

DOORS TO ELSEWHERE

HEART
THE CITY
BENEATH

GRANT HOWITT & CHRISTOPHER TAYLOR
ILLUSTRATED BY FELIX MIAL



Doors to Elsewhere

Written by Grant Howitt and Christopher Taylor

Illustrated by Felix Miall

Edited by Helen Gould and Mary Hamilton

Layout and design by Minerva McJanda

Produced by Mary Hamilton

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Rowan, Rook and Decard
15 Tufnell Court, Old Ford Road
E3 5JJ, United Kingdom

www.rowanrookanddecard.com

Content warnings: Heart is a horror game, and as such, there are some unpleasant things in the text. These include but are not limited to: violence, drug use, addiction, ghosts, unwanted bodily transformation, and monsters that used to be people. We can assure you that there is no rape or sexual assault in this game.



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Doors to Elsewhere is a campaign frame for the *Heart* RPG. You'll learn about the strange living city of Elsewhere (a dimensional crux between other-worlds), the inhabitants within, the worlds connected to it and the danger lurking in the shadows at night.

To use this book, you'll need a copy of *Heart: The City Beneath*. Given that the *Doors to Elsewhere* scenario focuses on the appearance of mysterious doors, you can drop it in the middle of an ongoing game to add a level of complication (and maybe tie some of the factions to existing groups in your story). Or, you can set it up as a free-standing adventure where the player characters hold the fate of both the City Elsewhere and the City Beneath in their hands.

DOORS TO ELSEWHERE

It's been six weeks since the first door opened.

In a crumbling wall of the Temple of the Moon Beneath, a nondescript door appeared and opened of its own volition, revealing a street beneath a strange sky, the smell of rich food and the cries of market traders. Beyond those streets lay portals to other dimensions. It was a door to Elsewhere: a crossroad between worlds, a great and ancient and inscrutable city.

Since then, people have found dozens more, and the whispers have spread throughout the Cities Beneath and Above. Power blocs are doing what they can to control these valuable resources and limit the damage while the Interstitial – darkling predators from Elsewhere – creep into the Heart.

Why all the doors? What secrets hide behind the bright, clean walls of Elsewhere? And how can the player characters make some cash and further their own obsessions by taking advantage?

WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON?

The City Elsewhere is panicking, and all it knows is doors. The crystals that support its galvanic lights have been stolen one by one; now the place is growing dim, and some districts are entirely without power.

The Interstitial, which are unable to move in patches of light, are taking more and more people every night. By throwing open dozens of portals to the Heart, Elsewhere is hoping to attract motivated individuals to solve the mystery of who or what stole the crystals (and maybe distract some of the Interstitial by giving them a food source).

If no-one returns the crystals to the City, the doors will stay open – but the Interstitial will eat everyone in Elsewhere, breed like rabbits and then invade the Heart. If the player characters care about anyone at all, they're at risk, whether they know it or not.

WHERE ARE THE DOORS?

Anywhere you want them to be! They're concentrated around Tier 1, because if a load of them opened up on Tier 3 it wouldn't be weird enough to justify writing an entire adventure about it. Here are some ideas for locations:

- Put one in a landmark where the characters have bonds or regular haunts; it appears, someone goes through and they don't come back. Pretty soon, one or more organisations listed in the factions section below will approach the player characters with an offer of work in the world (or worlds) beyond.
- On a delve, the player characters find a door in a wall of rock which leads to Elsewhere. One of the factions have used it to travel through and there's evidence of their passing. If the group follows them, they'll spot agents disappearing into the city streets.
- An Interstitial arrives in the landmark where the player characters are and starts eating people. It's easy enough to drive off (if not kill) once they work out its aversion to light, but following the trail of fading liquid darkness it left behind reveals a door to Elsewhere in the dirt. It swings open into the ground, revealing a rooftop.
- A mysterious traveller and their family (roll on the **"THIS PERSON IS..."** table in the appendix, p. 25) arrive in a landmark via one of the doors. They speak of Elsewhere: a once-great city between worlds, brought low by darkness. They're looking for a place to stay until they find their feet, and they might be able to serve as a guide in Elsewhere during the day.

EXAMPLE DOORS TO ELSEWHERE

- An unfinished painting of the Elsewhere skyline – the spires and gantries are sketched in pencil and the colours are all rough blocks. As time passes an unseen hand completes the painting to a photo-realistic level, and when it's finished, it becomes a functioning portal.
- A corpse, slumped in a seated position against a wall, has blossomed into coral-like growths that form a doorway. Observers can still make out the skull, as wild and fragmented as it is; it's as though the corpse screamed the calcified portal into existence.
- A door that opens onto another door, and that onto another, and that onto another, until untold doors deep it opens into a backroom in Elsewhere.
- A swarm of insects – flies, some iridescent beetles, some glow-bugs, some fat and wriggling moths – flutter and buzz in the air in such a way as to describe the shape of a door. When they're dispersed, the door ceases to function.
- An iron door with a brass plaque on it that reads "ELSEWHERE" in a lavish font. It's been knocked off its hinges; if you fix it to another surface and open it, it functions as a portal to Elsewhere. It's about as portable as any other iron door is, which is to say: not very.
- A prop door on stage in an abandoned theatre from a more prosperous time; it seems like, by changing the set-dressing, you can modify where the door leads to in the city of Elsewhere. But it's not an exact science, and you're not sure all the destinations are friendly.
- A central pressurised cylinder that rotates in place to reveal an opening that allows access for one person at a time; climb in, activate the pressure plate on the floor and the entire thing spins to face the opposite direction and, conveniently, Elsewhere.

HOW DO THE DELVERS FIND OUT ABOUT THE THEFTS?

Have an NPC tell them – any faction powerful enough to hire them will have an inkling as to what's really going on. Bear in mind that the lower-ranked an NPC is, the less solid an idea they'll have. For example, the head of the Cartographers will know all about the thefts, but an inquisitive Vermissian clerk who pokes their nose where it doesn't belong only suspects that someone is taking something from the vaults.

WHO TOOK THE POWER CRYSTALS?

Whoever you want! There are reasons for most of the factions active in Elsewhere to steal the crystals, so pick one of the groups that your players have interacted with and drop some clues that it was them all along. You can learn more about the factions on p. 12.

THE INTERSTITIAL definitely seem like they should be stealing the power crystals, but it wasn't them – they can't even interact with the crystals, since they emit light. However, you can and should make it seem as though they're responsible for the thefts, because it makes for a good twist.

THE CARTOGRAPHERS have stolen them in an effort to hold Elsewhere hostage. They want to wait until the inhabitants are really desperate and then claim they alone know the secrets of understanding the city, raising themselves from logistical experts to a ruling theocracy.

THE LIVING CITY didn't steal them – it's the one who lost them in the first place. However, if the players try to return the crystals, it'll help as best it can. Usually that means opening beneficial routes or closing off passages to delay pursuit, but it might send out a Ticker (p. 12) to assist them on a particularly dangerous mission.

THE SPIRAL COUNCIL don't much care about the citizens of Elsewhere and need power to sustain Incursion 42. If they stole the crystals, they're using them to build a path of light across the city from their access routes to the Incursion point, reinforcing them and bringing down squads of troops to invade Nujab.

THE MINISTRY OF OUR HIDDEN MISTRESS are collecting power crystals to build a massive psychic explosive, which they will detonate underneath Amaranth – the aelfir district in the upper levels of Spire. They believe it would leave the structure intact but kill everyone inside. It's more of a bargaining chip than a real solution.

THE VERMISSIAN COLLECTIVE are stealing the crystals to restart the Vermissian, or at least force it to occupy only one dimension at once. The organisation as a whole would never admit this, and most operatives aren't even aware of the plan. The sacrifice of Elsewhere is considered a fair price for progress.

THE HOUNDS, or a rogue faction within the Hounds, are stealing the crystals to sell for money on the black market. They then spend the money to reinforce defences, buy guns and armour and live like goddamn underground kings.

THE GENTLEMEN are stealing the crystals to power the show to end all shows at L'Enfer Noir; a cosmic burlesque where the headline act will be a nuclear striptease. The fact that their cousins in Elsewhere will be able to overrun the city without the presence of the crystals is nothing more than an afterthought to them.

HOW DOES IT END?

If the crystals aren't returned to their housings and the thefts continue, Elsewhere descends into a desperate, dark place. The Interstitial run rampant and most people move out; those who stay are scared, violent and unwelcoming. The doors stay open and Interstitial creep through every night until they're closed.

