

You know what? Do it your way and I'll do it mine. Just don't come crying to me when the walls fall down. These are the words spoken by a man, a hero, who had unknowingly helped the very same walls fall. This is the story of how I met the hero. And it's the story of how I became one myself. As with every story, mine has a title, and a bit of a backstory. So... here it is:

Jak and Daxter

The Legacy Continues

I remember the day the metalheads broke through the walls of Haven City. Hell, I can't think of anyone who doesn't. I was just 16 at the time. Damn near shit myself at the sight of one of those things. Luckily a patrol of Krimson Guards was across the street from me. Things seemed to get worse from there. The battle for the city, rumors of dark creatures attacking Spargus. Yeah, it seemed like the world was coming to an end. Then, within a week, it was over. Everyone was telling tales of Jak, the hero who saved the world. "Chosen by the precursors" people

said. The same people who only a short time ago viewed him as a monster. After Haven was rebuilt, other cities and towns started to emerge. Of course, there were still metalheads here and there, but they went in small packs, scavenging any small eco sources they could find. So as the world went into a new age, the old heroes were steadily forgotten. What was I doing while all of this was going on? Well, anything to get by really. After failing to get a job in eco refineries for New Haven, I traveled looking for work, honest or not. From trading metalhead trophies from the wasteland into the villages in the jungle, to combat racing for the criminals in Kras city, and things in between. A long five years later, I decided to get a drink.

After selling a few packages of raw eco ore to some 'less than reputable' characters in Kras City, I decided to unwind in a small town on the outskirts. I noticed a bar called Bruter's. "Probably run by a lurker by the looks of it". Still, lurkers made a fine brew. As I entered the bar, the small, quiet town ceased to exist. Instead, it was replaced by the noise of numerous drunk

patrons, either bellowing on about work or life, or the few telling accounts of the old world. Most people try to pretend the old world didn't exist, so I relished the opportunity to hear what tales were told. I sit, order a precursor pint, and listen. The first story I tuned in to was a rather old man telling of how he caught a lurker shark. I glance over to where his voice was coming from, and he had the scars to prove it. While listening for another worthwhile tale, I gaze around the place. Built with wood that has aged in a nearby forest, adorned with several ancient lurker artifacts and metalhead trophy pieces. I motion for the bartender and get a refill. As the lurker pours, he asks "You like bar". I look up, "Yeah, it's good". "Well, like I say, you no like Bruter's bar, I kiss you foots". I laugh, and search for more storytellers. I find one, a wastelander by the sound of him. "So, as I was drivin' me buggy across the desert..." I look at him. Desert robes, modest armor, long blaster rifle sitting next to him. This guy was the real deal. "...I hear a deep rumble. I glance over me shoulder, only to see the biggest bloomin' metalhead I've ever seen". The guy soon passes out after his

fifth drink. Then I bizarre voice gets my attention. "I found myself cornered by four, no... TEN of the NASTIEST metalheads anyone has ever seen". Curious, I get up and listen for the source. I turn and look at a table behind me. On the table is an otsel, making several, strange, choppy karate noises. "When the dust settled, only 2 were left, begging. 'Please don't hurt us'. So I tell 'em, alright metal monkeys! Run away, flee, but be sure to remember the name... ORANGE LIGHTNING! They left, NEVER to return". Everyone burst out laughing, either from drunkenness, or because of the fact that he was a tiny little otsel. "Are you sure it happened just like that Dax"? The voice came from the door of the bar. The otsel ran over to the guy and shouted, "I thought you said you weren't coming". The man looked around. "We got stuff to do Dax, we'll talk outside". For whatever reason, only the precursors know, I followed them outside. I walked out the door and acted as discrete as possible. "So what's up Jak"? I instantly start to tell myself all the stories of the mighty hero, Jak... and his sidekick Daxter. I heard that the otsel, Daxter, told stories that way. But

no one ever really described Jak in great detail. Could this really be him? Come to think of it, I did hear some infuriatingly loud, bright colored, bird talking about how he didn't like Jak's clothes. I still, to this day, remember that bird's annoying voice. "Look, I liked Jak and everything, but the blue tunic, white pants, armor, and goggles look got old quick." After the bird said that, the old lady by him hit the bird with some weird blue dust coming from her hands. I guess she knew Jak. Looking at him now, the only thing I saw him wearing from that story was the goggles. He wasn't wearing a blue tunic and white pants, but a black coat with dark pants. So, as I stand in the background gazing at Jak for the first time, he looks at Dexter with an anxious face. "We've got something, Keira found another one. This time with red eco". Immediately Jak's communicator went off. "Jak, this is Samos. Keira was searching the new location. She found what appears to be an old book on ancient precursor and eco studies. Get over there quickly so she can explain everything. You might be able to make sense of things". Dexter immediately groined "You heard old Greener

than grass, c'mon Jak". They got into a buggy, really expensive by the looks of it. Dual machine guns on both sides, spiked rims, turbo thrusters, a hidden missile canopy (hard to spot unless you did some racing in Kras), roll cage, and high tech gear in the inside as well some gear underneath I've never seen before. All covered in black and red paint. They start to take off, headlights stirring into the night. Then I notice something on the ground. Jak's communicator. I pick it up, and go to call out. They were already out of earshot. "Gotta follow them". I hop on my zoomer (a fifth generation Nife Edge deluxe) and dart after him. The headlights made him easy to track in the dark. Several curves later and I come out along a crossroads. I realize I don't see his headlights. "Where'd he..." then I felt it. A couple of bullets fly past my leg. Frightened, I try to bring my zoomer to a halt. Halfway there I fall off and hit the ground. Dazed I look around only to see Jak rolling his buggy alongside me. Jak got out and headed towards me. "You better have a good reason for following me" Jak said with a mix of determination, anger, and intrigue.