

A FAN COMIC BASED ON BUNGIE STUDIO'S



A SANGHEILI'S WAR  
IS NEVER OVER



BY LEVI HOFFMEIER



'WE WORSHIPPED A MISTAKE.

WE FOLLOWED A LIE.

WE DIED IN VAIN.'

PROPHET, THE SANGHEILI HAVE BOARDED OUR SHIP. THEY WILL MAKE IT TO THE BRIDGE SOON.



MY LORD?

LEAVE ME.

BUT YOU MUST BE PROT-

NO. FLEE IF YOU WISH, OR FIGHT IF YOU FEEL THE NEED. IT MATTERS NOT... FOR WE ARE ALL DAMNED.



'I AM BUT A PROPHET OF PENANCE NOW.

I BLINDLY DID WHAT I WAS TOLD... AND NOW ALL I SEE ARE THE COUNTLESS I SENT TO THEIR DEATH.

MERELY FOR A PRIZE AT THE END OF THE ROAD: THE JOURNEY.'

'NOW IT IS TIME TO TAKE ANOTHER JOURNEY, BLINDLY INTO AN UNKOWN DARKNESS.'

I WILL HANDLE THIS.

'NO REASON TRYING TO JUSTIFY MY SPECIES, MY ROLE, MY CONSCIENCE NOW.'

'I KNOW I DESERVE THIS NEW DEATH...'

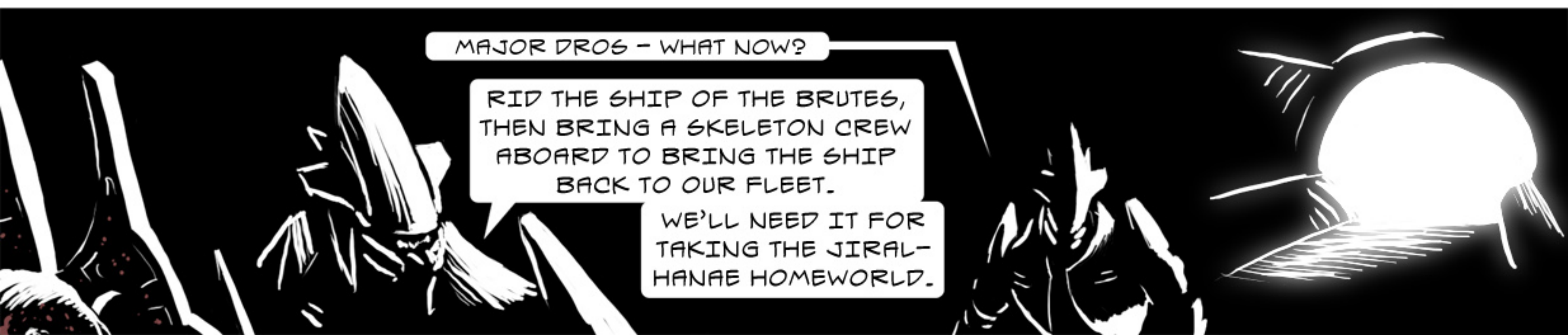
IT IS TIME FOR YOUR TRIAL, SAN 'SHYUUM.



MAJOR DROS - WHAT NOW?

RID THE SHIP OF THE BRUTES, THEN BRING A SKELETON CREW ABOARD TO BRING THE SHIP BACK TO OUR FLEET.

WE'LL NEED IT FOR TAKING THE JIRAL-HANAE HOMEWORLD.





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“WHEN WE JOINED THE COVENANT, WE TOOK AN OATH!  
ACCORDING TO OUR STATION! ALL WITHOUT EXCEPTION!”

I SAID THESE WORDS NOT SO LONG AGO.

“ON THE BLOOD OF OUR FATHERS,  
ON THE BLOOD OF OUR SONS,  
WE SWORE TO UPHOLD THE COVENANT!  
EVEN TO OUR DYING BREATH!”

AND I UNLEASHED OUR HONORABLE BROTHERS ONTO BATTLEFIELDS NOT OF THEIR WORTH.

“THOSE WHO WOULD BREAK THIS OATH ARE HERETICS,  
WORTHY OF NEITHER PITY, NOR MERCY!”

