



On the Blood of our fathers, on the blood of our sons, we swore to uphold the covenant.

The Covenant. A conglomerate of multiple alien races spread out along the Orion arm of the Milky way galaxy. It is a warlike, theocratic coalition that overcomes the strains of hatred between its member races by directing them all into constant efforts of warlike expansion.

The coalition follows the will of the gods- an ancient race of aliens also known as the "Forerunners" that has left relics of their technology scattered throughout the galaxy following their disappearance one hundred thousand years ago. These relics are so mighty that even the washed-down versions made by the Covenant themselves retain such power as to completely negate any requirement to improve or innovate. They have left behind powerful energy-extracting facilities, laboratories that eclipse anything that was created since them, and their most holy relic of all- the Halo ringworlds. Ten thousand Kilometers in diameter, with artificial environments upon their surface, these rings have a powerful mechanism that is said to outclass anything made by the gods. It is said by the prophets that these rings, when activated, will burn a path into the divine beyond, and allow the great journey to begin. Such is the foundation of the religion of the Covenant, and the promise that holds together even the most embittered of enemy species within it. This promise, however, is a lie. The Halo rings were a weapon, designed to scour the galaxy clean of all sentient life. What could possibly cause a sentient race to seek such an end? Pray to the gods that you shall not need to find out.

Those races that they are willing to tolerate the existence of are brought into the fold through force, and introduced to the total submission that is the Covenant. Those races that they will not? The surfaces of their worlds are made to glass, as they are purged in their billions. For their destruction is the will of the gods, and you are their instrument.

One such species, humanity, will soon be making contact with the Covenant- and it will end with the launching of a crusade against these creatures- based on a lie. This crusade, launched in the beginning of the Ninth age of Reclamation, or as the Humans know it, the year 2525, will be the end of the Covenant if events proceed without intervention. Nonetheless, You shall be expected to fall in line with this- to follow the words of the Hierarchs to your dying breath, for failure to do so is heresy- and such is punishable by death. And at the very least, you will be expected to die with honor.

In your efforts, you will find this helpful: **+1000 CP.**

Of course, honor means very different things for different species. **Choose your species.**

250 CP-San'Shyuum: You are shriveled and weak. In order to move around, you require a hoverchair. And despite all this, you are one of the single most respected, noble, and holy of individuals within the covenant. For you are the great ones that serve as the theological leaders of the covenant- and it is a triumvirate of your kind that hold total power as hierarch. The fleetmasters of the sangheili may glass a thousand worlds, but will kneel to you without hesitation or resentment. The brutish Jiralhanae may refuse to serve with any decency or humility, but it is you that they will address as "Holy Hierarch". They who you know as your subordinates will keep you safe, and provide for you a life of leisure. In exchange, holy prophet, you are expected to pull the covenant further along its holy path, towards the great journey. **Roll 10d8+100 for your age in human years.**

200 CP-Sangheili: You are the sword of the covenant. It is by your arm that the will of the prophets is made manifest, and their foes wrought to ash. You and your kind were the ones charged with the quelling of the Unggoy rebellion, and the taming of the Lekgolo. You were raised into a clan of honorable warriors, and taught to fight before you were taught to read. You hold your clan above all else save the covenant, and would sooner know death than dishonor. Your armor fits you as a second skin, and using your weapons is as natural as using your hands. The upstart Jiralhanae may be attempting to usurp you, but your centuries-old blade will burn their mongrel hides, Elite. **Roll 3d8+50 for your age in human years.**

150 CP-Jiralhanae: As if. Your kind may be weaker than the Sangheili politically, and you may not be given the same level of care that the wastrels among the sangheili are, but it is by your hammer that the enemies of the covenant shall be sundered. You will stand above their corpses, wade in their blood, eat their bodies, and laugh. Your clans may be divided now, but by your hammer they will come together, you will assume the space of the Honor guard of the Hierarchs, and then you shall show the ever-mocking, pompous sangheili the true value of Brute strength. **Roll 3d8+50 for your age in human years.**

100 CP-Huragok: You are, yourself, a holy relic. The covenant would sooner allow a thousand elites to die honorless deaths than to lose you to the enemy. For while you may be a floating blob tentacle monster, you are one of the forerunners' sentient constructs, incorporated into the covenant to serve at your leisure. You were created by the gods to repair, maintain, and upgrade equipment, and this is what you live for. You have an almost neurotic compulsion to do so, and it cannot be sated. This makes you one of the most-valued assets of an empire that has never made any equipment of its own. **Roll 10d8 for your age in human centuries.**

100 CP-Lekgolo: Your kind cares little for the squabbling of those other species. It is nearly beyond your capacity to even think of the concept of drama, as you exist as a hivemind of individually pathetic worms, which en masse can become some of the most terrifying fighters in all the covenant. You were brought to heel by the Sangheili hundreds of years ago, when your ancestors had dared to attempt to consume the holy relics of the gods. The Sangheili, thankfully, showed you the errors of your ways, and brought you into the fold. Now, your power is such that it powers the greatest war constructs in all of

the Covenant. Go forth, Hunter, and show the enemies of the Covenant our greatest strength. **As you are a construct that regularly cycles out the life within it, your age is irrelevant.**

100 CP-Kig-yar: Now we're talking. With lightning-fast reflexes and the eyes of a vulture, yours managed to avoid total defeat in the process of their assimilation into the covenant, and thus, managed to retain a good deal of their culture and traditions. Your kind has a great contingent of independent pirate ships, swooping in to collect technology and riches, then speeding away into the void. Piousness is not mandatory, nor is it expected from you- unless you should garner the attention of the Hierarchs or their lackeys. You are expected to have an unmatched aim and a jackal's loyalty. **Roll 3d8+20 for your age in human years.**

Free-Yanme'e: Yet another species that was brought into the ranks of the covenant by force. You are part of a hive of insectoid creatures that have not evolved the capacity to feel fear. You are subservient to your hive queen, but you have a far greater degree of intelligence and autonomy to use while you swarm the enemy with bodies- compared to your average drone, at least. **You do not age as other species do, and thus, your age is irrelevant.**

Free-Unggoy: They laughed at you. Called you grunt, small. Poked fun at the methane tank you needed to breathe. But they stopped laughing after the Unggoy rebellion! You remember that, don't you? When we tore up high charity because those stupid sangheili would send us into battle without any weapons. They did kinda glass half our homeworld for that, but they told us we'd earned their respect! Gave speeches about honor and stuff. And now they still make fun of us, but now we serve alongside them!- or at least we hide behind them. And there is no other race that is as fanatical as we are, except the holy prophets themselves, of course. That's us! The Grunts! We'll die for the covenant, or we'll die trying! **Roll 1d8+20 for your age in human years.**

And within your kind, you must have a role to play. Tell me- where is your thread to be found within the tapestry that is the Covenant? What is your **origin**?

Drop in-Free: You find yourself in a new place, with no role, no post, and boundless potential.

For all species, this leads you to wake up in your new location with the same physical form as if you chose rank and file, but with no rank or history.

Rank and file-100 CP: You are given the past of a tried and true one of your kind. You perform to expectations, but you are one of many.

For San'Shyuum, this gives you the post of a minor data cataloguer and librarian. You shall have the authority to demand transit from the subordinate races, but you cannot order them to battle. Yours is to play politics in leisure upon High Charity and elsewhere.

For Sangheili, this gives you the post of a blue-armored minor elite. You will still have authority over nearly every other covenant species in combat-insofar as they respect it- but your superiors will be able to treat you as dirt with impunity

For Jiralhanae, this gives you the post of a standard brute. Your society does not have half the structure of that of the Sangheili, and thus, there is not much to say here.

For Lekgolo, you are given the post of a hunter- a walking, bipedal tank with massive armor possessed by your hivemind. Your right arm is a mighty shield, and your left, a powerful cannon. And make no mistake- you can turn on a dime, quickly swiveling around to crush any foe that thinks you slow. Were it not for your many weak spots, this would be the perfect option.

For Yanme'e, you are given the post of a standard drone. You can fly and zip around far faster than any of the other races, as you feel no fear.

For Kig-yar, you are given the post of a standard shield-bearer- front-line infantry that is expected to push the line forward with their phalanxes of energy shields. Comes with greatly increased cunning- both to neutralize threats, and to know when to run.

For Unggoy, you are given the post of a standard grunt. This might seem like you've been sent down shit creek, but don't worry, your commanders understand. In fact, they're much more inclined to let you live for all the stupid shit you pull, figuring "there goes the grunt again".

For Huragok, You are given the post of an engineer. Your job is to simply make sure the ship keeps working, and to that end, you are protected fiercely-If your handlers have any say in the matter, you will see no combat at all. However, your handlers see you as a tool more than anything, and will detonate the bomb on you before they let you fall into enemy hands.

Special-150 CP: You have a very special niche within your kind- you fulfill the role that makes them indispensable to the covenant. However, many opportunities are locked off to you, as to leave your station is a consummate dishonor.

For San'Shyuum, this gives you the post of overseer. It is yours to watch over the fleets and make sure they do not stray into heresy. Your position is at the side of ship and fleetmasters, giving them... friendly advice as to the nature of heresy and the proper treatment of holy relics. Advice that they could be executed for choosing to ignore.

For Sangheili, This gives you the post of Spec-ops elite. Your job is to slip on the black, unshielded armor of your kind, turn on the device that can make you invisible indefinitely, and slip behind enemy lines. From here, your job will be to report enemy positions, assassinate their leaders, and of course, set the beginnings of ambushes.

For Jiralhanae, this gives you the post of Ranger brute. You are expected to be some of the first into combat, activating your jump pack which will propel you in a single leap, up to 50 feet in the air... then back down again into combat. Such are the ways of your kind.

For Lekgolo, this gives you the form of a swarm. Hundreds of worms, rushing forth to devour your enemies. This raw, unfocused aggression is the purest expression of the covenant's wrath.

For Yanme'e, this gives you the post-or lack thereof- of an unmutual. You have been exiled from your hive due to your heightened independence and aggression. However, this also comes with a good deal of intelligence, and will lead you to be somewhat unpredictable- no one would expect an insectoid to be as independent as you are, after all!

For Kig-yar, this gives you the post of a Jackal sniper- the best in the galaxy, bar none. You could, upon hearing a rustling in the grass behind you, turn around, find the enemy's head, and put a shot from your beam rifle in it- all in under a second. Even if they're 50 feet away. You're that good.

For Unggoy, This gives you the post of a grunt grenadier. You're highly skilled with high explosives, and can saturate an area with them like no other. You bring hot plasma death to the battlefield! Now if only you could stop shouting about it, maybe those scary humans wouldn't target you so much...

For Huragok, This gives you the station of a battlefield specialist. You are expected to float between your allies, giving shields out as you go by your presence. This option does make it easy to defect, if that's what you meant to do. *You heretic.*

Commander-200 CP: You stand among the greatest in your kind. You command a great force among them, and stand with great renown among the covenant.

For San'Shyuum, this shall give you the position of councilor in the upper reaches of the Covenant. It is your post to formulate battle plans against the Humans and other foes, by your word the massive fleets of the Sangheili go to glass their worlds- and you have a small fleet that stands ready to take every one of your personal orders, and escort you as you see fit. You are further charged with the investigation and deciphering of holy relics. A great part of this perk is how it provides you near total immunity, as you stand above all save the Hierarchs themselves.

For Sangheili, This gives you the post of Kaidon of your clan. You stand in golden-clad armor, at the head of a clan older than the Covenant itself. Yours has lasted through the days when the Sangheili stood alone, and on the cusp of the great journey, it stands still. If you can navigate the endless sea of contestants for your position, and stay true to every line of the arcane Sangheili code of honor, you will command the absolute loyalty of Sangheili from your clan all over the Covenant, who will hold their loyalty to you second only to their loyalty to the Covenant, and give you eyes and ears in every place you can imagine. You will also have a voice on the high council of the covenant, in the form of a councilor for your clan.

For Jiralhanae, This gives you the station of Brute Chieftain. You may not have as much influence within the Covenant as the Sangheili Kaidons do, and your immediate devotees may number fewer (enough for a small fleet) but you have far more influence among your own kind, and your code is far simpler-kill your enemies and eat their bodies. Follow this rigidly, and you will not have to suffer any questions from your subordinates. While this may not give you the prophet's ear in the same manner as the Sangheili have always had it, a new day dawns in the covenant. And who better to lead the brutes to glory than the greatest among them?

For Lekgolo, This gives you a powerful post and form indeed- that of the war machine the humans will come to know as the Scarab. A 4-legged war machine that is nearly as nimble as it is large, this is a true monster. Take this and you will have a form that is 48 meters tall, wide, and long. Your focused plasma cannon will cut through nearly any armor in seconds, and your anti-air turrets will rain death on those who oppose you from the skies. Retain any degree of control at all, and this will make you the de-facto commander of any battlefield you set foot on.

For Yanme'e, this gives you the post of commander. With your new red armor and energy shields, you'll command a force of 30 fearless drones into battle. This can be multiplied as you can take members of other clans, should you show yourself to be a dominant intelligence. In time, you may command a swarm with its many eyes scattered throughout the galaxy.

For Kig-yar, this gives you the post of a Shipmistress. You command a ship with impunity, raiding humans and contributing to the war as you see fit. At present, you're under strict watch, and are made to perform tasks at the pleasure of the ministry of Tranquility, but if you play your cards right, this may give you autonomy enjoyed by none other within the Covenant.

For Unggoy, this gives you the post of Deacon. You hold a post that allows you to demand respect, even from the Sangheili. For you are the one that relays the words of the prophets to those that might not otherwise understand it- to those amongst your own kind that may return to the selfish thought that lead to the glassing of Balaho. If the prophets are the voice of the covenant, you are their helpful interpreter- very useful in whipping up a group of apathetic rejects into raving fanatics.

