

# Through Anothers Eyes

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*How would the story of Jak and Dexter had changed if there was another character, Samos' youngest daughter, Tera, involved in the plot? Would there be a lot of differences, or would nothing change at all? Shall we find out?*

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# 1 - Chapter One: Tera

Authors Note: ZOMG Amaria's writing something that ISN'T Beyblade based! \*dies\* XD It isn't even anime or original. It's \*DUN DUN DUUUUUUN\* JAK AND DAXTER WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! XD Great I'm hyper again DAMN YOU PEPS!!! \*shakes fist\* .... \*cough\* O-kay, so... yah, I'm writing a Jak and Daxter ficceh shweeee! X3 Anyways, to mah lovely readers who also read meh stories over on fp (aka ET XD) I promise I shall update SIHD on Saturday! So look for a new chapter sometime Saturday night because THE STUPID ALERT THINGEHS AREN'T WOOOORKING ;o; Boo. Anywayz... warning time ZOMG! This story is like a re-written version of Jak and Daxter that kinda sorta focuses on meh OC Tera (only because it's told from her POV though so no flipping out on teh author!) There will be a Jak2 and Jak3 and possibly a JakX rewrite following this to but I didn't want to just randomly stick Tera into Jak2 with no background or explanation and yah... so that explains this story!

Just think of this as a kind of prequel... sorta... kinda... yah... ANYWAYS! I've warned you now, and Tera will more then likely be the only original character in this, and just a note; TERA IS NOT A MARY SUE KTHXBAI. I HATE Mary sues; HATE EM HATE EM HATE EM. They suck and should be thrown to the lurkers =P I am doing everything I can to keep meh Tera from sounding even the SLIGHTEST like a Mary Sue; she's supposed to be like a character that would have come from the J and D universe, so tell me if you see ANYTHING that sounds mary sueish okies? Constructive criticism is ALWAYS welcomed; I love to hear your suggestions and opinions because it helps me write better. Just no flames, because they'll be ignored and used to cook marshmallows =P Thank you. PS: EXPECT LONG CHAPTERS AFTER THIS ONE! This is more a prologue then anything, an introduction to Tera if you will. Enjoy!

Summary: How would the story of Jak and Daxter had changed if there was another character, Samos' youngest daughter, Tera, involved in the plot? Would there be a lot of differences, or would nothing change at all? Shall we find out?

Pairing: For this one the pairing remains the same veery vague Jak/Keira that was present in the first game... and I'm not spoiling anything about the other games.

Disclaimer: I hold NO claim what so ever to the majority of things in this story! I only own Tera and the majority of the storyline!

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Chapter One: Tera

Something was shaking me.

That, and a vague, distant voice register in my sleepy mind. No light filters through my closed eyelids, and I frown, waking despite myself. The voice continues to talk, and it takes me a few seconds to realize that it's Keira shaking me and speaking. Whatever she's babbling on about apparently can't wait till

morning, or at least until the sun is up. This is one of the many differences between my adopted-sister and myself; Keira always gets up before the sun and is a so called 'morning person'. I, on the other hand, like to sleep until the green sun of our world peaks up over the edge of the ocean and filters through the thin curtain covering our window to wake me up with tendrils of light falling over my eyes.

I can feel myself drifting off again as her talking and shaking temporarily cease, but just as I'm about to fall completely into darkness she gives me another hard shove, driving any thoughts of getting back to sleep from my now half-awake mind.

"Keira..." my voice is raspy, but that's to be expected at this time of the night, and I open one eye to stare tiredly up at my older-by-one-year sister, not liking the look of giddiness plastered across her face, "Can't whatever it is you want to tell me wait till," I pause to yawn, "morning?"

Keira pouts, but it'd stopped working on me a long time ago, "Don't be a spoil sport Tera, I want to show you something!" she whispers excitedly.

Aha, so that's what she wants. By this time I've opened both my eyes, half lidded mind you, but still open. I do my best to give her a 'go away and let me sleep' look, but I've never been known for my facial expressions. She simply tugs on my arm, and, although grudgingly, I allow her to drag me from the warmth of my bed and over to our small window. Keira and I have shared a bedroom ever since I can remember, mainly due to the fact that there aren't any extra rooms in Samos' hut, but it gets annoying at times.