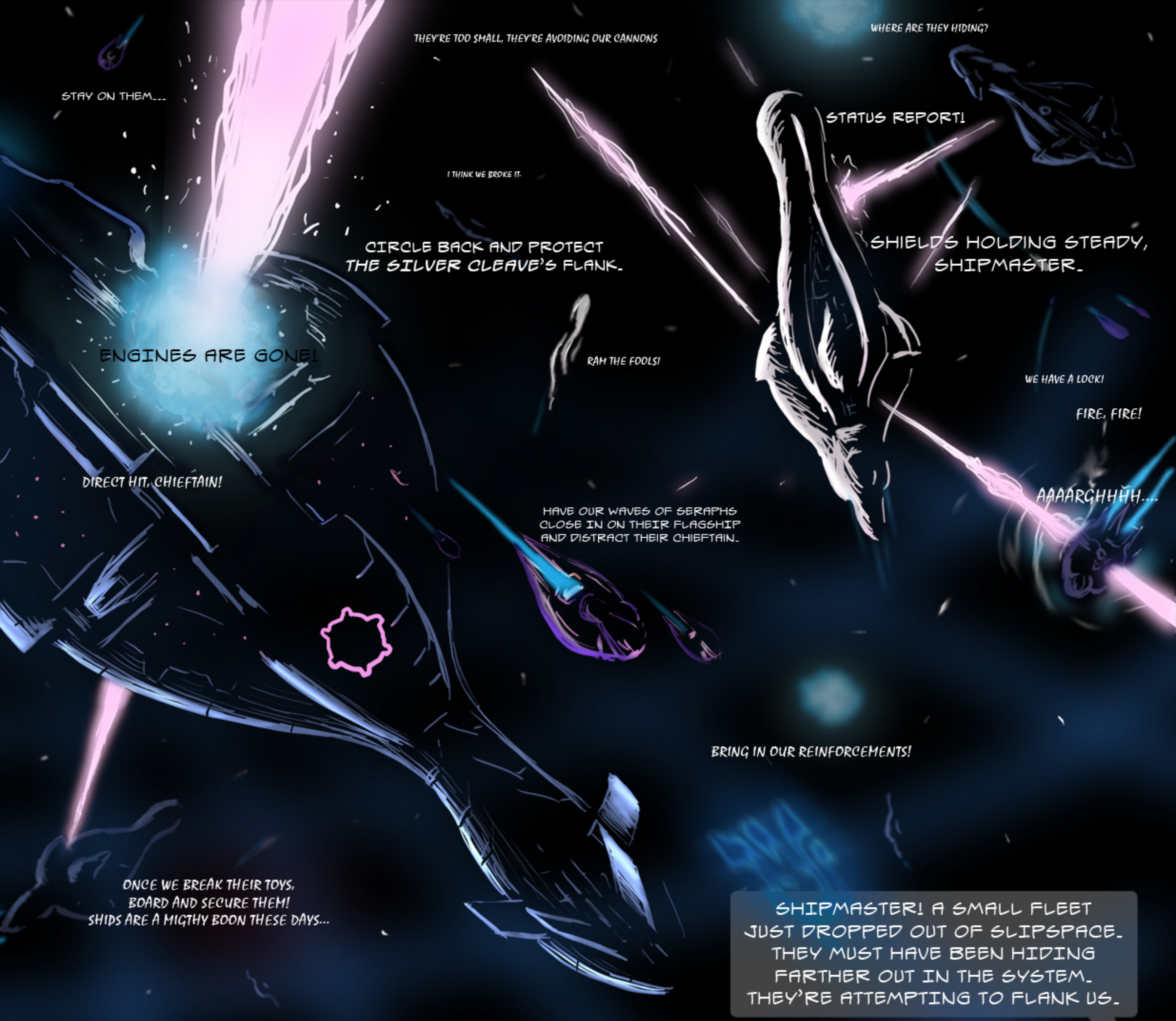
AND NOW **WE** ARE THE HERETICS, AND THOSE WE HAD THOUGHT HAD FORSAKEN THEIR HONOR,  
ARE NOW THE **MORE** HONORABLE.

AND THE OATHS ARE DISCARDED NOW...  
BUT THEY ARE WAITING TO BE REWRITTEN WITH THE NEW AGE WE ARE USHERING IN.

BROTHERS, NO MATTER THE CHANGES OF TITLES, AND NAMES, AND FORSAKEN POEMS,  
WE ARE NOW MORE UNITED THAN EVER - CLEAR AND RIGHTEOUS IN OUR MOTIVATIONS-  
BOUND TO A PATH TO RECLAIM ALL OUR LOST HONOR.



REMEMBER THAT AS YOU DIE TODAY.



THEY'RE TOO SMALL, THEY'RE AVOIDING OUR CANNONS

WHERE ARE THEY HIDING?

STAY ON THEM...

STATUS REPORT!

I THINK WE BROKE IT.

CIRCLE BACK AND PROTECT  
THE SILVER CLEAVE'S FLANK.

SHIELDS HOLDING STEADY,  
SHIPMASTER.

ENGINES ARE GONE!

RAM THE FOOLS!

WE HAVE A LOCK!

FIRE, FIRE!

DIRECT HIT, CHIEFTAIN!

HAVE OUR WAVES OF SERAPHS  
CLOSE IN ON THEIR FLAGSHIP  
AND DISTRACT THEIR CHIEFTAIN.

AAAARGHHH...

BRING IN OUR REINFORCEMENTS!

ONCE WE BREAK THEIR TOYS,  
BOARD AND SECURE THEM!  
SHIPS ARE A MIGHTY BOON THESE DAYS...

SHIPMASTER! A SMALL FLEET  
JUST DROPPED OUT OF SLIPSPACE.  
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HIDING  
FARTHER OUT IN THE SYSTEM.  
THEY'RE ATTEMPTING TO FLANK US.

ACT SWIFT AND BRING THE CARRIER AROUND.  
HEAD STRAIGHT AT THEM WITH ALL WE HAVE!



I'M STARTING TO THINK THE  
BASTARDS MAY HAVE  
LEARNED WHAT STRATEGY IS.

NOT MUCH LATER...

...WE DO NOT KNOW IF THEY ARE PLANNING TO BRING MORE NUMBERS, OR IF THEY HAVE ANY OTHER TRICKS FOR US.

THIS BATTLE IS FAR FROM OVER, YES, BUT VICTORY, WE WILL STILL HAVE.

OF COURSE, WHILE WE SIT HERE IN THIS CALM, AS BOTH SIDES REGROUP, WE WASTE DESPERATE TIME! SANGHELIOS IS PRACTICALLY UNPROTECTED, WHILE WE COULD BE-

OUR FLEET IS SMALL, AND WE CANNOT RISK SCATTERING IT. EVEN IF THEY DO HAVE MORE HIDDEN FORCES... WE MUST HOPE THE BRUTES DO NOT DEVELOP A BRAIN AND ATTEMPT AN ATTACK ON OUR HOMEWORLD.

BUT MINDING THESE CIRCUMSTANCES... AND TO CALM MY OWN BLOODLUST, I DO BELIEVE WE MUST DECIDE QUICKLY WHAT OUR NEXT STEP IS.

