

THE
GIBBERING
DOMES

A Warhammer Age of Sigmar Narrative Setting



BY PAUL WAGNER

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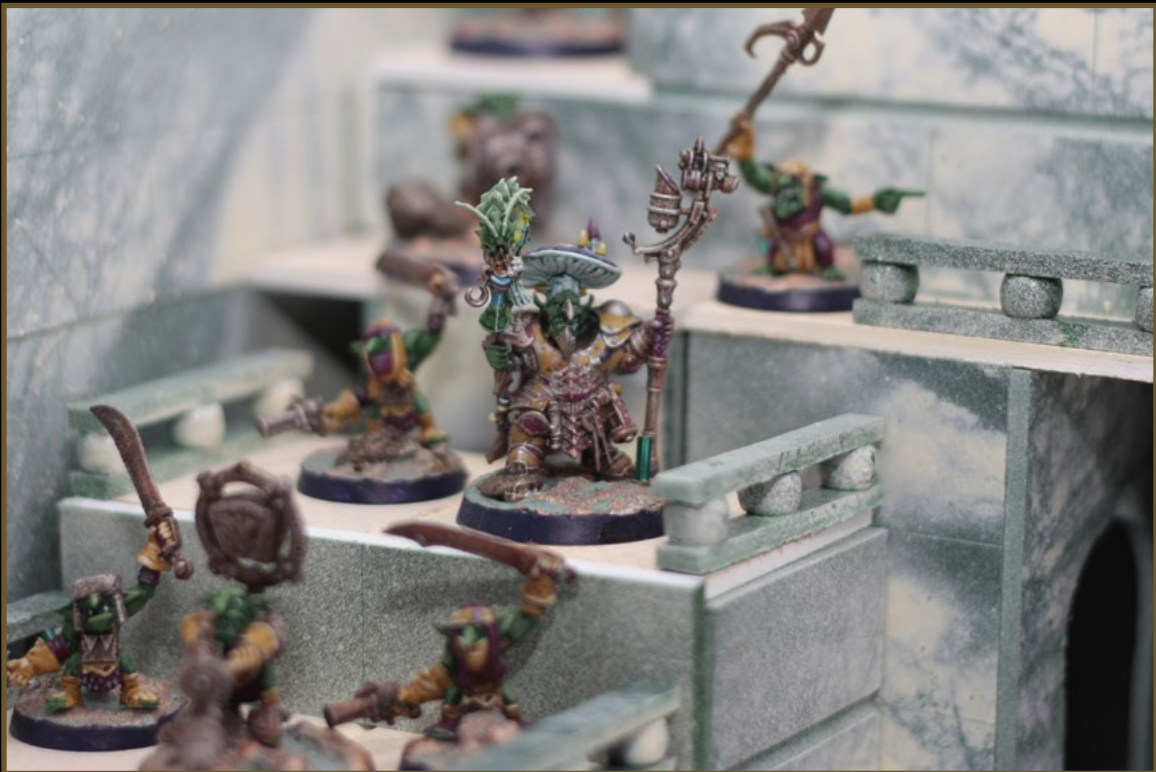
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VOIDSKEIN WAS ONCE AN INCREDIBLE CREATION, A PINNACLE OF THE PROMISE OF THE AGE OF MYTH. ANCHORED BETWEEN AGSHY AND CHAMON BY REALMGATE TETHERS AND CONSTRUCTED WITHIN A DOMED BUILDING OF COLOSSAL SIZE, IT WAS IMMUNE TO THE MAGICAL FLUX OF THE REALMS. IT QUICKLY GAINED FAME AS THE CENTER OF KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE. BRILLIANT SCHOLARS FROM EVERY RACE SOUGHT ITS HALLS, BINDING THEIR MEMORIES INTO THE AETHER WEB, A MYSTERIOUS SUBSTANCE UNIQUE TO THE DOME, RATHER THAN RETURN TO THE BARREN IGNORANCE OF THE REALMS. THUS, NO KNOWLEDGE THAT ENTERED THE CITY WAS FORGOTTEN. THIS ABUNDANCE WAS SAFEGUARDED BY THE COLLECTION KNOWN AS THE DERTERETH: STONE CREATIONS IMBUED WITH ANCIENT SOULS THAT HAD NEVER TOUCHED THE REALMS. IMMUNE TO MAGIC AND SPINNERS OF THE AETHER WEB, THEY WERE A DREAD WONDER. THEIR PROTECTION GUARANTEED PEACE AND PROSPERITY FOR THE CITY OF NO REALM. FOR ALL THEIR INTELLECTUAL POWER, THOUGH, THE DERTERETH COULD NOT RUN A CITY, AND SO AROSE THE AEX LIBRIS. MEMBERS WERE DRAWN FROM EACH REALM AND ESCORTED TRAVELERS INTO VOIDSKEIN, CARED FOR THEM, AND THEN DELIVERED THEIR SOULS BACK TO THEIR REALM UPON DEATH, FOR A SOUL THAT DIED IN THE CITY OF NO REALM COULD NOT FIND THEIR AFTERLIFE ALONE. THE AEX LIBRIS WERE WORSHIPPED AS GODS, AND NONE IN THAT CITY COULD HAVE MORE POWER.

