

## Awaken 'O Sleeper

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# Awaken 'O Sleeper

by [FamRoyalty](#)

## Summary

A legacy is what a man leaves behind to the world, the culmination of past deeds laid down at his feet for those who come after. War is what inheritance has been passed, and to an old ship left behind in war, forgotten and half-dead they will not go gently into the dark.

And when sleepers awaken, they'll discover just what inheritance they left behind.

Told in a series of drabbles.

## Notes

lol look at the loser author who hasn't updated. I'll come back and update everything i swear

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Stars die in their own Inferno

## Chapter Summary

"Exitus Acta Probat"

— The Spirit Of Fire's motto (Latin for "The Outcome Justifies the Deed")

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

1.

The shards of the rocks and hot metal tearing through someone's skin, the not so pleasant feeling of your muscles contracting and twisting, and in a moment of clarity, she knew --

Lt. Marilyn Shea hated hope. The twisted leg is damned, hope will not drag her dead empty to the edge of the world, not leave her alone and dying for someone to write up. It was a nasty drug that would drag your corpse around with no regard to what will happen. A leap of faith someone said in passing.

They say when standing on the brink of death your life flashes before your eyes—your hopes, your regrets, your "should-a, would-a, could-a," wishes and wants. They say these things all play out like some well-worn airstrip, well she's calling bullshit.

When the frag entered her now-fucked life, she didn't see angels or some mythical voice. She saw nothing but red pain, that swallowed her whole. So she is in this forsaken, good-for-nothing world for some damn reason, because every person who she knew thought she was dead in space. *Well, they wouldn't be too far off now.*

She wonders if her team is still alive and kicking ass. She hates to hope, but like the nasty drug, she can't resist hoping that they're okay. Maybe they made it to the rendezvous points, strategically planned for this. Even though she knows it will come back and bite her in the ass.

The purple-turned-red flash in the sky brought her from her fast turning thoughts.

Damn 'em. Ex-covenant, or whatnot, she doesn't even get paid now, UNSC thought they were dead, mom thought they were dead, the world moved on, so why can't these fuckers move on too? This new breed of war sang the same tune. Wasn't there suppose to be *peace*? Someone said that the fucking Covenant claimed they were tricked and called for an alliance. She calls bullshit again, but if what the A.I. said was true, well, she owned a whole house to someone.

She loves war, like any other soldier. The cutting-edge, between life and death setting moment where you were you and no one else. She wasn't some hopeless addict, because she fucking hates war as much as she loves it.

So how the fuck is she dying on this stupid mega butt ring instead of being on a beach somewhere?

Fuck the goddamn UNSC and the damn Galaxy.

So she takes a breath and drags her battered body to the closet's corpse her sight can see. Which isn't far. But in fact, it turns out to be the damn rookie. The damn fucking rookie that is fresh of the Academy and was too fucking young to join the war. They kept teasing the poor kid, but he was one of them, he one of us. And now he's corpse is in some ring without any means of escape.

She *hated*.

She fucking hated everything right now as she wished the frag would've taken her instead of the kid. The fact still remained that her life never flashed before her eyes. Or whatever sappy movies say. No, there was never a last-minute regret, any things she wished she could have done better.

Stupid Forerunner structure that got her team killed.

Stupid Atriox for still fighting. She's supposed to be *home*.

No matter, if there was nothing left, her home, was glassed and left for dead long after she joined the fight.

Her radio is heavy and burning, burning at her armor, and clogging her nostrils from smelling the gases from the corpses.

She still drags herself though. Even though she cussing more than a priest would feel comfortable hearing. When singing her colorful language, she never hears the thumps of the heavy hooves hitting the ground.

But even though the blood leaving her is making her drowsy, she still has enough for her brain and a gun in her hand.

*She fucking hates hope.*

Because if it wasn't because of Hope, she would have played dead or shot herself. Instead, the happy drug forces her to raise her gun and pray to whatever God out there, that her death buys her team a few precious seconds.