IT IS SIMPLE: LET US LAUNCH A SURPRISE ATTACK WITH ALL WE HAVE LEFT! THEY DO NOT SUSPECT US TO RECOVER SO QUICKLY - WE CAN CATCH THEM AS THEY NURSE THEIR WOUNDS.

WIPE THEM ALL OUT, SHIPMASTER, AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. THEN WE SCORCH THEIR PLANET AND-

BUT WE ARE **NOT** FULLY RECOVERED FROM THE BATTLE. IF WE LAUNCH A FULL ATTACK NOW, WE LOSE MANY SANGHEILI... OR POSSIBLY ALL.

AND THEY WILL GLADLY SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES! OR HAVE WE LOST ALL OUR HONOR SINCE THE SCHISM?

A FOOLISH DEATH HAS NEVER GAINED A SANGHEILI HONOR, EVEN WHEN YOU SAT ON THE COVENANT'S COUNCIL.

AN ELITE'S DEATH MUST BE A WORTHY BATTLE'S **REWARD**, OR IT MUST BE **TAKEN** TO ABSOLVE SHAME...

... THE JIRALHANAE DO NOT DESERVE OUR DEATHS OR EVEN THEIR OWN.

WHAT? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?

THESE BRUTES ARE THE ONES WHO MASSACRED OUR POPULATION, STABBING US IN OUR BACKS...  
OR HAVE YOUR **HUMAN** FRIENDS SO QUICKLY PERVERTED YOUR MEMORY?

I BELIEVE YOU NEED SOME REST COUNCILOR!

THE HEAT OF BATTLE HAS MADE YOU QUESTION YOUR BETTER BEFORE HE HAS EVEN FINISHED HIS THOUGHT!

THE BRUTES DESERVE A FATE FAR **WORSE** THAN DEATH. THERE MUST BE A PUNISHMENT FITTING OF THEIR ACTS.

YES...

THE BRUTES MUST BE CAST BACK DOWN IN THE CHAIN, BECOME THE INFERIOR SERVANTS THEY ALWAYS WERE, AND SPREAD THE WORD THAT THE SANGHEILI STRENGTH HAS BEEN RENEWED.

AND DO YOU BELIEVE THEY WILL BOW BEFORE US WITHOUT A BLOODBATH?

NO, BUT IF THEIR CHIEFTAIN FALLS... THEY MAY BE MORE INCLINED.

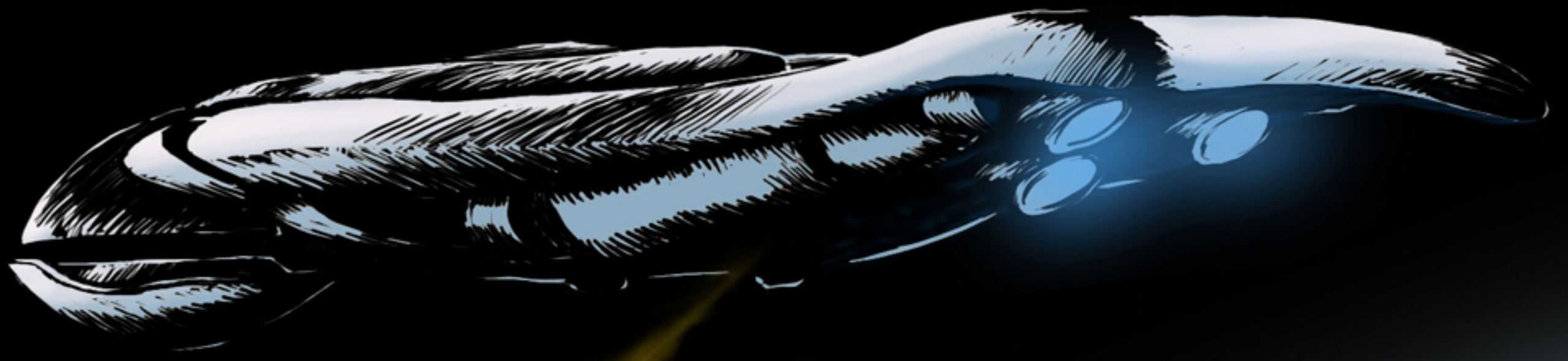
WE DRAW THEM OUT WITH A CHALLENGE, ONE THEY WILL GLADLY ACCEPT WITH THEIR ARROGANCE. A DUEL TO DECIDE THE BATTLE. THE BRUTES WILL THINK IF **THEY** WIN, THEN OUR HONOR WILL SECURE OUR RETREAT AND THEY WILL HAVE A VICTORY HERE.

BUT IF THEIR CHIEFTAIN IS DEFEATED, WHAT REMAINS OF OUR FLEET WILL SWIFTLY SECURE THEIR WORLD IN THE CONFUSED AFTERMATH... AS THEY ARE LOCKED IN GAZE UPON THEIR LEADER'S ROLLING HEAD.

AN AMBITIOUS PLAN, ARBITER...

BUT THE CHIEFTAIN, CERBERUS, WHO HAS SNATCHED CONTROL OF THE BRUTE REMNANTS, IS A RUTHLESS WARLORD, SMARTER THAN THE MOST OF THEM...

RTAS, MY SWORD WAS SHARPENED WITH THE NECKS OF CHIEFTAINS PAST.