For Huragok, this gives you a license to do that which any Huragok could naturally do, but that has been heavily restricted by your controlling overlords- breed. Get your mind out of the gutter, no, the tentacles aren't used for that. Instead, you will assemble your new compatriots by processing the raw materials used to collect them. This may not seem much- but when you stand as the father of a new race of biological supercomputers? When you have tentacles in every fleet and world that the Covenant dared to bring your children with them to? They will tread lightly.

But you cannot enter this universe in the blackness of outer space. **Roll 1d8 for location, or pay 50 CP to choose freely.**

High Charity: The holy city that is the capitol of the covenant. Forged of a rock that was one of the last pieces of the San'Shyuum homeworld, it has been made into a fortress. It is shaped as a mushroom, and it has a diameter of 348 kilometers. It is home to millions upon millions of the faithful, and can travel through slipspace FTL to reach other locations itself. Its armaments and firepower are unmatched through the Orion arm. Hold your head high, ye faithful, for you shall be safe so long as you are within these walls.

Sanghelios: The homeworld of the Sangheili. It is a barren, inhospitable rock, as it always has been. Its surface is nearly totally that of a desert, made only worse by how it orbits a 3-sun system. It is in this desolation that the Sangheili were made- that a species was formed into legendary warriors of glory and honor. In this hellish fire, the sword of the covenant was forged.

Te: This gas giant is the homeworld of the Lekgolo worms. Orbiting the gas giant is a series of rings that are almost entirely composed of holy structures left behind by the gods. Sadly, many were destroyed before the Sangheili brought the Lekgolo to heel, but you start aboard one of the few intact covenant stations around this place, used to ship the Lekgolo worms to every corner of the Covenant.

Balaho: The homeworld of the Unggoy. Included is a free breathing apparatus, which you will need if you're not a native as the planet's atmosphere is composed nearly entirely of methane. A good deal of the planet was turned to glass to pacify the Unggoy during a rebellion of theirs, so if you are not a native, you would do best not to disturb those that are, lest you suffer retribution.

Palamok: The homeworld of the Yanme'e. It is from here that the hive queens direct the movements of billions of drones across the galaxy, second only to the council of the covenant. The gravity here is twice what it is on earth, leading the inhabitants to be quite hardy indeed.

Harvest: Wait a minute, this isn't a covenant world? No, it isn't. In fact, this world belongs to the upstart species of humanity, and in less than one hour, the actions of Tartarus, chieftain of the

Jiralhanae will transform humanity's thrill at meeting a new species into an all-out war upon this tiny agricultural world. Even if you manage to prevent this now, the prophets will decide soon that humanity must die on their own. The best you can hope for here is to earn honor on the field of battle.

Installation 04: You must be truly blessed by the gods. Or perhaps you have been cursed, depending on how you look at it. Either way, you start on one of the holy ring worlds created by the gods- Halo. The knowledge and relics you find here may well propel you into the upper ranks of the covenant, but make no mistake- you are no human, and this installation will not yield to you without a fight.

Free choice: This is indisputably a holy blessing, jumper. You may choose freely from any of the above locations.

Now, you must know you will need to be a skilled warrior indeed to prove your honor within the covenant. Tell us of your skills.

All discounts are 50% off. Some items are listed as being discounted to both an origin and a species- these discounts do not stack. You may take 2 of your discounted 100 CP items and perks for free, but the 3rd and 4th must be purchased for 50 CP.

Perks:

Discounted Drop-in:

Thoroughly faithful-100 CP: To all who would look at you, you appear the very image of a humble worshipper upon the blessed path of the Covenant. You have worked long and hard to cultivate this image- you do not dare to question the great journey... before those who would care, anyway. This Perk helps you blend in ideologically, not only before the Covenant but before all who would question your faith and loyalty- none would find you wanting, scion.

If they came to hear me beg-200 CP: They will be disappointed, for you are a perfect example of unashamed pride in your nature. Throughout your time amongst the Covenant, many will test that will and pride. Many will attempt to make you bend to their doctrines and will, lest they have others know you as Heretic. Others would bend. You will never. They may brand you, torture you, preach at you, but though you may appear to have given them everything they want, you will retain your nature. You will stay you, despite nearly all attempts to make it otherwise through psychological tricks and warfare.

Sermons of a prophet-400 CP: The San'Shyuum are known for their ability to turn speaking into an art. They let words flow as water in a stream- pristine, beautiful. In a universe where you will face foes with thousands behind them, you cannot hope to see victory alone. And now, you will not have to. Words will flow from your mouth in much the same manner as they flow from the prophets, and you will be able to gather crowds around you as readily as you can gather movements. With this, your fellow warriors in the covenant can be made to consider things they otherwise never would, be they holy... Or heretical.

Heretic, hero-600 CP: In the covenant, nothing is held higher than faith. Brothers would turn upon brothers sooner than they will allow them to stain their family's name with the black mark of Heresy. It is in the name of faith that thousands would sacrifice their lives without a second thought, and kill without hesitation. You, however, know this to be a lie. In this, you are unique- and agonizingly alone, for it shall take more than a decade after you are gone for the true nature of the "Great Journey" to be revealed for all to see. Until then, the millennia-old tradition of the Covenant shall endure, and one ...man... cannot hope to sunder it. Unless they can? With this, you shall be able to, slowly but surely, unravel the web of lies in the mind of any one individual and bring them to the truth. This only works so certainly when working on one individual- it requires individualized attention, after all, to navigate the many false threads in the mind. On a mass scale, it works differently- should you become a well-known figure, and become accused of Heresy or similar crimes, public opinion shall make your sentencing a vain effort. The masses know you are no heretic, after all, and would sooner follow you than liars.

Reclaimer-800 CP: The holy relics that the divine forerunners left behind do not yield easily. They seem to lack any and all respect for the noble scions of the covenant. Only when many prying, inquisitive eyes have been laid upon them do they finally yield portions of their holy wisdom. Not for you, jumper. For the great god machines recognize you as a "Reclaimer"- and not only yield to your touch, but invite you further, to share in their knowledge and delve into their structures. Post-jump, all structures left behind by ancient, long-dead alien races shall recognize you as heir in much the same manner.

Discounted Special:

Notably disconcerting-100 CP: You are far removed from the rest of the covenant, and even from your own kind. Your role is so alien to the rest of the soldiers that you fight against that you and yours are well-known as being an in-group, and remaining cold to those outside of it. But that suits others- because whatever you do, it's downright spooky. Whether you're a Stealth Sangheili that could kill someone without them ever see it coming, or a Unggoy Grenadier that's perhaps a bit too liberal with his fuel rod gun, people in general tend to be wary of you, lest they become another victim of your famed unit. You can turn this aura of mildly disturbing others up and down, and on and off as you like, in case you feel like being ...social.

Entourage-200 CP: Your role is critical to the continued survival of the Covenant. Were it not for you, the massed millions in the armies of the Covenant would fall without question- as there would be no one to get them Intel, shield them, or do whatever your most essential role is. And now, your commanders know it. Given that your role, and thus your survival is essential to the continuation of the war effort, you may be afforded a small escort whenever you are not in combat- a Sangheili and a few Unggoy, perhaps. Post-jump, this will apply to any organization in which you serve a unique and highly specialized role.

Unquestioned-400 CP: It's always so damn annoying when your superiors try and tell you how to do your job. What would your commander know about stealth- he charges fortified positions with his sword in the open! What would a man who has never known how his own rifle work know about the intricate work of providing shields for a whole squad? Thankfully, with this, you no longer need to worry about such things- So long as you have a niche they do not fully understand, your superiors will give you an ultimate goal and let you deal with the rest. Perhaps you may even disengage your cloak prematurely, they will not question this- as far as they know, that's how stealth is done.

Unconventional applications -600 CP: You are a special operations soldier, and you occupy a highly specialized and sometimes downright restrictive niche in the covenant military. Many of the roles within your military are specialized to the point of absurdity, to the point where specops soldiers are deficient in skills that the rank and file excel at- but not anymore. With this perk, you are excellent at applying the skills you already have to any number of new tasks, and if there is a way to accomplish a task through a skill you already have, you are guaranteed to find it- though it may be quicker and easier in the long term to just learn a new way of doing things.

Supremely adaptable-800 CP: Many of those who develop a highly specialized set of skills come to develop a "tunnel vision" of sorts, and find extreme difficulty in learning how to do nearly anything new. Not you, however. The more talents you obtain, the easier you find it to learn new ones. The better you are at anything, the better you are at everything. Properly scaled, this can make you become one who simply inhales knowledge as others do air. Comes with a great boost to your general learning and retention abilities- both learning vast amounts of new facts and grasping abstract concepts becomes child's play to you.

Discounted Rank and file:

Glory and honor-100 CP: Both are highly essential within the militaries of the Covenant- to lack either is to invite efforts to violently "replace" you, and to think of doing such a cowardly act as running away is to invite summary execution for your efforts. You, however, are above this, as one would question that you have either. While on the field of battle, you always perform with such courage that none question your willingness to fight, and should you be forced to engage in a tactical withdrawal, none of your superiors would be so bold as to promote the idea that you are a coward- instead, they would understand the unique stresses you were under at the time.

Rank-climbing-200 CP: To ascend the ranks of the Covenant is a funny thing- sometimes, it is done through inheritance, at other times it is done as a favor. However, the vast majority of times, it is done by proving that you are the most qualified individual for the station in the only way that matters- upon the field of battle, through great feats of singular heroism and daring. Too many times, however, these great acts simply go unnoticed or are forgotten. Not for you, however- whenever you perform a great, daring act upon the field of honor, you can be sure it will be witnessed and remembered by an appropriate authority, and should it be great enough to merit a promotion within the Covenant, you may rest assured that it will do so, wherever you are.

Reinforcements-400 CP: Arranging reinforcements to meet you in battle is a difficult process. First, you must requisition the necessary forces, then you must see to it that no authority seeks to withhold them from you in your most desperate hour for their amusement, and finally you must see to it that no enemy engagement prevents their arrival at your position. But for you, this process seems to sort itself out on its own. The process of scheduling reinforcements is as easy as can be, no authority will be able to interfere with their deployment once all has been put in place, and no enemy engagement will prevent them from arriving at your position exactly at the agreed-upon time.

Thunderstorm-600 CP: Your rank is increased, you now lead a small number of troops, and are generally recognized as the leader of whatever battlefield you find yourself on unless a higher authority is present. Further, the equipment and rank of those that serve under and alongside you are enhanced as well- not to the point where you would be beneath them, but enough that their skills and abilities are greatly enhanced.

Hard luck-800 CP: You are in a covenant that has been desperate more than a few times, and desires to focus on Humanity's destruction, no matter the cost. With the great journey hanging in the balance, no individual lives matter- not even yours. It is many a covenant warrior that has found themselves looking to the sky in the midst of a battle, only to see their own ships about to open fire upon their position, and it is rare that there should be recourse for such events. You, however, are immune to this "friendly fire"- no shot fired at your position or you for the express and singular purpose of killing you or a group you belong to will manage to finish the job, though you may be gravely wounded as a result.

Discounted Commander:

Drilled to perfection-100 CP: You will be told to lead fools and incompetents into battle throughout your time here. Many of them would like to simply run away in combat, or perform as would a small child. You will not suffer this, though, and those under your command will know it. Under your command, any that have had even a slight amount of military training will perform as a well-oiled war machine of death. They fear your scorn far more than the fire of the enemy, and will not dream of retreating without your order, just as they will not shatter as a unit while you still live to punish them for it.

Peerless strategist-200 CP: In the covenant, strategy often consists solely of an all-out assault, as this is all that most commanders would consider honorable. You know better than to do as such, though, and have become highly adept at planning ambushes, aerial assaults, defenses, offenses, and more. You and your soldiers are famed for how they have triumphed over impossible odds and brought death to a hundred worlds. It is safe to say that there are few strategists that are your peer within the whole of the Covenant.

I will know who is responsible-400 CP: Within the covenant, commanders are tested rigorously. A hint of weakness and they are... replaced by their competitors. In your time here, if you hold even any amount of command approaching something worthy of note, you will have many attempts on your life. These will come from any number of individuals- some from rivals, some from members of your own clan testing your worth. This will not aid you in surviving these attempts- but it will give you the name of the culprit of any persons behind any assassination attempt for which you not only survive but kill the assassin. Once you have these names? I leave it to you, Jumper.

Alliance of enemies-600 CP: No greater set of words has been used to describe the Covenant. The Unggoy and Kig-yar hate each other, while being hated by all the other races. The Sangheili and Jiralhanae are well-known for being at each other's throats, and only the holy San'Shyuum seem to be above this interspecies hatred. This makes mockeries of many military efforts- unless they are in your hands. You know how to get people who genuinely hate each other working together in combat on the same level as the best of friends- covering each other as if they actually cared about each other's lives. This will help them become one both on and off the battlefield. You also gain a buff in your ability to make friends with other species that hate your kind and with other groups that hate your own in general.

Rage without bounds-800 CP: Sometimes, your own soldiers just aren't doing a good enough job, and you need to assume direct control. At any point in combat, you can enter a rage mode of sorts, which dramatically boosts your speed, damage, and general power. With this, you can leap into the fray and, with the proper support, do as much damage as a scarab walker. Be warned, this burns through your forces' resources while active to sustain your rage.

Discounted San'Shyuum:

Mind of a librarian-100 CP: A San'Shyuum is required to be the custodian of countless tomes, and the decipherer of untold secrets. He must manage untold logistics, and be able to find a solution to any number of doctrinal issues. To do this, they must have a mind far more powerful than any species in the Covenant- and should they fail, the sundering of the Covenant would be sure to follow. To fulfill this burden, your mind's storage and deductive capabilities have been greatly enhanced.

The journey requires sacrifice!-200 CP: Many times, the actions you will need to ensure the fulfillment of the great journey will seem contradictory, hypocritical. But things are not all as they seem, as you can easily remind your subordinates. So long as they trust you as an authority to bring about the ends that they desire, they will allow you to do things that seem hypocritical and opposed to your mutual ends, and will accept your orders to do the same, without a second thought.