If the thefts are stopped but the crystals aren't returned, Elsewhere turns to the Cartographers for guidance on how to please the City. Elsewhere becomes a theocracy ruled by the Cartographers, and great fires are built with fuel forcibly taken from other dimensions to keep the Interstitial at bay. As above, the doors stay open.

If the thefts are stopped and the crystals are returned, everything goes back to normal – as normal as it was before, anyway – and the player characters have probably earned the favour of one faction and the ire of at least one more. The doors close, but the characters know the trick of getting back here: the City gives them keys which turn any door into an access point at a cost of D8 stress to **Fortune**.

LIFE IN THE CITY ELSEWHERE

ELSEWHERE BY DAY

Elsewhere is in between worlds. It is a vast city filled with people and light and colour and noise; a warren of pathways and alleys; a hundred markets and a thousand workshops all built atop one another. The buildings rise four or five storeys high, and bridges are built between them from wrought iron and stone or wood and rope.

There is a sun overhead, as you would expect; it rains in the rainy season and it's hot in the hot season. But the boundaries of the city are the boundaries of the plane it resides on: there's nothing beyond the city limits that can be perceived by the eyes of mortals. It's just not. There's not a blankness, a void, a wall or anything like that. There's just nothing there.

Unique to all places yet discovered in the multiverse, Elsewhere naturally creates passageways to nearby dimensions within itself (though most dimensions are solitary creatures, and avoid contact with others in case they're absorbed) and forms a nexus for interdimensional travel. You can get to pretty much anywhere from here, if you know the route or can compel the Cartographers into revealing it.

During the day, Elsewhere whips up into a flurry of activity as traders, craftspeople and map-makers spread through the streets. At night, it is lit up firework-bright by thousands of coloured bulbs fizzing with electric light, and the streets are deserted.

DROW AND SUNLIGHT

Drow have an ancestral trait where sunlight causes them pain and physical harm; in Spire, they mark stress if they're ever caught out in the sun. Elsewhere's sun has a similar effect on drow, but for the ease of play, it's not worth using mechanics to represent the threat of sunlight damage. Assume that drow characters take sensible precautions against it and are able to avoid getting anything worse than minor sunburn with no in-game effect.

ELSEWHERE BY NIGHT

The streets are deserted because the Interstitial have arrived: insidious, maddening, ravenous things of patchwork darkness and liquid shadow. They cannot step into the light. Within the boundaries of Elsewhere, light doesn't have a penumbra – the shadows are razor-sharp and ink-black, because the Interstitial are pushing as close as they can get.

There aren't many theories on what the Interstitial actually are. People try not to think about them, other than avoiding them, and it's perfectly safe as long as the lights stay on. Common wisdom states:

- Don't look at them: you go mad, and they can smell attention.
- Don't let a shadow touch your bed.
- Shine a lamp on your keyhole before you go to bed.
- Never be more than three feet from a lantern once the sun goes down.

They don't seem to have a grand scheme; they just eat people who go into the dark, and they're very good at it. They're invisible in their natural habitat, and the only way you'll be able to tell they've found you is the sound of too many feet clicking on the cobblestones as you're surrounded. Even people who can see in the dark can't register the Interstitial on any sensible wavelength; at best, they show up as textured shadow or glistening dark.

Since the theft of the power crystals, whole districts have been plunged into darkness. People huddle around what light sources they can muster – candles, lanterns, galvanic lights running from experimental hand-cranked generators and so on. The city is even more dangerous than usual.

MOVING THROUGH THE CITY AT NIGHT

If you're outside when the sun goes down, you'll need to dash between islands of light (many of which are dying as the city struggles to power them) to reach your destination. As such, moving from one point to another in Elsewhere during the night functions as a **delve: Resistance 5** for the length of a high street, **Resistance 10** to move between districts and **Resistance 15** or **20** to traverse the entire city.

INTERSTITIAL**NAMES:** None**DESCRIPTORS:** The smell of curdled milk; The sound of mandibles inexpertly but tirelessly picking open the lock on your door; The sensation of greasy liquid shadow beneath your boots**MOTIVATION:** To stay out of the light; to eat you**DIFFICULTY:** Standard in well lit-areas, Risky in dimly-lit areas, Dangerous in absolute darkness**RESISTANCE:** 6**PROTECTION:** 2**RESOURCES:** Liquid darkness (D6, Harmful, Occult)**EQUIPMENT:** Claws, spines, teeth, etc. (D6, Piercing)**SPECIAL:** Interstitial cannot exist in light. In their home dimension there's no such thing as penumbras, and the shadows are shorter and clean-edged. In the Heart, things are a bit looser – brave Interstitial can try to lunge at lights and snuff them out. In a perfectly well-lit area with a minimum of shadows, you're safe; but setting something like that up in the Heart is nearly impossible.**DOMAINS:** Occult, Warren.**FALLOUT: SHADOWED.** [Minor, Fortune] The Interstitial put out one or more of the lights in the area, increasing their difficulty to Risky unless you re-light them or relocate.**FALLOUT: BLACKOUT.** [Major, Fortune] As **SHADOWED**, but the Interstitial increase their difficulty to Dangerous.

ELSEWHERE AS IT STANDS

The city is in turmoil. People are abandoning their homes and workshops to flee to areas that still have access to electric light. They're setting up makeshift camps in town squares, sheltering around flickering lamp posts, sharing candles and scavenging fuel for experimental generators. In the abandoned areas, looters are stealing whatever valuables they can find before fleeing to lit islands of safety.

Tensions are high; too many people have been forced into too small a space. Some people have fled to other dimensions – a few have come into the Heart, and many have fled to Quinn and Hollow (p. 18). They look to the Cartographers for aid and assistance, but none of them know what's going on (or they're not telling). The buildings where the power crystals are stored are kept secret to most of the populace, and not all of their locations are known. The Cartographers are doing their best to keep an eye on the known locations, but they're overworked and understaffed.

THE POWER CRYSTALS

Each of these is about the size of a drow's head and irregularly shaped. They emit light, but more importantly, they wirelessly transmit energy to resonant bulbs when connected to the city's metallic superstructure. The knack of making the bulbs is unique to Elsewhere, although there are a handful of people in the Heart or the City Above smart enough to figure out how to do it.

They're stored in secret beneath the city streets, and the City doesn't especially want people to know where they are. But there are clues: certain patterns of roads, glyphs carved into ancient stone and senses beyond the standard five can all point to the existence of a crystal nearby.

Getting inside isn't easy. There are traps to bypass, and on occasion walls must be entirely destroyed to allow access. What's more, handling the crystals themselves isn't safe. They thrum with barely-contained energy, which can cause nosebleeds, organ malfunction and hallucinations. Still, they're powerful enough that someone's willing to pitch Elsewhere into a fatal blackout to get their hands on them.



LANGUAGE

A lot of different languages are spoken in Elsewhere – far more than in the City Beneath. The city has developed its own patois constructed from the most common languages near the entry points to alternate dimensions, and a lot of people use pictographic shorthand or elaborate gesturing to get their point across. Folk are used to having to make their intentions known without relying on language.

But: that's pretty difficult to represent in a roleplaying game, and it isn't very engaging to have a load of NPCs that the player characters can't talk to. If you think it'd be interesting, you can have a player make a **Discern+Occult** check to make headway in conversations – on a failure or partial success, they get taken advantage of, cause offence or buy the wrong thing.

It's fun the first couple of times, but when the players want to talk to someone important, you can assume that they have some kind of workaround for the language problem. Below are some quick ideas:

- A magical hookah in the centre of the table allows everyone smoking from it to communicate telepathically (and it only gets you slightly intoxicated).
- An unremarkable-looking book is handed to the character, which details both sides of the conversation that they'd have with the NPC if they shared a language. The NPC smiles quietly and waits for the delvers to read it.
- Golden coins of Azur, the god of plenty, allow anyone who carries them to speak and understand any language. They rust away the more they're used, eventually being reduced to a red smear (which is weird, but there you go).
- A listening-trumpet that translates almost all the words you hear into your native language.

LANDMARKS IN ELSEWHERE

At night, these landmarks will function as outlined in the Heart core rulebook – they're islands of stability, or at least interest, in an ocean of flickering dark. During the day, travel between them is much easier, and won't require any kind of delve mechanics to resolve (unless you think it would be interesting to use them).

CROWDSWALLOW MARKET

DOMAINS: Haven, Occult, Warren

DEFAULT STRESS: D4

HAUNTS:

- Heshbet, a man who trades futures (Fortune, D8)
- A wide variety of market traders (Supplies, D12)

Crowdswallow Market is perpetually busy. Each of the seven streets that it encompasses are packed with people bartering and yelling at one another, and only at night when the darkness begins to encroach on the edges of the market is it ever seen empty. But: it is an illusion, a trick of the market which it is said used to be a travelling merchant caravan from under strange stars, and the crowds are not real people at all.