The sword burns through her skin, cracking it and melting her bones. Her blood boiling and causing her vessels to pop like a cherry. She never screams, but the shot rang out and she took one last victory to her grave as the pain took her to sleep.

The Capitan of an old ship watched the status and the repeating motions the ship gave to the lastest battle. This is close now, the professor needs more time, so they'll make time. He sighs, controls and plans said that they should attack, but he looks at his men and calls the attack at dawn.

Pray that he doesn't doom more men.

## Chapter End Notes

Update 1: came back, saw this monstrosity and said ew

# self-awareness

## Chapter Summary

In thousands of millennia, he opens his eyes.

## Chapter Notes

*"We are Forerunners, guardians of all that exist. The roots of the galaxy have grown deep under our careful tending. Where there is life, the wisdom of our countless generations has saturated the soil. Our strength is a luminous sun towards which all intelligence blossoms and the impervious shelter beneath which it has prospered "*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

2.

The moon, in a locked face, circling the dying star, looked so out of place. A pale, tiny dot in the backdrop of the vast darkness of infinite space. Void of all intelligent life, aside from the native apex predators, and the green sea of life covering most of the surface. It was peaceful, unspoiled from the war, and unscathed from the claws of those before and after it, it stood alone, continuing to circle the dying sun until it died in an awed supernova.

And it would have gone like this if it wasn't for what resides underneath the tectonic plates of the moon, lies a snapshot of time.

It was so outlandishly out of place, bright, solidified surfaces out of meticulous energy, to the large-scale and geometric structure covered in the green vegetation. Unnatural. It was a final scream into the void, a pride of the dead, standing in pristine condition was just a timeless magnificent structure that dared to defy time. Much like its creators. There was life here though, the lights flickered and swayed through, always on. It never once turned dark, not once in the millennia, nor when its creators fled, nor when the war was reaching its shores. It would have continued this cycle, of waiting for nothing but ghosts, when a single command was given out.

*Awaken.*

All activity stopped, standing frozen in a solid second as the pre-programmed command was introduced into the system. And throughout the structure's skeleton to the deep roots, it began

to *breathe*. Trees shifted, the wood groaning from the outside pressure of the structure finally moving for the first time since its completion. The lizards ran away, hiding under the shifting rocks, as the towers above started to circle.

Inside, decorated within the interiors was a complex web of engraved straight lines and applied decorative touches and designs to nearly everything, did the lights shined. Everything was as pristine clean as the day it shut its doors. The one oddity was the lone monitor.

It stood silently, before continuing to hum, floating through the same halls, counting and recounting the lines that touched the walls and floors, to the research it did on the outside of the facility. And for the first time in 32, 456 years, ten months, and 54 hours, and counting, it changed its standard path, choosing to go deeper into the modified station. It was here for one purpose after all; Keep the last of the Forerunners alive. There were many first, as the sun broke through the dawn, the sun rays touched the floor of the station with its roof opening.

It hummed, continuing its merry way, as the walls turn alive, and continue to count down the milliseconds it took for his Creators to wake up. And he'll wait as long as it took.

Underground, a soft blue light began to emerge, softly from the hand-activated terminal, where the life stats showed the perfected preserved body of an ancient being, too young to be powerful, yet too old for the new life that now rules the galaxy. The sphere did nothing, as it stayed still as always until the light engraved in the straight lines decorated the perfect sphere. Here, is where the galaxy stood in tippy toes as it waited in its breath, for movement not seen in thousands of years. It watched in anticipation, as it hissed, the hatch opening, ignoring the rapid beeps flashing in the console. Tubes spilled to the ground, oily and mashed together as they slipped ungracefully.

The hatch fully opened to reveal the still body of a being thought to be extinct, their mere existence thought to be myths to some, and gods to others. Yet, here and now, the brainwaves started to surface from the previous vegetative state to a higher level of consciousness. Encased inside the Localized anti-gravity to create neutral buoyancy inside, it began to twitch and swirl, it took a cycle of ten minutes, as life support was taken off, the prognosis taking a good course, as circulated oxygen was replaced with natural air— as natural as what air could be underground.

