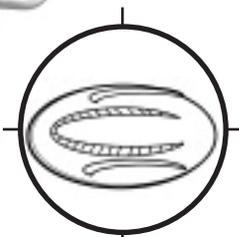


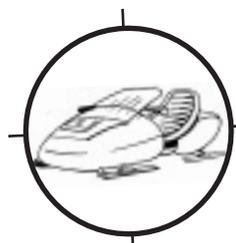
SECRET AGENT GADGET INSTRUCTION MANUAL



Snow-Sled: When you need to slide down a hill or pick up speed on a slick surface, use the GPF's Sno-Sled. Just pull out this oval-shaped plastic board, get a running start and sit on the middle. Make sure to hold onto the handles, as the Sno-Sled can travel at speeds of up to 80 mph.



Poison Tracker: When you need to analyze a mystery dust or liquid, use the GPF's Poison Tracker Kit. Use the gloves and the scooper to pick up the substance and place it into one of the glass vials. Within seconds the side of the vial will change colour. Red means deadly; yellow is dangerous; and green is OK.



Sno Speed: The GPF's Sno Speed is the most technologically advanced and environmentally friendly snowmobile in the world. It travels over ice and snow at speeds of up to 200 mph, and uses a hydrogen fuel cell to make it go. It is equipped with a satellite navigation system, spot lights and a jagged knife on the side. Most impressively, it works by mind control. Just ask it to come, and it will find you.



Polar Parka: When you're working in freezing conditions, make sure you have your GPF Polar Parka. The Polar Parka is made of a special material that reacts to cold temperatures to keep your body comfortably warm. It also is a glow in the dark jacket which enables others to find you if you're stranded or in trouble.



Chapter 1: The Frozen Land

It was an early spring morning in the Arctic. Three scientists (two men and one woman) were standing over a table inside their warming hut. They were reviewing their map and preparing for the day's work. This was day number twenty-eight in their month-long assignment. Only a few more outings and they'd be ready to publish their findings.

'Let's take measurements from here



today,' said the woman, pointing to a spot fifty miles away. 'No one has collected data from this area before.'

'Good idea,' said another scientist. 'It will be good to compare the thickness of the ice there with other locations.'

The scientists pulled on their snowsuits and strapped on their boots. Stepping outside, they looked at the thermometer hanging by the door of the hut. The mercury read -9°C .

'Another warm day in one of the coldest places on Earth,' said one. The other scientists chuckled at the joke.

After fastening their tools to their snowmobiles, they started the engines. Within moments, the trio was travelling across the frozen plain.

Within an hour, they'd arrived at their destination. They hopped off their snowmobiles and began organizing their

tools. One of the scientists noticed some buildings in the distance. They looked like some isolated warming huts.

'What are they?' said one.

'Let's check them out,' said another.

As they walked towards the huts an enormous noise ripped through the air.

KABOOM!

Behind the buildings, chunks of ice and earth burst from the ground. The force of the explosion was so great, it knocked the trio off their feet.



Dazed, the scientists lay on their backs. Soon they were aware of another sound. This time it was the roaring sound of approaching skidoos, getting closer and closer.

BRRRM!

BRRRM!

‘Who do you think that is?’ said one of the men, looking scared.