'AN HONORABLE BLOODLINE'



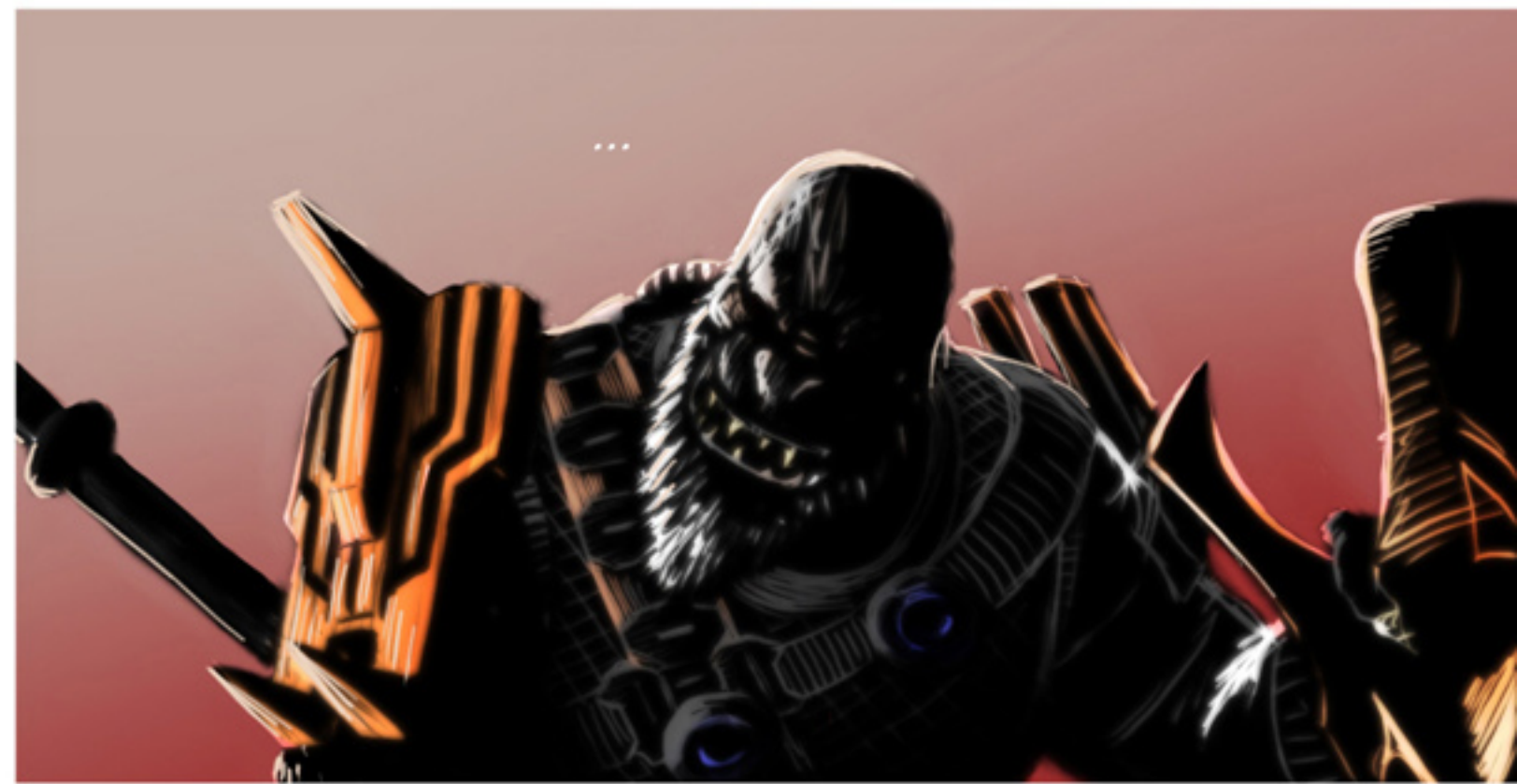
'AN HONORABLE BATTLE'



--SNIFF, SNIFF--



'AN HONORABLE DEATH'



...



'THESE ARE THE VALUES WE LIVE AND DIE BY,  
ALONE OR BANDED WITH BROTHERS...'



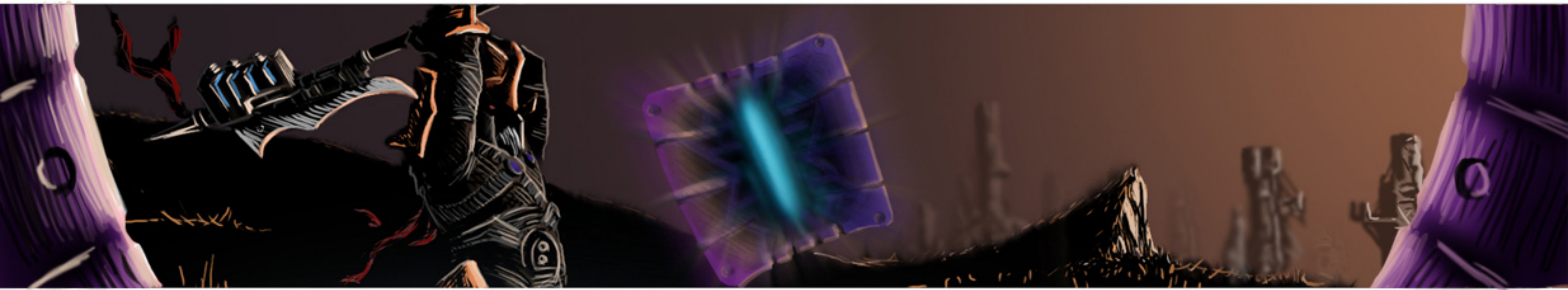
...HMMPH...  
SHOULD HAVE  
ATE BEFORE  
I CAME...



'...BEFORE THE COVENANT, WITH THE COVENANT,  
AND **AFTER** THE COVENANT.'



COME OUT,  
YOU BASTARD!