At first it's hard to realise this; many visitors to Elsewhere have been through the market without noticing anything out of place, especially if they're in a rush. The market's illusory crowds are made up of people that visitors have seen in the past – no-one who they'd know by name, but people who've caught their attention for a moment and vanished into the depths of their memories.

These illusions are substantial, in as much they feel just like a real crowd: visitors bump and jostle against as they move through a group, for example, rather than simply passing through them like insubstantial ghosts. But observe them for long enough and you'll see that they never actually buy anything – all their movements are a pantomime of someone going to market, money never changes hands, and their bags never become more full. Their coins are fake, they can't hold a conversation, and while they all seem busy they don't seem to be going anywhere in particular.

INTERESTING THINGS TO BUY IN CROWDSWALLOW MARKET

BOTTLED COMPETENCE (Cost: D8) There are at least a dozen brands of bottled competence available within Elsewhere, and they vary from completely useless coloured water to raw knowledge and aptitude rendered down into a liquid form. This seems to be from one of the more reliable manufacturers, though. Each bottle contains a day's dosage, and confers a specific skill upon the user until the sun sets (or until the end of the session). **Delve** tonics are famously gritty; **Kill** tonics taste like aromatic bitters; you need to drink **Mend** tonics carefully and not disturb the sediment at the bottom of the bottle lest you make yourself sick.

CROWBAR (Kill D6, Delve D6. Cost: D6) An invaluable tool for anyone looking to make their fortune – or simply survive – in Elsewhere. People in the city tend to carry lighter models for emergencies, and often have them inscribed with family mottoes and artistic designs; this is a heavier model for getting things done with a minimum of fuss. Some street gangs in Elsewhere won't take you seriously unless you're carrying a crowbar, and spend exorbitant fees on the biggest and most impressive ones available.

FIGHTING-ROPE (Kill D6, Unreliable, Special. Cost: D4) The City Elsewhere forbids the spilling of blood on its streets, and non-specific but grave punishment awaits those who break the laws; bloodless combat has become an important facet of getting what you want when diplomacy fails. Knotted and weighted ropes are a common sight on anyone who's interested in fighting.

Special: You can make a **Risky** attack against an opponent with **Standard** difficulty to try and choke the life out of them with the rope; on a success, you inflict **D10** stress rather than **D6**.

LIGHT BOMB (Cost: D6) This glass bottle has two stoppered ends with a divider in the centre to stop the faintly-glowing liquids contained within from mixing. When broken, the chemicals react and explode in a searing flash of light that is visible even through screwed-shut eyelids. People don't like it, but it's unlikely to cause any lasting harm; it actively harms the Interstitial, and functions as a **Kill D6, Spread, Piercing, Ranged, Limited 1** weapon against them.

LIVING MAP (Delve D8, Expensive, Unreliable. Cost: D8) A slim box of glow-worms, moths and spiders with a glass viewing panel; using strange technology and resonant crystals, the creatures inside the box create a map of your surroundings in real-time. Unfortunately, given the organic nature of the device, unlike other maps it requires feeding, cleaning and upkeep or it will eat itself and quickly become useless.

MULTIVERSAL COMPASS (Delve D8, Trusty, Distressing. Cost: D10) A cursed device; a dense web of shifting dials, needles and gears that feels heavier than it ought to be, as though part of its innards are located in nearby dimensions. Staring within the device allows one to develop an intuitive sense of direction, but it is not designed for mortal minds, and drives users mad.

VULPERINE TINCTURE (Cost: D4) The stall owner says that this greasy black liquid is made from the rendered-down corpses of the Interstitial – you have no way of telling whether he's telling the truth. Vulperine tincture gets you high, and is officially forbidden by the Cartographers (but that doesn't stop them from taking it themselves in vast quantities) – when you drink it, the world around you fades into static and white noise, and you seek comfort in darkness and softness. Dangerous, perhaps, in a city where the shadows can kill you.

People in Elsewhere like it, as a curiosity – everyone feels at home there, as the crowd is generated from their own memories, and it can be a balm for dimensional travellers missing their home realms. Market traders working there have come to realise that, to avoid angering Crowdsallow, they have to play along with the illusions. Those who don't find great crowds of unreal people surrounding their stalls, blocking paying customers from buying anything.

CAFÉ DE L'AUTRE MONDE

DOMAINS: Haven

DEFAULT STRESS: D4

HAUNTS:

- Dessert counter (Blood, D6)
- Marcellette, skilled bartender (Mind, D8)
- Rochelle, skinwitch from a lost dimension (Echo, D8)

The Café has never closed. The Café is eternal. The Café has weathered interdimensional storms, centuries of attacks from the Interstitial, subterfuge, sabotage, divorce, remarriage, several generations of hereditary owners and one eight-month period where all the doors and windows were replaced with dull obsidian panels.

Anyone who's anyone (and several people who are, on a metaphysical level, no-one) has been seen passing through the Café at one point or another – the bird-tamer Xaxbraxas, the dream-forms of famous Warrior-Poets, the horizon-writer Belligerence Gryndel, several lesser gods – for a cup of coffee, a game of chess, and a slice of cake from the vast array available that are baked daily and displayed behind spotless glass.

The Café is an anchor for those who live in and visit Elsewhere – in a city where things change without warning or reason, it endures. The Café is resistant to the whims of the City Elsewhere, and though the street it's on might bend and twist, it endures. Any attempt to use this unique power by the city authorities, most notably the Cartographers, has ended in disaster. It seems as though the building likes being a Café; to have people around, to bring joy, and to provide a safe haven in a strange world.

D10 DESSERTS AU CAFÉ DE L'AUTRE MONDE

1. *Airy sponge covered in cream and tangy green fruit with seeds you have to spit out.*
2. *Citrus sorbet frozen into the shape of a cake; must be eaten immediately or it collapses.*
3. *Rum-runzer; dark, absurdly alcoholic, tastes like dates and warm nights.*
4. *Savoury meat-cake with egg, beans, some fried potato; barely a dessert really.*
5. *Peripatetic Parfait, a dessert nomad, moves between cafés at random.*
6. *Liquid cake served in earthenware pots; sickly, filling, popular with children.*
7. *Wafer-and-cream construction resembling the Café itself.*
8. *Dense honey-cakes served with yoghurt and cardamom.*
9. *Juniper and berry trifle presented in a lavish fluted glass.*
10. *Viscous toffee liqueur; there's an art to drinking it that you do not possess.*

THE CARTOGRAPHERS' GUILD

DOMAINS:

- Desolate (Rooftops)
- Occult, Warren (Indoors)

The central headquarters of the Cartographers' Guild – a vast and sprawling building that the inhabitants have carefully cultivated through decades of experimental magic. During the day, non-members are allowed into certain areas for consultation purposes; at night, it is shut up tight like almost every other building in Elsewhere. Desperate citizens take refuge inside the aura of light projected around it on the sloped terracotta roofs – and it's rumoured that some Cartographers are letting in refugees from the dark parts of town when night falls, directly contravening Guild regulations.

RESOURCES:

- Stolen maps (D6-D12 depending on accuracy, Haven, Occult)

THE DESERT MAIDEN**DOMAIN:** Warren**DEFAULT STRESS:** D6**HAUNTS:**

- The sort of bar you get when you pillage other dimensions for booze (Mind, D10)
- Well-stocked supply room (Supplies, D6)

The Desert Maiden was lost at sea roughly seven years ago after it sailed through an infamous temporal and dimensional rift; no lifeboats were ever found, the wives and husbands of the crew remarried, and several popular ballads were written about whatever it was they found on the other side of the rift.

None of the ballads got it right; after falling through the rift, the Desert Maiden crash-landed into the top floor of a (thankfully sturdy) atelier's studio, and after some sword-point negotiations, the owner graciously accepted his new tenants into Elsewhere. The Desert Maiden has since become a bar and entertainment venue, though the cannons on the sides are still rumoured to be functional.

RESOURCES:

- Cannons (D10, Haven, Awkward. They function as **Kill D10, Piercing, Spread, One-Shot** weapons but without a carriage to mount them on they're largely impossible to aim or move)

SANCTUARY**DOMAINS:** Desolate, Warren**DEFAULT STRESS:** D6**HAUNTS:**

- Nurse Hawthorne's makeshift hospital (Blood D8)
- A few malnourished traders in a bare concrete room (Supplies D6)

As Elsewhere darkens, people flee the parts of town without power in search of safety come nightfall. Many of those without the resources or connections to live in the light seek refuge in a knot of improvised defences and cobbled-together generators known as Sanctuary. It's grim, overstuffed with people, and there's not enough food or light to go around; but it beats a night out in the darkness at the mercy of the Interstitial.

