

Chapter 1 THE BIRTH OF THE REALM

I opened my eyes to an unfamiliar ceiling. My mind foggy, I tried to recall my past, fragments of memories danced before me: battles fought, loved ones lost, and even memories of ancient past and lost history being bestowed by the voice of the Radiant Dawn.

The flowing radiant essence of life that shaped the growing scale of reality can be traced back to the pitch darkness of the realm. The realm was still and empty and the chaotic essence of life began to envelop the realm as waves of its pure aetheric energy raced between spaces. Over millennium the first lights of the realm began to blossom, the transformation of the chaotic aetheric energy brought forth the first illuminating beam of light that shinned upon the pitch darkness of the realm marking a new era

The first millennium had passed and the birth of the first illuminating lights had marked a new age and era for the realm, with that as the foundation of what's to come the hands of time began to take a turn. The first age of time had begun and this was a masking of the transformation of the chaotic energy which was eventually called *aether* which gives the interpretation of the blooming radiant of life, this transformation has already marked the foundation and new birth for the soon be made entities of the realm. Within the empty void and spaces of the realm, the restructuring of the waves of *aether* that flowed within those spaces started to form the first filament which acted as the first painted canvas for the realm, this was the age of the first millennium the formation of the heavens.

It was the age of the second millennium and aetheric matter had already taken up new forms, within the memories of lost history it was like I could witness these events from within the clouds in the heavens of this young realm when the earth were being formed, the interlocks of multiple aetheric matter created more stronger bonds and shapes that brought forth the very first element, earth. The earth took many forms from tall peaks that could take weeks to climb, soft tiny earth that cast it golden glow upon the land and so many more wonders that started to take form within the realm. Eventually the structure of this new bonds underwent another transformation. As the waves of aetheric energy blew from the surface of the earth, another elements was born, water. This liquid form of matter gushed upon the surface of the earth covering large portions of land that could span several distance beyond, creating pockets of water known as seas, rivers and streams, it was like a piece of fabric placed and carefully arranged on a sewing table.

The second millennium was coming to a close and within these memories, I could somehow perceive the felling of warmth as the golden light cast a warm glow over the earth, newly formed sea and rolling hills, as the hands of time drew it close on the second millennium a new age was about to burst into the realm and the time of the third began. *Aether* still flowed violently as it continued to change its shapes and structure, I could sense the chaotic outburst of *aether* as the realm moves towards it next stage of creation. Storms brew and the first ever winds blew over the surface of the earth, the storm came crashing down, it was like

of anything I have ever witnessed, the storm raged for decades before finally settling down and at that moment *aether* brought upon a blessing, a blessing that had marked itself as the main trajectory that launch the realm into an era of tranquility, it was the formation of the first living organism known as plant life. Plant life was the very beginning of complex living organism that were created within the realm, it spread like wildfire upon the surface of the earth, given few decades the realm was already home to verities of seed bearing plants. The first three millennium also known as *The Aethereal Dawn* served as the era that first shaped our realm with that of harmony and balance.

Although as I delve deeper into the memories, I witness another event which took place after the era of *The Aethereal Dawn*, the event that took our realm by storm. The fourth millennium approaches and without warning a huge burst of cataclysmic aetheric energy exploded within the realm, causing a state of imbalance between the structured aetheric bonds of the realm, this era holds series of events of chaos and imbalance. The first event called *Terra Ascensa* began during the first ages of the fourth millennium, the burst of the cataclysmic aetheric energy sends ripping surges of waves that pulled the earth apart, striking loud crakes filled the air as landscapes were being pulled apart and rising away from their roots, the landscape began to unravel. Mountains, once anchored to the earth, now pierced the heavens like shards of splintered stone. Valleys transformed into abyssal trenches, their depths yawning like the maws of hungry beasts. The sky darkened, and the air grew thick with otherworldly energy. The land itself seemed to writhe and twist, as if it was alive and in agony. The sound of shattering stone and screaming earth echoed through the realm, a cacophony of destruction. The cataclysm raged on, reshaping the world's very essence. The land, once a fixed and immutable entity, had become fluid, malleable, and unpredictable. Towering spires of rock burst forth from the earth, their peaks hiding in clouds.

Waterfalls cascaded into the void, creating lakes and rivers that floated in mid-air. The skies themselves were transformed, as if the very fabric of reality had been rewoven. Clouds coalesced into impossible shapes, their forms shifting and flowing like liquid. Plants that had once clung to the earth now found themselves bound to the sky, their roots digging deep into stone that pierced the heavens. The world was reborn, forged in the crucible of chaos.

