz Pommes)

Peter Pickles (Peter Zwiebel)

THE SHANGHAI CASE

This is an Inspector Quizly Case

follow the story and answer the detective questions at the end of each chapter.
collect the brain power points and find out, if you belong to the leading detectives in
the world.

Brainpower points

chapter 1	13
chapter 2	9
chapter 3	6
chapter 4	20
chapter 5	8
chapter 6	10
chapter 7	4
chapter 8	6
chapter 9	12
chapter 10	12

1-10	you should rather become popstar or tennis crack
11-30	promising starter
31-50	junior dedective
51-70	master dedective
71-80	super detective
81-100	high class super mega turbo detective

more

you either cheated or a genius in maths

What does Black Jack know?

‘Let us through! Police!’ shouts police officer Fred Chips. Side by side with his colleague Peter Pickles he fights his way through the crowd in the fairground. While the merry-go-round organ beside the Ferris wheel continues playing ‘Walking on sunshine’, two medics place a limp body in the ambulance parked between the fairground stands.

‘The man fell from the Ferris wheel! I saw it!’ cries an excited woman with a backpack. She points her finger at the top of the wheel.

‘He had an argument with the vampire just before it happened!’ the popcorn vendor remembers and points toward Conny, the Ghost Train barker.

‘Yeah, he threw the man out of the Ferris wheel!’ shouts a little girl and points at the man in the vampire costume.

Conny protests. ‘Are you crazy? I didn’t throw him out of the Ferris wheel, I threw him out of the Ghost Train! The guy was drunk as a skunk! I was afraid he would barf all over the car.’

‘Did *you* call the police?’ Pickles asks the popcorn vendor beside the Ferris wheel. The man nods proudly. ‘The police and the emergency doctor. On my cell phone. I did the right thing, didn’t I?’

‘Absolutely!’ says Chips and pats him approvingly on the shoulder. ‘Did you see the accident?’

‘Everything happened so fast. I saw something fall from the Ferris wheel. And – and – then the man was lying beside my stand,’ gasps the popcorn vendor. He was obviously upset. His face was almost as white as his popcorn.

Officers Chips and Pickles speak to other witnesses: The balloon vendor, the ice cream vendor, the man who runs the shooting gallery, the boy at the lottery stand, who has just won a huge purple Teddy bear.

‘Maybe there was a fight in the seat of the Ferris wheel,’ says the owner of the beer tent. ‘I see things like that all the time, when people drink too much...’

While Officers Chips and Pickles are taking down the statements of the witnesses, a man in a black leather suit suddenly appears behind Conny the vampire and whispers in his ear: 'Psst! If they ask you, you say we don't know the man. Never seen him. Got it?'

Conny nods wordlessly.

'Did you grab his cell phone when he was in the Ghost Train? The police mustn't get their hands on it!'

'Here it is,' whispers Conny and hands the cell phone to the man in the leather suit.

The man's name is Black Jack. At least that is what the fair people call him. He is in charge of security at the fair. For a fee, of course. The police call that protection money. If someone doesn't pay the fee, they regret it sooner or later, when Jack's goons come around, all dressed in black.

As officers Chips and Pickles are approaching, Jack merges with the crowd. He isn't interested in talking to the police! Behind the shooting gallery with the purple Teddy bears he opens the victim's cell phone, presses a one-touch key and waits. On the other end of the line is a man in far away Shanghai. But it sounds like he is in the next room.

'We taught him a lesson!' Jack reports. 'He won't be going to our competitors and sell the material now!'

'But the material is already on the way to him!' says the other man.

'I'll take care of that,' Jack promises.

Then he closes the cell phone and drops it down the nearest manhole.

While Chips is questioning Conny from the Ghost Train, Pickles joins the men at the ambulance.

'The man's name is Sam Moser,' reports the medic. 'He's unconscious. We found his wallet with his ID in his jacket.'

'Will he live?' asks Pickles.

'We hope so,' the medic replies.

After questioning all of the witnesses, Chips and Pickles return to the police station.

'Here you're back at last!' complains Sandy Sandman. 'IQ (that's Inspector Quizly's nickname) will be right here. Max Beatle is picking him up at the airport.'

‘There was a bad accident at the fair! We had to question a large number of witnesses. Unfortunately, it took a long time,’ Chips explains.

‘The medics found this in the pockets of the victim,’ says Pickles and places a plastic bag on the desk. In it is a wallet, a set of keys with a stuffed tiger, a subway ticket and a calendar.

‘A traffic accident?’ Sandy Sandman inquires.

‘Nope. The man fell from the Ferris wheel,’ Chips says.

‘Maybe someone pushed him out of the seat,’ adds Pickles.

‘I don’t think so. Conny from the Ghost Train says the man fell from the Ferris wheel because he was drunk,’ mutters Chips.

‘But Conny isn’t exactly your ideal witness. I had a look at his rap sheet last week after a fight in the beer tent,’ says Pickles. ‘The guy is no angel, believe me! We must follow up every clue!’

Calling all detectives with a good memory:

1. Can you name at least five witnesses questioned by Officers Chips and Pickles about the incident? (5 brain power points)
2. What makes you think that the ‘accident’ wasn’t really an accident? (3 ***)
3. How do you know that Black Jack and Sam, the injured man, have a common friend in Shanghai? (2 **)
4. Why does Jack drop the cell phone in the manhole? (1 *)

Fake Fifties

Max Beetle from the motor pool of the police is on the road earlier than usual.

Because of the countless construction sites around Fuhlsbüttel Airport. It's a good thing he is, because the Lufthansa plane from Paris lands ten minutes ahead of time.

Inspector Quizly is pleased as he discovers Max the driver, waiting for him.

'Hello Max!' he shouts, 'Great that you got here early. Our flight was faster than usual. There was a strong tailwind!'

'Did everything go well at Europol?' Beetle asks as they head for the parking deck.

'Could be better,' mutters Quizly. 'The crooks are always a step ahead of us! Our cooperation with other countries needs to be quicker and better. Right now we're after a money counterfeit gang, which is causing damage amounting to millions.

Their counterfeits of euros are so good that they can almost only be recognized by specialists or expensive testing devices.'

'Right! My wife got a counterfeit fifty Euro note from the automatic teller of the bank the day before yesterday,' Max sighs. 'But of course no one believed us.'

'Tsk! From the automatic teller? That's unbelievable!' says Quizly and shakes his head.