THIS POWER AFFRONTED THE GREAT ALLIANCE, AND TECLIS WAS GIVEN THE TASK OF UNBINDING THE CITY'S GREATNESS. HE TOOK ONE THING: THE PURPOSE OF THE DERTERETH. NO LONGER BOUND TO THE CITY, THE CREATIONS WANDERED THROUGH THE REALM GATES, DISPERSING INTO THE EIGHT REALMS. UNBEKNOWNST TO EVEN TECLIS, THE DERTERETH HAD ALSO CONTROLLED THE REALMGATE TETHERS AND SO, WITH THEIR DEPARTURE, THE DOME ITSELF CAME FREE AND WAS LOST. THROUGHOUT THE AGE OF CHAOS, IT SURVIVED ONLY IN LEGEND — THE CITY WITHIN A BUILDING WHERE ALL THINGS WERE KNOWN.

THE AGE OF SIGMAR HAS BROUGHT CIVILIZATION ONCE MORE TO THE REALMS, AND WITH IT RUMOURS OF WHAT WAS ONCE CALLED VOIDSKEIN. THE FEW RELIABLE SOURCES TALK OF PRESERVED AEX LIBRIS CULTISTS WITH STONE SPIKES PIERCING THE EYES. THEY SPEAK OF UNFETTERED SOULS, STALKING THE CEILING AND SHRIEKING IN MADNESS. THEY SAY THAT WHEREVER THE DERTERETH ROAM IN THE EIGHT REALMS, A REALMGATE HOME OPENS. IT IS NOT FIT TO CALL THIS PLACE VOIDSKEIN, FOR VOIDSKEIN IS NO MORE. BUT THE KNOWLEDGE HAS NOT VANISHED, IF ONE CAN REMAIN SANE LONG ENOUGH TO HEAR IT. THOSE WHO HAVE NOW SEEN IT CALL IT BY ANOTHER NAME: THE GIBBERING DOME.

WONDER OF THE AGE

The story of the Gibbering Dome's descent from the marvel of Voidskein stands in contrast to the horrors that befell most civilizations in the Age of Chaos. Thanks to the mind of Teclis, its power has only been broken, but not destroyed, and through the Aex Libris what has been lost may still be found.

THE AGE OF MYTH

MYSTERIOUS CREATION

The Gibbering Dome houses the remains of a once incredible civilization. Built from compressed Aetherweb, the realmstone of the void, the building is immune to the magic and even the gods of the realms. Unfathomably large, the structure exists within the space between the gods' domains, the only illumination the soft glow from the Aetherweb. No tale remains to say who built this wonder, but rumours persist that the realmwalkers once trod upon its floors. Whoever is responsible also constructed the Dertereth: massive figures sprouting eight limbs, each articulated and taller than two garg ants. Collecting unbound magic floating through the void, they spin it into the Aetherweb. Built of the same material as the Dome itself, the Dertereth existed for millenia unmolested, their work vast and intricate but mindless. For all their arcane technology, they were simply spinners, adding to their creation. But it was not without purpose, for the Aetherweb possessed the curious property of absorbing knowledge from those within it.

REVELATION TO THE REALMS

The first explorers were unaware of their discovery, the ceiling lost in a haze. Uncharted and foreign, it was unlike anything they had ever known, smooth stone floors laid out into the fog. When a Dertereth descended from their perch upon the ceiling, ballooning on a parachute of web, they fled in terror. Yet one of these poor souls stood and fought, was defeated and bound within the Aetherweb. The Dertereth absorbed her knowledge and came to understand what their purpose truly was. They scurried about, exam-

ining the entirety of their space, noting every detail. Knowledge poured into the nothingness of their existence, and they did not dare lose it. When next the people of the Realms arrived, they were prepared.

The next party to arrive entered the domes and found a Dertereth still upon the floor. They approached and inspected it carefully and though alarmed when the side opened, one was curious enough to enter. When the brave child cast his thoughts to what this place could be, his mind was immediately filled with the knowledge of the Aetherweb and the Domes themselves. Exiting the Dertereth, he told the other children wonders beyond imagination. Their excitement and stories journeyed far beyond the walls of the dome itself.