Now standing in front of our small window, I shiver and rub my hands over my arms in an attempt to keep at least some warmth in my body. Precursors know I have a hard time keeping my body warm during the day, never mind at night when there was no sun to chase away the winds chill. Why I was born with a hyperactive metabolism I doubt I'll ever know, but it gets annoying when you actually want to have some body fat to keep you warm. Anyways, back to the present, I'm shivering from the wind that blows unhindered through our window. Glass is rare, and thus no one in Sandover has any in their windows. Not a good thing in the winter let me tell you.

"Why did you drag me out of bed again?" my teeth are starting to chatter, and I really wish Keira would hurry up and show me whatever it is that has her so giddy so I can just go back to bed. I'm not usually this cynical; only when I'm half asleep and freezing, really. Keira rolls her eyes at my impatience, and points out the window. My eyes slowly follow her direction and I blink, at first not registering what it is I'm seeing. When it finally clicks, I'm wide awake. The fisherman's boat is easily recognizable, even in the darkness of the night. It is the only speedboat in Sandover, after all. But the fact's that it's headed towards Misty Island and that I can see two people in the boat -one with red-orange hair and the second with blonde-green- make me instantly worried.

"I thought Samos told them not to go to Misty Island?" Keira's gaze turns to me again at my use of her father's name, one eyebrow arched despite her obvious grin.

"You still call him Samos." I shrug.

"Habit; I call him Dad when he's around at least," I pause, biting my bottom lip and looking out to where the speed boat is now barely visible, "I doubt they asked to use the boat."

“You know Jak and Daxter,” she replies, and indeed I do. I grew up with them here in Sandover, so it’s hard not to know them, especially since they’re my best friends, “Daddy did tell them not to go there, but they never listen,” she sighs wistfully, leaning on her hands as she gazes out after the boat, “Jak is such an adventurer...”

This statement makes me fidget uncomfortably, my eyes drifting to anything besides Keira or the boat. This always happens whenever Jak appears in our conversations; she begins to day dream, and I’m simply left to sit uncomfortably. Why, you may ask. There’s a simple reason for that.

We both like Jak. I don’t mean as in like a friend, I mean as in a crush. A major crush, one both of us are suffering from. I don’t show it, though. It’s been obvious for a long time that Jak really likes my sister, so I’ll just let things run their course let them be together. Not much else I can do; Keira knew Jak before me, after all, she laid her claim long before my crush on him ever appeared. Samos doesn’t really approve, but Keira’s not one to let her father keep her from what she wants.

Ok, despite what you may be thinking right now, I don’t hate my sister or adopted father. I really don’t; Keira just grates on my nerves at times, and Samos is more of a mentor than anything, but I really don’t hate them. How could I hate the people who took me in when I was a baby and pretty much raised me? Not possible, that I’m aware of.

“I wonder why they’re going to Misty Island...” Keira sighs and I mirror her actions, more worried than anything. Misty Island is known to be a dark, dreary place populated by a mass number of lurkers. Not to mention it’s said to be filled with dark eco, which by itself is nasty enough.

“I’m going back to bed,” I say this mainly for my own benefit, and turn back to my small bed, climbing in and pulling the covers up around me to warm up. It takes me all of ten seconds to realize I’m likely not going to bed getting any more sleep tonight, and I sigh again. Being friends with an adventurer can sure be a pain in the but.

## 2 - Authors Note

Ok, so a few people have been asking me to continue this. The truth is, I finished Book1 (which is this one), Book2, and am now on Book3 of TAE. I've been posting over a ff.net, and haven't bothered to post the chapters here. Why? Because I really don't come on here anymore.

So, if anyone really wants to read it, heres the link to my profile over on ff.net :<http://www.fanfiction.net/u/625527/> I'm known as Amariahellcat over there, lol. Anyways, sorry about that. Please don't be angry at me! ^^;