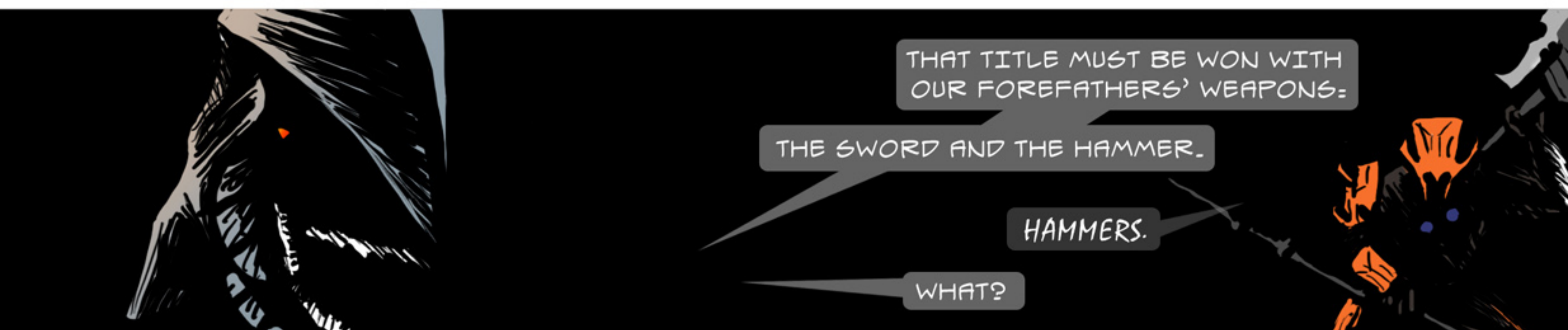
HMPH... FOOLISH ELITES!

A DUEL TO DECIDE THE  
FATE OF YOUR WEAK SPECIES?

WHAT LAUGHS WE'LL HAVE  
AFTER YOUR HISTORY IS FINISHED.

IT IS THE ONLY THING  
A WARRIOR IS TO DO.

WE CANNOT TRULY  
DECIDE THE STRONGER  
HIDDEN WITHIN  
OUR SHIPS.

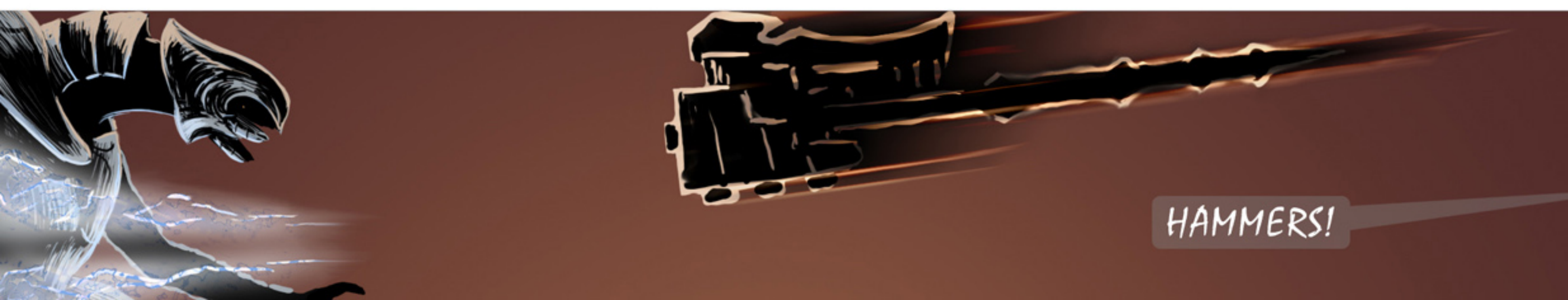


THAT TITLE MUST BE WON WITH  
OUR FOREFATHERS' WEAPONS:

THE SWORD AND THE HAMMER.