THE DERTERETH CHOOSE

Children sent through the realmgate were accepted and returned, without exception, full of knowledge and cognizant of their purpose. The Dome quickly gained a reputation for one of local secrets and knowledge. Travelers began to approach from every realm and race. First in Aqshy and then in Chamon, towns were founded around the realmgate entrances as surrounding crops grew record yields every year, trade from Aqshy to Chamon through the dome prospered, and people sought out this wonder of the age. Thus it was that the Dertereth learned of the duplicity of the races, for traders lips spoke of peace, but their thoughts dwelt on power. Many adults who entered the interior of the Dertereth were bound into the Aetherweb rather than be released to perform treachery. With so many seeking knowledge, the

Dertereth were unable to care for the dome. Souls bound within the Aetherweb died but found no solace here between the realms. Shrieks filled the still air of the dome, unbound magic collected on the Aetherweb itself, the ethereal dew causing momentary amnesia to travelers and even the Dertereth. Instead of offering their knowledge freely, the Colossi began to refuse entrance to all but the children.

EXPANSION INTO THE REALMS

A learned scholar from the Realm of Hyish arrived at the Aqshy entrance. Accompanying him on his journey, he brought with him a older child and a party of monks. Instead of offering himself, he offered the child and the Dertereth accepted. He had specifically chosen this offering for his innocence, and through his memories, the Dertereth knew they could trust the Scholar. The child returned from the dome full of purpose, instructing both the Scholar as well as the town people.

Nullstone, compressed Aetherweb, began to appear at the entrance, and was quickly built into a massive courtyard with nine stairways. One approached the Gate to the Dome, bound the gate with a massive banded wall to each side, and covered it with a cupola. The other eight stairways were quarried into the earth itself, and upon completion revealed eight previously undiscovered realmgates. Each of these opened to the edge of one of the eight realms, exuding wild magic and power but deadly to enter. Where the paving stones were placed, Aqshian magic receded, and indeed for several feet next to the stone, the earth was bleached and scoured of any living thing.

FOUNDING OF THE CULT

Once the entrance had been built, the Dertereth allowed the Scholar and his Monks to enter. The monks received Nullstone spikes through their eyes. Slain in such a matter they became soulless extensions of the Dertereth. Tireless and unquestioning servants, this allowed them to share in the knowledge of the Dome, and they became the Aex Libris. First, they constructed a similar courtyard in Chamon, a replica of that in Aqshy. After completion, they began the work of construction within the Dome itself. The space was so vast, they could cover but a small fraction of it, yet a city was planned. Sharing in the knowledge of the Aetherweb, Aex Libris became masterful masons. They built a web of civilization consisting of avenues and columns, arcades and stairways, bridges and tunnels below to match the Aetherweb above.

Houses of a sort were built, massive slabs substituting for roofs, doors cleverly hidden in the stonework. Open courtyards housed outdoor theatres, flanked by columns. Most important was the University, constructed with monumental architecture honoring the source of all knowledge, the Dertereth. The Scholar began to seek out others, forming the first colleges. Scholars formed families, and children were born under the dome, souls untainted by the realms, knowledge of the sum of history consumed before they became adults. Every discipline that could be imagined was studied, examined and preserved. With each Generation, the university of the living expanded the knowledge of their servants and protectors, the Aex Libris.

The Dertereth themselves became the crux of the construction, producing Voidstone and carrying supplies, scholars and acolytes throughout the Dome. It was obvious the Dertereth had been designed to accommodate human transportation, so neatly were they adapted to the purpose.

ADMISSION TO STUDY

The cities in Aqshy and Chamon flour-

ished, now called Aethnaeum-Aqshy and Aethnaeum-Chamon. The City of no Realm took a new name as well, VoidSkein. Scholars poured into both entrances to the dome, but new demands were made. Each Scholar wishing to enter the dome must bring with them a shard of realmstone. Such was the decree made by the Aex Libris.

Acceptance to the University of Voidskein required a willing adult (referred to as a vessel). The vessel would enter the Dome and thence a Dentereth waiting within. If the party was judged worthy to enter, the acolytes would escort the vessel out into the courtyard beyond the dome, await the rest of the party, and proceed to the realmgate of the scholar's realm. The vessel would then ingest the piece of realmstone while standing at the precipice of the realmgate. Consumed by magic, the body would change and die, but for Aex Libris pulling them back into the Nullstone courtyard. Though the transformation could not warp to completion, their mind had been joined to the magic of their realm for the eternity of that moment. When bound into the aetherweb, their memories would become one with the Dertereth. The scholars themselves became so accustomed to the entirety of knowledge that none dared leave, but chose instead to be bound into the Aetherweb. Once bound, their souls were snared by the Dertereth, and brought to the Cult. The Aex Libris then stored the souls within web cocoons before transporting them back to the realmgates, releasing them into their own realm, that they may find what happiness their afterlife brought them. So it was that nothing escaped the notice of VoidSkein, for the knowledge of every realm was contained and improved with each Scholar that entered.