Regret, regret, regret-400 CP: Occasionally, you may be somewhat... overzealous in pursuing your ends. This may lead you into situations that you'd rather not be in, be they of your design or of that of others. Whenever this happens, you can count on your faction dropping everything and coming to your rescue- you are, after all, one of the most important individuals in the Covenant. They may chew you out later, and this will not work as well if you consistently abuse it, but this does give you an extremely robust backup plan.

I am truth! The voice of the Covenant...-600 CP: And by the will of your forces, you shall never be silenced. For so long as you retain an official authority position, those who follow you will never think to abandon your side, through all the hardships and struggle. Even if you have reduced an interstellar empire to a single hallway of soldiers, they will not think to rebel or run, despite it being plain for all to see that it is your actions that have led them to this ruin.

Writ of union-800 CP: The founding species of the Covenant, the Sangheili and the San'Shyuum were not always as united as they are now. The founding of the covenant only happened after a great war between the two, the Sangheili having a great advantage on the ground, but the San'Shyuum able to strike from their mighty Forerunner vessel. Only after great pain and suffering were the two races brought together in the fold of the Covenant. The talent to bring together different, belligerent races together in a new union is yours now. Once per jump, you may create a writ of union, bringing together different races, no matter how much they hate each other, no matter if they are at war with each other at present- so long as they are physically capable of coexistence (Read: Not the Imperium and Chaos) they may be joined into a new Covenant. This new alliance will have the power to incorporate easily any race that it has totally beaten militarily, or that submits to it. Though this helps the races to get along easily at first, belligerence will, inevitably, arise. But so long as there is no blatant favoritism, and the union has a purpose, your new Covenant shall endure.

Discounted Sangheili:

Elite bearings-100 CP: The humans name your kind the "Elites", and sometimes you are surprised by the perceptive powers of these monkeys. For your kind are the highest among the Covenant military, and those around you of other species know and respect this fact, deferring and yielding to your authority even if you bear the lowly blue armor of a Sangheili Minor. You bear yourself with such strength and honor, that it is a matter of small consequence to convince those of a subordinate nature to follow you, be it on a battlefield or in a boardroom.

Code of honor-200 CP: Your kind are well known for their honor. Those among your kind who would pursue other interests than fighting, or think to run away from a battlefield are scorned by their fellow Sangheili, and wanted for death by their kin. You are not among these shameful wretches, and will not do anything that would reflect dishonor or cowardice upon your race. Further, you easily adhere to any code of ancestral honor or tradition, no matter its origin, for you are absolute in your convictions and willing to go the extra mile to show that you are a true exemplar of your kind.

Duelist-400 CP: You will be challenged many times in your stay here- For your post, for your possessions, and most importantly for your honor. Others would fall in these duels, and they do have the nasty habit of putting in charge someone more qualified to excel in a duel than to take charge. Not for you, however. For you are extremely competent in one-on-one duels that have been agreed upon as a challenge, and, if you are being challenged for a position or an item, your skill will be boosted in proportion to how well you use the item or how good you are in the position.

Favored of the Hierarchs-600 CP: Your kind was part of the Covenant long before the brutish Jiralhanae were even considered for membership, and it was by your sword-arm that the other races in it were tamed and made to fall in line. This is one of your greatest gifts- that you should have the favor and right-hand position of any authority figure that you so desire, and that you shall be seen as a treasured instrument to those who you owe your allegiance to.

The legend of Ther 'Vadamee- 800 CP: Hundreds of years before the Covenant was formed, your kind had its own honorable society. Even when you fought with spears and rock, your kind never faltered in its traditions. It is said that the clan of Vadamee, led by the Kaidon Ther, once lost a war and was usurped. All of their kin were trapped in the jails of their own citadels, where they were mocked and fed scraps. The Kaidon Ther would not suffer this, and starved himself for several weeks before finally becoming thin enough to squeeze through the bars of his cell. He came to nourish himself on Vermin, and recruited an army of Bandits. Years later, he returned to kill the usurpers- though he also killed the prisoners of his own clan still living in the jails, for they had been too cowardly and honorless to attempt that which he had done. You, too, now possess this indomitable will. If ever you are imprisoned following a battle in which you fought valiantly or intended to do so, it is guaranteed that you will find a path to escape and an opportunity for a rematch within one month at minimum, though this path will be fraught with intense suffering to test your resolve. Now go, and make them regret they took a Sangheili alive.

Discounted Jiralhanae:

Fool, they ordered me to do it-100 CP: The haughty Sangheili. The cackling Kig-yar. They call your kind slow, weak, stupid. What do they know of cleverness? You are able to play fools against each other, and this game of ... "politics", while unappealing, is not beyond you. As your strength in muscle and over your kind increase, so too do your planning skills and scheming abilities. With this, you may be able to engineer a scheme that places your race at the side of the San'Shyuum once and for all, condemn the Sangheili to the fate they deserve...

If I am to rise, others must fall-200 CP: The fools in the covenant and among the weaklings of Humanity organize their societies based on bureaucracy, with so many checks and balances that they refuse to move. The Jiralhanae, as ever, have found the answer- The same answer that has always been- Bloodshed. You can climb the ranks of any military organization by defeating your superiors in a game of strength- Or if necessary, by pummeling them to death. Either way, your organization will recognize these gains as legitimate, and will not infringe on your new post. This has the side effect of causing this to be seen as a legitimate path, which means that others will begin to take it, and your organization may fall into pieces as a result.

Gnaw the meat from their bones-400 CP: The ancient Jiralhanae tradition is to consume the bodies of your fallen foes- and who are you to shirk this? You may eat the flesh of any enemy you have killed, without consequence in the form of disease, and as a bonus, they will taste like your favorite form of raw meat. If you eat at least 50% of their biomass, this will replenish you, give you a minor regeneration factor, and give you a good chunk of that creature's physical strength on top of your own until 24 hours later or the next fight you have ends, whichever comes first . This does not stack.

War chieftan-600 CP: It is the way of all honorable warriors, but especially the Jiralhanae, to organize into warbands following the greatest chieftain available. When a chieftain goes to war, they will need not look for recruits- any Jiralhanae that was born intact will willingly go to war beside them, and would die sooner than know peace. Now, this tradition works to your benefit: Whenever you go to war and win bloody battles, an adequate supply of enthusiastic soldiers will present themselves, and ask to go to war with you. Note that this has its limits: If you decimate the world's population of warriors, you may find soldiers less willing to sign on with you. If you are attempting to attack a near-infinite empire, you will have to prove that you can win before the recruits come to kill for you in the tens of thousands.

A bloody fate awaits you and the rest of your incompetent race-800 CP: In any organization that you have a place of distinction in, you can choose to take the right hand position in said organization- through killing the ones that previously held it. If you feel there is need for a total purge, you may choose to kill the entirety of the managerial class of this organization. So long as you keep the highest authorities in power, the grunts of the organization will largely accept your new roles as their leaders, and it will continue on intact- or at least, as intact as any organization that's had a purge in its history can be.

Discounted Lekgolo:

Bonding-100 CP: Lekgolo hunters operate most commonly in empathetically bonded pairs, where both of the bond-brothers share senses and can work together like no others. You, too, now have the ability to form such bonds with one individual at a time. For other Lekgolo, the process is simple- an exchange of worms will form the bond. For other creatures, they need only accept one of your worms into their body, from whence it will send the 2 of you data. Be warned- if another creature is killed while you are bonded with them, you will fly into a berserk rage.

Shifting-200 CP: It can take a long while to get a Lekgolo to assume a new form- to train a rabid swarm into a full-fledged Hunter can take years, and the training of the worms needed to crew a Scarab walker can take a decade. Once these forms have been taught, there is little to no reason to remove the Lekgolo from these forms until the time they die. You, however, can learn how to assume new forms and control new vehicles quickly, and can shapeshift back into them on a moment's notice.

Permanence-400 CP: For most of your kind, your intelligence and willpower as a hivemind are dependent on the amount of worms you have incorporated into you. As your enemies kill more of you, you lose processing power and intelligence. Not anymore. With this perk, you can maintain your same level of intelligence, processing power, and will if even a single worm remains out of the thousand or so that make up your body.

Distributed hivemind-600 CP: As a Lekgolo, you are a hivemind, composed of thousands of orange worms in your body. Normally, you would be restricted to being in one place and one form at any one time, with any worms that you sacrifice being put into a new form- a kindred spirit, perhaps. With this, you can split your body into multiple Lekgolo constructs, retaining full awareness of all of them, in every place that they exist, at every time. You also have the processing power needed to manage all the input from multiple, very different bodies and to make decisions with all of them.

Behemoth-800 CP: Nearly all Lekgolo have an upper limit on the amount of worms they can create and manage. You are unique in that you do not. Your swarm can incorporate untold amounts of biomass. If you should stew for enough years, you could consume mountains, and become a sea of flesh, a kilometers-long behemoth that can shatter all the constructs of men. You should be wary- It will take you years to fully reach this level, and you will be less than mobile while in this form.

Discounted Yanme'e

Waa! Drones!-100 CP: Many of your enemies have nerves of steel, hardened by years in battle. They're not willing to easily give in, nor will they get scared for just anything. You and yours are the exception. Dozens of human-sized insects buzzing around them, firing from above and behind, and swooping in for melee attacks is hardly what they expect to see, and will serve to keep the vast majority of foes off-center, panicking, and unable to properly process what they're seeing.

Emotions optional-200 CP: During the war of their taming, the Yanme'e were noted to embark on near-suicidal attacks and defenses, while never once being observed to retreat. Though the Sangheili simply believed that they suppressed their fear through rigorous training, Human xenobiologists later determined that the Yanme'e simply did not evolve with the necessary biological processes to feel fear. You take it a step further by having the ability to turn off and on all of your emotions at your command. Be warned, though- turn off too many and you may forget why you wanted to turn them on again later, or even have them at all. If your desire to have emotions was motivated by the emotions themselves, their absence may become permanent.

I am no drone-400 CP: That is what the humans call you, isn't it? Drone? You certainly look the part, charging in lockstep with hundreds of your fellows, none of you caring whether you live or die so long as it is for the glory of the hive. And though it is true that most of your kind would be well summed up by that title, it does not apply to you. You have a knack for maintaining your individuality and core in hive minds and other, similar arrangements. No matter how deep they may sink into your mind, you are the master of your fate and the captain of your soul.

Pheromone control-600 CP: That's how your species is controlled most of the time- through an elaborate system of pheromones. And now, that's how you can control all but the largest beasts. Unamplified, this will only give you the pheromone sacks needed to give a strong predisposition or extreme emotions, such as fear, to other creatures of a medium size. If you increase the size of your pheromone sacks, or refine the pheromones themselves, you will be able to create much stronger impulses in creatures of a much larger size. This will never amount to full control, however.

Hive control-800 CP: That's what this perk is for. Your mind is that of a hive queen- You can exert your will over other insectoid creatures telepathically and incorporate them into your own new hive mind. This will allow you to, if your will is totally stronger than the will of all the other creatures in this hive mind, fight as one mind with one thousand bodies- perfectly coordinated, with all your bodies seeing through each other's eyes and being aware of all other sensations that each is experiencing at any given time. This has an upward ceiling of around one thousand insectoid creatures... unless you amplify your mind further. It will have a range of a few kilometers at first, but if you should use this long enough, you may be able to extend your reach thousands of Kilometers from your position. As for non-insectoid creatures? They, too, can enter your hive... with the appropriate modifications.

Discounted Kig-yar

Reflexes of a vulture-100 CP: You and your kind are well-known to the rest of the Covenant as having the greatest eyes and reflexes of any species known. Your great flexibility, eyesight, and reaction time make you the optimal candidate to become a sniper. If someone pops their head out of cover for a mere second, that would be more than enough to take it off. Your eyes can see through most types of camouflaging devices as well- not to mention how good they are at spotting loot.

Excuses, excuses-200 CP: That's all you have, and in all honesty, that's all you need. Words may flow like pristine water from the mouths of the San'Shyuum, but they flow from yours more like raw sewage. Still, talk long enough and include enough bullshit technical details, and your superiors will eventually eat it up when you fail to perform adequate fire support in the middle of battle, or don't show up because you're too busy having a good time, or doing general Jackal things. As with all such things, this has its limits, and you would be ill-advised to try your superiors' patience for too long.

T'vaoan physiology -400 CP: You hail from the asteroid colony of T'vao. Well known for its intense environment and high gravity, this has made you a hardy and tough individual, with the ability to jump heights up to 20 feet, and take far more fire than the average Kig-yar. This also has a high likelihood to change your role within the Covenant, as your kind are far more suited to action as shock troopers than your brothers in the rest of the Kig-yar. Nonetheless, your strength and resilience makes you an ideal mate for the pirate mistresses that are the true authority within the Kig-yar.

Outside the law-600 CP: You are as many Kig-yar: Scornful of authority, and constantly seeking ways to get around their decrees. Unlike most Kig-yar, you've been given much more free reign than most, and are able to get around the vast majority of general protocol, but still be regarded as totally loyal should your actions serve the interests of your benefactors. Should they not, they will remain totally apathetic, and if they should somehow hamper the efforts of the Covenant, somehow there'll always be a bigger fish to draw off heat from you. Be warned that this perk has its limits, and should you truly overstep your bounds, you may yet attain the ire of the Hierarchs.

Jury-rigging -800 CP: No one cares about you in this Covenant. That can often have its upsides, such as when you plan to perform actions that are... less than legal, but it can also have its downsides. Your kind are not, by Covenant law, allowed to own Slipspace FTL drives unless rigorously supervised by those fools in the ministry of tranquility, or many other pieces of equipment that are downright essential to true space travel. And attempting to make jury-rig a slipspace drive or an airtight seal on a spaceship is a death sentence... For most. This perk allows you to jury-rig right next to anything into a working condition, and so long as it works in theory, even if it is unlikely to work in practice, it will be guaranteed to work at least long enough for one successful usage- never mind that you forgot radiation shielding on your FTL drive, or that you didn't use insulation on those critical repairs to the thrusters, or that you sealed that window with Calk.