TOWER STREET**DOMAINS:** Warren, Haven**DEFAULT STRESS:** D4**HAUNTS:**

- Malkov, angelic being exiled from Hollow who broadly understands humanoid physiology (Blood, D8)

Tower Street is entirely vertical. Houses are piled on top of one another on their sides; the stack reaches about fifteen high, with makeshift bridges and gantries strung between the side-ways doors and windows. (Tower Street occurred naturally, as part of the normal growth of Elsewhere; no-one put in the effort to build something this ridiculous.) Parts of the street no longer have light during the night, and the impoverished inhabitants cluster into makeshift dormitories when the sun sets.

THE STREET OF DOORS**DOMAINS:** Haven, Occult**DEFAULT STRESS:** D6

The Street of Doors runs through the centre of Elsewhere and boasts the largest number of stable portals to other dimensions in the city; down either side of the boulevard great arches are reinforced with the magic of the Doorkeepers and allow safe passage between worlds. As the effective "port" of Elsewhere, the Street (as it is known in the city) is a hub of activity throughout the day with travellers from Approved Realms bustling back and forth on Interdimensional business, and enthusiastic traders hawk a wide variety of garish products in an attempt to grab the attention of the wealthy crowds.

Travel isn't free, for the most part – most Doorkeepers charge a toll of some kind in exchange for using their portals, but some churches and benevolent organisations run Free Doors that allow unpaid access to Elsewhere. Usually, they'll expect you to hang around for a session of worship or to read some informative literature instead of handing over cash, so frequent travellers often prefer to use commercial routes for the sake of convenience.

FACTIONS

THE LIVING CITY

The City lives. The City speaks in doors and pathways. The City is dying.

The City Elsewhere – to use its full title – is a megaconsciousness built from the brick and mortar of Elsewhere's buildings and streets. There is no central processing network, no throne room, no oracle: it is the City and the City is it. The Cartographers' Guild (see below) make a good show of pretending to understand it, but no-one's really got a clue as to what's going on or how to interpret its unwritten, unspoken laws.

If you break the laws, one of two things happens. Most commonly, the City will lock the doors, sever the bridges, wall up the portals and cut you off from the rest of the settlement until you learn your lesson or starve to death. There are miniature jails-slash-mausoleums hidden all over the city, holding the bodies of people who thought they could run roughshod over the rules of Elsewhere. There's also a solid trade in uncovering them and selling whatever valuables the poor unfortunate had.

On occasion, if you really upset the City, it'll dispatch a Ticker to hunt you down. Tickers are boxy, spiderish automatons of brass and deep brown, almost black wood that bristle with hooks, nooses, barbs and grasping hands. They grab offenders, bundle them wriggling and screaming into their undercarriage and disappear into the backstreets, never to be seen again. Tickers are rare, but seeing one tapping down the streets sends people scurrying for cover just in case it's after them.

FALLOUT: WALLED UP. [Major, Fortune.] The City walls up the character (or characters) behind a partition and waits until they learn their lesson, break out or starve to death.

FALLOUT: TICKED OFF. [Major, Fortune] The City dispatches a Ticker to hunt you down. They have stats as per a Sourceborn Construct (*Heart*, p. 197).

In various places throughout the City, power stones are housed in underground chambers to fuel the miraculous displays of light that keep the Interstitial at bay. But as the delvers arrive on the streets of Elsewhere, they'll quickly notice that the stones are going missing and the living shadows are tearing people to shreds.

The City Elsewhere doesn't know who, or what, is taking them. Each night, more and more inhabitants are ripped from their homes and dragged into the pitchblack dark. The City has thrown open doors to a dozen dimensions in an attempt to call for help – a panicked distress signal by an alien mind.

BROADLY UNDERSTOOD LAWS OF ELSEWHERE

The inhabitants of Elsewhere have managed to intuit some rough laws of the City, but much of this is guesswork. Each time a character breaks one of these laws, they mark stress to Fortune – the more severe the crime, the bigger the stress dice. Relevant fallout includes being walled off to starve to death, or tracked down and taken by one of the Tickers.

- Don't steal anything irreplaceable.
- Don't spill blood (yours or other people's) on the city streets.
- Don't interrupt a Ticker about its business.
- Don't force pathways to dimensions – use the ones that are already open.
- Don't burn, preserve or bury the dead – leave them out on the street at night to feed the Interstitial.
- If you damage or demolish a building, create a greater work of architecture in its place.
- Leave maps unharmed. Falsifying maps counts as harm.
- Don't kill or eat anything that can speak. This includes parrots.
- Don't let a fire get out of control.

THE GUILD OF CARTOGRAPHERS

The Guild (there are no other official guilds in Elsewhere, so they often drop the “of Cartographers” part of their name) are the closest thing that Elsewhere has to a government or state religion.

These skilled or influential explorers and map-makers try to interpret the shifting patterns of Elsewhere’s topography. When new pathways open and old ones close, what does that mean? Is it possible to predict future shifts, or indeed engineer them? Is the city one big self-sustaining sigil, a powerful word older than mouths to speak it? Is there a governing consciousness behind the actions of the City, or is it all just random happenstance? There are as many schools of thought as there are Cartographers.

Maps have become semi-sacred texts. Venerated as the Word of the City, they are interpreted and re-interpreted, pored over in an attempt to wring a signal from the noise of dead-end alleys and doors to nowhere. Some people look to the Cartographers as a priest caste, and ask for their advice on appeasing the City. Although it is officially forbidden to worship it like a god, tiny cults of sacrifice arise from time to time; but none of them make much of an impact.

The chief enterprise of the Guild is to keep a catalogue of Elsewhere’s current portals to other dimensions, and control the passage between them if necessary. Some worlds are more trouble than they’re worth: the Guild has collapsed buildings on top of passages to hazardous dimensions (The Elemental Plane of Bees, for example) several times over the last decade, and rebuilt grand monuments in their place.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

- **Vess Guildsdaughter**, an ancient cartographer and a powerful force within the organisation; she wears nun-like robes augmented with complex ceremonial barometers and compasses. In the midst of public outcry, Vess is trying to cover up the theft of the power crystals whilst frantically investigating where they’ve gone.
- **Cartographer Vostyk**, who never comes out of their fully-enclosed atmosphere suit, is fascinated with the Heart. They are eager to hear stories of the place, and will reward anecdotes with a hearty meal and good beer (which they can neither eat nor drink). Vostyk is a ghost and wants to grow themselves a new body; perhaps the fleshy world of the Heart can provide answers.
- **Cartographer Hinge**, a small and tremendously precise creature, who is eager to hire people clever and violent enough to capture the Gentlemen (p. 14) and drag them back into Elsewhere for interrogation.



THE GENTLEMEN

The Gentlemen run L'Enfer Noir (*Spire*, p. 103), one of Red Row's most prestigious nightclubs and brothels. They are, officially, from Elsewhere; most people think that this is an affectation and that they're just from Nujab or somewhere similarly far off, but they're actually dimension-hopping refugees who've made a home for themselves in the undercity of Spire.

They move with precise, clockwork motions and speak in clicking voices. They favour tight-fitting suits, cut their hair short and all look exactly the same. To remedy this, they undertake extensive campaigns of tattooing on their skin, but do their best not to show outsiders any ink. It's not for them.

However: the Gentlemen are the Interstitial.

If you take an Interstitial outside of Elsewhere, they take on the characteristics of those they see around them after a few months. The Gentlemen did what they could to resemble something humanoid. They keep the club dark because they like it that way, but they revel in being able to see light (in this dimension at least).

They'd rather their true origin didn't become public knowledge, since they're doing very well for themselves in Spire. The arrival of more Interstitial on their turf is viewed in the same manner as tiresome distant cousins deciding to move into your front room. The Gentlemen view themselves as refined creatures of taste and decorum, and these parvenu shadows as boisterous upstarts who'll attract unwanted attention and want in on their schemes.

So, they arrive in Derelictus. This close to the Heart and the freshly-opened doors to Elsewhere, their human disguises start to stutter and come undone. They'll try to hide what they really are, but before long they'll have to show their hand. Displaying visible signs of distress, they contract delvers to hunt down and kill the intruding Interstitial and seal the doors shut forever.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES:

None. The Gentlemen don't have names and you can't tell them apart. They communicate with each other via a series of subvocal clicks and talk to the delvers using archaic or out-of-place language. It has been months since any of them have eaten anyone, and they're honestly quite proud of themselves.