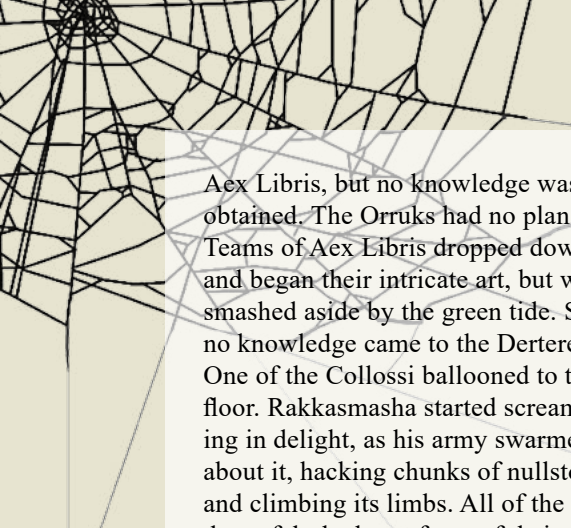
CONFLICT BETWEEN THE REALMS

No city, no matter how remote, is immune to attack and Voidskein was no exception. Aethnaeum-Aqshy was the first aggressor. An excitable duardin, Veldrenth, second son of

the Ember Lodge, began to spread rumours of uncountable wealth buried beneath the nullstone of the dome, for what else could be hidden in such a wonder. Recruiting a ragtag force of Fyreslayers, Ironweld, Wanderers, and nullstone addicts, they entered the realmgate fully armed. Once inside, they found a vast level plain of nullstone, devoid of defenders. Upon entering the dome, all trace of realm magic left them, only what was bound within their bodies remained. They came across several lone Aex Libris, armed with bleached togas covering breastplates, spiked gloves and bladed capes. Veldrenth's army slaughtered them with ease, but not without some injury. The sacrificial acolytes weapons and armour were made of nullstone, and once they tasted flesh, all knowledge of the attackers' plan was known by the Dertereth. The Dertereth studied the composition of the army, and chose one of the numerous martial arts known to the Aetherweb, placing the knowledge within the Aex Libris. The Aex Libris then rappelled from the Colossi and ambushed the invading force. Their destruction was quick and complete; the only remnant of the battle were newly filled soul cocoons for release back into the realms.

Army after army invaded, some from unsecured realmgates or gnawholes. Each was analyzed, understood and destroyed. First the web was set, then the flesh touched, then the trap was sprung. Sylvaneth were unable to call wildwoods, and Daemonic forces were unable to summon reinforcements so powerful was the nullstone's effect. Necromancers unable to raise, as there were no graves, or even earth to hold them. The gods themselves could not even set foot upon the nullstone, and offered no assistance to those within. For every invading army, only cocoons survived, until Rakkasmasha.

Rakkasmasha was a Savage Orruk of prodigious size, but little cunning. Seeking a big scrap, he finished ravaging Aethnaeum-Chamon, then invaded the dome. The web was set, and the Bonesplitterz ravaged the



Aex Libris, but no knowledge was obtained. The Orruks had no plan. Teams of Aex Libris dropped down and began their intricate art, but were smashed aside by the green tide. Still no knowledge came to the Dertereth. One of the Collossi ballooned to the floor. Rakkasmasha started screaming in delight, as his army swarmed about it, hacking chunks of nullstone and climbing its limbs. All of the dome felt the loss of one of their own, its soul shrieking toward the Aetherweb. Rakkasmasha however, grew quiet. There were no bones, no meat, no prize of any sort in this kill. He gathered his army and left the Dome, in search of more glorious prey. The Aex Libris built the first and only tomb within Voidskein. It is said that the soul of the Dertereth was released into the realms and sought out Shyish, coalescing into the first Skitterstrand.

WONDER OF THE AGE

Truly, the Age of Myth reached fruition within the Domed City of no Realm, for none within sought any purpose but knowledge. Tithes happily paid by Aetheneum Aqshy and Chamon supplied food, water and clothing for the scholars. They debated and taught, expanding knowledge in excess of anywhere else in the realms. They were a world unto themselves. It is said that they truly understood all things, the nature of realms, the origin of the realmgates, and even the truth of the gods themselves.

THE GODS

It was the gods that became their undoing, for the Great Alliance became much troubled by this wonder. It was Teclis who solved the riddle. Claiming one of his own race, he cleansed from her all but the memory of how to live. Supplying a willing Scholar with a party of Hyishian Priests was no trouble to the god, and once his cleansed vessel was accepted, she was fed a shard of Voidstone. Her memory was erased, only her last thought remained, to enter the Aetherweb. When the Aex Libris

pulled her out of the realmgate to Hyish, they lost their memory upon touching her. Their last thought was to bring her to the Dertereth. Once inside the dome, a Dertereth allowed her inside. Immediately the Collossi became as if no one had ever found the dome. The lone creation crawled determinedly back to the Aetherweb. All of the Dertereth knew they had lost one of their own, but could only watch in horror as it crawled into the Aetherweb and bound its prey. Their last thought was fear of the dome and its power. Once the vessel was bound, the lone Dertereth fell, shattering upon the nullstone floor. Immediately, the remaining Dertereth lost their connection to the Aetherweb, and became as new creations themselves. They remembered only their last thought before the nullstone was placed into their consciousness. Fear of the power of the Aetherweb, and as one they fled through realmgates. As the last Collossi left, VoidSkein shuddered and the Dome became untethered.