Discounted Unggoy:

Leader dead! Run away!-100 CP: Honestly, who can blame you? You're just a grunt, you never asked to be here, you don't have anything approaching good equipment, and you're pretty sure they put something unsanitary in the food nipple! No one could blame you, that's who! And with this, no one will. Oh sure, the big scary Sangheili might yell at you a little bit, but so long as you don't actively try to push his buttons, he, and most other authority figures you meet, will probably let you get away with displays of extreme cowardice.

Let's Play Hide and go seek!-200 CP: You're really good at that game! Probably because no one ever goes looking for you. You are seen as so insignificant by your enemies that they will only rarely go actively looking for you. Even if they were just fighting you- like, 5 seconds ago- and they know you're still out there, they'd rather go back to standing around guarding whatever they were supposed to be guarding instead of chasing you down.

You always have bad feeling! You had bad feeling about morning food nipple!-400 CP: But in this universe, that's probably a good thing. After all, you're in the same galaxy as demons, heretics, humans, and an 100,000 year old parasite that killed the gods! With this perk, as soon as you're about to get into the middle of some awful, terrible fight that a little Unggoy like yourself has NO place in, you'll get a big old bad feeling about whatever you're doing.

Holy Deacon-600 CP: You're going to be part of a species that will be used as front-line infantry by an empire you really don't want to be fighting for, in a war you really don't want to be fighting in. Let's be honest- none of you want to be here. But then the San'Shyuum put you in charge of explaining to all the other Unggoy why risking your life for a Covenant that wouldn't lift a finger is actually a good thing- and you've actually gotten rather good at it! You are now extremely good at convincing people to do the things that they don't want to do, that wouldn't be of service to them, and that might get them killed- and what's more, you can convince them to do it happily.

TASTE MY BIG, BLUE, BALLS!-800 CP: Your enemies will have to do that more than a few times now that you've got this. You will, like many of the most famous Unggoy, be called upon to rush into enemy fire with your 2 plasma grenades in your hands, running like crazy until you explode, killing you, your target, and anyone standing in a few meters' radii. Unlike most of them, you'll actually survive, as the explosion will propel you to safety! So long as you survive long enough to die by your own hand, and you manage to kill at least one enemy, you will survive any attempted murder-suicide that you try to complete. As a bonus, your enemies will never be able to simply wait you out if your suicide weapons are timed- you'll always have just enough time to run up to them. Note that you can't use this to dodge death, in a "Gonna die anyway" type move- no, this has to have been your intention during a point in the engagement in which you genuinely believed you could potentially survive without using this perk.

Discounted Huragok:

Divine origins-100 CP: The Huragok are, themselves, living relics of the forerunners. The biological supercomputers that were meant to maintain all their facilities. As the forerunners themselves are gods, and their creations relics, you are one of the closest things the covenant has to an Angel. That is pretty much what the Covenant considers you to be, and for it, they will protect you like none other. For any organization that you join and become a part of, you will be seen as of some sentimental value due to your origins- an entirely atheistic society could see you as an important icon of tradition or history.

Mutation control-200 CP: As a Huragok, you will make many successors. For most of your kind, they will mutate randomly, some lighter and others heavier, some eager and some obstinate. It is given that these mutations will be entirely random, and that your "children" may be entirely alien to you. Until now. For now you have attained the ability to control random deviance in your biologically constructed spawn, and to allow them to branch out only along the well-lit, tried and true paths that you desire. Or you can eliminate it altogether, and have them think, feel, and act as you would in any given situation.

Intelligence incorporation-400 CP: In the battle of Earth (after your departure) A Huragok known as Lighter than Some would incorporate the Human overseer AI known as Vergil- its thoughts, information and feelings would merge with those of the Huragok, allowing them to truly become one. You now have this ability, and can incorporate Computer-bound intelligences into yourself, merging with their thoughts, feelings, and emotions to become a new entity. If that isn't appealing due to your desire to maintain your individuality, you can simply rip the data out of their data banks.

Flexible engineering-600 CP: One of the mainstays of the Jiralhanae army, the lightly armored, quickly moving "chopper" was invented based off of a plow that one of your kind had constructed based off a human design. Your designs, too, are similarly flexible- with any design or machine, you may find a way to modify it within a few short hours to make it an extremely lethal weapon- to the point where people will find it hard to believe that the shield of spinning blades you made was, in fact, descended from a lawnmower. Or perhaps you would prefer to beat your swords into plowshares, as the humans say? You may also be able to repurpose any weapon or vehicle of war into a pacifistic purpose, to such an end that no one will dream that the hovering tractor was initially a Covenant wraith.

Total understanding-800 CP: Such is your comprehension of Machines- you can totally decipher the purpose of nearly any machine beneath a forerunner level of technology within a few minutes of finding it, and can dramatically enhance the vast majority in another few. If you should need to create some token machine in a cinch, you will always be able to think of an appropriate design within a few minutes with the equipment you have that will be guaranteed to work at least once- though there is no guarantee it will work well, or for long. This, too, has its limits- you won't be designing a Halo array this way. If you wish to design greater machines, the types for which the Forerunners created their great, planet-sized forges, you will need time- but not nearly as much as others. For if you were to attempt to come up with a design for a Halo sized machine, the design for each and every bulkhead aboard the massive craft should take you but a few days. And if you should attempt to decipher the exact nature of those machines that were beyond your creators, it, too may be done- though it will take time. For certain devices such as the blue box known as the "TARDIS", it may take you inordinate amounts of time. But for you it shall be far quicker than it is for others, as your enhanced mind can learn in mere months what it would take them lifetimes to accomplish, and if you have access to the appropriate equipment, some of the most complex machines are easily made, as there is little that your forerunner mind cannot accomplish.

Undiscounted:

Courtesy of the Marty Army-100 CP: Any epic requires a rhythm, and every ballad begets a beat. For you, the music of the heavens plays a wondrous tune that shall give you more than your share of enchanting, enthralling, and overpowering melodies. They shall play with whatever tone and instruments are required of them- an overpowering orchestra and chant for the midst of a grand battle, low synths, drums, and guitar for a sneaking escape through a sullen, rainy path, a melancholic violin and piano for an idle, lonely moment, or a hissing, threatening, tense crescendo for a buildup to a truly fearful moment. They shall seem to be supernaturally aware of your actions, as well as the nature and progression of the battle around you, and shall weave perfectly with all of them, never missing a beat. Though the pieces shall change dramatically depending on your circumstance, they will remain tonally consistent throughout any given jump, and will keep similar motifs throughout your adventure. Augmenting your enjoyment, but never truly causing you to lose focus. You may chose whether others hear them or not.

Items:

Discounted Drop-in:

Letter of requisition-100 CP: The covenant does not have a capitalist system of economics. In fact, it does not have much of any system of economics! Pleasure items do not, largely, exist, necessities are distributed by the government, and military equipment is distributed as needed. For the most part, if you want equipment, you need to be a person of note or be someone that know several people of note. Not in your case, however. For these letters of requisition, signed by a minor member of the San'Shyuum, will allow you to request any amount of equipment you may need to get by comfortably or to attain the equipment needed for one lavish project.

Escape pod-200 CP: This isn't just one item in and of itself, it is the guarantee to find an item as this wherever you go. If, at any point, you should find yourself on a ship under heavy fire, and you make the decision that you've watched enough to know where this is going, and if all other means of escape fail, you will be able to make your way to an escape pod before you die from the ship-to-ship combat. This escape pod will have the engines needed to get clear of the exploding ship, and for minor maneuvering. It will have room enough for 8 people, and a heat shield for atmospheric reentry. However, it has absolutely no weapons or armor, let alone FTL.

Sentinel enforcer-400 CP: This is a true powerhouse built by the forerunners. The largest sentinel known to guard their installations, it has 2 powerful energy shields on its front, and can fire dual concentrated energy beams and missile barrages as it floats around the battlefield, bringing death wherever it goes. It is not highly attached to you, nor is it sentient, and must be rewired if you intend to turn its power on the other creations of the Forerunners themselves. It has a top speed of 100 mph.

Luminary-600 CP: This is a relic most holy indeed- a map to other Forerunner relics throughout your region of the Galaxy. As you consult this relic, it will tell you of the relics nearest you and their nature. These forerunner installations may have extremely capable guardians, be they the automatons of your gods themselves or simply humans, unaware of the divine power beneath their filthy feet. Post-jump, this device shall unfailingly send you to the relics, weapons, and sites of those races that can be considered ancient and unknowably powerful.

Forerunner Trove-800 CP: The actual physical device you receive is unassuming- a physically small data drive. Though it will take decades to pry it open and truly access its secrets, and longer yet to make any sense of them, this time will be well-spent indeed. Inside this are the ancient secrets of the Forerunner empire- the means to create their most powerful weapons and mightiest fortresses. Perhaps you should desire to create a mighty fortress ship, that could take gigatons of explosive damage without its shields breaking? Or perhaps, you would wish to create the shield worlds- the incredible hollow worlds that are the only structures known to be able to withstand the halo array. Perhaps you should seek to recreate the Domain- the galaxy-spanning network of knowledge that all who are of sufficient mental strength can tap into, that they drink from the font that is the collective wisdom of the galaxy. Or perhaps you desire an even darker purpose- the creation of your own halo array, that you may scour untold galaxies clean of life. All of these shall be child's play for you, once you have spent the needed time. And make no mistake- you must spend untold time to truly pry open this shell, and understand its ancient knowledge. It will not be a task that is possible to complete in one universe, but when you stand as master of the heavens, there will be no question as to the worth of this data.

Discounted Special:

Sensors supreme-100 CP: To do what you do, you need knowledge beyond your own. In order to properly repair, lay ambushes, carry out assassinations, you need the right gear above all else. And now you have it- these sensors can detect foes and items of interest on the infrared, ultraviolet, and visible spectrums, and highlights them clearly. They can neutralize all but the most potent stealth systems across the multiverse, and can track up to a hundred targets at once. Feed this into a stationary turret or equivalent, and there may be no limit to the havoc you can wreak.

Deployable equipment-200 CP: The vast majority of soldiers within the Covenant are expected to make do with the bare minimum equipment available, or at most, equipment befitting their station. Not you, however. You have a crate of each of the following: Bubble shields, regenerative stations, power drains, radar jammers, flares, gravity lifts, deployable cover, and trip mines. They replenish at the end of each week.

Alternate equipment - 400 CP: A single-purpose soldier can be made a fool of very easily by throwing him into a situation he had not prepared for. A soldier only equipped for one purpose can be made a fool of with even more ease, and you have no desire to be made a fool of. With this, you can choose to take the equipment of any one other spec-ops class, with free familiarity in their use, or, if your origin was not special, you may take two.

Space-capable gear-600 CP: It is not often that circumstances will lead to you needing to take on your foes in the blackness of outer space, but when you do, you'll be glad you bought this- a space capable suit with insulation and oxygen (or methane!) sufficient to keep you alive long enough to finish your engagement, as well as an antigravity pack for propulsion and navigation. Comes free with a comm system capable of keeping you in touch with your allies that fight alongside you. Will not be broken to the point of causing you to die from lack of pressure unless you, too, are dead- you may suffer heavy fire but will survive so long as you remain capable of continuing combat.

Jaw wound optional - 800 CP: This gives you the position of the commander of the Special Operations of the Covenant. Make no mistake, that is a mighty post indeed- the tens of thousands of the invisible black blades of the Sangheili are yours to command, as are the Lekgolo swarms and the... often less than helpful siege Unggoy. This is a post that carries much esteem with it, and those around you will take heed, as they scarcely desire to be killed in their sleep by one of your kill teams. Post-jump, you will take a similar position, as the head of any and all clandestine operations in the power with the most powerful such groups in whatever universe you find yourself in- though your new subordinates will be skeptical of you, and you will need to prove your worth lest you be... removed from your position. If you find them to be an unsatisfactory collection of incompetents, you may, once per week, call in a Covenant spec ops kill team, with 60 warriors of a composition of your choosing from the Spec ops division.

Discounted Rank and file:

Standard gear-100 CP: Wouldn't be much of a soldier without your gun, would you? This gives you 2 standard Covenant weapons of your choosing- they have been tuned to your preference perfectly. You may choose from among the Carbine, the plasma rifle, plasma pistol, needler, spiker, mauler, needle rifle, or concussion rifle. Their ammo is restocked in the warehouse each week, and their instruction kits are included. If you chose a battery powered weapon, a plasma conduit is attached to your warehouse instead that can recharge your weapons fully once per week.

Improved gear-200 CP: But you'd need this to be a good soldier. This does not give you improved weapons, instead, it gives you greater armor. Your armor is now stronger, and bears a crimson shade. If it did not have energy shields before, it now does. If it did, they are strengthened dramatically.

Elite ordnance-400 CP: This is more like it. You are given one copy of each of the following: A fuel rod gun, plasma launcher, energy sword, beam rifle, focus rifle, plasma caster, and a crate of 30 of every type of covenant grenade to help you purge the enemies of the Covenant. Their ammo is replenished weekly, and if they are damaged or lost, they are repaired or properly returned.

Armory of the faithful-600 CP: The best armory that CP can buy. A new room is now attached to your warehouse, covered in contours of purple and blue. Inside it are 200 weapon holders, sustaining their weapons in midair. Within this place is a holographic computer screen, with which you can request or swap out any of the weapons within with other weapons of Covenant manufacture. When in battle, you have a small device, similar to what the Humans call "radio", with which you can request these weapons be deployed to you in battle. They will fall out of the sky and rocket to the ground in their small pods, their containers blasting open to reveal their cargo. Note that this cannot be used for offensive purposes, and that once you have begun to use weapons from the armory, it will only begin to restock once you have used them all and waited one week.

Boarding gear-800 CP: This is exactly what you would need to board and disable one of those pesky human orbital defense platforms- a boarding craft, a few squads of covenant soldiers, and of course- an antimatter covenant bomb. While not in use, you may inspect in its hangar, which becomes an annex to your warehouse. You may use it once per month, and may spawn it within 100 meters of any enemy spacecraft.