As he climbs the stairs to the police station Inspector Quizly runs into police chief Adam Bingo. The chief seizes the opportunity to enquire about the the Europol meeting. 'Any results concerning the euro counterfeit gang – they've got to be stopped immediately!' he demands in an angry voice. 'Did you read today's newspaper?'

'Yes, but it was a French newspaper!' says IQ with a little smile. 'I had my breakfast in Paris!'

'Well, there's a photo of me on page one! And under it:

CHIEF OF POLICE PAYS WITH COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

Bingo shakes his head. 'It's a scandal!' he says.

'How on earth did it happen?' Quizly asks astonished.

'I was on duty at the harbor and bought myself a hot dog. Suddenly, the man operating the kiosk started shouting. He said my fifty euro bill was a fake.

Unfortunately, he was right! It's a mystery to me how it got into my wallet.

It was all so embarrassing!'

‘And you didn’t notice that it was a fake?’ Quizly wonders.

Bingo shakes his head and grumbles, ‘We must stop these insolent counterfeiters before they trick other honest people. I want you to put you on this case, Quizly. I’m counting on you!’

‘I’ll do my best,’ IQ assures him.

‘Everything okay?’ Inspector Quizly asks his three assistants as he enters his office three minutes later.

‘Just the usual things,’ Fred Chips says straight-faced. ‘Two muggings, five break-ins, three drug dealers in custody and a bad accident at the fair two hours ago.’

‘Pickles thinks that there’s something fishy about the accident,’ says Sandy Sandman.

Suddenly, the telephone rings.

‘It’s for you, Chief!’ says Chips and reaches across the desk to hand Quizly the phone. ‘It’s Inspector Mao from Shanghai!’

‘Nihao, Lao Mao!’ says the surprised inspector in his best Chinese. ‘Are you already home Old Cat?’ (English for Lao Mao)

Amused, the inspector on the other end of the line lets out a loud laugh. ‘I can’t work magic, Lao Q! (Quizly’s nickname in China) My plane has landed for a layover in Frankfurt and will take off again at 17.35. I’ve just called Shanghai and found out that my undercover agents have caught one of the euro counterfeit dealers! And they found 1000 fake 50 Euro bills in the safe of the director of a gambling den.’

‘Wow! The Euro Gang spread its net around the world faster than we thought,’ says Quizly.

‘As far as our casinos are concerned, a guy named *Hai Hu*, the Black Tiger, is almost always involved. His gang controls the gambling business on the whole coast. He’s a dangerous fellow,’ sighs Inspector Mao.

‘Have the bills tested as soon as possible and let me know what you discover,’ Inspector Quizly says. ‘We’ve got to find out whether your counterfeit fifty euro bills are of the same kind as ours.’

‘I’ll get right on it,’ says the IQ quickly.

Lao Mao is a much younger man than Quizly, but a very hardworking and successful detective. Quizly enjoys working with him.

After the long distance call, Quizly discovers a plastic bag on his desk, from which a little stuffed tiger is looking at him.

‘What’s that?’ he asks his assistants.

‘It’s from the man at the fair I was telling you about. Could you, please, have a closer look at it, Chief?’ Pickles asks. ‘Especially the bills. They look quite new. I thought we better check them before we return them to the owner. There’s nothing he can do with them at the moment anyway.’

Inspector Quizly takes a pair of very thin rubber gloves and a magnifying glass from his desk drawer. He then thoroughly investigates the contents of the bag. In the wallet he discovers, among other things, five brand new fifty euro bills. He holds them to the light and moves them back and forth. ‘Funny money,’ he says when he finishes. ‘Off to the laboratory along with the rest of the counterfeit money that’s been taken in recently!’

‘That means,’ Chips says thoughtfully, ‘that maybe the man from the fair was a counterfeit money dealer?’

‘At the least a counterfeit money owner,’ mutters Quizly.

Calling all detectives who want to gain more brain power points:

1. When Quizly came from Paris with tailwind, which direction was the wind blowing in? (1*)
2. What objects from the pocket of the victim were in the plastic bag? (3***)
3. What means Lao Mao in English? (2**)

The Green Dragon

‘It’s just as I thought. It wasn’t simply an accident. There was more to it than that!’ officer Pickles says.

‘We got lucky: it’s given us a hot lead in the counterfeit case. Find out everything you can about Sam Moser!’ inspector Quizly says to his assistant. ‘Find out where he lives, where he works, who his friends are, etc. This is a job for our number one detective, Fred Chips.’

‘I’ll start immediately,’ says Chips proudly.

Fred Chips finds the information quickly: Sam Moser is a sailor, he lives in Alton, a suburb of Hamburg, at 4c Powder alley and has a telephone!

But he doesn’t answer the phone when Chips calls.

‘No one answers when I call Moser’s number.’ Chips is disappointed.

‘No wonder. After all, he’s in intensive care unit at the hospital,’ Peter Pickles smiles and takes a large bite of his tuna fish sandwich.

‘I thought someone of his family might be at home.’ Chips forces a smile . ‘Should I go there?’

‘Good idea. Maybe you’ll find some evidence of counterfeit money,’ Quizly says.

‘And take someone from CSI ((please explain when first mentioned!)) with you.’

‘And the set of keys with the stuffed tiger!’ says Sandy. ‘One of them will be most probably the key to his apartment.’

‘Great idea! I should have thought of that myself,’ Chips grumbles, a little angry with himself. No wonder that the others always think they’re more clever than he is. He puts the set of keys in the pocket of his baggy leather jacket and sets out.

Together with Ben Braker from the CSI, Chips drives to 4c Powder alley. They park the patrol car behind a shiny Harley Davidson.

‘I’ve always wanted one like that,’ says Braker, looking at the beautiful motorcycle.

‘4c is in the back courtyard,’ says Chips and points at the sign.

In the dark passage to the courtyard a young man with a black helmet and motorcycle suit hurries past them.

‘I bet it’s *his* Harley,’ mutters Braker. He sounds a little envious.

At first glance everything looks harmless. The courtyard is surrounded by gray apartment buildings with flower boxes, which add a colourful note. Some children are swinging from a carpet hanger. A young woman is hanging out clothes to dry. An old man is repairing his bicycle trailer.

‘Here it is! Forth floor!’ says Chips and points at the nameplate of one of the apartment buildings in the back yard.

The two investigators climb the four sets of stairs to the attic apartment. No one answers the bell, so Chips takes the set of keys out of his jacket pocket. Surprise, surprise, the third key fits. The door opens. A gray shadow flits between their legs. Alarmed, Chips grabs his colleague by the arm.

