



# THE COSMOS ARCANE

The Mortal Realms are composed of eight disc-like worldscapes fringed with islands and orbited by moons. All of these celestial bodies are formed from the remains of the World-that-Was, long ago blended with nebulous dust, debris and motes of magic into landscapes capable of supporting life.

The realmspheres that hang in the Cosmos Arcane are not fixed in position; they are engaged in a slow celestial dance. Still, when the skies are clear, some of the realms can be seen in the firmament no matter where an observer stands. Hysh, the Realm of Light, is foremost amongst these, so bright and generous that it illuminates all others as the Hyshian sun. It is forever locked in a binary twinship with Ulgu, the Realm of Shadow – when Ulgu is ascendant, its energies eclipse those of Hysh to lend night to the other realms, only to fade once more and bring about a new dawn. The other realms have their own mutual equivalents, to a greater or lesser degree. Ghyran, the Realm of Life, waxes strong to form the greening seasons of hope and growth, only for Shyish, the Realm of Death, to surpass it with the great dwindling at year's end. Similarly, the cold logic of Azyr plays counterpoint to the furious, emotional turmoil of Aqshy, whilst the primeval lands of Ghur sit in opposition to the ingenuity and technological advancement of Chamon. At the heart of the realms lies the vast anomaly known as the Eightpoints. Here is the Varanspire, seat of Archaon's power; to stray there is to die, though many seek his favour nonetheless. Other sub-realms exist, too: in the liminal space between Hysh and Ulgu can be found Uhl-Gysh, the Hidden Gloaming, where Slaanesh's essence is held trapped in chains of twilight energy. There too is the soul of Shadespire, the Mirrored City, which lingers still under a deathless curse.

Around the realms is the nothingness known as the Aetheric Void. Within its inky swathe are asteroids, comets, Seraphon vessels, sub-realms and inhuman god-things that watch the affairs of mortals with unblinking eyes. The Bad Moon careens across the firmament, worshipped by legions of grots as a bringer of anarchy as it casts its clammy, fungus-bringing light upon the realms. Stranger still are the zodiacal godbeasts, as much constellations of magic as they are sentient creatures: Dracothion the Great Drake, who breathed life into Sigmar after the destruction of his birth-world and showed him the realms; Nagendra, Father of Serpents; Vulcatrux, Mother of Salamanders; Ignax the Solar Drake; Behemat the World Titan; and dozens of others. Some of their ancient power still persists, their runes adorning the remains of ancient empires dotted across the Mortal Realms.