AGE OF CHAOS

DERTERETH LOST

The Aex Libris became bound to the only soul still bound to the nullstone, the first child, offered to the dome by the first scholar. Millenia of working with nullstone had replaced his blood with pure unbound magic. He never aged, but had been educated by the most brilliant minds in the realms before they died of starvation within the City of no Realm. He had an army, but no desire to use it. He was guided by one mission: the Dertereth and the Dome can never be allowed to fail.

The Dertereth dispersed through the realmgates in Chamon and Aqshy, scattering into the eight realms. Each touch of their limbs was as salt to the earth, and they wrought a path of nothingness. Where one paused in its wanderings, a realmgate to Voidskein would burst into existence and, for a

moment, the Dertereth would seem to remember, spinning from the dead realm beneath them nullstone of a sort. The first child can sense the nearby Dertereth, and the waiting acolytes would emerge from the realmgate and construct a stairway covered with a cupola and bound by walls, enticing the Dertereth to remember what once it was. Unfailingly, the Dertereth would leave, and the first child return to his lonely vigil inside the dome. With a child's tenacity, he serves to protect and preserve the Aetherweb and the Dertereth, the source of all knowledge.

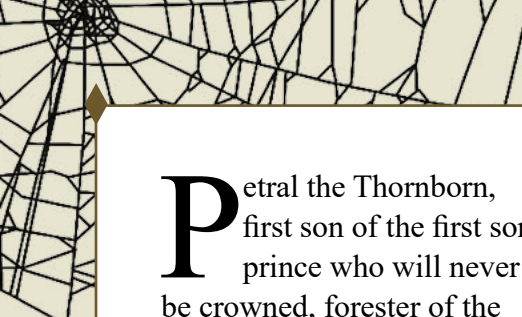
THE AGE OF SIGMAR

THE DESCENT OF VOIDSKEIN

The remains of VoidSkein echo with errant souls, screaming in agony, unable to seek out their afterlife. The Aetherweb itself has become calcified and rigid, the result of ages of unbound magic collected and dripping from its strands. Stalactites and pillars form organic structures reclaiming the order of the nullstone buildings. Pools of concentrated magic collect within ancient theatres and fill homes. Within the Dome, the air is cloying, pregnant with magic, distorting sound and sight.

For all that the knowledge of the Age of Myth is bound within its walls, the Gibbering Dome is a lock without a key. So the Aex Libris have not fought, they have waited, biding their time until the Dertereth remember. For in Death, there is no need for patience, and for the one who remembers, there is still time to rebuild what once was.





Petral the Thornborn, first son of the first son, prince who will never be crowned, forester of the Nevergreen Mountains, and freeman of Ghyran stalked silently across the slopes. Every footstep was a determined thing, intentional and planned. He was careful if for no other reason than the respect of his prey. Golden eyes ranged the mountainside, seeking a sign, and as he knelt to inspect another glimmering azure pool his long auburn braids rippled in the wind. The blossom-jaguar must be near for its blood was still shining. Sinew bow carefully trained on the path marked by blue twinkles amid shifted talus, he rounded yet another ridge.

Petral recognized the location and braced himself: it was an impassable gorge which drove back into the mountainside. He knew his prey was now trapped. The defile was deep in shadow despite the full noon sun blazing in the green sky above. He could see the jewels of light dotting the darkness before him, but it was fading. The blossom-jaguar must be close to death.

Warily pacing back and forth, he stepped into the darkness only when his eyes could pierce it. After a few minutes of tracking, the path receded into the cliff wall, but the blossom-jaguar was nowhere in sight. Ahead, waterfalls tumbled down sheer cliffs and coat-

ed the rocks in a fine mist. Luminescent moss carpets floated level with the path, slowly rising and falling in the buffeting wind. Scanning beyond the path, he could see no trace of his prey. The blossom-jaguar must have fallen. Petral made to leave, foot twisting upon the wet earth, but he stopped and peered once more into the depths. Upon the closest carpet was a spill of twinkling liquid within the vegetation. It looked like blood.

If the giant cat could walk across the floating carpets, then so must he. A tentative foot stepped forward, and the moss did not give. Step after step, he walked deeper into the gorge. In these untouched depths, Ghyran found a way to grow and thrive. Arches of plate-like fungus soon showed behind the falls and softly glowing toadstools dotted the air, roots glistening with moisture. Ultraviolet rainbows shimmered within the mists, dazzling his eyes. Still he followed the fading drops of light until their spark had gone and the spots of blood stood out as wounds of death in the thriving, pearlescent landscape.