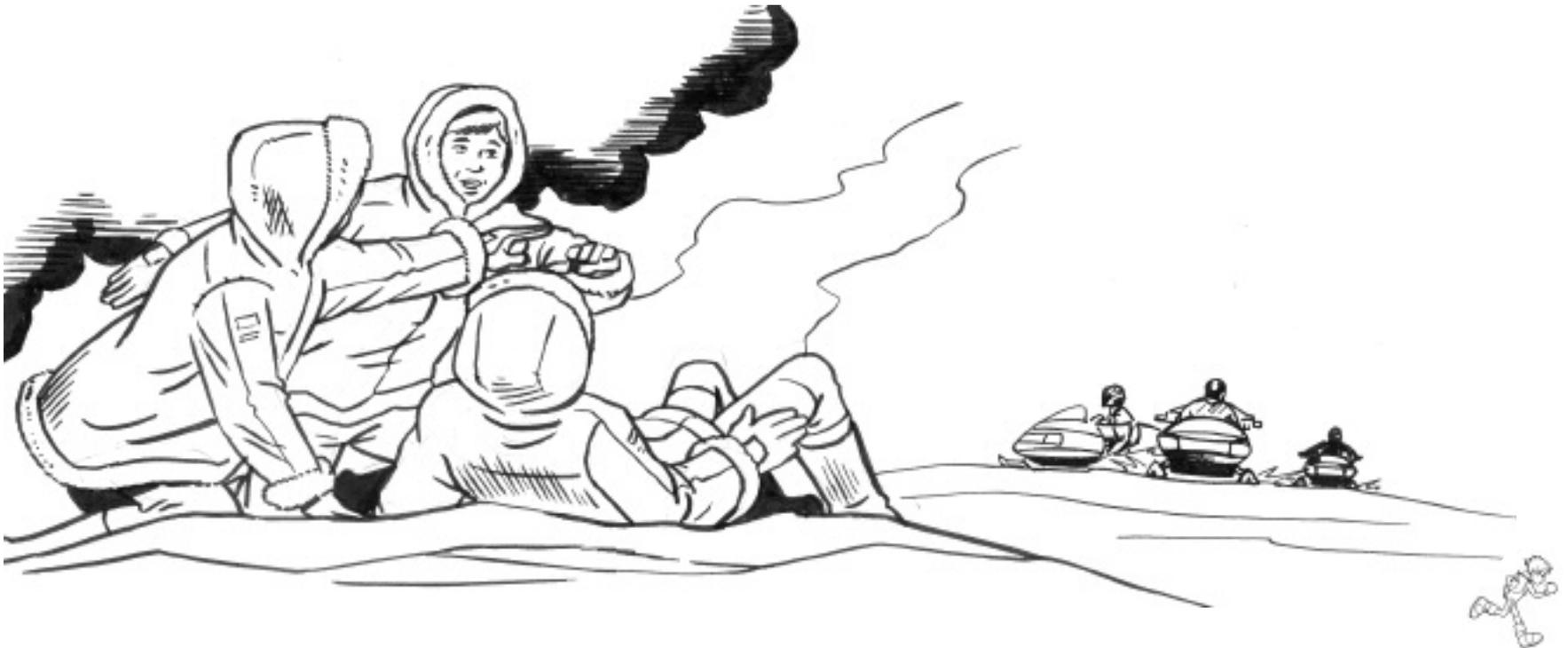
‘I don’t know,’ said the woman.

The drivers of the skidoos had black helmets painted with flames and darkened visors covering their eyes.

‘I have a bad feeling about this,’ said the other man.

‘Me too,’ said the woman. ‘Let’s get out of here.’

The scientists crawled to their knees and began to run. They sprinted in the direction of their snowmobiles. If they



could get to a radio, they could call for help.

SWOOSH!

The first skidoo slid in front, blocking their path. The scientists turned and ran the other way.

SWOOSH!

The second skidoo trapped them from behind. Realizing what was happening, the trio looked around wildly.

‘Don’t hurt us,’ said one scientist. He put his hands in the air to show he didn’t have any weapons.

‘We won’t tell anyone what we’ve seen,’ pleaded the woman. By now all of the scientists had their hands held high.

‘We know you won’t,’ sniggered one of drivers. Pulling a long tube from his rucksack, he flashed it at the scientists.

‘Please don’t!’ begged one of the men. Although he didn’t know what the tube

was for, he had a feeling it wasn’t good news.

But the driver ignored their pleas. He aimed the tube at the scientists, and pumped the lever that was underneath. A fine dust burst into their faces. As it crept into their noses, they fell to the ground with a thud.

‘Let’s tie them up,’ said one driver to the other. ‘And kill their radios.’

The drivers smashed the scientists’ communication equipment. Then they tied them to the back of their skidoos. After congratulating each other on a job well done, the drivers left the area with the scientists’ dazed bodies trailing behind.