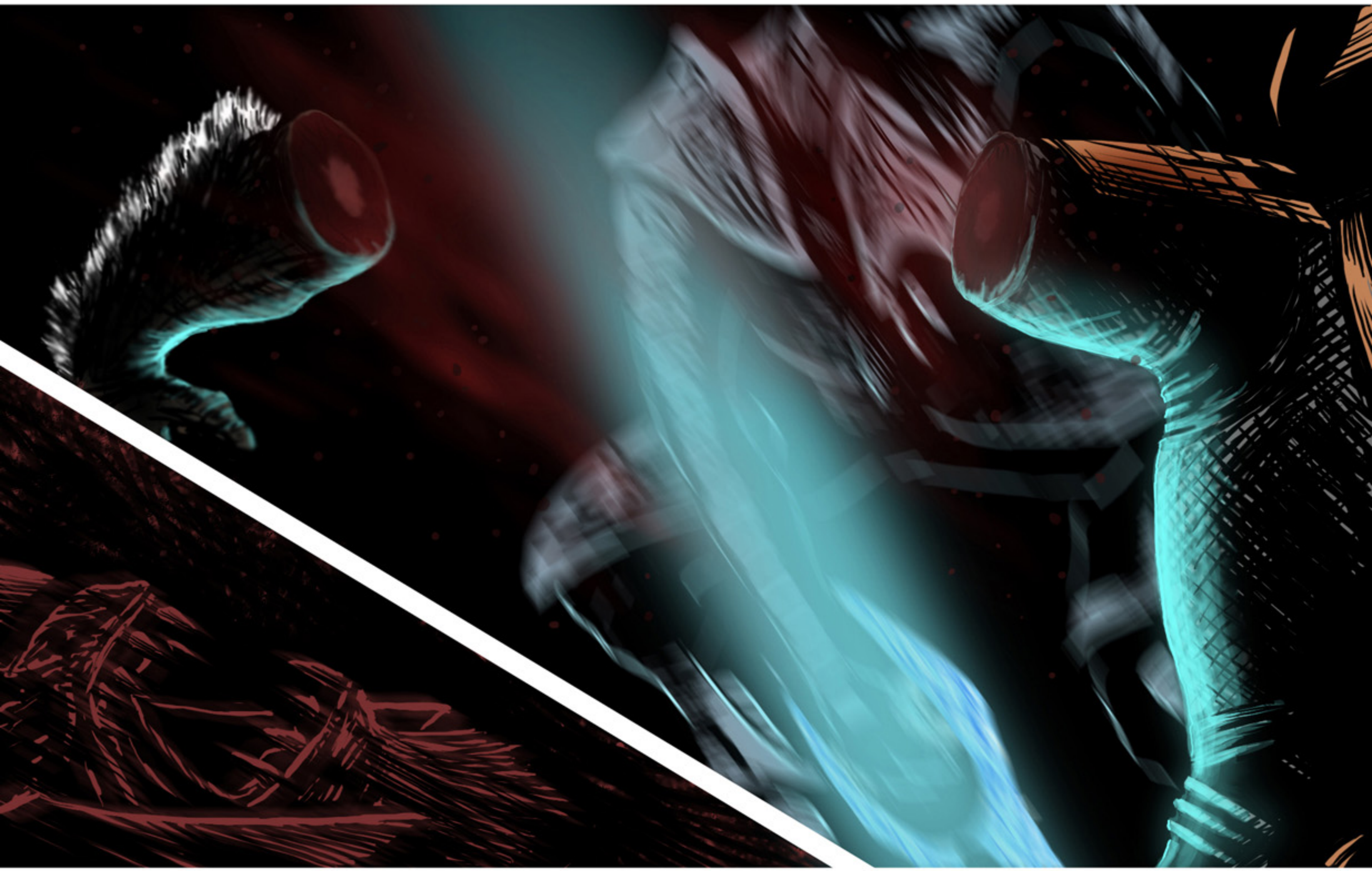
HAMMERS.

WHAT?



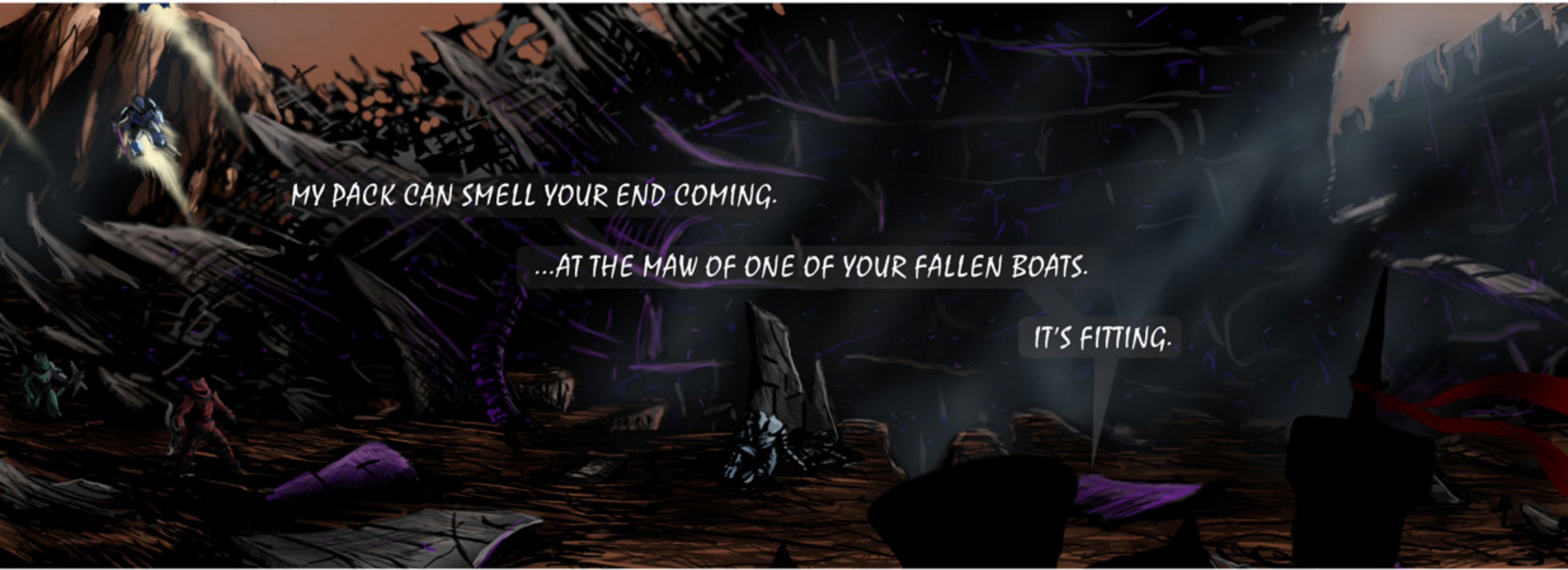
HAMMERS!







IT IS OVER.



MY PACK CAN SMELL YOUR END COMING.

...AT THE MAW OF ONE OF YOUR FALLEN BOATS.

IT'S FITTING.



(RTAG...)

(...I'M FINISHED HERE.)

ANY LAST WORDS,  
ARBITER?



...SWORDS...


... HAMMERS  
AND  
SWORDS.

...?



!!!