The waterfalls grew more numerous until they filled the cliffs before him, yet the blood led ever forward. Shivering despite himself, Petral shouldered his way through the largest one, stepping through into a vaulted grotto behind the falls. A still life lay on the floor to the right,

soaked, tired and strained. Lack of motion told the tracker that the blossom-jaguar was spent. He cautiously moved closer, then carefully removed his axe from its side. The hunted quivered one last time, and liquid emptiness pooled across the shimmering life of the grotto as motes of purest light ascended into the air from the lifeless mass. Mouthing an ancient blessing, Petral stroked its ears, the texture of the lily petals smooth against his hand. He traced the spots of orchids upon its flank before moving down to the tough sinewy fiber of its tail. His fingers reached to the legs and removed the needle-sharp thorns from its paws before rolling the thorns back and forth in his palm. These would be a nice addition to the necklace about his throat. The prince stood a moment, reflecting that this was the second sacred life he had needed to kill.

Scrabbling harvester beetles erupted from the rock, intent upon the dead mass. Petral took a step back and watched the cycle of Ghyran flurry to completion. Soon the glowing moss beneath his feet began to undulate with verdant sapphire ripples, drawing him deeper into the mountain. He had heard tales of such signs and knew better than to ignore them. Grasping his fur tightly, he moved deeper within the mountain. Damp air became warm as the walls of the grotto drew closer. Eyes closed,

he squeezed through a narrow opening thick with floating toadstools.

When he finally burst through the last of the fungi, he was stunned. Ghyr-elm trees of ancient age had been woven into a living archway, roofed with summer leaves and broad enough for five men abreast. The ground itself was rich with loam and smooth stone, intricately carved into what looked to be whorl leaf shapes, similar to those which decorated his face. Bow slung across his back and axe restored to his belt, he ran his fingers along the ancient trees. Alarielle's song echoed in his ears as he stepped out from under the last sheltering bough.

Before him lay a vale far too large to have been contained within the mountain itself. Clear Ghyran sunlight shone upon immense cataracts cascading from a height unseen around an oasis of ancient Ur-oaks encompassing colossal sky islands. More thundering waterfalls sprayed out buffeting clouds of vapor, which nurtured floating carpets of innumerable flowers, bell blossoms chiming in delicate tones. A rainbow of birds flew above like brilliant jewels, as sedge-deer and other life approached him, unused to the presence of any man. Every surface was covered in pure water and abundant life. Every surface that is, but one.

The patterns continued down the path and ended at a

courtyard; Petral felt compelled to follow. Stepping onto the polished stone space, he felt a jolt as the presence of Ghyran left him. Colossal stone steps the color of aged bone stretched upwards before him, flanked by massive, banded walls. Scrambling from ledge to ledge he finally came upon a wedge-shaped landing, outlined by carved pillars and shaded by an immense cupola. Where two angled walls met, there was a solitary entrance. The prince could hear the sounds of the vale, but he could no longer feel the song of Alarielle. He strung his bow, then gripped his axe tightly and walked forward into the doorway. Sound ceased abruptly, and Petral's eyes swept left and right. The entrance appeared to be connected to somewhere -- in fact, to many somewheres. Silhouettes framed by uniquely colored light stood outlined in each other entrance ringing the space. A susurrus of movement rose to fill the air, and the door behind him slammed shut. All was darkness.

A sibilant voice whispered in his ear. "Welcome." Petral's axe whipped through the air but found no target.

A raspy feminine voice boomed from in front of him "Welcome to the Gibbering Dome."

The sun set and rose, set and rose once more before Petral stumbled forth from the entrance. Bleeding and holding

his thigh for support he stopped to peer at the vale. From the landing, his view of what he had climbed had changed. The stones of the courtyard were now obviously stretching into the vale, and where the two made contact, there was a line of fine grey ash. The path he had followed was not carved of leaves but of rib bones, and the ground was weeping emerald blood where they were half buried. Scrambling down the steps, he sprinted over the courtyard back to the embrace of Ghyran.

Collapsing upon the loam, he rested for a time before he rose and inspected himself. First, he removed his fur from his back, the verdant amethyst color had left, replaced by a lifeless brown, and the prince discarded it in the courtyard. Checking his axe and bow, he was satisfied they had not been tainted. Hands traced his throat, but the thorn-claw necklace was gone. Foot twisting upon the loam, he turned to stare at that place. As he watched, the building faded out of sight to be replaced by lifeless dried dirt and bare rock. The path on which he stood buckled and cast the rib bones from itself as harvester beetles burst from the vale and set to work repairing the scars.

Crushing a rib with his foot Petral started the long limp home. He must return to the Gibbering Dome he knew, but this time with an army at his back.

ARCADES OF ANTIQUITY

Constructed within and from the space between the realms known as the Void, the Gibbering Dome was created as a protected treasure which rose to power burgeoning with the knowledge of all things. Contained within these records are but a hint of the momentous events within the Dome.