Discounted Commander:

Teleportation pad-100 CP: This forerunner relic appears in a new annex to your warehouse, and it shall be a most useful in coordinating your strategies, commander. It allows others to teleport instantly to your position, so long as you are not inside an enemy structure, in their dozens at once. This shall be extremely useful for coordinating an ambush, or helping to coordinate a siege or defense. Alternatively, if you find yourself under heavy fire, you can use a small handheld device to teleport back to it, though it shall be on lockdown for 24 hours thanks to this.

Barricades-200 CP: A collection of covenant barricades, guard towers, and other defensive structures sufficient to contain one hundred warriors and protect a pass of 500 meters in width. They can be stored in your warehouse, should you wish to modify them, or they may exist in a miniature pocket dimension, not truly existing until you call them forth to be deployed. Their manipulation will be extremely easy so long as you are not in battle.

Covenant councilor-400 CP: You are of such a position that your opinion is heard and respected within the highest circles of the Covenant. To the end of helping you voice this opinion fully, you have a representative on the highest council of the Covenant (If you already had one from being a Kaidon, they become one of the most influential of their kind, able to shape the course of the covenant). They will voice your concerns and make your demands before the highest body of the covenant in the language that only they and few others speak- politics. Post-jump, this will translate into a representative in the highest legislative body of whatever government you owe your allegiance to that represents your interests before any and all other concerns.

Base deployment-600 CP: Occasionally, your existing forces and fortifications will simply not be enough. You will simply need more bodies and materials to make your plans work. That is what this is for. Once per month, you can demand the construction of a Covenant citadel base- and it will simply rise out of the ground to exist. Once it has done so, you can manage its building pads, vehicle construction buildings, and troop- Err, spawning pools?- to effectively augment your strategy in real time. Be warned that should this base be destroyed, all the items it has created will likewise be destroyed. It will last until destroyed or replaced, and it can only be replaced once per month.

Fleet of Particular Justice-800 CP: This is one of the covenant's greatest and most esteemed fleets. Though it would normally have been formed in the time immediately following your departure from here, in this altered timeline it has been made to its full size immediately before your arrival. Most would consider it an honor to merely serve aboard it, but you, Fleetmaster, have the honor of taking the place of Thel Vadamee and leading this fleet of 5 vessels aboard your 5 km long flagship, the Assault carrier *Seeker of Truth*. You will lead them in a holy crusade to burn a swath through the Orion arm of the galaxy, leaving naught but glass in your wake. The fleet will not be tied to the size of 5 ships, though- for every 18 million humans you kill in service of the Covenant, the Hierarchs will award you an additional covenant ship, with a maximum size of 60 ships in exchange for killing 1 billion humans. (They will know if this is faked- consider that fiat-backed.) Only ships awarded in this manner will be considered as a true part of your fleet, and allowed to journey with you to your next jumps. Many would consider a billion humans a small sacrifice in comparison- after all, the maximum size of this fleet could,

given a few weeks of uninterrupted effort, turn the surface of a planet to glass with its plasma projectors. Post-jump, this fleet will follow you- with heavy restrictions. Firstly, the crew aboard it will be NPCs, devoid of permanence and consistency. Though they may take place in a combat engagement to defend you from boarding action, they cannot board other vessels or participate in ground assaults. And although the vessels may be modified by you, they will reset to factory condition at the beginning of each new jump. Though they will come with the bare minimum in war machines to make them fill their intended use, such as Seraph fighters, phantom dropships, and drop pods, they will never carry vehicles for use in ground assault when you find them. Should you seek to use them for storage, be aware- the contents will likewise reset at the beginning of each jump, and that which you had stored in these ships will be forever lost unless it is moved.

Discounted San'Shyuum:

Floating chair-100 CP: Your kind is often known as frail and weak, and while such sentiments are heresy and carry the punishment of death, there is an irritating truth to them. Your kind fare poorly in combat, and tire easily after traveling for long distances. To that end, these devices have been created for you and your kin. This chair floats through the air, and can easily convey you to any location. It has computer and communication systems for convenience.

Crown of eternity-200 CP: Yours is a marvelous covenant. A covenant unequalled in its beauty, majesty, and of course, its power. Such a gracious empire demands opulent instruments to truly do it justice, of course, and this crown is the epitome of that. A nearly identical copy of that worn by the holy Prophet of Truth, it is twice as large as your head, and is majestic in its golden contours and ridges. Just above your head, where it sits, is a blue holographic representation of one of the holy halo rings. While wearing this, all will recognize you as a figure of authority and power. It is also guaranteed to never fall off your head in an embarrassing manner due to poor balance.

Power chair-400 CP: The floating chair, as it was, has no protective systems. This is entirely unacceptable for one such as yourself. That this may be mended, you have been given a copy of the Chair used by the Holy prophet of Regret- a chair that is not only capable of floating around, but that is capable of using its shielding system to protect it from sustained small arms fire. In addition, it can briefly teleport short distances to avoid combat, and can use its laser focus beam to burn away any heretics that would dare attack such a holy being as yourself.

Cleansing flame-600 CP: This small device, akin to a radio, seems very unassuming at first. However, this device summons an extremely deadly threat to any who dare walk the field of battle in front of you- an orbital bombardment beam, the type used by your holy warriors to glass planets and drive the heretics from their holes. As soon as the small button on it is pressed, the beam comes from the sky, without observable source, and lays waste to any and all fortifications that the heretics have dared to place before you. This beam can only be fired for one minute straight, and once done, it cannot fire again until an hour has passed.

Forerunner dreadnought-800 CP: This was the first forerunner relic found by your kind. This was the mighty ship with which they courageously left their home world to spread the word of the gods among the stars. This was the god-vessel that brought them together with the Sangheili, and it is this ship that sits dormant today, as the object of the worship of all of the Covenant, at the center of the grand chamber of High Charity. And now, it is yours. Its weaponry, disabled as a sign of goodwill between the Sangheili and San'Shyuum, has been fully restored to its original, continent-busting (at maximum) levels. However, you are not alone within it- it is completely and totally under the control of an AI. In time, you could find a way to remove it, but the ship shall function far better with it on board. It is your subordinate and thus is willing to complete your commands, to a point. It shall not engage in open warfare against humanity, and seeks redemption for a great number of sins, which it shall not name to you- unless you should prove yourself worthy and understanding.

Discounted Sangheili:

Code of honor-100 CP: It is a perilous and daunting task, to become a warrior among the mighty Sangheili armies. The nature of that which is required of you is so complex and arcane, that it is next to impossible to memorize it all. Fortunately for you, you won't have to. For you have it in a codified form in the form of a leather-bound tome that contains not only the Sangheili code of honor, but that expands to contain the rules of the code of honor for any and all societies you will ever be a part of.

Ancestral sword-200 CP: All Sangheili have a blade of their own to carry into battle. They are beautiful-elegant, yet wrathful. Ancient, yet powerful. Your blade, scion, is a relic of a time long past. This is the blade of your clan, an item that has been entrusted to you for the battles yet to come. It is far stronger than any other blade on the field, as it cuts through the armor and energy shields of vehicles as it does the armor of infantry- as though it was not even there. Further, it can be used to deflect the blows of enemy plasma fire, and other such energy weapons, in a manner that other blades cannot.

Honor guard equipment-400 CP: This equipment, favored son, is such that it gives you great status and honor. To be set among the honor guard of the Hierarchs themselves is no small thing, and those who see you in this armor shall know the power which you herald and treat you with appropriate respect. Of course, it goes without saying that the armor itself is quite powerful, and can deflect glancing blows from even energy swords. The Energy stave that comes with it is also capable of cutting through armor with extreme speed, and has far greater reach than the vast majority of other melee weaponry within the Covenant.

Old clan-600 CP: All Sangheili stand as part of one of the clans of their kin, but many are weak, not commanding much allegiance among those throughout the Covenant that call them kin. Others are new, barely having had time to solidify their hold and institutions. Your clan, however, is neither of these. It is solid, and Sangheili across the Covenant are proud to know it as their own. It is also ancient, and your first records go back to before the founding of the Covenant. This allows you to call in favors from any number of your kin, and to find shelter in any number of homes. Your kin stand beside you in good times as in ill, and they would relish the thought of standing beside you in glorious battle. Post-jump, you shall be part of such a group in any universe you find yourself in- be it a crime family, or a dynasty, you will have your honored kin.

Mausoleum of the Arbiter-800 CP: Attached to your warehouse is a replication of one of the holiest places in all of High Charity- the resting place of the greatest, most honorable warriors of all the Covenant. In its center is the set of silver armor that is worn by the Arbiter. It will modify itself to see your needs met- whether this means space capability, or extreme heat survival. It is not, however, as powerful as the price would merit. But you can change that- for every honorable warrior that has fallen in valiant combat against forces other than yourself that you inter in the coffins in the sides of this Mausoleum, it gains more and more power in direct proportion to the total, collective honor in the room at any one given time. Should the walls be covered, ceiling to floor, with the corpses of great heroes, you will gain the power of a titan on the battlefield while you wear this silver armor.

Discounted Jiralhanae:

Brute shot-100 CP: The rest of the Covenant has no concept of good weapons design, structuring their guns in an artisan's contours. This wasted effort does them no good on a battlefield, which is why your kind made this weapon in the name of simplicity, brutality, and perfection- the hallmarks of the Jiralhanae. This belt-fed grenade launcher fires automatically at its targets, with its rounds detonating on impact. The butt of the gun is a wicked, circular blade that can easily set head apart from body. Now go forth, and show them the true meaning of power.

Gravity hammer-200 CP: The haughty Sangheili are constantly preaching about their Energy swords, and just how "honorable" they are- as if honor was worth an Unggoy's shit. The only thing that matters upon the field of battle is final victory- and this will deliver it where their trinkets cannot. It is a weapon to make the cowering humans know fear, pain, and death. It is a mighty hammer, 7 feet long with a powerful gravity engine at the end. When the enemy is struck with this weapon, a mighty shockwave is released that throws all who are in close proximity dozens of feet away at very high velocities.

Invincibility module-400 CP: Of course, sometimes a good offense is only worth as much as a good defense, and as such your defense must be total. Under rare occasions, you will come under extremely heavy fire. And while you were about to charge the bastards with your hammer, no less! Have they no sense of manhood at all? Well, this will serve to make them less cowardly- If that could ever be done with humans, for when you activate this tiny, palm-sized module, it will grant you an energy shield that is, for all intents and purposes, invincible for 30 seconds. After this, it will require 24 hours to recharge. Yes, this means you can charge that tank with your hammer. In fact, you are altogether encouraged to.

Fist of Rukt-600 CP: Now this is a weapon. Forged thousands of years ago by the Chieftain Rukt, it has been passed down along clan lines, and often it has been taken by the winner of a duel. It would eventually find its way to the hands of the Jiralhanae chieftain Tartarus, who would see it further augmented with Covenant gravity drives. By the time that it arrives in your hands, the 7.7 foot long hammer has the ability to manipulate foes using its gravity drives to an extreme extent in battle. It can be used to pull foes towards oneself with extreme force, or to obtain items in this manner. Likewise, the gravity drives aboard can be used in a pulse attack manner, throwing enemies flying far further than the normal gravity hammer may. All told, this is an incredibly powerful weapon, capable of destroying light vehicles with one blow. It expects you to give it skulls, Jumper. Do not disappoint it.

Prophet of...Sympathy?-800 CP: It's a hard time, being a Jiralhanae in the Covenant. The Sangheili have near total control over the military, and they despise you. Your kind has hardly any official authority, even over the lowly Kig-yar and Unggoy. As for equipment? Know that it is not by choice that your kind lacks the latest prototypes vehicles from the forges, nor is it in the name of pride that you use such ramshackle battlewagons as the Chopper or the Prowler. It is because the Sangheili deny you all but scraps, that they may continue on in their role unthreatened by fair competition. And so they will continue- unless it does not have to be so? For you have attracted the eye of the Prophet of Truth himself, and have gained his sympathy for your struggle. His patience will not be infinite, but he will forgive your transgressions, and seek your promotion to the highest levels of the Covenant. Post-jump, you will always manage to find such a benefactor in a similar position of total power.

Discounted Lekgolo:

Shield and beam gun-100 CP: Most infantry is given standard gear- nothing too weak, nothing too strong. Maybe an energy shield if they're lucky. Not you and your kind, however. The armor and weaponry you're given puts you and yours in a league of your own. The shield is capable of sustaining several shots from a main battle tank so long as it totally absorbs them, and the Beam gun is capable of destroying said tanks after 10 seconds of continuous fire, which is nothing compared to how it levels infantry.

Sentry worm-200 CP: For most of your kind, constant contact is needed to maintain composure and clarity. You are the exception. You may split off a particular one of your worms, and use it to monitor any area as a security camera. You will be fully capable of processing all the data it feeds you at any given time, and you can monitor it from any location, at any distance away- the telepathic link will not be sundered. If, somehow, it should be destroyed, you can designate any of your other worms as a new one.

Covered weak spots - 400 CP: For most of your kind, you are made to go into battle with glaring weak spots on your armor's back, arms, legs, and neck. This allows a mighty hunter such as yourself, whose shield can withstand tank shells, to fall to sustained small arms fire in the right areas. While this is rarely a true risk, as only one so quick as a human demon could ever hope to dodge your blows long enough to fell you, it is still a risk, and who would want an exposed place in their armor? With this, you are unique among the covenant in that your armor is totally sealed- while this may make you somewhat less flexible, it is well worth it, as sustained tank shots or much heavy explosive is all that will breach your invincible armor. If you are the intelligence managing a Scarab, your legs, backs, and power core have been heavily reinforced, to the point where they can no longer be used to destroy you with ease.