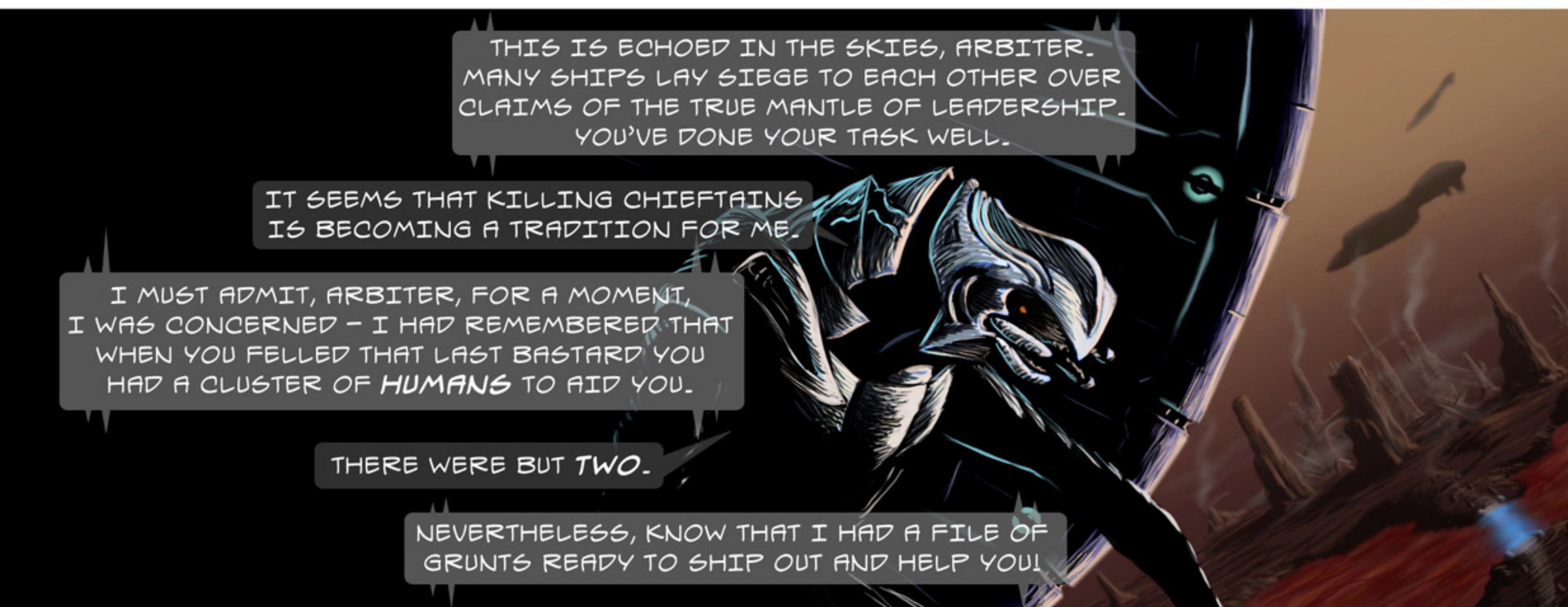




THE SHIPMASTER IS LEADING THE CHARGE, ARBITER. THEY WILL FALL IN THEIR SURPRISE BEFORE THE MIGHTY SHADOW OF INTENT.

DO YOU HAVE HIM, MAJOR DROS?

I AM HERE, RTAS. THOUGH I AM NOT CERTAIN I EVEN NEEDED THE RETRIEVAL - MOST OF THEM ARE NOW WARRING WITH EACH OTHER.



THIS IS ECHOED IN THE SKIES, ARBITER. MANY SHIPS LAY SIEGE TO EACH OTHER OVER CLAIMS OF THE TRUE MANTLE OF LEADERSHIP. YOU'VE DONE YOUR TASK WELL.

IT SEEMS THAT KILLING CHIEFTAINS IS BECOMING A TRADITION FOR ME.

I MUST ADMIT, ARBITER, FOR A MOMENT, I WAS CONCERNED - I HAD REMEMBERED THAT WHEN YOU FELLED THAT LAST BASTARD YOU HAD A CLUSTER OF *HUMANS* TO AID YOU.

THERE WERE BUT *TWO*.

NEVERTHELESS, KNOW THAT I HAD A FILE OF GRUNTS READY TO SHIP OUT AND HELP YOU!



IS THE BATTLE SO EFFORTLESS YOU HAVE TIME TO ATTEMPT HUMOR?

HAH, WE ARE DRIVING THESE COWARDS BACK TO THEIR DARK AGES!

ONCE THERE, WE WILL LET THEM SPREAD THE WORD OF THEIR SHAME TO THE LINGERING COVENANT ACROSS THE GALAXY. AND THOSE REMNANTS WILL THEN COWER AND WITHER IN THEIR DARK CORNERS OF THE ETHER.



AND THAT WILL BE ENOUGH.

...FOR NOW.

END

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## ADDENDUM

After the words: "I'm starting to think the bastards may have learned what strategy is." on page four [part two of the original posts] there was planned to be another page or two of space combat in the script. Edited out due to the desire to spend the time on expanding and enhancing the Arbiter's duel, it can now be experienced below in the form of a revised tale, presented in the vein of '*Conversations from the Universe*'...

### -FORWARD TO THE CHIEFTAIN: INTERCEPTED TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE *SHADOW OF INTENT*-

WEAPON CONTROL:

We're straining our shields, Shipmaster, but the new targets were indeed unprepared to feel the full fires of an assault carrier.

NAVIGATION:

We've dividing them and scattering them!

SHIPMASTER:

But our main forces are taking heavy losses without us ... With our quick actions we have deprived our flanking opponents their advantage. Now bring us about and we'll draw these new combatants into the chaos of the central battle and defeat them there.

-----// SIGNAL INTERRUPT //-----

WEAPONS CONTROL:

We've downed two of them so far. The rest are moving away, heading directly towards the Brute flagship, *Superior Clairvoyance*.