EQUIPMENT: NIGHT-DROPS

Once you gain their trust and enter their employ, the Gentlemen will gift you a bag of night-drops. These sticky sweets have the size and heft of lead shot. They taste like anaesthetic and liquorice, and stain your teeth an unsettling black colour when eaten. Get a few inside you and you can see the Interstitial even in perfect darkness.

This is the only known way to view the Interstitial, and it is not recommended – they're horrible. Even other Interstitial don't like looking at each other. They are utterly inhuman: a tangle of ephemeral sinew and chittering teeth, a nest of flickering spindle-limbs, a quivering and obscene sense-organ protruding from the centre mass. But if you're going to hunt them down through the City Beneath, you need all the advantages you can get.

When you're dosed up on night-drops, you roll with mastery when fighting the Interstitial, but you cannot benefit from any **Mind Protection** you have access to; the drops open up dangerous parts of your consciousness.

THE VERMISSIAN COLLECTIVE

The Vermissian Collective established an embassy in Elsewhere about ten years ago, following the completion of a semi-stable connection to the plane. Elsewhere has formed a useful staging post for further expeditions, but disastrous administration policies have seen the regional branch grind into frustrating inaction.

Since the City threw open the doors to the Heart, the Collective has been overwhelmed with requests for information, employment and aid. The streets surrounding the embassy are filled with drow-friendly lodging houses, human-friendly markets and even one establishment seeking to cater exclusively to visiting aelfir (they're not doing very well). Inside the embassy itself, gangs of administrators and support staff cart requisition forms, authorisations, explorers' licenses and bribes back and forth through a suitably non-Euclidean maze of corridors and offices.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

Santos DeVire, chief administrator of the Vermissian Collective in Elsewhere, has augmented his body with technologies harvested from the cursed train network. Now outside of the Heart, his body has started to reject the implants and he's in terrible pain – but he can't show it publicly, especially with all that's going on in the city.

Florence DeVire, Santos' eldest daughter, who does all the actual work in the office. She's infuriated with her job and wants to explore other worlds, but hasn't had an opportunity to leave the city in years. She knows that someone's been stealing the power crystals and is staking out the one near the Vermissian office on her off-hours, attempting to find more.

Hester Lestrangle, military-trained Vermissian Sage turned Knight. She needs access to the rituals held by the Collective in Elsewhere so she can get through to Hollow and rip out the beating heart of a fallen angel to fuel an all-powerful train. She's running out of time and is not on speaking terms with the DeVires, so she asks the delvers for help in acquiring the rituals from the labyrinthine office.

THE HOUNDS

The Glorious 33rd are broadly united in a singular mission: seal every door to Elsewhere shut before more of the Interstitial come through and murder unsuspecting denizens of the Heart. If they happen to pop over to Elsewhere while they're closing the portals for some "reconnaissance" (maybe requisitioning some exotic trade goods from alternate universes or catching the sun for a bit), that's no bad thing.

The Hounds have set up light-traps around every door they can find, which means that a) the Interstitial can't come through and b) everyone knows where they are. But there are dozens, perhaps hundreds of other doorways open in the Heart. This stop-gap solution will only delay the inevitable: swarms of Interstitial clawing through the eternal darkness of the City Beneath, ripping the unfortunate inhabitants to shreds. As if it wasn't bad enough already down there.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

Zaghery Tran, posted to the Elsewhere door that appeared in the Temple of the Moon Beneath, wants nothing more than to go through and explore – but he is too scared. He has never seen the sky, and is quite excited to experience it.

Lieutenant Trelawney, overworked and underpaid, has been assigned the task of hunting down the heartsblood abominations that made their way through to Elsewhere as part of a diplomatic effort. They've hired a bunch of bloodthirsty cleavers to track them through the city streets, but the hunters are causing more harm than good.

Blisterspit, on-again-off-again gnoll mechanoarcarnist for the Hounds, is rigging up galvanic lights for the Hounds around some of the doors. He "found" (stole) one of the power crystals from Elsewhere; though he didn't steal the others, he might be able to share some useful information.

THE SPIRAL COUNCIL

The aelfir-run Spiral Council of the City Above has noticed the arrival of the doors, and wants to exploit them to their fullest extent. They have dispatched agents of varying expertise and sanity to secure, explore and maintain the doors. Their primary aim at present is to use Intrusion 42 (p. 18) to move troops into Nujab and, it's hoped, win the war with a surprise rearguard attack. The Cartographers aren't happy with this, but the City seems to be allowing it for now.

THE MINISTRY OF OUR HIDDEN MISTRESS

The Ministry of Our Hidden Mistress is made up of clandestine zealots oathsworn to counteract the goals of the Council by any means necessary. They have already infiltrated Elsewhere and are enacting a grand, complicated and probably doomed plan to blow up the structure housing Incursion 42.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

Francine Calash, Magister of Our Hidden Mistress, is impossibly intense and devoted to her goddess. After the cells she sent into Elsewhere got massacred by the Interstitial or Council troops, Calash comes to the delvers with an opportunity: get inside Elsewhere and destroy Incursion 42.

Astobel Light-Through-Splintered-Glass, son and chief agent of Lord Veq Light-Through-Splintered-Glass: a member of the Spiral Council and an unutterable bastard. Astobel was pulled out of a pleasure-tour of Aliquam to oversee events on behalf of the Council in Elsewhere. He can't stand the place.

UNALIGNED

Not everyone in the City Elsewhere is devoted to one of the major factions – in fact, most people aren't, and are happy to live their lives without getting too involved in the mechanics of running the place.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES

The Owners, who run the Café de L'Autre Monde (p. 10), and who must theoretically exist – but while most of the staff must have met them at some point, none of them can recall who or what the management are, what they look like, or how to unlock the massive, ominous steel door in the cellar of the Café marked “MANAGEMENT.” Someone's paying their wages, though.

Seven Devils, owner of the greatest library in Elsewhere (not counting the largely map-based repositories of the Cartographers), who has increased their capacity for retaining information by loading their brain with multicoloured, softly-humming crystals that jut out of their skull at weird angles. Seven Devils is well-liked amongst the scholars of Elsewhere, but of late they have been appearing less frequently in public and devoting their time to the study of a massive, inscrutable tome they refer to as The Catalogue.

Jinx, an air-fae, who escaped from Quinn and is helping other air-fae get out of there alive. He claims that the iron collars and helmets that the fae are forced to wear to “allow them to function in society” are tools of their oppressors, and keep them docile and easily-controlled. Jinx's magics are certainly unrestrained, and he and the rest of the Liberation Front have been forced into holding meetings in abandoned buildings where loose elemental outbursts will go, for the most part, unnoticed.

Efferrent Knox, crowbar gang leader, who's trying to unite all the gangs in his local area under a single banner – his. His gang (called the Church Street Crew) have so far absorbed three smaller operations through a mixture of violence, diplomacy, and violent diplomacy, and they're just big enough to start attracting attention from some of the larger organisations: the Crows, the Roofrunners, or the Pilgrims.

DIMENSIONAL THEORY

Dimensions are hungry, and dimensions are lonely.

Hungry, because they absorb one another. If a dimension comes close to one that's similar to it but weaker, it'll eat it – bring it inside itself, strip it for parts and incorporate any disparate elements into some kind of cohesive whole. This explains why the dimensions accessible from Elsewhere are all different from one another, and why there's no dimension where the only difference is that every-one is an inch taller: there was, but it got eaten; or it ate the other one and no-one noticed.

This is all metaphysical, of course. Dimensions don't have mouths or eyes or wants in the same way that people or animals do. Quite how one dimension can be "weaker" than another one is a matter of some contention amongst the Vermisian Collective in particular, and alternate theories postulate a singular original gigaverse which the multiverses are slowly reforming themselves into.

Dimensions are lonely because they desire company. Even though the dimensions branching off from Elsewhere are different, they all share certain similarities; there are always people, for example. Most dimensions are habitable and have breathable air (which is more than you can say for some parts of the Heart). Cause and effect work in the same way. Maths and numbers carry on regardless.

It's postulated that the dimensions arrange themselves by type. Elsewhere is plugged into something human-centric, which is why the people broadly look and act like people. There are dimensions where the entire cosmos is a single writhing musical note; or where feral numbers hold sway over entirely incomprehensible mathematics; or where there is no air or space at all, just an infinity of stone. But you can't get to them from Elsewhere. The dimensions around Elsewhere don't like them, and drive them away.