Remote control unit -600 CP: This item is unique amongst all the Covenant in how it operates, and it is uniquely useful to you, Jumper. When you embed one of these wicked, spiky devices in a Lekgolo construct, and another in yourself, you can remotely control the entity with your mind, while being sure that you will have enough processing power to do so. However, you can also be sure that it won't be quite as good as being an actual Lekgolo construct, as you can only give simple orders like "walk here", or "follow me", or at most "defend that area" This also changes how you go into your altform- with this, your human form is simply jettisoned from your Lekgolo form, instead of replacing it. Your Lekgolo form will scatter and dissipate within a few seconds, unless you place one of these in it. That will allow you to control it yourself- to a much lesser degree- until it is destroyed. Note that this form has an upper ceiling on its mass, even if you purchased Behemoth, and if you transform back into a Lekgolo, this form will dissipate.

Covenant casing material-800 CP: The mighty Deutros scarab, crewed by one of your kind is an example of the pinnacle of Covenant engineering. A war machine- controlled by a single intelligence. You now have the means to replicate this feat, and improve upon it. For you have the means and skill to quickly fashion a device that may allow you to manage nearly any vehicle. Not only that, you have the means to create war machines similar to the great scarab, but even greater in scale. Perhaps you wish to make a Scarab that is more similar to its namesake, or a war machine of death that stretches for a Kilometer? Whatever the case, with this, I am certain that you will bring fear and death to a hundred planets.

Discounted Yanme'e

Flight harness-100 CP: It is a well-kept secret that your kind cannot easily fly. Were it not for this set of devices that you know as a flight harness, it is likely that you would not be able to walk, let alone fly. But with this small, nearly invisible set of devices, you can fly in any orientation and direction, with total confidence that no matter what else, your balance will be infinitely secure.

Steroids-200 CP: Your kind are just not good enough individually. Not fast enough, not strong enough, not capable of absorbing enough fire. The only reason your species is set above the Unggoy is that you are strong in numbers- an endless tide of bugs can do what one bug could never dream to. Unless that one bug was you, for you possess sacs that can produce, on demand, strength and speed enhancing substances to be pumped directly into your bloodstream. These will allow you to perform on the same level, briefly, as an elite on the field of combat. Be warned that these will have negative physical effects, and you will have withdrawal symptoms.

Venom-400 CP: Your kind have no special defining attacks. Obviously, you can fly, but beyond that, you are limited to the weapons you can hold, which tend to be pathetic plasma pistols and needler. This hardly allows for good versatility- which is why the hive queens have elected to test out a new modification on you- a stinger, complete with venom sacs. This will give you a new, potent offensive attack- one that can put such targets as puny humans into a catatonic shock, and strike through their armor. For those with energy shields and other armor, this will react with the shield in just the right way as to particularly damage it. Now go, and make them fear the swarm!

Pathfinding device-600 CP: Your kind isn't well-suited for open spaces in the bright outdoors. The extreme light often only leads to confusion and misdirection among the swarms. You prefer to stick to the warm, dank, narrow corridors in the deep underground- for these are the most reminiscent of your home hives. And now, you have the means to effectively find your way there. With this sonar mapping device, you will be able to navigate extremely complex corridors without a second thought. Flying through narrow pipes and lurking in deep, dark rooms will become second nature to you, and you will be able to plunge into a deep underground that not even the natives knew existed without a moment's hesitation.

Hive seeds-800 CP: These are the seeds of the destruction of your enemies. You now have the authority of a hive queen, and as you plant these seeds deeply enough in the ground, you will sow the seeds for an incredibly large amount of Yanme'e to come. Those that come first will be the ones that create an even greater hive, which will in turn spawn thousands of Yanme'e, ready to follow your commands, should you prove your superior will and nature. Whence they came, more and more will- the only limit this has is the size of the area you plant the seeds in, for the hive will eventually consume all of it. And what is there left then, but conquest?

Discounted Kig-yar

Energy shield-100 CP: The Sangheili may throw themselves into enemy fire while screaming of their foolish honor, and the hated Unggoy may cower as they meekly charge the enemy without any proper equipment, but none of this befits a truly noble exemplar of the Kig-yar. This is one of the mainstays of the frontline infantry of your people- a hand-held shield capable of absorbing any and all plasma fire laid upon it- for a brief time, at least, and totally deflecting any of those clumsy human projectiles fired upon it.

Modified VISR-200 CP: The rest of the Covenant are so damn puritanical that they could not allow themselves to do that which would clearly benefit themselves because of the great journey- as if the gods should care that you used human tech a few times! This is one such example- after you managed to "obtain" this bit of human visual augmentation from one of their "shock troopers", you decided to heavily modify it. And now, it manages to show you any and all items of notable lootworthiness with a gold outline, which is how you specifically designed it- to represent all the gold you're gonna make on the black market with this baby!

Forerunner relic-400 CP: You can't remember where you got it- maybe it was that one black market on High Charity, maybe it was back home, or maybe it was in that one ruin. Yeah, that was probably it, come to think of it. Whatever the case, you don't really care where you got it, what you care about is that it works, and it works wonders. This ancient weapon is just as divine, you're sure, as its makers, and you're not gonna let it go anywhere, anytime soon. Not after what you've seen it do on the battlefield. Though, fair warning- the Sangheili and San'Shyuum may see things differently. Choose from any of the following: Sentinel beam, Light-rifle, Binary rifle, bolt-shot, or a forerunner suppressor. You have it, and it will be tuned to your specifications. If it is lost or stolen, it reappears in your warehouse. If it is officially confiscated by Covenant authorities, it does not.

Energy cutlass-600 CP: A savage, cutthroat weapon, befitting your savage, cutthroat kind- am I laying the compliments on a bit too thick? This weapon is composed of blamite, the same material that is used in the projectiles of the Needler, that explode in the middle of a soft target. Unlike it, however, only the portion that is actually embedded in the target will break off and explode- and it will regenerate from the portion that remains. The whole of the blade is coated in an energy field similar to that of the energy shields of the Sangheili. Now go, and show them the wrath of your rosy red blade!

Space pirate- 800 CP: Of course, you'd have no business wielding a space cutlass unless you were a space pirate, and with this perk, you officially are one! Or at least, as close as you can get. You have a letter from the ministry of tranquility that gives you an official commission as a missionary ship, with your official job being to find converts and relics for the ministry, that the light of the Covenant may spread and illu.... yawn. You're a space pirate, in reality, because the ministry doesn't actually care about what you do, so long as you don't hamper the goals of the Covenant too badly. That means you have a far more pleasurable life than most in the covenant could even dream of. Loot! Drugs! Loot! Sex! Loot! Money! Loot! Wait, did I say loot twice? Eh, who cares. You're a(n officially) sanctioned space pirate!

Discounted Unggoy:

Methane tank-100 CP: Your little grunty lungs wouldn't be able to sustain you without this one. After all, you don't breath oxygen! Unlike the Sangheili, and the San'Shyuum, and the Jiralhanae, and the humans, and uh, pretty much everyone. But still! With this, you practically can! Post-jump, it'll be modified so that it holds the gas you need to survive in any and all hostile environments.

Plasma grenades-200 CP: Now, don't go using them all in one place- oh, who am I kidding. You want to use them all in one place! And who am I to stop you? These high explosive grenades are fun! They stick to any enemy or vehicle you throw them at, and the best part is that they don't stick to the useless walls, so the hot plasma death isn't wasted. This comes in a literally bottomless crate that cannot be moved out of your warehouse, so you'll need to take just a few at a time. Or take a lot. Enjoy yourself!

It's the gas! When I'm on the gas, I don't know what I'm doing half the time!-400 CP: The life of an Unggoy is simple, if harsh. Wake up, food nipple, Sangheili yells at you, maybe a bit of shooting, food nipple, sleep. But maybe you're tired of being a coward? I mean, it is easy, but think of all the things you could do if you weren't one! You might even get what the Sangheili call "honor"! With the way they talk about that, it has to be a type of food nipple! Well, they keep saying that the Jiralhanae sneak something in the methane . And maybe they do, but maybe you want them too, eh? This gives you a wide variety of the good stuff, and if you breath it in, you can feel any number of emotions- from clarity, to obedience, to rebellion, to total outright blackout rage! No matter who they are, they will fear your grunty claw!

Goblin walker-600 CP: Now this is more like it! Finally, the revenge of the Unggoy has come! This is a walker designed by renowned Unggoy theologian Ang'napnap the Enlightened, off of the pre-ascension form of the Forerunners- that it looks like one of our own is mere coincidence, of course! The power that it has is unmatched by even the Human demons! Its left hand has a powerful plasma launcher that can fire plasma bombs at an incredible distance. Its right hand is a mighty needler, capable of blowing up even vehicles with 8 embedded shots! And should it bring the 2 together, it can create a mighty AoE EMP attack! So long as those acronyms mean what I think they mean, anyway- Anyway! It can unleash a powerful needle attack, sending hundreds of needler needles into the air which can track 8 targets at once. And as far as durability is concerned, you can for-get it! The humans have nothing, NOTHING that would be able to break through the armor of this- except for sustained heavy weapon fire, vehicle support, or air strikes. But none of that matters now! Stand by for Gruntfall!

Summon the Grunt Rebellion!-800 CP: This, Jumper, is true power in your hands. A small, radio-looking device. Whenever you hit the button and shout into it "Summon the Grunts!", you better believe we'll come. We'll come in our thousands, showing a fury that those stupid Sangheili haven't seen since we rocked High Charity, way back when! You better believe that we'll be climbing out of the ground, falling out of the sky, and materializing in front of you. We won't have weapons, and we'll only have methane for a few minutes, but we'll show them our canine wrath when we swarm them in our rabid, incomprehensible fury. They call us small- Small! We're nearly as tall as a full-grown human, and we've got the teeth to tear out their necks! But it won't be just them- we're gonna take down the Sangheili, and the Jiralhanae, and the Kig-yar! By the time we're done, it'll be just us and the San'Shyuum, as it always should have been. Forwards! For all Gruntkind!

Discounted Huragok:

Explosive harness-100 CP: Sadly, this is how every one of your kind is "equipped" nowadays. For all the fuss about you being "holy relics", your "benefactors" in the San'Shyuum have decided that your docile, peace-loving nature is threatening- and that you are far too dangerous to be allowed to live as you are. Thus, you, as all other Huragok under the command of the Covenant, are equipped with an explosive harness, to be detonated should your capture by the enemy become a real threat. You, however, are lucky- you have the code to disable your harness, and can manipulate it easily into fitting anyone else, and detonate it with a thought. Let's see how they like it, the warmongers...

Sentinel bodyguard-200 CP: Ah, to be thankful for something! In the ancient days, back before your kind was considered gods, and when they were still considered tools, back before your maker's maker lived, back in the days of the forerunners, you were considered essential. Cared for, and worthy of protection. While floating through a forerunner ruin with a team of Covenant soldiers, you drew the attention of a forerunner sentinel, which noted that you were without escort- the soldiers, as far as it was concerned, did not exist. So, this lone forerunner sentinel decided to accompany you on your travels. This display of favor has appeared to make the Covenant far more fanatical about you- perhaps they think you are a saint. If only you could explain the truth to them! Regardless, it is far from sentient, and thus is not considered a companion for the purposes of Jumpchain. But it will give you an added measure of security, should an overzealous Sangheili decide that you are to accompany him into battle.

Human data-400 CP: Humanity- what a curious and odd little species! You can't quite fathom why the rest of the Covenant wants them dead, and you'd really prefer they didn't die, all things considered. They're pretty unique, after all- most of their technology was invented, rather than derived from forerunner constructs as they were with the Covenant. This has lead them to be embarrassingly ahead of the Covenant in some regards, such as a greater fundamental understanding of how their own technology works. Much of their knowledge is beyond the rest of the Covenant- but it is not beyond you. For now you have access to a collective record of all human knowledge, and know the ways that it can be used to improve Covenant tech. This can lead to such breakthroughs as in-atmosphere slipspace jumps, among others! Oh, you just can't wait to get to work! But wouldn't this just lead to more dead humans? Hmmm. Now this is a dilemma.

Laboratory-600 CP: Most Huragok have to work in terrible conditions. Either it's constantly on the loud engine, or it's right beneath the most crowded areas in the ship. And let's not forget that your supervisors see you as equipment, not needing such luxuries as personal space, or leisure activities. But not you, for you have the perfect place to work. Completely silent, comes with all the equipment and specimens you need, and of course, it's attached to your warehouse. Comes equipped with a powerful forerunner supercomputer, to test your designs in a simulation that is guaranteed to be accurate, and a few spare, non-sentient Huragok imitators that will carry out your orders as well as droids.

Letters of necessity-800 CP: It can be so tough to get by in the Covenant for one of your kind. It's not easy being the one explaining to the Shipmaster that no, not even you can fix the slipspace drive with a bunch of exposed wire and magnetic coils, you need more equipment. No, you cannot create plasma rifles out of thermal housing and plasma batteries, you need a good deal more items than that. Thankfully, one of the San'Shyuum has taken pity upon you, and has decided to bestow you with these- a set of Requisition orders that, when placed, will be fulfilled with the highest priority, no matter how exotic- Being a holy relic has its perks. Post-jump, they will work in much the same manner, so long as you submit them to an official authority, they will get you the item if it is within their power to do so, even if it is critical to their designs and one of a kind.

Vehicles:

Ghost-200 CP (Discount Unggoy, rank and file): A light, sleek one person scouting vehicle with 2 vicious plasma autocannons on the front. Similar to a motorbike in how it leaves the canopy exposed, this vehicle floats just above the ground, like most covenant vehicles, and has a broad front to allow for optimal ramming ability. Can turbo boost at 100 mph indefinitely at the expense of using its guns. Somewhat vulnerable due to its exposed plasma tank and blind spot, but far faster than any other covenant ground vehicle.

Spectre-200 CP (Discount Sangheili, rank and file): The covenant answer to the human warthog, this 9 ton vehicle supports one driver, one passenger, and one gunner. The driver has an enclosed compartment in the front, the gunner's plasma turret is somewhat exposed in its rear location, though it has a 360 degree field of fire and a large vertical inclination. The passengers sit on the exposed ridges on the side of the vehicle and use their small arms to support the vehicle. Can boost indefinitely at 80 mph, but this removes the vehicle's ability to strafe, one of its advantages over human vehicles.