His brain lights up, the insides of the skull unfolding into the bone-bowl of his cranium. Awareness is a needle — a hypodermic shunt penetrating sharply into the core of the meditative state. His eyes burn with tears and with medical gel — he faintly realizes that *he* is floating in a soup of it. The comprehension fails to penetrate his liquified skull, as he fails to understand anything. He doesn't know who he is, where he is, why he is. A sharp heat shocks his chest, and he learns— remembers to moan deep from the trenches of his lungs that were still swimming in semi-toxic with antigens and tissue hydration fluids.

Then it stops as suddenly as it came in its wave, as it force-feeds purified air into its nostrils to throw up the semi-liquid from its lungs, dripping from his eyes to his mouth. And as it shuttered from the violent expulsion, he bent over, in pain or disarray, blind and weak like the days of its birth—

Unbeknownst to all in the living in the universe, the first Forerunner to be alive in half an eon gasped its first breath.

The first sharp awareness he displayed when he weakly, groaned out "*Glendora! Glendora-09!*" mere whispers to be carried away in the air. Infinity-Brings-Twisted-Fate, shivered from the biting cold, naked without its armor, he stood on weakening legs, his muscles contracting and twitching under the mounted weight. The room spun, dull, washed colors of the room making it difficult to distinguished how far something was. This just led to an embarrassing fall, of a tall humanoid flapping its arms like a newborn child unable to walk.

"Oh! You're awake! Oh, how wondrous!" The high, robotic voice of the guardian monitor pulled at his ears, like a thin thread, his patience was being pulled.

"Where were you? Why weren't you present?" He squinted, uncaring how ungracious he made himself look, as all he could take in was a flying blop in the air.

"I apologize, but it's an awful long way from the surface to the lab. I needed to double-check all the systems are fully operational for your safety." Its high pitched voice only served to grate his sensitive mind, as he groaned. He pushed himself off the metal floor, leaving his muscles and skin cold and clammy. He could care less right now, and nausea rolled in loops and circles in his lower intestines, feeling like he could throw up his lungs.

"Where... Where are the others?" His vision is coming back at a slow pace, but he can make out the lines from the spheres parallel to each other. He could only huff in amusement, even in this situation they would always have each other's others back.

Infinity stood tall, uncaring how his legs trembled and his esophagus gagged at the smell of the fluid the sphere emerge, he took towering steps forward to his comrades. He was alive, a luxury not given to the dead, as he stood in front of the terminal.

"Wake up, it's time."

## Chapter End Notes

Heyyyy, long time no see! You thought this story was dead? Imao Me too!



# Dead gods

## Chapter Summary

fore·run·ner

/ˈfɔr,rənər/

*noun*

1. a person or thing that precedes the coming or development of someone or something else.

## Chapter Notes

Thanks for dropping by. I'll try to keep a decent schedule for this story. Lol who am I kidding, maybe I'll get lucky, I could even write three chapters this year. I decided to pick up this story after so long since quarantine has made me more inspired to start writing again.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

3.

The reality of the situation never satiated until he walked, with the assistance of Glendora-09, outside to a completely different world.

His family worked through lifetimes of bone-breaking work, cultivating and gathering everything to see their goal completed. The nascent of the dream was lost to early ecumene council, rejected to being a derailed fantasy brought forth by madness. And they weren't wrong, this was impossible when they were around. Now, the artificial moon was flourishing.

He remembers a distinct world, made from sharp rocks, and little atmosphere as it surrounded a star that was in a healthy state. A hidden gem from prying eyes, hidden as much one could from a species that ruled more than three trillion worlds in their prime. It was just as jarring seeing the stars move from what he remembers. Time snaps like a photo, blinking once and having to miss a whole chapter. It was one of the most polarizing, was just how he was still alive.