SHIPMASTER

Put me through to *the Silver Cleave*.

MAJOR DROS [on board *the Silver Cleave*]:

Yes, Shipmaster!

SHIPMASTER:

Major Dros? Where is the Shipmaster?

MAJOR DROS [on board *the Silver Cleave*]:

We've taken a heavy beating, Rtas; I appear to be the Shipmaster for now... But we've weakened their flagship, though many of the Brute ships are falling back to form a defensive formation before it.

SHIPMASTER:

We're coming your way Major, and hopefully our presence will distract them long enough for you to dive in and disable the flagship. These fools fight in the skies just as they do on the ground: the pack is falling back to protect their leader – so we must kill that flagship and the Chieftain aboard it, and then we'll have the glory of the day.

-----// SIGNAL INTERRUPT //-----

DAMAGE CONTROL:

They see us! We're sustaining heavy fire. The Brutes are sending everything they've got.

SHIPMASTER:

At least the wild slaves understand the importance of a leader. A decoy and a suicide run to destroy one ship seems excessive, but it will be worth it.

NAVIGATION:

*The Silver Cleave* is rushing past the few ships staying behind with *Superior Clairvoyance*. It looks like your plan is working, Shipmaster.

SHIPMASTER:

You doubted?

DAMAGE CONTROL:

Shipmaster! Shields are down, they're starting to cut through us!

SHIPMASTER:

Pull back to our brothers, we've given *the Silver Cleave* its chance.

-----// SIGNAL INTERRUPT //-----

NAVIGATION:

*The Silver Cleave* has crippled the flagship and is heading straight out as fast as it came in!

MAJOR DROS [on board *the Silver Cleave*]:

We've done it Shipmaster, but we've sustained critical damage.

SHIPMASTER:

Fall back. We are reforming the lines.

NAVIGATION:

The Brutes are retreating as well-

SHIPMASTER:

The flagship, the *Superior Clairvoyance*?

NAVIGATION:

It's falling into Doisac's orbit in flames... I'm picking up multiple escape pods and Phantoms fleeing the wreckage.... There's a signal from one broadcasting to the entire fleet, Shipmaster.

SHIPMASTER:

Then the pack will survive, for their Chieftain lives, and thus our battle must be revitalized. Gather the council!

-----// SIGNAL END //-----

**"A SANGHEILI'S WAR IS NEVER OVER"**

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY LEVI HOFFMEIER,  
BASED UPON BUNGIE STUDIO'S "HALO"

**SPECIAL THANKS TO:**

**HALO.BUNGIE.ORG, LOUIS WU, URK,  
AND EVERYONE WHO COMMENTED ON MY  
ORIGINAL POSTS AT HBO**

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**WATCH OUT FOR MORE COMICS AT HALO.BUNGIE.ORG...?**

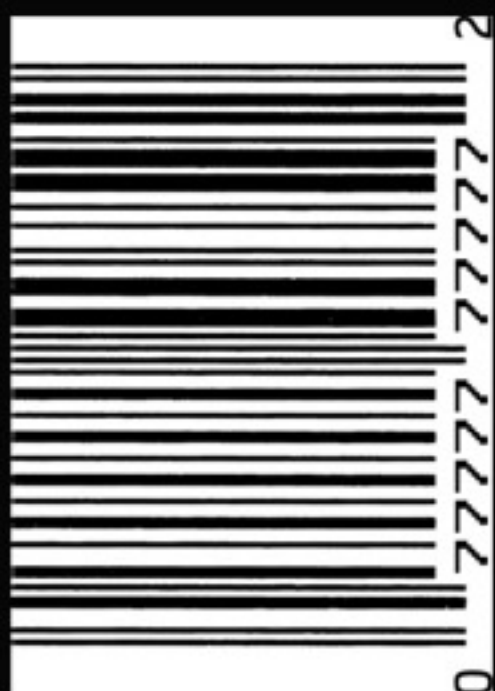


'A SANGHEILI'S WAR IS NEVER OVER' TAKES PLACE MONTHS AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF HALO 3. A TIME OF RECONSTRUCTION AND RECLAMATION HAS FALLEN ACROSS THE GALAXY. BUT COVENANT REMNANTS STILL THREATEN THE NEW PEACE...

AFTER RETURNING TO THEIR HOMEWORLD, THE SANGHEILI, CALLED ELITES BY HUMANS, ARE NOW THREATENED BY THE DANGERS OF A BRUTE CHIEFTAIN, GERBERUS, WHO HAS MUSTERED SCATTERED BRUTE FORCES AT DOISAC. LEADING A PREEMPTIVE ATTACK, THE ARBITER AND SHIPMASTER RTAS 'VADUM ENGAGE THE GATHERED FORCES IN COLD SPACE, AMONGST THE CLOUDS, AND UPON SOLID GROUND TO PROTECT THEIR SPECIES AND KEEP THE COVENANT FROM RETURNING TO THEIR FORMER SUPREMACY.



SUGGESTED FOR IMMATURE READERS



\$ 343.04 US \$ 2401.05 CAN



I am not Bungie Studios and I did not make money off of this. Halo © Bungie Studios, 1999-2009. That bar code and the price is fake if you did not figure that out. Oh, and please do not sue me for doodling spaceships. This graphic novel is based on a Mature-rated video game, although this can not mean much due to that time I played a kid who was like seven on Live. It really doesn't need an 'M' rating anyway. I mean there's more violence and language in The Dark Knight and that got like a PG-13, right? Anyways, if anyone ever wants to hire me for making these things, I'm totally available. Ah, the pizza rolls are ready...