‘It was only a cat!’ Ben grins.

They enter the apartment. It’s a terrible mess.

‘That couldn’t have been the cat!’ Chips mutters as he steps over pulled-out drawers, a cat litter box, a purple Teddy bear and other objects lying about on the floor.

‘Someone was here before us!’ says Ben in an angry voice. ‘But he came through the window, not through the door!’

Chips forces his way across the room to the skylight, looks out and says, ‘He used the fire escape! It connects to the flat roof of the next house.’

‘It seems the thief was looking for something important,’ Ben says thoughtfully.

‘Otherwise he wouldn’t have made such a mess.’

The two officers take a careful look around in the devastated apartment. On the wall is an *Air China* calendar with a picture of a green dragon. And there are pictures of dragons on an ash tray, a broken teacup and a package of fortune cookies.

‘The guy seems to be a dragon fan,’ Chips says and turns a book of matches back and forth, on which there is also a picture of a green dragon.

‘Yu Long – The Green Dragon – excellent Chinese food’ is written on it.

‘That’s a Chinese restaurant on the *Reeperbahn*. Great food! I ate there once with a girlfriend,’ says Braker as he looks through the wastepaper basket. He unfolds a crumpled-up airline ticket and shouts in surprise: ‘Hey, Chips! Look! Moser was in Shanghai last week! That’s interesting, isn’t it?’

‘Very interesting, as a matter of fact! Well, well. The trail leads to China everywhere. Chips looks at his watch. ‘It’s time to dine in a Chinese restaurant, don’t you think? At The Green Dragon! Maybe someone there can give us a clue about Sam Moser.



The officers arrive at lunchtime. The Green Dragon is crowded. The food is inexpensive and the service is good, fast and friendly.

‘Do you know this man?’ Chips asks the waitress. He shows her the photo from Sam’s ID card.



The friendly Chinese waitress hesitates a moment. ‘Uh, no,’ she says. ‘It’s possible that he’s been here though. I don’t have a good memory for names and faces.’

Chips orders sweet-and-sour chicken, Ben asks for pork with cashew nuts and jasmine tea. The soup is, as usual, for free.

‘That was delicious,’ Chips says as he pays the bill. The waitress brings his change along with two fortune cookies.

‘They’re just like the ones we found in Sam’s apartment,’ Chips whispers.

‘Let’s see what the goddess of luck has to say.’ Braker grins and takes a bite of his cookie. Then he pulls out the tiny slip of paper from inside the cookie and holds it up. ‘The eyes are the window of your mind,’ he reads.

‘How true,’ mutters Chips. ‘And when I look carefully through the window of my mind, I see some things that indicate that there is a close connection between Sam Moser and The Green Dragon.’

‘You’re right!’ Ben says. Now he sees the connection, too!

A question for an attentive detective

What things does Chips mean? (6*****)

(You must look at the pictures of the apartment and the restaurant to find the answer)

A Key Moment

The rays of the afternoon sun are shining on Quizly's desk as he examines a false fifty euro bill with his magnifying glass.

'Do you want me to draw the blinds, Chief?' his assistant Sandy Sandman asks.

'Not necessary,' Quizly mutters. 'The illumination is perfect! Come, have a look.' He moves the bill back and forth in the sunlight. 'Now take a closer look at the hologram!'

Curious, Sandy Sandman spys over the chief's shoulder.

'It's almost perfect,' murmurs Quizly. 'Except that in the hologram there's an O instead of the Greek letter Omega. And the island of Majorca is missing from the map of Europe. Look here!'

'I'd never have noticed that,' Sandy admits.

'Only two of the counterfeit bills we have are crude fakes on cheap paper. And one of them is the bill Bingo wanted to pay for his hot dog with,' Quizly says with a twinkle in his eye.

'Big Chief should have noticed that,' Sandy says with a note of glee in her voice.

'I suspect,' says Quizly thoughtfully, 'that the bills with the missing island and the false O are from one and the same workshop. Now all we've got to do is find it! And we will, that I'm sure of.' With a determined look on his face, the inspector stands up. 'Now I want you to mail Lao Mao in Shanghai and to all my Europol colleagues on this list about the two mistakes we found, Sandy!'

But before Sandy Sandman can log into the Internet, Fred Chips comes rushing in through the door. He waves the airline ticket that Braker found in Moser's wastepaper basket and shouts excitedly: 'The trail leads to China, Chief! The man from the fair was in Shanghai last week!'

After that, he tells about the Chinese items they found in the apartment and about what they saw in The Green Dragon.

'Did you find any counterfeit bills?' Quizly asks.

‘No, but somebody was there before us. Maybe he found some. At any rate, the room looked like it was hit by a hurricane,’ Chips says.

He puts the set of keys back to the other things lying on his desk.

‘Well? Did the keys fit?’ Sandy asks.

‘Yep,’ says Chips. ‘At least one of them did.’

‘What about the other two?’ Quizly wants to know.

‘Oh – uh, no, they didn’t fit,’ Chips says quickly.

‘It’d be interesting to know *where* they fit, wouldn’t it?’ Quizly insists.

‘The long one looks like a key to a safe,’ Peter Pickles says.

‘Or to a locker,’ says Sandy thoughtfully. ‘Do you see the little number?’ She smiles and adds, ‘And the flat, round one could belong to a mailbox.’

‘Well? Did you check out the mailbox in Moser’s house, Chips?’ Quizly asks.

‘No, we didn’t,’ Chips admits and his ears grow red. ‘I completely forgot to.’

‘Moser certainly didn’t keep his counterfeit bills in his mailbox,’ Peter Pickles says quickly so his colleague wouldn’t look bad.

‘There are often important clues in mailboxes, trashcans and wastepaper baskets, as every detective knows’ Quizly says and raises an eyebrow.

‘I’ll go there right away,’ says Chips, his face red with embarrassment.

‘And I’ll call Shanghai as soon as Lao Mao arrives at his office. Please, Sandy find out for me when the soonest time is for my call’ Quizly says to his assistant.

‘Right away,’ answers Sandy Sandman. She flips through the flight schedule and murmurs: ‘Take-off Frankfurt, 17.35, flight time 10 hours and 20 minutes and then the trip from the Shanghai airport to the police station and the time difference. Shanghai is 6 hours ahead of us in the summer...’

She writes down some numbers. ‘You’ll have to get up early, Chief!’ she says, after she has figured everything out.