He hypothesizes that either he and the others would pass peacefully in their sleep in some hundred years after the activation. Hypothesis two: They would wake, live peacefully and away from any life, not to interfere or watch over. Just live away. Either way, the end goal remained the same, they would all die peacefully. Just a slight mishap, a miscalculation, he admits, is just how long time stretched since his "sleep." He predicted, *maybe* 10,000 years tops. Just a lifetime of a forerunner, long enough for any spores to run dry and starve, and just short enough for life to start but not be intelligent enough to comprehend and forget them.

Yet everything around him is crashing.

He doesn't try to interpret the data Glendora-09 tries to spit out, doesn't even bother to see the digital clock pressed and still counted in the monitor. It doesn't even register until he looks up and the stars aren't where they were supposed to be.

The thing about time is how meticulous it is with its craft. Stars burn themselves out in a quiet whimper or in a last flash of life. The universe is a graveyard of dead beings, beneath their sunlit softness and cold tombs; they aren't the first things the Forerunners would ever taint. He gasps, the heavy hand of gravity pulling down on his arms as he takes in the view. Infinity can faintly see himself remble as the sunlight ran down the open view. He began to falter, knees sliding down into the metal floor, like some wounded fawn that knew no god — and if there was, it would be of death.

Before anything, he dissolves into a thousand foreign sorrows — a fire like the one that raged his homeworld and no ashes to rise from.

Where are the Forerunners?

---

Infinity reclined contentedly on the walls of the halls, gazing out at the expanse beyond the over explosion stars and dying black holes, and he tries to breathe. He wasn't sure how long he had been sitting there, watching the sun slowly sinking toward the forest tops and the cliffs below, painting everything in a warm gold-and-red hue.

It was a breathtaking sight that he had seen before — from the worlds, his family-owned to the many worlds he traveled and researched. From where he sat, he saw how time is woven history into the rings of trees, the mountains shaped by the raging winds. He absently wonders what the walls might say to those now ignorantly born now. What story would they tell about the time he lived long past? Would they tell of the titans that lived in trillions of stars? Or of madmen desperate clawing for a cure for immediate death? Is there anyone to listen to it?

"I never took you one for taking defeat," A sharp inhale ran through his chest, as he turned to gaze at the slow figure of his friend. One close to calling family, even, if they aren't constantly at each other's throats.

Tempest-of-Intricate-Design, the deadbeat warrior who never got to be one.

Infinity gave him the kindness to ignore the falter in his steps as he took in the sights. He reasons that he is the most staple of the trio, as one has to be prepared to die for the Empire, maybe it gave him an edge when it comes to face your own mortality. He drags his eyes to meet his friend.

"I... I am not. I'm simply grappling with the situation at hand." They both turn their heads to the former planet, the husk of what he remembers. Infinity wonders if his family left anything behind, a tomb that stood up to the passage of time. He stands in silence, standing still with his spine straight being an audacity to how his mind was scrambling circles. He blinks—

His chest felt a pang spread out, spilling out a thick feeling that chokes his throat. He begins to snarl at himself, that he Infinity-Brings-Twisted-Fate, would lower himself to *cry*.

At least Tempest-of-Intricate-Design gives him the dignity of not calling him out for it. There's the silence. His eyes were swimming with black spots, feet so cold they couldn't feel the stone any more, breaths catching in his chest.

A beat of silence.

Then, suddenly, a distant crash and swears steamed from pain. Infinity barks a wet laugh, removing himself from the floor, and moving to the other room where Retinence-Bears-Prominence is most likely breaking something very expensive and important. Prominence always told them his lineage was cursed with clumsiness and carelessness, so to be easy on him when he fumbled.

Even Tempest huffed a laugh, moving to walk with him. It was always left to the both of them to keep the lone Forerunner from trouble. Infinity shook himself out of his state, gearing himself to be the proper being everyone needed.

The universe was waiting eons for them after all.

## Chapter End Notes

See you next year!

## End Notes

Drop a kudos, or I'll drop you

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