Too different, and the world is exiled; too similar, and it's consumed. The dimensions exist in a constant vampiric swirl for supremacy and com-

panionship, a dance where missing a step means total destruction. Very few of the entities inside them have any clue that it's happening at all.

MAJOR DIMENSIONAL LINKS

The following dimensions have multiple reliable access points to and from Elsewhere, and their inhabitants form the bulk of the population. The names provided are the ones used in the patois of Elsewhere; no-one thinks to name their own dimension until it's too late.

THE HEART: A messy rip in space and time beneath the city of Spire in the land of Desteria, which attracts a wide variety of dangerous lunatics looking for fortune, secrets and redemption. When the City threw open doors in a mad panic after the power crystals were stolen, it seemed to focus on getting as many doorways to and from the Heart as possible. Maybe it thinks that someone there can help. The inhabitants of Elsewhere, however, generally regard people from the Heart as obsessive weirdos.

CLOCK: A huge clock; or rather, the inside of a huge clock, telling time on a scale that the inhabitants can't comprehend. The people here don't need to eat, and instead wind up the semi-organic clockwork in their chests. Replacing parts is difficult, but organ harvesting is still prevalent throughout. They have an innate knack with machinery thanks to their biology, and are in high demand as engineers or mechanics. Many of them don't understand art; anything without function is junk to them.

HOW BIG ARE THESE DIMENSIONS?

In theory? They're infinite, just like ours. They defy understanding. However, the scope of your game probably isn't going to reach that scale. It's easiest to think of them as landmarks – each arrival point from Elsewhere forms a nexus, and from there connected areas of interest reach out.

QUINN: Some of the rocks here float in the sky. The ground roils with the sort of unstable magnetic chaos you need to keep rocks floating in the sky, so folk try to stay off it and live on the floating rocks instead. The people have wings, but they can't fly; instead, they pierce their vestigial feathered limbs with jingling chains and rings of precious metal, and recruit air-fae to build them sky-ships that sail on magnetic energy. To maintain any sort of sanity and function in society, the fae wear heavy helmets and collars of iron to dull their hypersensitivity and manias.

HOLLOW: Hollow used to be a heaven for a religion, but all the worshippers died off and now it's abandoned. It's not entirely clear what happened to the souls of the faithful, but folk from Elsewhere started moving in about fifty years ago and building settlements in the oversized halls. Every few weeks, an angel (the six wings, hundreds of eyes, fire-spirit-the-size-of-a-warehouse kind) hurtles out of the cloud layer and smashes into the ground, dead. Harvesting angelic bodies for curious meat and celestial metal is Hollow's main pastime.

INTRUSION 42: Not an alternate dimension at all, but an aelfir-made portal to the foothills of Nujab, the contested mountainous wasteland to the south of Spire where high elves send armies of indentured drow into war with the gnolls. No-one talks about what happened to Intrusions 1 through 41. So far it's proved unreliable, but aelfir planar architects believe that the recent spate of dimensional doors will make travel easier. The Ministry of Our Hidden Mistress is interested in capturing and subverting it to bring gnoll zealots in to help overthrow the Council.



MINOR DIMENSIONAL LINKS

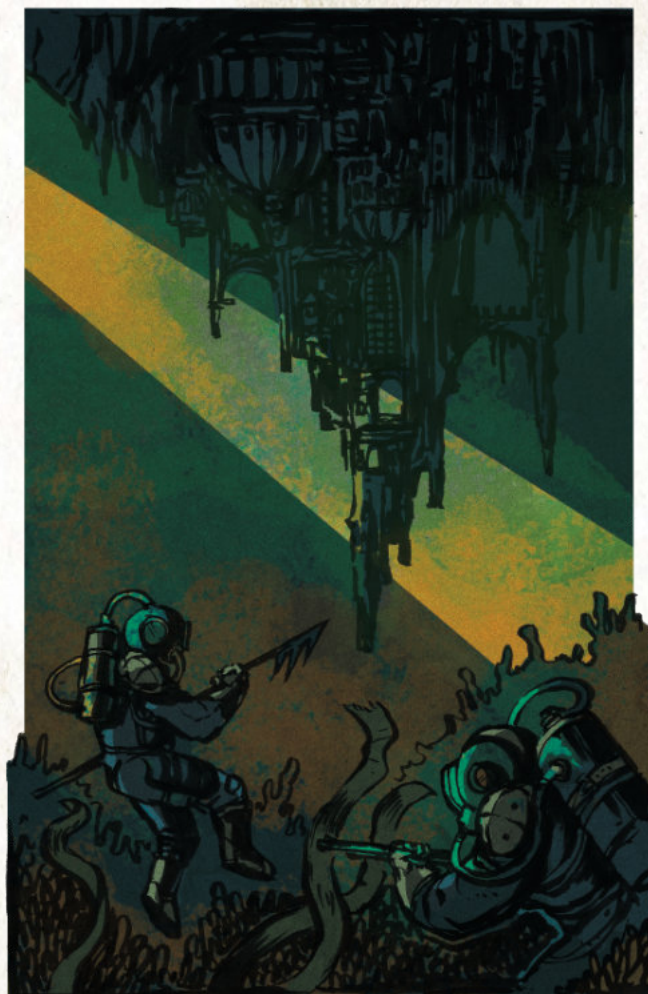
These dimensions are harder to reach, with their portals severed by the City (or the Cartographers); their inhabitants in Elsewhere are few and far between.

THE EIGHT HEAVENS: A misnomer. None of the eight are especially pleasant, except maybe the mind-numbing silver orchards of Moon Garden, but they are where souls end up after death. There are a couple of temples to religions that people from the Heart will recognise, and the priests there might know a route to the Heavens, but they'd much rather that no-one visited. You're not supposed to go to Heaven before you're dead. For more details on the Eight Heavens, see *Heart* p. 168.

THE EIGHT HELLS: Awful, terrible, very bad places to go – even worse than the Eight Heavens. You'll find the sun-baked plane of bones where the Goddess casts down heathen drow; the Dune Sea, where the ground collapses if you come within twenty feet of another wanderer; Lathirach, an endless black and storming ocean, where your loved ones and prized possessions drag your leaking boat beneath the waves; and more besides, each grim and barren in their own way. Short of rescuing someone from eternal torment, there's no reason to visit, and the Cartographers are quick to close off portals to them.

FATHOM: Lost ancestral seat of the noble dark elf house of Starys. It sunk beneath the starless sea after they were dethroned in a violent coup centuries ago. Everyone's dead here and they're really upset about it, but there are few better places to go to gather information on archaic drow etiquette (so long as you don't mind the wailing and can figure out a way to breathe underwater).

THE GREY: Detailed in *Heart* (p. 169), the Grey is a waiting room for souls to meander around in uselessly while they get the hang of being dead



and work out where they're going to spend the rest of eternity. The Grey is actively harmful to those who enter it – it wastes away their bodies, as physical forms are anathema to the place – and combined with the fact that there's nothing of value here, it's not a popular destination amongst the inhabitants of Elsewhere. There is a small collective of poets who currently visit it every other weekend to use the enervating energy of the place to inspire them to write grim, heartbreaking poetry; but given the aforementioned wasting effects, half of them are dead and the rest aren't far off either.

GRUBHOLE: A filthy dimension consisting entirely of tunnels, pits, scrubby islands and oceans of quietly drifting plastic. It's filled with rubbish, presumably from other dimensions, which has metaphysically filtered down. Lots of goblins live here.

HALCYON: Predatory dimension that eats people to survive; similar to **LAST ORDERS** (*Heart*, p. 153) but much bigger. It looks beautiful: lots of gently-waving grass, trees heavy with fruit, jaunty animals that scamper up to say hello and so on, but everything is part of the same super-dimensional entity. Before long the grass cuts you to ribbons, the fruit comes alive in your hands to melt your face off and the animals drag you back to be eaten by a hideous pit-like mouth hidden behind a hill.

HELIOS: It is theorised that Helios is the ur-sun from which all other suns are derived; that there is no such thing as a sun, and instead the skies above the worlds are lit by perpetual portals to this great realm of eternal fire. Given the impersonal nature of a great realm of eternal fire, and the prevalence of sun-worship throughout many different dimensions, Heliocentrism has been outlawed as heresy (or at least branded unfashionable) in over seven of them.