In the wake of *Terra Ascensa*, the realm struggled to find balance. The skies still trembled, and the earth shuddered. But amidst this turmoil a new cataclysm brewed. *Ignis Eximius*, the second event that began as a whisper. Chaotic aetheric energy being transformed into flickers of flame which danced across the horizon, casting shadows on the ascended landscapes. The air thickened with heat, heavy with the scent of smoke and ash. As time passed, the whispers grew to roars. Infernos erupted, consuming all in their path. Mountains melted, their stone hearts bursting forth in molten rivers. The *Pyrope Wastes* spreads, a vast expanse of burning desolation. The earth itself seemed consumed by the inferno. *Ignis Eximius* has reshaped the realm forging a region of fire and stone.

Marking its final event of the fourth millennium, the realm trembled as *Gelus Aeternum*, the eternal winter, descended upon another region of the realm. Frost crept across the land, crystalline tendrils spreading from the poles like ethereal fingers. Mountains now glittered

with ice, their rugged peaks transformed into shimmering spires. Valleys froze into glassy expanses, reflecting the somber hues of the sky. The heavens themselves turned deep, foreboding grey, as if the very fabric of reality had been woven from threads of sorrow. Clouds of crystalline ice drifted, shedding shards that pierced the earth like splintered stone. Rivers, once flowing with life giving waters, froze into crystalline ribbons, their surfaces etched with the whispers of the wind. Lakes, once shimmering turned to glassy expanses reflecting the desolate beauty of the frozen world. The earth itself seemed to slumber, its pulse slowed by the ice grip. The very heartbeat of the realm grew faint, as if the *Cryoan Freeze* had stifled the realm vital energies.

The *Cryoan Freeze* deepened entombing landscapes beneath towering ice sheets. Valleys became frozen canyons, their walls gleaming with ice brilliance. As the eternal winter held sway, the realm's very essence began to change. The aetheric energies, once balanced, now resonated with the frozen harmony.

In the ravaged wake of *Gelus Aeternum*, the realm stumbled into the fifth millennium, scarred and reeling. The aetheric turmoil persisted, unleashing *Ardoris Incendium*, a cataclysm that would reduce a once verdant region to a scorched wasteland. As the skies turned a sickly shade of brass, the land began to writhe and convulse. Fissures burst forth, spewing forth molten rock and noxious fumes. The earth's crust shattered, birthing twisted canyons and jagged rock formations. The heat was unrelenting, a palpable entity that crushed all in its grasp. Water sources evaporated, leaving behind salt-encrusted craters. The air shimmered with mirages, tantalizing oases that vanished into nothingness. Amidst this desolation, life adapted warped and twisted, yet resilient. The *Herba Pyrope* also known as the fire herb emerged, their irregular, crimson leaves feeding on the intense leaves heat. These hardy plants thrived, their roots delving deep into the scorched earth. The blazing desolation forged a region of the realm of burning stone and sand where dunes shifted like restless spirits. Rock formation twisted into grotesque, organic shapes, as if the land itself had been tortured.

The winds howled, a mournful chorus that echoed through the wasteland. Sandstorms raged, reducing visibility to near zero. Yet, within this furnace, the fire herbs flourished – an unnatural, hellish beauty. The *Ardoris Incendium* had reshaped the world, crafting a region of the realm of burning desolation. The very fabric of reality seemed to have been forged in the crucible of fire and stone.

In the fifth millennium, the aetheric turmoil continued and spawned *Tempestas Aeterna* – an era of unrelenting storms. The skies darkened, as if the heavens themselves had grown sullen. Cool breezes whispered through another region of the realm, promising respite with every rainfall, the storms awakened – cataclysmic tempests that shook the earth. These are no ordinary storms. Thunder boomed, shattering stone and shaking the foundation of the realm. Lightning sliced through the darkness, illuminating the twisted landscapes. Rain lashed down, threatening to consume all in its path. The storm endured for days, weeks and even month. Valleys became raging torrents, carving new paths through the rocky terrain. Mountains trembled, their peaks shrouded in veils of mist and cloud. The region, known as

Sylvanara (land of storms), became a realm of unending turmoil. Yet, within this maelstrom, new minerals formed: *Fulmenite* an electrically charged ore that absorbed the never relenting electrical energies from the storms, *Temptium*, a durable metal, tempered by the storms 'fury, and so many astonishing materials.