THE AGE OF MYTH

ASTONISHING PUZZLE

Dertereth were the first creation, massive stone colossi: collectors of errant magic within the Void. Constructions of miraculous ability, they produce realmstone from this magic, a curious material known as Aetherweb. Compressing realmstone into a building material, the sub realm known as the Gibbering Dome is enclosed and isolated from the Void. Anchored by Aetherweb to Chamon and Aqshy the Arcade houses a massive yet unadorned city within the center which leaves no history and shows no sign of habitation. Unmolested for an age, the Aetherweb is constructed into a massive latticework upon the ceiling by the Dertereth.

CONTACT AND DISCOVERY

Encountering the races of the realms, the Dertereth become consumed with the pursuit of knowledge, creating a vast library of souls within their suspended latticework creation. Known as the First Child, the discoverer of the Dome rises to power as an administrator for the city, forming a massive army of voidstone servants known as the Aex Libris with the assistance of the Dertereth. Aetheneum-Aqshy and Aetheneum-Chamon are founded and flourish as gateways into the Dome. Conflict arises but the Aex Libris are able to adapt and destroy or divert every threat to the city now known as VoidSkein. Through ritual initiation Voidskein becomes the center of knowledge in the realms, and the greatest minds of the age choose to bind themselves within the

Aetherweb rather than return to the desolation of ignorance in death.

WRATH OF THE GODS

Immune to the power of the gods, Voidskein earns the Ire of the Great Alliance, who tasks Teclis with unbinding it's power. Using the stuff of the Dome as a weapon, Teclis unbinds the Dertereth from it, unintentionally releasing Voidskein from its mooring and sending it spinning within for Void for all time. Wandering aimlessly, the stone colossi destroy the magic of the realms with their touch, leaving barren voided trails in their wake. Voidskein dies, but the First Child and his Aex Libris remain, enticing the Dertereth to return to the Dome once more by creating temporary realmstone anchors in the realms.

THE AGE OF CHAOS

REDEMPTION LOST (ADEPTICON 2018)

Descending into ruin, the Realms are consumed by Chaos, Aetheneum-Aqshy destroyed by the ravaging forces of HorKreth the Death Dealer, and Aetheneum-Chamon trapped in a crystal cage by Tza 'Kle 'Chen the Father of Facets. Fruitlessly enticing the Dertereth home, the First Child learns of the destruction of the realms through binding victims of the ruination into the Aetherweb. Unable to leave the Dome without forsaking his knowledge, the First Child makes one last bid to save the realms, for he knows the secrets of Realmgate creation and attunement but cannot reach the gods to teach them without the assistance of the Dertereth.

He calls sixteen heroes to come learn the secrets of the Dome, but they are rebuffed by the Tayrathian Cult, a Daughters of Khaine force of incredible power. Calling them once more they defeat the Cult but squabble over physical mementos, resulting in a Greater Demon of Nurgle, Glurglifex, manifesting inside the Dome. Exhausting himself, the First Child banishes Glurglifex with the assistance of the heroes, but they flee with their mementos. Insanity infects the Aetherweb as Aex Libris binds more victims into the latticework, and all semblance of order is destroyed. The only echo of greatness is the continued construction of entrances within the realms, but the realmgates are now locked into a specific time and place, only allowing passage when the Dome returns in its' orbit of the Void.

THE VAULT GARDENS

Master Phandrenel, Royal Vizier of the Trazite Conglomerate wages a desperate war against the swathe of Chaos. Study and practice allows her to consecrate Stormvaults in Sigmar's name. Vaults beyond counting populate the Realmgate entrance from the Trazite Comglomerate. The Vizier drives enemies into the Dome, depriving them of the magic of their gods in order to defeat them. With destruction imminent, Master Phandrenel also seals the treasures of her nation within the Vaults before facing a corrupted godbeast in titanic battle. With her dying breath, she manages to collapse a portion of the Dome floor beneath the Copper Conflagration, extinguishing its menace within the Void. Aetherweb regenerates to close the chasm, but

the floor still burns as lava to the unguarded hand.

RELEGATION AND LOSS

Retreating from all threats within the Dome, the First Child hides from all aggressors, silently observing countless battles fought by interlopers. Armies rise and fall, thrive and starve, but the Aex Libris live on, having no need of food or drink. The vast emptiness of the Dome become littered with the dead, their souls ascending to the Aetherweb but never bound within it. Madness takes the First Child but the Aex Libris persevere.

THE GITWEB (ADEPTICON 2019)

Spiderfang armies overwhelm the Dome, kidnapping all who carelessly arrive through its' realmgates. Scuttleboss Snagla Grobspit attempts to use the Aetherweb as a massive nest from which to spin destruction upon the realms. Sixteen heroes are rescued from the incursion and flee the Dome, warning all others of the infestation. Failing to usher in the Everdank and finding no prey, the army disperses, leaving Snagla lost and bewildered. Grobspit begins his quest to harness a Dertereth and return to conquer the dome.