Prowler-200 CP (Discount Jiralhanae, rank and file): This 12 ton monstrosity has... an unexpectedly good design, for something made by the Jiralhanae. It is powered by two underslung antigravitational runners, one on each side of the vehicle. These provide unparalleled stability, and the ability for the vehicle to alter its orientation in midair, which allows for the Prowler to be taken off jumps that would be somewhere between stupid and suicidal in a Spectre. The driver sits in rear, with the bulk of the vehicle safeguarding him to the front- though he sits in an exposed cockpit, leaving him vulnerable to the sides. The plasma turret is located at the top and center of the vehicle, however, the gunner sits, rather than stands, in the turret compartment. This allows greater safety, as only his head and shoulders are exposed. The two runners on the side have enough room to allow for two passengers each, who can greatly augment the prowler's weaponry with their own.

Chopper-300 CP (Discount Jiralhanae, special): This vehicle was designed by the Huragok *Lighter than some*, who designed it off of a human plow as a peace offering. The Jiralhanae had other ideas when they modified it extensively, making it into the beast it is today. It is a heavily-armored, one-man assault vehicle, kept aloft by a repulsor array on its rear seating and propelled by a massive pair of wheels in the front. The Chopper is designed for a variety of roles, from reconnaissance to anti-armor assaults. Its powerful 35mm autocannons can take down most light ground vehicles with ease, and the large blades on the front can instantly destroy any lightly armored vehicle by ramming into it while boosting. It is capable of short bursts of increased speed up to 75 mph, thanks to a pair of booster vents located on either side of the wheel.

Revenant-300 CP (Discount Sangheili, special): This 2 man mobile artillery vehicle has space for one driver and one passenger in an exposed compartment in the back, but the bulk of its 21 foot length is in front of the 2 to protect them from oncoming fire. It is capable of great maneuverability, and can briefly boost to up to 80 mph. Its primary weapon is a light plasma mortar that extends from the rear to provide mid-long range fire support, with a flared front bumper to provide maximum ramming ability.

Shadow-300 CP (Discount Commander): The humans know this as the "Covenant bus", for its primary role as a troop transport. Though it is slow, with a maximum speed of 66 miles per hour, and can be easily out-maneuvered by vehicles such as the Covenant ghost or the Human "warthog", the enclosed canopy provides superb protection for the driver, and the heavy plasma turret on top can melt through human armor very easily. It is capable of transporting 2 Ghosts (Ghosts not included) in its lower compartment, and 8 soldiers along the top of it.

Banshee-300 CP (Discount Special): This light air support aircraft has room for one pilot alone. It is highly maneuverable, capable of performing complex rolls and dodges in a very small space, as well as hovering in place. It is lightly armored, and can be destroyed by 2 standard human rockets, but it is armed with 2 plasma autocannons capable of firing in the 100-250 kilowatt range, each capable of killing lightly armored or unarmored targets with one hit, and a Fuel rod cannon capable of destroying all lightly armored vehicles, and main battle tanks in 2-3 hits. It can boost up to a maximum speed of 200 miles per hour.

Locust-400 CP (Discount special): This heavy walker is a monster on 4 legs. It is a one person vehicle, with an enclosed canopy for supreme protection. Its legged nature provides it the flexibility needed to climb up horizontal cliff faces to reach targets, and its powerful beam weapon has a reputation as a long range building killer. It is augmented with a powerful energy shield, and has an overcharge ability that allows it to direct power from its non-essential subsystems to further enhance the power of its devastating beam attack.

Wraith-400 CP (Discount special): This vehicle has been given its name due to how it is so often the last thing that its enemies see. It is a mortar tank that floats slowly above the ground, with an enclosed canopy behind multiple tons of armor for maximum protection. It may move slowly, but it has a powerful boost attack that can run over all enemies in a short range, and has a flared front bumper to augment its deadly ramming abilities. Its main weapon, the mortar, is capable of firing anywhere from extremely far off ranges to very close ones, and has a devastating effect on buildings, soldiers and anything else caught in its path as it arcs quickly through the air. The wraith is also equipped with 2 plasma autocannons on its front bumper to deter any would-be boarders. All told, this beast is well-suited to unleash hell on all who would oppose you.

Spirit-400 CP (Discount Commander): A light U-shaped covenant dropship, this ship is just barely space-capable, and can carry up to 30 passengers in 2 cramped troop bays along the branches of its U, and 2 ghosts -or one wraith- between them. It is lightly armed and heavily armored, with only one heavy turret located beneath the pilot's seat. Nonetheless, it is extremely protective, and can sustain fire from enemy main battle tanks, though the turret may be destroyed. It has a gravity lift that can carry personnel into the dropship, as well. It has a maximum speed of 700 Miles per hour.

Lich-500 CP (Discount Commander): At 100 meters long, this ultra-heavy airborne troop carrier can carry up to one hundred troops in its spacious compartments, and lower them down with a gravity lift. Its main armament consists of a devastating focus beam capable of disabling all human vehicles and doing massive damage to fortifications, as well as nearly a dozen plasma autocannons along its surface.

It is space rated, and although it cannot travel in slipspace on its own power, it can accompany other vehicles through slipspace by staying in close proximity. In terms of defense, it supports notable energy shields and powerful armor- sustained fire from heavy armor or space capable vehicles is the only thing that will be certain to destroy this vehicle through brute force.

Seraph-500 CP (Discount special): Shaped like a teardrop, this space-capable dogfighter is a truly powerful individual craft. It bears room for one pilot and one copilot, and has the armament of 2 rapid fire plasma heavy cannons, a plasma charge bomb with a yield of 50 tons, and 2 devastating pulse lasers capable of cutting through titanium alloy like butter. Its maximum speed is 3,000 mph, and it is extremely maneuverable- in space. Its shape makes it somewhat clumsy in atmosphere, but I'm sure you'll find ways to fix that, won't you?

Phantom-500 CP (Discount Commander): A far more modern and advanced covenant dropship, in comparison to the Spirit. As the spirit, it can hold 30 passengers in its main bay, and 2 ghosts or one wraith attached underslung. However, its side doors offer a far safer method of deployment, and it has much greater weaponry- 3 heavy, fully automatic plasma turrets (firing explosive rounds) mounted across the vessel, and 2 user-operated plasma autocannons on the doors. It is capable of sustaining far more fire than the Spirit as well, though it has notable weak points on its back and in its engine pods. It is also capable of being equipped with an invisibility module, though this will give out when opening fire.

Protos scarab-600 CP (Discount Commander): The final word in ground warfare. This scarab, as the Deutros scarab crewed by the Lekgolo worms, is 50 meters in length, height, and width. Unlike it, though, it is crewed by a set of sapiens, requiring ten individuals to navigate safely. There are only two practical ways to neutralize this walker through brute force- Long distance, stationary, ultra-heavy artillery, or orbital bombardment. It is so resistant to all other forms of weaponry in this universe that it may as well be impervious to them. Its main gun was originally designed as an excavator, and it shows, as it is able to destroy even the heaviest of vehicles in the blink of an eye and eat through dozens of meters in fortifications in seconds. Its secondary array of weaponry, its 4 anti-air plasma turrets, can down heavy gunships in seconds. This walker is able to step up 5 story ledges, putting one foot on top after another until its whole being has surmounted the gap. If it is faced with a taller obstacle, such as a human "skyscraper", its powerful locomotion allows it to simply walk through.

Covenant Corvette-600 CP (Discount Drop-in): This is considered a light Covenant vessel. It has a length of one Kilometer, and is equipped with 12 pulse laser turrets throughout the hull as well as 6 plasma torpedo launching bays. These torpedoes home in on their targets from thousands of kilometers away with pinpoint accuracy, and have an explosive yield of one kiloton- this has lead them to be well known as one of the most deadly tools in the war against the humans. The ship is equipped with a crew of a few hundred warriors, though it may be augmented to a number of one thousand, which is the maximum the ship can support. It is capable of FTL through the alternate dimension known as slipspace, which allows it to travel at speeds of up to 40 light-years per day. Though autonomous, it is not independent, and will require regular resupply runs with carriers or colonies. Still, this affords you far greater freedom than most... Shipmaster.

Prophecies:

These are entirely optional side-objectives. None of them have cost, and you are not obliged to fulfill any, but each, if fulfilled, have their own reward. You may take ONE.

Age of Abandonment: Lead your race in a successful attempt to secede from the Covenant, and have them form a new empire of stability, capable of standing on its own without you.

Reward: You shall be seen as a freedom fighter wherever you go, and any group you are a part of is far more likely to trust you when you claim to be fighting for ends such as their freedom.

Age of Conflict: Totally and utterly scour humanity from the galaxy, planet by planet, until the remaining population is not genetically viable.

Reward: For your absolute nature during this conflict, you are remembered as an Iron-fisted tyrant. Post-jump, you may turn this on and off as you please, but nearly none will ever question your devotion to seeing your words made into actions.

Age of Reconciliation: Come to a peaceful settlement with humanity that leaves both Humanity and the Covenant intact, but separate.

Reward: You get the aura of a peacemaker. Whenever there is a problem between two powers, you are the one that is turned to by those that desire peace.

Age of Discovery: Lead the Covenant out of the Orion arm of the galaxy, to a point where at least one million planets are either colonized by them, or viable colonization efforts for such is underway.

Reward: It is assumed by nearly all that the endeavors you lead them on will be successful, with far more willing to join in on them.

Age of Conversion: Come to a settlement with humanity that leads them to enter the Covenant as a new member species, without causing any of the existing species to leave.

Reward: Your ability to spread light and truth through your sermons become legend, with nearly all who see you believing (truthfully or not) that you can make believers out of demons, and save any who you come to.

Age of Doubt: Spread the truth about Halo and the fate of those who made it across the Covenant, while still keeping it relatively united- by the time you are done here, 90% of those who were once part of the Covenant must believe the truth about Halo, and no more than 20% of any one member species may have seceded or rebelled.

Reward: You are known as truth-bringer, revolutionary, and intellectual without peer. Whenever you preach against authority, you are far more likely than most to find followers.

Age of Reclamation: You've decided that there needs to be a leadership change in the Covenant... the Jumpernant? Regardless- ascend to the position of de facto head of state of the Covenant, with no less than 90% recognizing your authority by the time you have finished.

Reward: You are recognized as a figure of authority. Whenever you begin an effort to seek power, others will come to you to offer their aid, as nearly all are sure you will succeed.

Companions:

Companion import- 50 CP each (discount Drop-in): Import companions to the setting with a free origin and 400 CP. They must pay for their race. Maximum 8 companions.

Flipyap-400 CP (Discount Unggoy, special): You've got your own Unggoy assistant to follow you! This is one of the more terrifying of his kind, however- he's got a fuel rod gun and believe me, he doesn't know how to use it... safely. He will show the enemy his grunty claws as he rains hot plasma death upon battlefields the multiverse over!

Dadab-400 CP (Discount Unggoy, Commander): One of the more powerful -relatively speaking- Unggoy within the Covenant, Dadab answers directly to the ministry of tranquility. He is a deacon, and it is his job to make sure that the holy word of the Covenant's prophets is spread throughout the empire- and now, he will spread it across the multiverse.

Bond Brother-400 CP (Discount Lekgolo, Rank and file): A standard Lekgolo hunter, this is a walking tank that has come to regard you as its brother. It has great affection for you, and will violently destroy any that attempt to hurt you, those you care about, or your possessions, though it may sometimes be overeager. Further, you possess an empathetic emotional link with this Hunter, and share senses.

Swarm-400 CP (Discount Lekgolo, special): This one will be difficult to tame, as it is not one but many. A swarm of hundreds of Lekgolo worms that aim to consume all. This one is just barely capable of thinking and processing your orders, though if you get in its way you may find yourself its victim. Perhaps you may be able to tame it as did the Sangheili, by putting it in a new physical form...

Sesa 'Refumee-400 CP (Discount Sangheili, Special): A worthy warrior, this one. A Sangheili that specializes in combat in the deep void of space, this warrior possesses a good arm, keen reflexes, and something even rarer in the Covenant- a relatively open mind. In another life, he would have found the truth, been named heretic, and killed by the one that was once his commander. Now that he is at your side? His potential may be limitless...

Rtas 'Vadum-400 CP (Discount Sangheili, commander): A tried and true commander of the Sangheili. He has stood at the command of a hundred forces, and through a thousand battles. Through his expertise, he was eventually recalled to High Charity, to be the commander of all special forces across the Covenant.

Chur'R-Yar-400 CP (Discount Kig-yar, commander): This one is a vicious snake. She cares not for the Covenant, nor that which is Holy- only her profits, her brood, and her ship. It is her kind that are the reason that the Kig-yar are so often called "Jackals"- the pirate shipmistresses of her kind were meant to seek holy relics with their autonomy, but they very often care not at all for these things. And now she has come with you- to seek riches to plunder and mates to breed with, across an endless ocean of stars.

Zhar-400 CP (Discount Kig-yar, special): A mercenary, a backstabber, and a damn good shot, Zhar is the archetypical Jackal sniper. For decades, he's killed without remorse across the Covenant, always for the

highest bidder available. When he heard that there were even greener- or blacker- pastures to be found travelling with you, he was right on board.

Ventrus-400 CP (Discount Jiralhanae, Rank and file): Your average Jiralhanae brute. Ventrus towers over most of his opponents, and will gladly throw himself straight into the thick of any fight he can see. Loyal to bloodshed alone, he joined once he heard that you could give him a future of endless battle.

Brocktus-400 CP (Discount Jiralhanae, Commander): Not your average Jiralhanae, but... close enough. Brocktus is a chieftain, and he swings his mighty hammer to crush foes such as puny humans like paper, through the concrete barriers they hide behind. Left alone, he quickly gathers followings of hundreds of warriors to his side, and stands tall among a field of broken enemies.