Calling all detectives who are just as good at combining facts as Sandy:

1. Mao takes off in Frankfurt at 17.35. What time is it in his hometown of Shanghai, if the time difference is 6 hours? (5*****)
2. What is the time on the airport clock at Mao’s landing in Shanghai if the flight takes 10 hours and 20 minutes? (5*****)

3. What is the earliest time Mao can be at his office if he has to wait a half hour from the time of his arrival in Shanghai for the first train from the airport, the train ride lasts 7 minutes, the drive from the train station to his office takes him 1 hour and 15 minutes, and finally, the walk from the garage up the stairs to his office takes 8 minutes? (5*****)
4. When can Quizly reach Lao Mao at his office in Shanghai and what time is it then in Hamburg? (5*****)

A Bear for Chips

First thing next morning Inspector Quizly asks to be connected with Inspector Mao in Shanghai. Unfortunately Mao is at a meeting, but Ms. Tong, his secretary, promises that he will call back soon.

‘Would you please tell him to read my mail in the mean time?’ Quizly asks the helpful secretary. Luckily for Quizly, she can speak German fluently.

Chips arrives later than usual this morning. He has been in Powder Street again to examine Sam Moser’s mailbox.

‘You were right, Chief! There was an important clue in the mailbox!’ Chips says and puts the ticket of a messenger service on the table.

Quizly reads it quickly. ‘A package? Hmm, maybe the package contains whatever it was the thief tried to find in the apartment,’ he says thoughtfully.

‘Yeah, a precious jade Buddha perhaps? I saw something like that in an Indiana Jones movie recently,’ says Sandy Sandman jocularly.

‘Wait and see!’ Chips mutters.

‘The other key is to a locker at the train station – at least that’s what our key specialists say,’ adds Pickles.

‘Check that, Pickles!’ says Quizly. ‘I’ve got to wait here for Inspector Mao’s call...’

‘Post office and train station – we could go there together,’ suggests Chips to Pickles.

‘And what about me?’ Sandy Sandman looks at Quizly. "What can I do?"

‘Please find the cheapest flights to Shanghai for me in the mean time, my dear. I feel that I’ll have to make a quick trip to China very soon...’

At that moment the telephone rings.

‘Nihao, Lao Mao. did you get my mail?’ Quizly asks.

‘With the password ‘forgotten island’ ...” Mao replies.

‘Yes, that’s the one!’ Quizly laughs. ‘How are things with you?’

‘We’ve found exactly the same mistakes on the fakes: island and hologram!’

‘If we only knew where to find the printing press. Is it here or is it in China?’ sighs Quizly.

‘I’ve got the feeling it’s here in China,’ says Lao Mao. ‘I even have a hunch where we might find it. We’re on to something! The only thing that puzzles me is how the counterfeiters are able to smuggle all that money overseas. With our strict border controls everywhere! Are you planning to come to Shanghai?’

‘Of course. A promise is a promise,’ Quizly says.

‘It’s just as I thought: the trail of the Euro Gang leads to Shanghai,’ says Quizly to Sandy Sandman. ‘We got lucky. Moser’s ‘accident’ has been a great help to us!’ Sandy looks surprised. ‘What? Euros in China? I don’t understand. Their money is different. They use yens, don’t they? What do they want with euros?’

‘It’s because of all the businessmen and tourists who now visit China. They pay in dollars and euros,’ Quizly explains.

‘So it’s possible that the victim at the fair was a money courier?’ asks Sandy.

Quizly nods. ‘The flight ticket to Shanghai that Braker found in the wastepaper basket certainly points in that direction.’

While Sandy dives in the internet and books the flight to Shanghai, IQ takes a closer look at the objects Pickles found in Sam Moser’s pockets.

In his notebook he finds the business cards of a toy dealer from Hongkong, a tailor from Singapore, a casino in Macao and some hotel addresses in Asian cities.

‘This sailor seems to have really gotten around before he fell from the Ferris wheel in Hamburg!’ grumbles Quizly.

‘I’m dying to see what’s in the locker,’ says Sandy. ‘Chips and Pickles should be here any moment now! Ah, here they are!’

Sandy lets out a loud laugh. 'Hey, look at him!! Chips with a big stuffed animal in his arms! I can't believe it!'

Surprised, Quizly looks up and can't help to laugh, too. Chips is standing there with a huge purple Teddy bear in his arms!

'Believe it or not: I found it, that is what I found in the locker! Along with a toothbrush and the usual stuff for a short trip.' Chips looks disappointed. 'Nothing suspicious. The trail ends here....'

Behind him Pickles is holding the package he picked up from the courier service.

'I believe my lead is much more important,' he says proudly.

'In a case like this nothing is unimportant,' Quizly comments. 'I'd like to know, for example, why someone puts a kitschy purple Teddy bear in a locker.'

'Because it's embarrassing for a man to be seen with such a kitschy-looking thing in his arms,' says Sandy and runs her fingers through the Teddy bear's fur.

"Probably Moses got this bear as a price on the fairground!"

'Shall I open it, Chief?' Pickles points at the parcel he got from the Post Office..

Quizly laughs. 'Go ahead. We all want to know what's inside!'

The parcel was posted in China! At first glance there seems to be only a book and a birthday card inside. But when Pickles pulls off the gift wrap and opens the book, the pages have been cut out to make room for a CD! He places the CD in the computer. But on the monitor there appear only fault reports and Chinese characters nobody understands.

'It's in code! And in Chinese!' says Pickles, disappointed.

'I'll take it with me to Shanghai. Perhaps Inspector Mao can decode it for us,' mutters Quizly.

Chips is standing at the window and thinking. He is angry.

Sandy laughed at him because of the Teddy bear! But he had the feeling that he had seen a Teddy bear like that once – no, twice. That can't be a coincidence...

Calling all detectives who are too clever to be put off by a harmless Teddy bear

Where in the story did Chips see purple Teddy bears? (8*****)

Quizly in Shanghai

At 9.55 sharp, Quizly's plane lands at Shanghai's huge new airport. Inspector Mao is waiting for him.

'I didn't think we'd meet so soon again, Old Cat,' Quizly says with a laugh as he greets Lao Mao.

They pass on to the airport train together.

'Fantastic,' says IQ and leans back in the comfortable blue padded seat of the *Transrapid* or *Maglev*, as it is called in Shanghai. With a quiet whispering noise, the train pulls away.

A man in an expensive Armani suit with a suitcase in crocodile leather sinks into one of the blue seats on the other side of the aisle. He got in the train at the very last minute. Now he is flipping through the pages of a catalogue with the name "Teddy Toys for Girls and Boys".

