



Disney PICTURES

# ***G-FORCE***

## **SUBJECT: PROJECT CLUSTERSTORM**

CLASSIFICATION: TOP SECRET

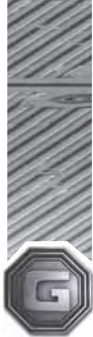


**T**his file was compiled from various field reports, surveillance videos and agent debriefings. It represents the best available data with regard to the events surrounding Project Clusterstorm.

It should be noted that while acknowledging a few of the test programs that examine the practicality of using animals to assist in intelligence gathering, the National Security Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the Department of Homeland Security have never officially confirmed the existence of the group code-named G-Force.

Unofficially, however, the directors of these organizations would like to say that if you come across any animals—specifically guinea pigs—who appear to be in the midst of a surveillance operation, please do not interrupt or otherwise interfere with their mission. Furthermore, if they appear to be hungry, guinea pigs are known to enjoy a diet that includes diced carrots, lettuce, and apples. Your assistance in this matter will be greatly appreciated.

—Ben Kendall



Night had fallen. In a bad part of town, a tall, bland-looking warehouse stood empty and dark—except for a single light moving along an upper floor.

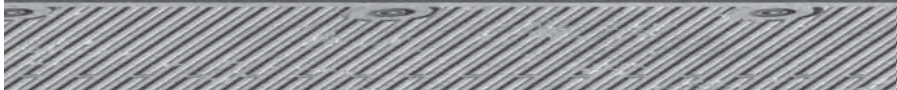
Doctor Ben Kendall, a flashlight gripped tightly in his hand, moved cautiously down a warehouse hallway. In his other hand, he clutched a briefcase. Coming to a door, he glanced both ways. When he was satisfied the coast was clear, he opened the door and ducked inside. A table and two chairs were set up. A single lamp cast an eerie glow upon the room. Both chairs were empty.

With his scruffy beard and lumpy body, Ben looked more like a middle-school math teacher than a government agent. But, despite his appearance, Ben was the founder and leader of the G-Force. And he was about to send the agents on their first mission.

Taking a seat in one of the chairs, Ben nervously ran his fingers through his beard. He had absolutely no authority for what he was about to do, and that made him uneasy. But with the stakes so high he felt he had no choice. The future of the program—and perhaps the security of the country—were at stake.

“Thanks for coming,” he said into the empty room. “The Feds are coming tomorrow to shut us down. There is only one way we can save this department.”

Ben paused. He wanted to make sure that everyone understood the importance of what he was saying. He also wanted to make sure



he had the courage to go through with it.

“And if we don’t get our mission right, it could be our last,” he added. He didn’t say it out loud, but he mentally added, our *only mission*.

Agent Darwin was to take the lead. Like most federal agents, Darwin was a dedicated patriot determined to make the world safe. He was willing to put himself in harm’s way to protect the people of the United States. But, in one very important way, Darwin was different from virtually every other federal agent.

Agent Darwin was...a guinea pig!

He wasn’t the only one. The *G* in G-Force stood for *guinea pig*. In addition to Darwin, G-Force included Blaster and Juarez, who bickered like brother and sister yet could always count on each other to come to the rescue no matter what.

Blaster was a wise guy who loved to crack jokes no matter how tense the situation. He had enough attitude for an animal ten times his size. Juarez, meanwhile, was a Latina beauty who had the looks and style of a supermodel—at least the guinea-pig version of a supermodel— but those who knew her weren’t fooled by her long eyelashes. They knew she was one tough commando.

G-Force also included a mole named Speckles and a fly named Mooch. Despite being as blind as—well, a mole—Speckles was a computer mastermind capable of designing high-tech devices and surveillance systems as well as hacking into everything from





## Chapter 1

national defense systems to highly secured mainframe computers.

Mooch was the eyes of the operation. He was trained to fly miniature nano-cameras into enemy territory ahead of the team in order to give them a complete layout of the surrounding area.

Ben had assembled a team that could revolutionize the world of spying and intelligence gathering. But first, he had to convince his bosses that the idea wasn't crazy.

The key to G-Force's success was its ability to slip in and out of a hot zone without being seen. And now was their moment of truth. They *had* to complete their mission.

Having heard Ben's introduction, Darwin revealed himself. Taking a spot on his chair, he watched as Ben opened his briefcase. Inside was a hi-tech computer. Despite the low-tech surroundings, Ben's presentation looked like something out of a science-fiction movie. As he spoke, 3-D holograms appeared next to him as if they were floating in air. The first was a picture of a thin man with a devilish smile.

"Our target is Leonard Saber," Ben began. "He is a former arms dealer and current CEO of Saberling Industries, the world's largest manufacturer of household appliances."

Darwin eyed the picture carefully, burning the image of the enemy into his memory.

"The bureau's intel shows Saber has developed a new microchip with possible military applications," Ben continued. As he spoke, a



hologram of a microchip floated next to him. “They think he might be selling this technology to the Far East under the code name Clusterstorm.”

Waving his hand in the air, the chip disappeared. In its place was a schematic of Saber’s mansion. Darwin waited for his orders.

“Your mission is to download the Clusterstorm files from Saber’s personal computer, located in his study.”

“Why haven’t the Feds moved in?” Darwin asked.

“Feds can’t touch him without evidence,” Ben explained.

Darwin weighed this information. He knew his team could do it. But they needed to act— fast. “We move tonight,” Darwin confirmed.