Swarm-600 CP (Discount Yanme'e, rank and file): A collection of ten Yanme'e drones that will fly forth into combat at your command, unthinking and unfeeling as they die. Takes one companion slot.

Hopalong-400 CP (Discount Yanme'e, special): A Yanme'e unmutual- this drone has a genetic mutation that makes it far more intelligent and autonomous compared to the average one, and is very adept at stealthy infiltration. However, this same mutation took its wings, and also made it very aggressive and insubordinate. For this reason, Unmutuals are usually made to go into slave labor until they die- but this one has escaped, and now it follows you for hope of a better tomorrow.

Lighter than some-400 CP (Discount Huragok, rank and file): A rarity amongst the Huragok- one that actually believes in something. This Huragok is a devoted pacifist, and feels the need to make amends for his actions during the battle of Harvest. To that end he comes with you, to bring peace and understanding across the Multiverse.

Vergil-400 CP (Discount Huragok, special): This Huragok would, in the future, manage to make it to the battle of earth, and absorb a good deal of information on human society from a logistical AI there. After this, he would go on to serve the purpose of providing support in the form of Energy shields to a squad of ODSTs- Human shock troopers. For the purposes of this jump, though, these events have been accelerated, and now he has this information and serves this support role at your side, during the beginning of the war.

Holy Relic-600 CP (Discount Drop-in, San'Shyuum): This holy relic is shaped as a sphere with a great eye, and floats through the air. It is a monitor and overseer of a Forerunner installation, and as such, it has a veritable treasure trove of information regarding their ancient empire- though it will not share it all at first. It can defend itself with its powerful forerunner energy beam, located in its eye.

Drawbacks: 800 CP limit

+0 CP-Extended stay: You will stay here for the entirety of the canonical Human-Covenant war. From the year 2525, when it began at the battle of Harvest, to the year 2553, when it ends at the Forerunner relic known as "The Ark".

+0 CP-Happy birthday!: For every headshot you make on enemies, their heads explode into confetti, and children cry out in celebration. This can only be seen by you.

+0cp- I would have been your daddy...: All dialogue and lines of others become much more humorous and silly.

+0 CP- Tie in game: If you have performed the main halo jump concerning humanity and their struggles against the covenant, your every action will inevitably lead to the universe that was when you began that jump. If you have not, proceed to it and your every action here will be reflected in that jump. **(If taken with Extended stay, you will never manage to come in contact with your future/past self-unforeseen circumstances will always prevent it.)**

+100 CP-Feel my Grunty rage!: For the entirety of your stay here, no matter your species, you will speak with the voice of an Unggoy- which sounds something like a Gremlin on helium. This will make it impossible for others of your species or others to take you seriously at first glance. If you already had the voice of an Unggoy, due to being an Unggoy, the sheer gruntness of it is amped up to eleven, making you the topic of mockery even among others of your kind.

+100 CP-Surrounded by idiots: The Covenant leadership works based on codes of Honor, tradition, and valor. Many times, however, you've caught yourself wishing they would work on practicality instead, because they seem to have thrown that one to the wayside long ago. Often times they'll order you into battle with an asinine battle plan, or undersupplied soldiers. And of course, your life only matters to you.

+100 CP-Somewhat socially inept: The code of honor is, and always has been, a point of pride for all species. From the Sangheili to the Unggoy, all races have some set of customs that you are expected to follow- If not to the letter, than at least in spirit. To step on the toes of another in such a manner as their customs would not permit, or to fail to adhere to the customs yourself, is considered a misstep. To do so repeatedly, as you do, would make you the subject of mockery, or even shaming. Those among your own kind will consider you a mark of shame, and if you do not tread lightly enough, this may become "Dishonored" for no extra CP.

+100 CP-Technologically restrained: Those are good words to describe all of your Covenant. You walk in a ship that is not invented, but instead has been created as a cheap imitation of the relics that the holy Forerunners left behind. The same can be said of your weaponry, and even the holy city, High Charity. The only hope for their safe-keeping is in the Huragok, the divine machines that maintain any and all technology they come across. At least, that's how it is in theory. Your experiences have been the epitome of the worst way that it works in practice. Your equipment is usually broken and run-down, and

your requisition orders for new ones are rarely even answered. You can't even remember the last time you saw a Huragok, either. If you want your tech to work right, you better make it do so yourself.

+200 CP-ONI priority target: Shortly after war breaks out between the Human UNSC and the Covenant, you will be identified by human intelligence as a priority target. The Office of Naval Intelligence will spare no expense in their efforts to hunt you down- and you can be sure they won't take you alive. At first, this will only consist of a much greater amount of deadly ambushes on your every combat missions. If this fails to work, they are likely to target you in naval incursions, sparing no expense to make sure you're dead. Live long enough, and you may yet see mankind's greatest warriors- the demons they know as Spartans.

+200 CP-Cole Proto-Oh, Come on!: Following the defeat at Harvest, the UNSC instituted a protocol at the behest of one Admiral Cole- These rules, which came to be known as the Cole Protocol, stated that any ship in danger of capture was required to self-destruct, that any location with navigational data in danger of capture was required to detonate nuclear charges rather than risk capture, and that no one was to let themselves be taken alive. Failure to adhere to these strictly is considered High Treason- and is punishable by death. These edicts are what allowed humanity to last as long as they did- most of their worlds were kept secret from the enemy, and those that were found were usually quickly abandoned. This will come into play especially for you- it seems that nearly every ship from the humans you find pulls this protocol off without a hitch, and it may be months between your separate engagements with the Humans. This purges any and all knowledge you may have from pre-jump sources of where Human colonies are. Damned humans, where *are* they hiding?

+200 CP- Unimaginative: The Covenant military stands superior to all. It is your soldiers that have brought death to one hundred worlds, and have stood tall over your broken enemies. It is your ships that have laid hundreds of worlds barren, and made their surfaces as Glass. Were it only a contest of your soldiers, the war with humanity should be over within a few bloody years. Unfortunately, it is not. Indeed, it must have been centuries since the Covenant has been tested as it has now, by these Humans, who apparently know nothing of honor. They will lay ambushes rather than face you in the open, they will retreat and attack you from angles that you could not see coming, and if all else fails they will simply use one of their radioactive bombs rather than face you in evenly matched combat. This "asymmetric warfare"... Is not something you're very good at. Your strategies typically consist of an open charge, or, alternatively, a glassing attack. This places you below most human strategists, who will frequently catch you off-guard, and even a few Covenant commanders.

+200 CP- We will grind them into dust: There was a time when you could be said to be human- a time when it could be said truthfully that you hailed from that blue planet that the humans name "Earth". Whatever the case, those times are now long gone- you are something that they would consider totally and utterly alien. They would despise you- and now you despise them right back. You view them as you would excrement on your heel- worthy of only an agonizing death by your blade. It would take untold displays of valor across countless battles to begin to budge your prejudices, for as things stand, you do

not think them worthy of being dealt with in the same way you would treat even an Unggoy. If you fight alongside any human companions that you neglect to import, you view them in much the same manner. This also means you'll be really rude to your benefactor when she stops in for a visit. You *jerk*.

+300 CP-Zealot: For the glory of the covenant! You are no heretic as many of these other drawbacks would make you, but perhaps you take things too far in the other direction. For the duration of this jump, you have an extreme predisposition to run directly into enemy fire to engage your foes. You nearly totally refuse to acknowledge the heretical concepts of "cover" and "stealth", and in many cases, you'll throw away your rifle and switch to your melee weapon, screaming as you charge the enemy- never mind that they're 50 feet away. And as for using technology that isn't Covenant in origin? You better believe that's right out- you're no heretic, after all.

+300 CP-Open your eyes, brothers!: You know what few others do- that the great journey, the very basis upon which the covenant was founded, was a lie. But while others may try to hide this knowledge and aim to reform the covenant from behind closed doors, you cannot resist openly shouting out the truth to all that will hear. However, this will make you far more enemies than friends, and if you play your cards poorly enough, you may garner the attention of the hierarchs themselves. Comes with the disabling of your charisma perks.

+400 CP- The enemy within: You have a rival within the covenant itself! For all species except San'Shyuum and Jiralhanae, this takes the form of a Chieftain of the Jiralhanae, for San'Shyuum this will take the form of one of your own kind with your own level of authority, and for Jiralhanae this will take the form of a Sangheili Kaidon. Whoever they are, they will play politics against you before the council of the covenant and the hierarchs, hiding their disdain behind honeyed words- they're not actively trying to kill you, they're just concerned! Perhaps it would be best if another took over your authority, for the safety of the Hierarchs, of course. On the battlefield, they will attempt to steal your glory and take credit for all your achievements. You won't be able to openly kill them, either- for some reason, the prophet of truth, highest of the Hierarchs, sees them as being of critical importance to the great journey. You can be sure that they will not view you the same way, though, and if their concealed attempts to kill you have not yielded results by the end of your time here, they will go to end you personally.

+400 CP-Dishonored: At some point in your history, you suffered a colossal failure, which many knew as Heretical. Ignore your post, found under your origin- this is only a memory, now. You are dressed up in an armor similar to that of the rank and file of your kind, with a few notable differences. It is silver, and of such an ornate style that you can be certain it is centuries old at least. Second, it provides inferior covering and protection, and the stealth system that is inside will not last indefinitely as it will in your brothers that have been given stealth armor. With this armor, you are expected to go forth against the enemy- and die. The missions you receive will come directly from the Hierarchs, as they send you, their concealed blade, after their most hated foes. All of your missions will be near-totally suicidal, and you are fully expected to be the first to volunteer for any heroic sacrifices that may need performing. Go forth, Arbiter of the covenant, that you may perhaps die with honor.

+500 CP-Ire of the hierarchs: At some point, you must have truly committed heresy most foul, for from this point forth you are banished from the Covenant. Nearly no self-respecting member of the covenant would be willing to associate themselves with you, and you can find no safe port within the covenant. Should you defect to humanity in any way, shape, or form, the fleets of the Covenant will have a near-supernatural ability to find you, and will manage to locate your position within one month of you arriving at any world. After that? Well, you could help with the defense, but throughout the war there will be no examples of a world which the Covenant found that humanity was able to actually hold on to until the end of the war. At least, that's how it went in canon.

+500 CP-Infestation: Now this is a foe that will make you know fear. The Parasite, the flood- the great enemy of the Forerunners, the one that they used the halo array to wipe from the galaxy. In their hubris, they left samples around the galaxy, in their laboratories, that their constructs might find a way to cure their infestation. This was doomed to failure from the beginning. Be warned, the parasite is a worthy foe- its infection forms-small, scurrying chunks of biomass- leap onto your kind in their thousands, incorporating them as combat forms, or using their decayed biomass to build new, fleshy structures that wind endlessly, birthing new, horrific creatures to carry on the fight. Even more harrowing, they incorporate their victims knowledge into their collective intelligence. Not only weapons and machinery, but tactics and general knowledge as well. Normally, you would not have to worry about the release of this infestation -unless it was done by your hand- but with this drawback, the parasite has escaped, and consumed a whole star system prior to your arrival. It now has a fleet and an army of billions of drones, led by a Gravemind. This tendrill has consumed one of the highest San'Shyuum, and thus has an intimate knowledge of the Covenant- and of you, jumper. Be warned that this adds another loss condition: Allow the parasite to consume or otherwise break the Covenant, and you shall be sent home. Make no mistake- without your intervention, this will happen. Sleep with one eye open, lest you be consumed in the terror that is to come.

+600 CP-Let the Great Journey begin!: Now all life in the galaxy will meet its greatest foe: you. For you have been purged of all knowledge regarding the truth behind the "great journey", and believe in earnest that the activation of the Halo array will lead you to great power. With all of your tremendous power focused on the purpose of unwittingly ending all life in the galaxy, these are dark times indeed. Your loyalty to the covenant is as the faith of no other, and it would take a small miracle to turn you against it. No attempts to create messages to your future self will succeed, and your companions will be just as fanatic as you are.

+600 CP- THIS IS NOT RECLAMATION. IT IS RECLAIMER.: At the beginning of the war you are about to experience, the three prophets- Truth, Mercy, and Regret, consulted the Artificial intelligence in the center of the Forerunner dreadnought and asked them the meaning of the glyphs that their luminaries used to represent the Human world of Harvest. It responded by revealing to them a truth that could break their Covenant, and that the entire war of Humanity's destruction was created to suppress- Humanity, not the Covenant, were meant to be the heirs of all the Forerunners had built. If you had not taken this, the prophets would have managed to stop his effort to reach Humanity and uplift them with the Technology of the Forerunners. Now? The Forerunner dreadnought, capable of withstanding firepower in the Gigatons, has landed on Earth. Within months, they will understand it, and within a few short years, you will face the wrath of a vengeful humanity, with a divine fleet. If the covenant breaks due to them, make no mistake- you have lost. And if you do not intervene, break they will- as Humanity shatters their fleets as paper in the wind, and flows over their world as a tide over water. You, favored son, must save the covenant- now splintered and reeling from the recent revelations- and in doing so, secure yourself as a legend hitherto unseen.

Post jump options

I would like to see our own world- to know that it is safe.	This is our fight. And I will see it finished.	The Great Journey continues!
You've come too close to death one too many times, and now you would like to see the end of this journey. You would like to know that the countless souls you have left behind on it remain well, and you would like to bring them into a prosperous future of their own. Or perhaps you're simply tired. No matter what it is, you are sent back to that blue, human world you left so long ago- and this time you can truly say you come in peace.	Perhaps you have grown attached to this place. Perhaps you have truly become one with the people here. Or perhaps you simply have unfinished business. Whatever the case, you have decided to stay, and stay you shall, noble warrior. Your affairs among those who you left behind will be settled, and all your drawbacks will be revoked.	You go onward- for there are worlds yet that must hear the holy message that you have carried with you, and that have yet to know the true unity that you have seen. There are battles that must be fought still, and you have chosen to fight on, soldier that you are.