'He's probably looking for a Teddy bear for his grandchildren,' Quizly thinks.

'That is Lao Zhong, a very rich businessman from Taiwan,' whispers Inspector Mao. 'He just bought the largest chain of toy stores in China.'

The Airport Train races at 431 kilometres per hour and reaches downtown Shanghai in 7 minutes.

'Are we already there?' Quizly is more than a little surprised, as the train pulls to a gentle stop.

'Our driver is waiting in the parking lot,' says Inspector Mao.

A driver is also waiting for the rich man in the Armani suit. Beside his limousine Lao Mao's police car looks tiny. For a few minutes, the two cars drive beside each other. Then Lao Zhong's car speeds ahead. Mr. Zhong is obviously in a hurry.

'The first thing we'll do,' Inspector Mao says, 'is drive to police headquarters at Fuzhou Road and have a little talk with the counterfeiters my men captured in front of the Peace Hotel. At lunch time, we'll meet with one of my best agents at the teahouse on the lake. He sent me a text message saying he must talk to me.' Suddenly, he smiles. 'And what's new in Hamburg?'

Quizly updates the inspector on the investigation and the encoded CD from China they weren't able to decipher.

'Our code specialists will break it. No problem!' says Lao Mao. 'I'll give to the head of our decoding department right away.'

The man who has been caught with the counterfeit money is about forty years old, thin and pale. He has no previous police record. His name is Lao Shu. He is a guide at the Ling Yin Si Temple in nearby Hangzhou. He thought dealing with counterfeit money was a good way to improve his income. After spending a day in prison his nerves are shot and he is ready to testify.

'A young man came up to me, when I was with a group of tourists in Shanghai,' he says. 'He offered me 1000 euros at a favourable rate of exchange.'

According to Lao Shu, he had no idea at first that it was counterfeit money.

'Actually, it was very simple,' he admits. 'The tourists were more than eager to buy my fifty euro bills at half price!'

Lao Mao gives him a sharp look. 'How long have you been doing this?' he asks.

'About four or five weeks,' the man says in a frightened voice.

'And where did you get the money?'

'I always got a call. I was told how much money it would be and where we would meet to make the transaction. It was always a place where there are crowds: a department store, a casino, a temple or a subway station. It always happened very fast. I handed the courier the bag with the real money and he gave me four times as much in counterfeit money.'

'How did you recognize the courier?'

'By the bag he carries. He always has ordinary plastic bags with the words 'Teddy Toys' on them. With a purple Teddy bear inside and the money inside the bear.'

Quizly looks at his colleague in great surprise. 'Very interesting,' he murmures.

At first, Lao Shu pretends that he had not the slightest idea who his business partners were, but just as the interrogation is about to end, he finally admits that a colleague at the shipping pier told him that Hai Hu and his Black Tiger gang was probably behind the operation.

Lao Mao nods. 'That matches with the result of our investigations. Does anyone know where Hai Hu is at the moment?'

‘Everywhere and nowhere,’ sighs the man. ‘Another colleague of mine – he makes boat trips with tourists on the Huangpo River – says he saw him on one of the houseboats. But I’ve heard people say he lives in a villa on the river in Guilin, or in one of his casinos in Macao or in a villa at West Lake.

‘Sounds like he’ll be hard to find,’ Lao Mao says with a sigh.

‘I have the feeling that we’ve made some progress after all,’ says Lao Mao, after Shu was taken back to his prison cell. ‘We know how the money changes hands here in Shanghai and our hunch that the Black Tiger Gang is behind it seems more certain now.’

‘Right. And the clue with the purple Teddy bear has given me an idea,’ mutters Quizly. ‘I’ll send Chips an email right away.’

Question for all detectives with good memory and calculating skills:

- a) What writes Quizly’s in his email to Chips? (4 ****)
- b) How much profit does Shu, the dealer in counterfeit money, make when he trades 800 real euros for four times as much counterfeit money and then sells the counterfeit money at half price to tourists? (6*****)



The Teahouse in the middle of the Lake

The best-known teahouse in the old downtown of Shanghai lies in the middle of a lake. With its curved-up gables over roofs and towers it is picturesque, a favorite photo motif of tourists. There are always large crowds there. All around the teahouse there are hundreds of street vendors and small businesses. And you can buy all kinds of artwork: Calligraphy, linocut and silhouette are for sale. Throughout the narrow alleys are mobile cook-shops. The nearby former temple of Chenghuang Miao, the local city god, is now a department store where you can buy souvenirs and t-shirts instead of joss sticks.

Quizly and Lao Mao make their way through the crowd to the famous Zigzag Bridge which leads to the teahouse.

'The bridge is supposed to protect the house from evil spirits. According to the ancient superstition, spirits can only move in a straight line,' Mao explains with a smile. 'The bridge prevents evil spirits from reaching the teahouse. That way businessmen and couples can peacefully enjoy exquisite kinds of tea, quail eggs, sweet plums and long conversations.'

Mao orders a cup of tea. 'Dragon Fountain Tea. Very old, very good!' he tells Quizly. 'It tastes best if you let it stand a little,' he adds.

Quizly waits a few minutes, then tastes his tea. 'Really delicious,' he says enthusiastically.

'The man over there is Mr. Dao,' says Inspector Mao suddenly and points towards a young man on his way to their table.

'Is he one of your cadets?' IQ wants to know.

,No, not a cadet. He's one of our most competent agents. He's a Kung-Fu master. He began his training as an 8-year-old boy in the Shaolin monastery in the holy mountains.'

Mao smiles. 'Everyone underestimates him, just like you. And that's the secret of his success.'

Mr. Dao is obviously not only a proven fighter, but also a clever and well-informed young man.

'I've found out,' he begins quietly, 'that *Hai Hu* has organized the counterfeit ring carefully. The organization produces top-quality counterfeit money. He's got agents in every part of the world. He makes use of the smoothly-run distribution network of the international mafia and the Chinese Triads. His goal is to disrupt the global economy and grow richer himself while doing so.'

'And where is the counterfeit money printed?' asks Mao, who wants nothing more than to clean out the counterfeiter nest as soon as possible.

'Unfortunately, I haven't been able to find that out yet. It is said that the old Mr. Zi in Lijiang, one of the best printing specialists in our country, made the print masters. But I don't yet have any proof of that.'

'Lijiang? That's in Western China on the old Tea-Horse Road,' says Quizly, proud of his geographical knowledge.

'That's right. And a part of the counterfeit money is said to be transported from there directly to Tibet and India. Along the old caravan routes!'

