

# **Gunblade: Legacy Of Sinn**

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*Medium language and violence. Based on the Jak II world.*

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# 1 - Chapter I: Enter The Gunblade

Sinn is one of Jak's kind. He once was a Krimzon Guard, but turned on his own after his strike force ransacked his sister's place, and took her to the Fortress. He managed to released her, but it cost him an eye. He now has an artificial optic orb implanted, and is getting used to it. He wears a black shirt and fingerless gloves of the same colour. He also wears grey pants and black boots. He has black hair, and red eyes. He is now working for the Shadow Blades, a small yet powerful rebel force. He is known as the Gunblade, as he is reknowned for his use of projectile weaponry and skilled air combat... "Ok, what the hell are we gonna do?" shouts Blayze. "Chill out, Blay..." replies Sinn, when he is cut off. "No, I will NOT chill out, Sinn. The city's now on high alert because of you and your stupid robotic raptor.... thing!" growls Blayze. "The Krimzon Guard are searching EVERYWHERE for the Blades. Our Agents are in jeopardy!" "Fine, whadda you want sorting?" "Nothing. You can't do anything to help the Blades in this time. I suggest you just go home and stay there." "But..." "JUST go, Sinn." Sinn walked out of the base, and went home. "Slain, I'm home." Sinn's "stupid robotic raptor" came bounding up and knocked him over. "Alright, Slain, get off me." Slain jumped off and sat down. "What the hell... I'm going to bed..."

End Of Chapter I

## 2 - Chapter II: Betrayal

Sinn awoke to the sound of his front door being slammed. He pulled on his clothes, and picked up his gun. Quietly, approaching the door, he whistled Slain, and the mech-raptor snuck up alongside him. He tore open the door and shot down who it was at the door. "Krimzon Guard..." Sinn muttered. He spotted a red dot on his hand, and immediately shot back into the house. "Damn. Sniper... Slain, go get 'em, boy." he hissed. Slain disappeared and reappeared behind the sniper, and proceeded to tear off his head. "Chump..." Sinn's communicator beeped, and a voice came up. "Sinn, get down to HQ immediately. We've just hit a problem..." He put his gun away, grabbed out his G-Board, and flew off to the Blades HQ. "I was attacked by Krimzon Guard and a sniper. Know anythin' about it?" he puffed. "Ah, yes, that.... Well, um... I'm sorry to have to tell you, but...." "But what?!?" "I ordered that sniper. You were becoming too much trouble for us, so you had to be taken out." "You son of a dog! After all that trouble you put me through, you friggin' bastard!" Sinn hit Blayze square in the face, hard. He ran off, and decided. "That's it." he thought. "I'm not taking this, anymore! I'm on my own, I guess... I'm gonna make the Baron and his cronies pay!" He ran home, and planned out how he was going to do this alone. But he couldn't, alone. He needed help. And he knew exactly who to go to.

End Of Chapter II

### 3 - Chapter III: A Little Backup

Sinn knocked on the door of an abandoned apartment, but only he and the Blades knew it wasn't abandoned. An operative for another underground strike-force opened the door. "Come in." he spoke softly. "We've been expecting you." The operative led the way to the main chamber, and there he was. Jak, with the infamous Dexter. Jak saw the operative, came down, and dismissed him. "Sinn... Good to see you. I heard you need some help. I also heard you were betrayed from within the Shadow Blades." Jak approached Sinn, and nodded. "Yeah. Blayze's fault, goddamn him. Well, yes, I do need your help. I plan to strike back at the Baron AND Blayze for what they did to me. I also hear Vin's helping YOU out. How's he going with that new toy?" "Ah, good, good. He's almost finished as far as I know. I think he was told you were coming, so he lined-up something for you, too." "Really? You think?" "Yep. Well, enough about that. We need to plan out how you're going to do this. Let's start with the basics." "Well, I brought my originals for a one-man attack, but I think they need some touching-up if this is gonna be a full-scale war." "Alright then. We'll go over them soon. In the meantime, have a seat, and we'll see what we can do." "Umm... Jak?" "Yeah?" "Thanks. Y'know, for helping me out and everything." "No problem." Jak smiled.

End Of Chapter III

## 4 - Chapter IV: Trust Daxter...

Sinn walked into Vin's workshop. "Uh, Vin?" he said. It echoed a little, which kind of creeped Sinn out. "What-huh-who?! Oh, Sinn, it's you." Vin sighed. He wiped his forehead, and picked up something from his workbench. "Jak told you I was gonna make you something, right?" Vin murmured. "Yeah, why?" replied Sinn. Vin handed him a sword. It's blade glowed a nice, bloody red. Sinn took it from him and looked at it, admiringly. "Sweet..." he grinned. "Vin, thanks, pal." Sinn smiled. "Anytime, Sinn!" Vin replied with a smile. Sinn left the workshop, and went back to where he was with Jak. He noticed Daxter wasn't around. "Oh, shoot. This REALLY ain't good..." he thought. Then, he heard something behind him. He flashed round, and who could it be? None other than Daxter, who'd nearly managed to sneak up on Sinn. Dax saw the red sword swing, and he fell over. "AAAGGGHHH!!! NO, DON'T HURT ME PLEASE, I- What in the name of- Sinn, you freakin' jackass! What're ya doin' with that, tryin' to kill me!" he yelled. Jak ran in from another room, and looked at Daxter. He laughed, and by the time Dax had noticed him, he was almost in tears. "AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! Dax, you idiot!!! AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!" he gasped for breath when he'd said his piece (Umm... artist's block? \*smiles nervously\*). "Hey, shut up, you!" replied Dax. Sinn put the sword away, and looked at Dax. "You're too jumpy, buddy." he smiled widely. "Vwing, vwing, vwing..." Sinn muttered under laughs. He sat down, and sighed. "You two would be brilliant for a game!" Then it hit him. He realised, that they WERE in fact in a game, and he could've been to. Instead, he worked out he was in a story, and shrugged off the thought. "What? I'm in a story?!" Sinn yelled. A figure walked into the room. "Sinn, it's me, the author. Look, mate, I'm going to give you something nice and massacrey later, ok? As for these two..." Jak and Daxter looked at ShadowOfDeath, halfway through a fight, and looked at each other in confusion. "As I was saying, as for you two, if you're lucky, I'll give you a part in my next story, so behave, ok?!" The pair looked very guilty, and nodded slowly. "Good. Now, I'll be seeing you all later! Good hunting!" As he walked out, he talked to himself. "Wait, did I say good hunting? I gotta improve on my exits a little more-" He was cut off as he went out of earshot. The three looked at each other. They were as confused as I was.

End of Chapter IV

P.S What, I felt like putting myself in the story! What's wrong with that? Geez, some people just don't recognise great talent when they see it... Or read it =P. (Nah, didn't really mean that. You're all great, really, folks =D.)