THE AGE OF SIGMAR

SILENT VIGIL

While Sigmar commences his war upon Chaos, stillness reigns within the Dome. The extended period of peace restores some semblance of reason within the First Child who creates a system of canals to wash

away the detritus of death within the sub realm. Water pours in from every realm, causing growth and life. Errant souls are bound into the Aetherweb, realmgates reinforced, and the quest to retrieve the Dertereth commences once more.

CHANGEHOST (COALESCENCE 2018)

War comes to the Dome as seekers of knowledge return once more to defend it from those who would despoil it. Voidskein is defiled by Tzeentchian forces, scorching the ruins and defacing the monuments within. Without the ability to summon more demons, the army slowly dissipates before collapsing into internecine war and eventually obliteration.

PILGRIMS PROGRESS

Lone refugees arrive through Realmgates to discover a verdant paradise in the remains of Voidskein. A new civilization collects, constituting the lost from all the realms. Laws are created and a standing army is formed bringing about a second golden age beneath the Dome. Even trade resumes as the orbit of the Dome is mapped and predictable. Year after year, the population grows and Voidskein flourishes under the guiding hand of the First Child. Skyport construction finishes though the airborne settlement is anchored to the ceiling due to scarce Aethergold, and the Idoneth enchant the canals, allowing accelerated travel for all in the dome.

DESTRUCTION AND DESPAIR

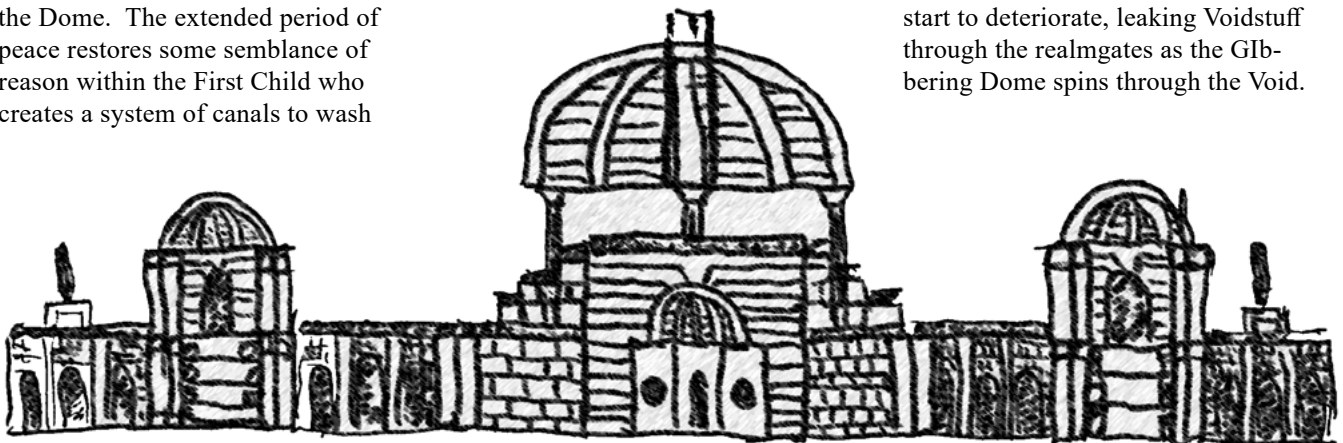
Nagash's millenia long plans come to fruition, resulting in the Necroquake. The Dome is torn out of orbit, spinning madly within the Void. Access to the Aetherweb is destroyed in the following realmquake, a tidal wave of magic buffeting the edge of the latticework. Souls bound into the Aetherweb for an age are ripped from their rest and formed into a Nighthaunt army. Descending from the ceiling of the Dome, the undead ravage the population, hunting down every survivor before leaving the Dome to join Nagash's undead crusade. The First Child is inconsolable as his madness returns, the Gibbering Dome echoing with the sounds of insanity once more.

PROPHECY UNBOUND (ADEPTICON 2019)

The portal within the Aquis Vitalis shifts to source water from Excelsis, filling the Dome with prophecies calling out to those within the realms. Sixteen warlords converge on the remains of Voidskein to fulfill their destiny.

ENDLESS HAVOC (Adepticon Warcry 2020)

Rampaging through the Eight Points, a rogue Umbral Spell Portal aligns twenty four Realm Gates to the same time and Place within the Gibbering Dome. A lone Dertereth is drawn to the disturbance absorbing the Endless spell in it's massive Voidstone carapace. However, the tainted gates start to deteriorate, leaking Voidstuff through the realmgates as the Gibbering Dome spins through the Void.



“VOIDSKEIN
IS NO MORE.
WELCOME
TO THE
GIBBERING DOME.”