'Well done, Mr. Dao,' says Mao, proud of his young agent.

'This evening I'll be in the Fei Si Te Fitness Studio,' Dao says. 'I'm meeting a former classmate from the Shaolin monastery there. He says he's got some important information about *Hai Hu*. He knows one of the Black Tiger bodyguards – a friend of his from his Shaolin days.'

'That sounds interesting,' says Inspector Quizly.

'Where is the fitness studio,' Mao wants to know.

'In a former chocolate factory in the old harbour.'

'I know that factory,' Mao says with a grin. 'We often went there as boys to beg for pieces of chocolate.'

'This could be dangerous,' says Dao softly. 'If the gang suspects that someone might spill the beans, it could be deadly dangerous! I'd be thankful for some support.'

'We'll keep an eye on you,' Lao Mao assures him.

Calling all quick-witted detectives

Why does the bridge that leads to the teahouse zig zag? (4****)

The old Chocolate Factory

At the police headquarters the head of the decoding department is already waiting for Inspector Mao.

‘We haven’t been able to decode everything yet,’ he says. ‘But it looks like part of the data on the CD is about printer codes, drivers, computer software and picture data.’

‘Is it software that could be used to make counterfeit bills?’ Quizly wants to know.

‘Yes, that’s possible. We are continuing our investigation. Tomorrow we’ll know more.’

‘What do you think, IQ?’ asks Inspector Mao, after the data specialist has left.

‘Well, printer codes for the counterfeiter network – that makes sense,’ mutters Quizly.

‘Maybe Sam Moser was one of the contact men - *Hai Hu*’s man to help him set up a printing branch in Europe perhaps.’

‘That makes sense. That way they wouldn’t have the risky business of transporting the counterfeit money over the borders,’ Mao agrees.

Just then Quizly’s cell phone rings.

Chips is on the line. He is very excited.

‘I’ve got news for you, Chief! We’ve caught a guy named Jan Smith with counterfeit bills in a casino. It’s the kind money we’ve been looking for.’

‘What do you know about him?’

‘He’s known as *Black Jack*. His usual specialty is the protection racket.’

‘Have you found out where he got the money?’

‘No, but Pickles says there’s a tiger head tattooed on the man’s lower arm. It’s the same tiger head that was on the package from China.’

‘*Hai Hu*,’ mutters Quizly.

‘What’d you say?’ Chips asks.

‘*Hai Hu* means black tiger in Chinese. And that’s the name of the man who’s got his tiger paws in all the casinos here. It’s quite possible that there’s a connection.

Thanks for the tip, Chips! Now search the place where this Smith lives and try to find out if he’s got a connection to China.’

‘We’re on our way!” Chips confirms quickly. ‘Oh yeah. I almost forgot. Inside the Teddy bear from Sam Moser’s locker there was counterfeit money, just as you suspected!’

‘We’ve made some good progress on the case,’ Quizly says to Mao after ending the phone call. He tells Mao of Black Jack’s tattoo and the money inside the Teddy bear.

‘Purple Teddy bears, just like the one Mr. Shu, our guide, had with him!’ murmures Mao. Quizly nods and smiles. ‘It was Shu’s tip that gave me the idea to have a closer look at the inside of the Teddy bear in Hamburg!’

‘That means,’ Mao says thoughtfully, ‘that *Hai Hu* is trying to establish a branch in Europe and that harmless-looking toys are being used as a hiding place for the transport of the counterfeit money.’

‘Exactly,’ Quizly says and nods. Suddenly, he has an idea. ‘Tell me, Lao Mao, what was the name of the toy dealer on the airport train?’

‘Lao Zhong.’

‘My instinct tells me that we didn’t meet him by chance,’ says Quizly thoughtfully. ‘He was reading a Teddy bear catalogue!’

‘Sometimes Inspector Chance is a valuable helper!’ Mao laughs. He waves to one of his assistants and says, ‘Mr. Li, find out what company sells the purple bears, the kind we took from Lao Shu. And get us a car that doesn’t attract attention. Not a police car. My friend and I have got an appointment at the chocolate factory in the old harbor...’

‘I love the old harbor,’ says Lao Mao as they drive through the evening traffic jam in the Yangpu district and head for the harbor. ‘I grew up here. I’m a real Shanghai boy. As children we played in the harbor area most of the time. My father was a machine operator on one of the big tugboats and my mother worked in a noodle restaurant. We kids played hide and seek in the warehouses. Or we climbed onto the roofs and waved to the ships from faraway lands as they entered the harbor.’

The sky grows dark. Thick black rainclouds begin to gather.

‘Wow! The old factory sure has changed!’ Surprised, Mao points at the neon sign and the large glass windows of the old brick building, through which dark figures can be seen on exercise bikes.

‘Have you got your gym bag with you?’ Mao asks as he locks the car.



Quizly nods.

It makes him uneasy to think that will have to play the role of a sportsman. The jogging suit and sneakers he bought along the way don't fit that well. The jogging suit is a little too small and the sneakers pinch his feet.

‘I am glad that my assistants can't see me like this!’ Quizly mutters with a grin, as he looks at himself in the mirror of the locker room. ‘I look like one of those hot-air balloons shortly before take-off!’

‘Have you been with us before?’ a young man in silver overalls asks, as they enter the training room.

Mao nods. ‘I know my way around here, but would you kindly help my guest with the exercise equipment?’

The young men and women on the exercise bicycles watch the chubby man in the badly-fitting jogging suit a little amused.

‘I'll get back at you for this, my friend,’ whispers Quizly, straight-faced. ‘You only brought me with you so people can stare at me instead of you...’

Mao grins and whispers: ‘Look over there! Now you can see why I've brought you here!’

Quizly turns his head and sees the young Mr. Dao. He gets on one of the treadmills and begins running. A little while later, another young man gets on the treadmill beside him. They begin talking to each other.

Quizly notices that the trainer – the one who helped him – is looking suspiciously at the two young men. They stop talking at once.

‘I’ll try the exercise bike,’ says Quizly to his trainer. He gets on it and begins to pedal. The trainer nods and goes over to two new guests: a European man with a little mustache and a young Chinese woman with her hair dyed red. He leads them to one of the side rooms.

And then everything happens at once.

There are three loud noises. Bang! Bang! Bang!

‘Gun shots?’ says Quizly in a shocked voice.

The lights go out.

Screams fill the room. Somewhere, a cigarette lighter flares up. The neon sign isn’t bright enough to light up the room. Quizly sees two men pull Mr. Dao from the treadmill and drag him off.