IMMORTAL QU: A mad, spiralling palace dimension built by an ancient Sorcerer King as a gift for a beloved concubine; unlike many naturally-occurring dimensions, Qu is bodged together out of spare parts by a bunch of absolute cowboys. Behind the facade of gold and ivory, the walls are dreamstuff and gritty, loose magic; the scenes viewed out of the windows are low-resolution and loop unconvincingly; even the lighting in some of the rooms is painted-on and non-dynamic. When it was built it was certainly impressive to the untrained eye (and few are trained in the creation of dimensions) but, centuries on, the magic has started to break down and unknowable voids – the metaphysical equivalent of mould – have started to appear in the lower chambers.

THE PLACE WHERE CATS GO WHEN NO-ONE'S WATCHING: Non-cats are not allowed here in this perpetual twilight maze of rooftops, alleys, airing cupboards, bins with fish in, patches of sunlight, unattended dinners and windowbox catnip gardens. It is believed that to cats, this is heaven – and they all have access from birth, as long as no-one's watching them, which explains why they all act like such utter bastards until they die. Non-cats who attempt to access this place find the place collapsing beneath their feet, pitching them headlong into filthy, stagnant canal water that sloshes thickly beneath the realm's surface layer.

THE RED KINGDOM: A realm of infinite golden splendour created and ruled over by the Red King, an interdimensional force of flame and greed beyond measure. Quite literally everyone who's visited has been instantly annihilated by a white-hot gout of flame, so the Cartographers do their best to collapse doorways before any desperate people go looking for treasure. There are a few kobolds in Elsewhere (mainly engineers and jewellers) who claim to be from the Red Kingdom; but seeing as kobolds are renowned liars, they're probably just trying to impress everyone.

THE SKY COURT: Half-fae, half-air elemental, the inhabitants of this place are wracked with constant overstimulation as punishment for a crime committed long ago. They are unable to remember the past and can't imagine a future different to the present, so they live in a perpetual whirl of colour, drugs, discordant music, flashing lights and elaborate erotic pantomime. Junk Mages can (and do) siphon power from the Sky Court, but few relish the idea of visiting for more than a single night.

THE SS FREEBIRD: Within dimensions, there are always those who have the trick of walking between them; and when those dimensions collapse or are consumed, they are the only survivors. The Freebird is, technically, a ship – it floats on waves of aether between realities and is powered by unearthly winds, strange science and ancient magic. Inside are a collection of shamans, magi, fringe scientists, ex-priests and the sort of occult weirdos who take enough drugs to slip between dimensions, and they're all the last survivors of their home realms. These immensely powerful entities have teamed up to build, maintain and upgrade the Freebird; they spend the rest of their time landing in other dimensions, getting drunk and telling made-up stories of their own exploits to the populace, and knocking up locals to create a potential legion of legendarily powerful scions with abandonment issues.

UNCLOCK: The inverse of **CLOCK** (see above): a huge machine that generates time rather than measuring it, and portions it out to other universes. Most inhabitants of Clock view Unclock as repulsive anathema for reasons that outsiders can't quite understand.

THE WORLD-EATER WYRM: A predator so large that it ran out of prey and, instead, decided to eat dimensions; it is now treated as its own realm, but one that only exists while it is consuming others. Its body is made of tectonic plates that shift and creak as the thing moves, and the lightning-filled sky visible above it appears to be part of the creature itself.

Thankfully, there are infinite dimensions, so it is unlikely that the Wyrms' hunger will cause the inhabitants of Elsewhere any problems – but just in case, there is a permanent ban on even speaking the creature's name within the city limits. This has led to great enthusiasm for the World-Eater Wyrms in general, and there are several cults devoted to summoning a portal to it so that it might eat Elsewhere and allow it to move on to its next state of being. None have succeeded – partially because the spells to open a portal are so rare, and partially because the World-Eater Wyrms are so legendarily stupid that you can't communicate with it even if you tried.

OTHER DIMENSIONS

The worlds listed here are, as with everything in Heart, more inspiration than fact. You can create your own planes of existence, or even steal them from other games, and put them into Elsewhere. (We can't do the second one ourselves for copyright reasons.)

BEATS AND MINOR ADVANCES

The below advances allow players to customise their characters with magical tricks or mundane specialities to represent the time they've spent in the City Elsewhere. If a starting character chooses one of these advances, they've been to Elsewhere before. Maybe they were born there and left the city long ago, or maybe they visited a few times but lost the trick of opening the door.

If a player wants to assign a non-standard ancestry to their character (i.e. not drow, human, aelfir or gnoll), discuss it with them beforehand and be wary. Heart is a game about humanity in the face of inhumanity; if you're playing a robot powered by songs or a school of fish in an ambulatory bowl, it can lessen the emotional impact.

SPEAK: You are well-versed in many forms of language, and also the convoluted pidgin they speak in Elsewhere. Gain the **Compel** skill. You are considered to speak the same language as anyone you meet in Elsewhere; if you don't, you can muddle through with gestures and sketches.

WARD: You know the trick of sealing a door shut. Gain the **Occult** domain. Once per session, you can seal a portal to an alternate dimension for a full hour. Nothing short of a trained Cartographer could open it up, and they'd have difficulty doing so even with proper equipment.

BURN: You can squeeze more power out of a light source at the cost of its longevity. Gain the **Haven** domain. Mark D6 stress to **Supplies** to supercharge a light source you're holding. This removes any Interstitial-specific fallout (see p. 6) and you can use it as a (Kill D4, Ranged, Piercing) weapon against them.

BRIDGE: You can summon bridges. Roll **Mend+Occult** to cast this spell. On a success, you draw forth a bridge from your surroundings to cross a gap roughly the width of a city street. The bridge is temporary (it starts crumbling the second you create it) and can only support the weight of about three people at a time. You can dismiss the bridge at will.

ELSEWHERE BEATS

If you're playing a game of Heart using the material in this book, you have the option to use the following beats – available to characters of any calling – if the GM allows it. While these aren't devoted to the same kind of introspective tragedy and hubris that the normal beats are, they should give you some tools to explore the City Elsewhere and be rewarded for doing so.

MINOR

- ☐ Buy a decent crowbar in Crowdsallow Market.
- ☐ Become embroiled in intrigue at Café de L'Autre Monde.
- ☐ Survive a night on the dark streets of Elsewhere.
- ☐ Draw the attention of a powerful confidant.
- ☐ Agree to explore Elsewhere on behalf of one of the factions.
- ☐ Draw the attention of a Ticker.
- ☐ Make friends with a stranger in Elsewhere.
- ☐ Chase someone crucial to your investigation across a series of treacherous rooftops.
- ☐ Flee overwhelming force by slipping into another dimension (or more than one).
- ☐ Kill an Interstitial.
- ☐ Acquire an Exploration License from the Vermissian Collective in Elsewhere.
- ☐ Secure translation services for you and your allies.

MAJOR

- ☐ Discover who's been stealing the power crystals.
- ☐ Interact directly with a power crystal and bring it back to its housing within the City.
- ☐ Defend Sanctuary from a swarm of Interstitial.
- ☐ Become trapped in a foreign dimension after passing through Elsewhere.
- ☐ Access a door to a forbidden dimension that you believe holds the answers you need.
- ☐ Set up a functioning business within the limits of Elsewhere.

ZENITH

- ☐ Seize the power crystals and siphon off their power for your own ends.
- ☐ Seal off Elsewhere forever.

RUNNING DOORS TO ELSEWHERE

What follows are a few tips on running games of *Heart* using this book, in no particular order:

You'll have noticed that the tone in Elsewhere is notably different from that in the Heart – while shadowy, alien killers swarm through the streets after dark, during the day it's actually quite a nice place to spend an afternoon compared to the cramped, often hostile environment of the City Beneath. The stable portals to other worlds allow the inhabitants to buy and sell a vast array of goods, and most anything the delvers can dream of will be on sale somewhere in the City. There's sunlight and plumbing and affordable luxury, and what's more, everyone here looks so weird that the average delver won't stick out in a crowd. Don't be afraid to let characters enjoy themselves – not everything has to be a grim spectacle for them to endure. Elsewhere during the daytime is the closest thing any of them are ever going to get to a holiday.

Elsewhere at night is a delve. Getting anywhere through the streets is costly, exhausting, dangerous and frightening – and people aren't keen to throw open their doors to provide sanctuary when a single second without power could doom them and their loved ones.

We've drawn extensively on 1900's Paris for inspiration when creating Elsewhere, so you should too.

We didn't put in a solid answer to who's stealing the power crystals because that's not how we run games – but maybe you don't work like that. Feel free to establish a few interested power blocs from the start and have them act appropriately.