As the fifth millennium drew to a close, the raging aetheric energies began to coalesce, setting upon specific locations. In the heart of the turbulent sea, a churning vortex appeared, marking the birth of *The Aetherspire*. The water swirled, foaming with frenzied energy, as the spiral arms of the spire emerged from the depths. The vortex grew, its influence spreading across the horizon. Wild aetheric currents, once threatening to unravel reality, were drawn into the spire embrace. *The Aetherspire's* radiance illuminated the surrounding waters, casting an ethereal glow on the waves. As the spire's power intensified, the sea itself began to transform. Towering waves subsided, replaced by crystalline waters that reflected the beauty of the nascent harmony. At its core, the radiant spire burned with intensity, its light piercing the darkness. The very fabric of reality seemed to bend around this shining, as if the realm itself was drawn to its power. Aetheric energies now calm and balanced, harmonized the realm's forces.

In this crucible of creation, I can clearly see the forces that raged the realm for millennia as they gently spired into *The Aetherspire*. A secondary phenomenon unfolded in the distant region of celesterra. This cataclysmic event, known as the *Kyrexian Ascension*, reshaped the landscape. A tenuous thread of aetheric energy gathered from the raging aetheric force that shaped the lands connected the shattered sky landscape above to the rugged terrain below. At the nexus of this connections, gentle streams of aetheric force trickled from the fractured heavens to the earthly realm. The streams gentle flow belied their profound impact. Within this region, spanning miles despite the stream's slender width, gravity's hold relaxed. Rocks, boulders, and even massive stone monoliths floated suspended in mid-air as if defying the fundamental forces of the realm. This eerie landscape stretched across the horizon. I realized the *Kyrexian Ascension* was a direct consequence of the *Aetherspire* but why and how? Two phenomenon absorbing the chaotic aetheric energy that ravaged the realm shouldn't really exist, one alone is sure to be enough to balance and harmonize the ravaging essence.

As I continued to gaze into this flowing memories, the *Aetherspire's* radiant vortex pieced the turbulent sea, its essence resonating through time. An ominous feeling settled within me. The aetheric energies, once harmonious, began to decay and reform. Chaos seeped into their rhythms, like a whispered secret. I pondered this anomaly, questioning the purpose of the *Aetherspire*. Hadn't its sole intentions been to calm the raging aetheric bursts? Why, then, did the energies now grow more turbulent? My thought delved into the depths of remembrance, seeking answers. And then, it surfaced. This feeling, this essence, had emerged before. During the fourth millennium, its presence had sparked the great *Aetheric Burst*. Intrigued, I probed deeper. The birth of this essence had disrupted the aetheric balance, unleashing chaotic flows upon the realm. But what was this mysterious force?

Upon further examination, I discovered a startling truth. This essence was aether, yet not aether. It was its counterpart, born from the fabric of aether itself. *Nether*, the silent companion to *Aether's* creative spark. *Nether* had always existed, entwined with *Aether's* essence. However, its presence remained dormant, undetectable until the fourth millennium's cataclysmic event. The great *Aetheric Burst* had been *Nether's* awakening, its introduction to the realm.

My gaze returned to the *Aetherspire*, now teeming with an accumulation of *Nether*, the vortex's core pulsed with an intense energy. Why did *Nether* converge here, in this majestic structure? And then, I noticed it – the *Kyrexian Ascension*, once a localized phenomenon, now expanded in width. New forms of aetheric energies emerged, born from the *Aetherspire's* heart. But these energies were not alone, they were matched by an equivalent surge in *Nether's* production. A ratio of *Aether* to *Nether*, balanced and intertwined. This was the realm's New Harmony, forged in the crucible of chaos. As I beheld this transformed landscape, the air thickened with anticipation. The *Aetherspire* now known as the *Netherspire* and *Kyrexian Ascension* stood as twin foci, their energies building toward a critical juncture. The realm held its breath, poised on the cusp of transformation. The fabric of reality vibrated with tension, like the quiet before a storm. The symphony of *Aether* and *Nether* reached a fevered pitch, their harmonies blending into singular, expectant note.

And then, silence. The stillness was oppressive, heavy with the weight of impending change. I sensed it – the threshold of a new era, the precipice of the unknown. The world held its breath, waiting for the next beat in the cosmic rhythm.