Quizly is about to go after them but the trainer grabs him by the arm. ‘He passed out. He must have bad nerves. All because of a couple of firecrackers,’ he says and rolls his eyes. ‘Don’t worry about him. He’ll be all right.’

The lights go on again.

‘Sorry! It was a fuse, that’s all,’ says the manager into the microphone. ‘Everything’s okay again now.’

‘Nothing is okay,’ growls Quizly. ‘Mr. Dao has disappeared!’

‘I know,’ Mao whispers. ‘We’ve got to look for him. Wait a moment and then follow me to the men’s restroom. It’s over there behind the yucca palm.’

‘He was kidnapped! I saw it with my own eyes!’ says Quizly a moment later in the restroom. ‘They dragged him to the side room the couple was taken to. You know, the couple who came right after us,’ he explains.

Suddenly, they hear the roar of a motor boat outside.

Quizly looks out the window over the sink and shouts: ‘There he is! In the boat! Blindfolded!’

‘We can’t let them get away!’ Mao says in a loud voice. He takes out his cell phone to call the river police.

‘Just a moment!’ says an unfriendly voice. ‘What’s going on here?’

It’s the man with the little mustache. He tears Mao’s cell phone from his hand and throws it onto the floor so hard that it breaks apart.

Quizly is about to jump on the man when two men with muscles of steel grab him.

Suddenly, he smells something sweet. Then he passes out and falls to the floor.

At the same time, old Mr. Mu enters his little print shop in Lijiang. Mr. Mu comes from a long line of lettering artists. And his grandchild Jerry has also got a lot of talent. But unlike his forefathers, the young man uses a computer to express that talent.

‘The euro racket is getting to be too dangerous, Jerry!’ Mr. Mu says, as Jerry removes bills from the printing press. ‘I thought it was only about money for the casino!’

Jerry grins and says, ‘Somewhere in Europe they’ve obviously managed to get their hands on the original paper for euro bills. Now it’s no longer possible to tell real euros from fake euros!’

‘Well,’ says old Mr. Mu with a sly look in his eye, ‘that won’t help them much. I put two tiny mistakes in the printer’s copy.’

‘If *Hai Hu* finds that out, that’ll be the end of us,’ says Jerry in a shaky voice.

‘Even great artists sometimes make mistakes. Who is going to prove that I did that intentionally?’ says the old man with a loud laugh.

Calling all detectives with a good memory

What mistakes did old Mr. Mu put in the printer’s copy? (6*****)

In the Trap

As Quizly regains consciousness, he hears the sound of water splashing. It is so dark that he can hardly see anything. The rocking motion and the light from a tiny porthole above him tell him that he is on a ship. Beside him lay two jute sacks. The hand hanging out of one of them belongs to his friend Lao Mao. He recognizes the wristwatch.

Suddenly, the hand moves. Thank goodness! Mao is alive!

Before he realizes what has happened, a cargo hatch opens above him. Quizly can see the heads of two men. They are speaking Chinese. Then he sees a third head.

This man shouts in English, ‘Kill the rats!’

The hatch closes.

Just then, Quizly hears a voice coming from the other sack. ‘Psst! Lao Mao? I got untied!’ It is the young Mr. Dao. He wriggles out of the jute sack like a caterpillar and quickly unties Quizly and Lao Mao.

‘They plan to get rid of us,’ says Leo Mao, who very well understood what the men who were speaking Chinese were talking about! He rubs the rope marks on his wrists. ‘They intend to drown us. Tonight!’

‘Not here in the harbor,’ says young Mr. Dao. ‘And not before it grows dark. But you can’t drown a Kung Fu master that easily.’

He climbs onto a pile of boxes and opens the hatch a crack. Catlike he slips through the hatch and out onto the deck.

Shortly after he returns and says, ‘There are 3 men on guard. They’re playing cards on the starboard side. And 3 others in the cabin.’

Then he tells them his plan. ‘I jammed the door handle to the cabin with a piece of wood. The men in the cabin won’t be able to get out. The 3 who are on deck put their guns down to play cards. We’ve got to sneak up on them and overpower them before they can get their guns. I’ll take care of the two smaller men, the big man is for you two.’

Just like in the movies, Quizly thinks as he climbs through the hatch onto the deck.

After that, everything happens very fast. There are two splashes as the two smaller men land in the water. The big man manages to get his gun, but Mao gets a headlock on him and takes it away from him.

Dao fires several shots into the air to signal the river police, who are nearby.

‘Good timing!’ says Mao, when he sees Mr. Li, his young assistant, climb on board with 3 police officers.

In the meantime, the 3 men in the cabin have managed to force open the door. They rush out onto the deck, their guns ready. But before they can use them, they are overpowered by Mr. Li and the policemen.

After that, the ship is searched and 90 purple Teddy bears are found, all of them with tiny zippers on their bellies. It is proof that a new shipment was planned for the near future.

In the cabin is a safe containing 36 bundles of 50 euro bills!

‘We’ve got nothing to do with that,’ the 3 men assure. ‘The safe belongs to the owner of the ship.’

‘Is that Hai Hu?’ Leo Mao wants to know.

The men look at each other, unsure of what to say. 'We don't know the owner's name,' one of them says at last. 'We're just barge men.'

Calling all brilliant detectives who can do math even when on a Chinese barge

1. How many euros do Quizly and Mao find in the safe if there are 100 bills of 50 euro in each of the 36 bundles? (4****)
2. How many euros does Hai Hu put in a Teddy bear, if he puts the same number in each of the 90 Teddy bears? (4****)
3. How high is the pile in the safe, if one bundle is 0,5 cm thick and there are always 2 bundles beside each other? (4****)

An Important Appointment

‘You haven’t forgotten the appointment, have you, Isidor?’ Inspector Mao says to Quizly as they drive to the police station the next morning. ‘Mr. Zhong’s new toy store opens in Nanjing Street at 10 o’clock.’

Quizly nods. ‘I’m almost sure that Zhong is involved in the counterfeiting business. My instinct tells me so.’

‘Okay, but we still haven’t got any solid evidence!’ sighs Inspector Mao.

‘Yeah, after all, it’s not against the law to sell purple Teddy bears with zippers. But we’ll get those guys, my friend, you can be sure of that!’ says Quizly full of confidence.

As the two detectives arrive at the large department store shortly before 10 o’clock, a huge crowd is already waiting in front of the toy shop. Adults, children and members of the press are standing around the entrance, which is decorated with 1000 balloons. And with purple Teddy bears!