Remember: you're making this up as you go along, so whatever the players do, it leads them towards the mystery of the stolen crystals. Do they decide to go bar-hopping? As the sun goes down, the bar kicks them out for the night and they realise that the district they're in is without power. Every NPC they talk to has an opinion on the matter, and maybe a hand in the conspiracy – everyone knows more than they're letting on.

It's entirely possible that the player characters will see Elsewhere, pop their heads through the door, decide that they don't feel like saving a multiverse and carry on with their lives in the City Beneath. It's up to you to decide how hard to push it – maybe the players aren't especially interested in the City, and that's okay. But if you need motivation for them to seek out Doors and start solving problems, the Interstitial are hungry, and will swarm over the lightless environs of the Heart almost entirely unopposed. They can only be fought back for so long; someone's going to have to do something.

It's not worth trying to describe every single unusual person that the delvers clap eyes on – the players are going to become immune to novelty pretty quickly. Instead, every time they travel to a new part of the city, work out what most people look like here and go with that. You can always throw in the occasional off-the-wall character to spice things up.

Don't go too wild with the additional dimensions – the more you use, the less impressive they'll become. Pick out a handful that interest you (a couple of major links and a couple of minor ones) and let them define your version of Elsewhere, much in the same way you'd not try to use every single landmark in one campaign of Heart.

ELSEWHERE RANDOM TABLES

THE STREETS ARE...

1. Frantic, with people shouting over one another
2. Placid, with willow trees growing down into ponds
3. Busy, with gantries and bridges criss-crossing the alleyways
4. Sombre, with murals to the dead painted on the walls
5. Tense, with the impression that a fight is about to break out
6. Loud, with a festival attended by people in brightly-coloured clothing
7. Hurried, with people packing up their things and rushing home
8. Tight, with the top storeys of buildings almost touching each other
9. Smoky, with the smell of roast meat from a huge bird
10. Decorated, with black wrought-iron and fresh white paint

THIS PORTAL IS...

1. A tiny red door in a wall that you'll need to squeeze through
2. A great gate guarded by armoured Cartographers
3. Under the roots of a tree growing in a plaza; accessible only when the tree is blossoming
4. A suspicious-looking hole in a basement beneath a grotty pub
5. A bridge that seems to stop in mid-air
6. A spiral staircase that you have to walk down for a full fifteen minutes
7. A half-glimpsed mirage through the smoke of the market
8. Thronged with excited onlookers waiting for something to happen
9. In a treasure chest in the back room of a shop
10. Accessed by swimming down a weirdly deep fountain
11. Adorned with tokens of passage from generations of dimension-walkers
12. A jarring hole between two realities hanging in the air

THIS DISTRICT IS FAMOUS FOR...

1. Glassware in garish colours and elaborate patterns
2. The finest locks in all of Elsewhere
3. Inns, bars and hostels
4. Pigs, both in the streets and sold as food
5. Perfumeries and distillers
6. Clockwork and steam-powered machinery
7. Brothels, gambling halls and theatres
8. Churches to a dozen gods
9. "Bloodless" weapon shops
10. Schools and universities
11. Fountains, statues and public art
12. Lightbulb manufacturing

THE MOST INTERESTING THING HERE IS...

1. Flocks of birds on every surface; feathers collect in the corners of buildings
2. Little wooden shrine filled with free, contradictory books on religious philosophy
3. Street preacher espousing marriage to The City as the only path to a good life
4. Freelance soldier offering violence that side-steps breaking the laws of Elsewhere
5. Talking dog, kind of offended that you think he's strange; he's just getting on with his day
6. Pair of Cartographers arguing over who found a newly-discovered portal first
7. Temperamental portal to a plane of eternal ice being used to refrigerate fresh meat
8. Memory-wiping booth with reasonable rates
9. Bird-seller tied to her wares with chains and string
10. Air-fae anti-exploitation league meeting
11. A group of people armed with crowbars are levering open a sealed-up room after the City trapped someone in there for their crimes – maybe they're still alive?
12. Orrery-style, fountain-sized rotating map of the city, attended to by aged Cartographers

THE CITY ELSEWHERE ABHORS SPILT BLOOD, SO THIS GUY'S GOT A...

1. Knotted rope with lead weights woven into the strands
2. Red-hot spike that cauterises wounds
3. Slim garotte cord attached to embossed silver rings
4. Wide-headed crossbow bolts that leave contusions
5. Weighted net and club
6. Arrow with (non-aerodynamic) moss around the tip that absorbs blood
7. Gun, but using scrying magic, he puts down a tarpaulin exactly where he's going to shoot you
8. Double-handed club with all edges sanded down
9. Ampoule that magically floods the target's blood with seawater
10. Vial of acid (frowned upon even by most crowbar gangs)
11. Bottle of stinking glue that restrains and nauseates targets
12. Trained dog (technically the dog incurs the punishment for spilling blood, not him)
13. Heirloom crowbar
14. Chain – the longer the chain, the bigger the status symbol
15. Specialised grappling and chokehold combat style
16. Inconspicuous-looking work tools
17. Half-brick in a sock
18. Neural scrambler (looks like a cross between a shotgun and a coffee machine)
19. Horseshoe tied to a rope, whipped around the head
20. Poison dart blow-gun he's not confident about using

THIS PERSON IS...

1. An air-fae in a heavy iron helmet and neck brace
2. A pale-skinned, mute and luminescent moon elf
3. Some sort of whalebone construct wearing an enormous bustle
4. Partially robotic, kind of ashamed (don't draw attention to it)
5. An undying aelfir deadwalker, exiled from heaven
6. A dog-headed priest of the Smiling God of Ill-Fortune
7. Four fat identical crows who take turns talking
8. A hollowboned magpie-man
9. A burned and scarred emissary of the Red King, desperate to escape his bonds
10. A pressurised suit filled with a paranoid, apologetic, sentient virus
11. Wearing a VR helmet, convinced this is a simulation; might be right
12. A beautiful ghost, accompanied by zealous lovers that she occasionally possesses
13. An emaciated scholar riddled with crystalline Intelligence Shards, barely conscious
14. Burdened with non-functional but heavy wings growing from their shoulders
15. A backwater druid who can't get home but is enjoying electricity and running water
16. A terribly serious talking astrolabe who travels via courier service
17. A cursed and intelligent sword; has a different owner each time you meet them
18. Wearing a portable galvanic device that puts a spotlight on them at all times
19. Several paintings on display in a village square
20. Made of living glass that creaks and reverberates as they move

THE MOST IMPORTANT MINOR ORGANISATION HERE IS...

1. The Corpsemens' Collective
2. The Doorkeepers
3. Trimmer & Sons Occult Masonry and Landscaping
4. The Informed, a sect of unsleeping numerological conspiracy theorists
5. Mistress Godswear, a butcher and cook, and her many sons and nephews
6. Mind-linked Communist Prosperity Hive
7. The Skulls, a crowbar gang who wear bird skulls on their bodies
8. The Church of The Forbidden Colour
9. Non-Denominational Holistic Wellness Initiative
10. Lycanthropes' Association

THIS PERSON WANTS...

1. To get back to their home dimension, but travel there is currently illegal
2. To find a place to stay out of the dark tonight
3. To hear stories about the Heart
4. To offload some dubious trade goods
5. To hire protection so they can navigate a dangerous part of town
6. To sleep with you
7. To help you, adventurers from another dimension, solve the mystery of the missing crystals
8. To birdwatch in peace, but folk keep disturbing the birds
9. To walk their dog without it running off and eating unattended meat
10. To get back into their apartment after the City sealed up the entrance
11. Fuel for their malfunctioning generator before night falls
12. To sneak into a private member's club
13. To join a notorious crowbar gang by proving their loyalty
14. Four drinks and a decent fight
15. Another vial of vulperine tincture
16. To perform their daily roof-running observances, as their god demands
17. To bloodlessly assassinate their target, but now here you are, asking questions
18. You to pay them to use their off-the-books dimensional door, strictly hush-hush though
19. To run the operation they're part of, but they can't get the leverage they need
20. To paint you in a piece of art they're sure will be talked about for generations to come



DOORS TO ELSEWHERE

THE CITY LIVES.

THE CITY SPEAKS IN DOORS AND PATHWAYS.

THE CITY IS DYING.

As dozens of doors to a strange land between dimensions begin to open throughout the Heart, the delvers step through to find the city of Elsewhere in turmoil. The lights which keep them safe are going out one by one. An ocean of vicious darkness roils at the edge of Elsewhere and seeps through to the City Beneath.

Will the delvers save this nexus of worlds?

This is a scenario supplement for *Heart: the City Beneath*. A copy of the core rulebook is required to play.

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