‘A clever trick,’ mutters Quizly. ‘The more purple Teddy bears there are around, the less noticeable become the bears used for smuggling!’

First the mayor of Shanghai gives a speech. Then it’s the turn of Zhong’s friend, the Finance Minister. Finally, Zhong himself speaks. He presents himself as a friend of children and sings the praises of his new toy store.

Suddenly, Quizly’s cell phone rings. Chips is on the line.

‘It’s 4 in the morning here, Chief. But I think that this call is important. We’ve found Black Jack’s Harley Davidson. There was a cell phone in one of the saddle bags. In the phone memory were 3 numbers with the area code 0086 21.’

‘That’s the area code of Shanghai!’ says Quizly, his voice full of excitement.

‘Right! And we did some research. One of the numbers is a travel agency, one a cell phone number and with the third number the answering machine was from a toy company called ‘Teddy Toys’. It said that the office was closed because a new store was being opened. Is that any help to you?’

‘It sure is!’ Quizly says. Immediately, he tells his friend Mao what the call was about.

At the end of Mr. Zhong's speech two men in plain gray suits come up to him.

'Please follow us quietly, Mr. Zhong. You're under arrest.'

But Zhong doesn't want to go with the men. 'Are you crazy? I'm an honorable man. This must be a horrible mistake! I want to speak with my lawyer!'

'Go ahead,' says one of the men in the gray suits. 'You can use your cell phone and call him right now.'

Just then, Inspector Mao and Quizly arrive at the scene.

'Inspector! You know me! Help me please. There's been a terrible mistake!'

Zhong cries in an angry voice.

'Not to worry. If you've done nothing wrong, there'll be no problem,' says

Inspector Mao and smiles. 'By the way, this is my friend, Inspector Quizly from Germany. He's very interested in purple Teddy bears...'

Zhong grows pale.

'More precisely, in Teddy bears with zippers and counterfeit money in their bellies,' says Quizly.

'My company produces millions of Teddy bears. It's not possible for me to know what people do with them!' Zhong forces a smile. 'I haven't got anything to do with fake euro bills, believe me!'

'And nothing to do with Black Jack?' Mao wants to know. 'You spend a lot of time in casinos, don't you?'

'Never heard of him,' says Zhong.

'What about Hai Hu?' Mao presses. Zhong shakes his head.

'Can I use your cell phone for a moment?' asks Quizly and holds out his hand.

'The battery is dead!' Zhong says.

'That doesn't matter!' Quizly says quickly.

Zhong slowly hands him his cell phone.

Quizly winks at Mao and says, 'It's obvious that he is part of the counterfeiting gang. I think it's only a matter of time before we get our hands on the Black Tiger!'

Questions

1. What does Zhong say that shows he is mixed up with the counterfeit gang?
(6*****)
2. Why does Quizly want Zhong's cell phone? (6*****)

The farewell dinner – another story

‘I never thought we’d solve the case of the Euro Gang so quickly, Isidor”, says Mao happily, as the two detectives go into a restaurant in downtown Shanghai. ‘The Black Tiger really got angry when we arrested him at his luxurious villa at the Westlake. He isn’t saying anything but that won’t help him much. We’ve got all the proof we need. And in the back room of a little, run-down temple near his house we also found the well-hidden printing presses.’

‘I’ve got some good news from Hamburg, too. Officer Chips just called. He said that thanks to our phone list, our colleagues Simili in Paris, Limone in Rome, Peterson in Stockholm and Jackson in London have also captured agents of the Black Tiger gang.’

"If the international cooperation of the police continues to work so well, then our conference in Paris was really worthwhile,” says Mao while many little bowls of delicious food are placed on the mahagoni table in front of them.

‘Maybe this technique will help me lose some weight!’ utters Quizly, as he struggles with the chopsticks. First he is doing rather well, but then he drops a piece of meat which leaves a large stain of soy sauce on his tie.

‘Don’t worry,’ says Inspector Mao and smiles. He takes a small package from his pocket. ‘By chance - my farewell present for you is a set of Chinese silk ties!’

Solution 1:

1. The popcorn vendor, the owner of the beer tent, the man who runs the shooting gallery, the boy at the lottery stand, the woman with the backpack
2. Jack told Conny to get the cell phone before the incident took place, which shows that he intended to do something to the owner of the cell phone.
3. Jack knows which one-touch key to use on Sam's cell phone, in order to reach the man in Shanghai, whom he also knows.
4. So it doesn't end up in the hands of the police, who would then find the secret telephone numbers of his gang in the phone memory.

Solution 2:

1. The wind blew from the Southwest.
2. A wallet, a set of keys with a stuffed tiger, a subway ticket and a calendar
Lao Mao means "old cat" in English

Solution 3: (check the pictures)

1. The same picture of the tiger as in the apartment
2. The same teacups
3. The same calendar (Air China)
4. The same cat?
5. The same ashtray
(or other objects on which there is a green dragon...)

Solution 4

1. 6 hours later: $17.45 + 6 \text{ hours}$: it is 23.45 in Shanghai
2. $23.45 + 10.20 \text{ hours} = 9.55$ the next morning

3. 30 minutes + 7 minutes + 75 minutes + 8 minutes = 120 minutes (2 hours)
4. Quizly can reach Lao Mao 2 hours after his arrival at the earliest, which would be about 12 o'clock local time. It is then 6 am in Germany
(20 brain power points for those who got all the answers right)

Solution 5:

1. The boy at the fair won a purple Teddy bear at the lottery stand
2. There was one lying in the mess on the floor in Sam Moser's apartment

Solution 6:

- a) "Look inside the purple bear taken from the locker!"
- b) $800 \times 4 = 3200$ He receives 3200 counterfeit euros and gets 1600 real euros for them.

He has doubled the 800 euros he started with. He has made a profit of 800 euros.

Solution 7:

According to an old Chinese superstition spirits and demons could only move in a straight line.

Solution 8

The island of Mallorca is missing and the letter o in Europe is an omega.

Solution 9

1. There are 3,600 fifty euro bills, thus 180,000 euro in the safe
2. 400 bills inside each Teddy bear (20,000)
3. 18 bundles are 9 cm high

Solution 10 "Farewell Dinner"

1. He says that the counterfeit money inside the Teddy bears is euro bills.
Moreover, he knows that when Mao is talking about "Black Jack" he refers to a man and not to the card game of the same name.

2. The phone memory would prove that Zhong called *Hai Hu* in China and *Black Jack* in Hamburg.