

ABOLETH

of the Lower Depths [DW 297, 229]

Intelligent ~ Group ~ Huge

HP: 18

Tentacle (d10+3 damage)
Reach

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| Qualities | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Telepathy | Moves | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Invade a mind |
| Instinct | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• To command | | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Turn minions on them• Put a plan in motion |

Deep below the surface of the world, in freshwater seas untouched by the sun, dwell the aboleth. Fish the size of whales, with strange growths of gelatinous feelers used to probe the lightless shores. They're served by slaves: blind albino victims of any race unfortunate enough to stumble on them, drained of thought and life by the powers of the aboleth's alien mind. In the depths they plot against each other, fishy cultists building and digging upward towards the surface until someday, they'll breach it. For now, they sleep and dream and guide their pallid minions to do their bidding.

APOCALYPSE DRAGON

of the Lower Depths [DW 297, 229]

Divine, Magical ~ Solitary ~ Huge

HP: 26

Armor: 5

Bite (b[2d12]+9 damage, 4 piercing)
Forceful, Messy ~ Reach

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| Qualities | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Inch-thick metal hide• Supernatural knowledge• Wings | Moves | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Set a disaster in motion• Breathe forth the elements• Act with perfect foresight |
| Instinct | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• To end the world | | |

The end of all things shall be a burning—of tree and earth and of the air itself. It shall come upon the plains and mountains not from beyond this world but from within it. Birthed from the womb of deepest earth shall come the Dragon that Will End the World. In its passing all will become ash and bile and the Dungeon World a dying thing will drift through planar space devoid of life. They say to worship the Apocalypse Dragon is to invite madness. They say to love it is to know oblivion. The awakening is coming.

CHAOS SPAWN

of the Lower Depths [DW 298, 229]

Amorphous ~ Solitary

HP: 19

Armor: 1

Chaotic touch (d10 damage)
Close, Reach

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| Qualities | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Chaos form | Moves | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Rewrite reality |
| Instinct | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• To undermine the established order | | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Unleash chaos from containment |

Driven from the city, a cultist finds sanctuary in towns and villages. Discovered there, he flees to the hills and scratches his devotion on the cave walls. Found out again, he is chased with knife and torch into the depths, crawling deeper and deeper until, in the deepest places, he loses his way. First, he forgets his name. Then he forgets his shape. His chaos gods, most beloved, bless him with a new one.

CHUUL

of the Lower Depths [DW 298, 229]

Cautious ~ Group ~ Large

HP: 10

Armor: 4

Claws (d8+1 damage, 3 piercing)
Messy ~ Close, Reach

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|------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Qualities | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Amphibious | Moves | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Split something in two with mighty claws |
| Instinct | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• To split | | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Retreat into water |

Your worst seafood nightmare come to life. A vicious sort of half-man half-crawdad, cursed with primal intelligence and blessed with a pair of razor-sharp claws. Strange things lurk in the stinking pools in caverns best forgotten and the chuul is one of them. If you spot one, your best hope is a heavy mace to crack its shell and maybe a little garlic butter. Mmmm.

DEEP ELF ASSASSIN

of the Lower Depths [DW 299, 229]

Intelligent, Organized ~ Group

HP: 6

Armor: 1

Poisoned blade (d8 damage, 1 piercing)

Close

- Instinct

- To spite the surface races

Moves

- Poison them
 - Unleash an ancient spell
 - Call reinforcements

It was not so simple a thing as a war over religion or territory. No disagreement of queens led to the great sundering of the elves. It was sadness. It was the very diminishing of the world by the lesser races. The glory of all the elves had built was cracking and turning to glass. Some, then, chose to separate themselves from the world; wracked with tears they turned their backs on men and dwarves. There were others, though, that were overcome with something new. A feeling no elf had felt before. Spite. Hatred filled these elves and twisted them and they turned on their weaker cousins. Some still remain after the great exodus below. Some hide amongst us with spider-poisoned blades, meting out that strangest of punishments: elven vengeance.

DEEP ELF SWORDMASTER

of the Lower Depths [DW 299, 229]

Intelligent, Organized ~ Group

HP: 6

Armor: 2

Barbed blade (b[2d8]+2 damage, 1 piercing)

Close

- Instinct

- To punish unbelievers

Moves

- Inflict pain beyond measure
 - Use the dark to advantage

The deep elves lost the sweetness and gentle peace of their bright cousins ages ago, but they did not abandon grace. They move with a swiftness and beauty that would bring a tear to any warrior's eye. In the dark, they've practiced. A cruelty has infested their swordsmanship—a wickedness comes to the fore. Barbed blades and whips replace the shining pennant-spears of elven battles on the surface. The swordmasters of the deep elf clans do not merely seek to kill, but to punish with every stroke of their blades. Wickedness and pain are their currency.

DEEP ELF PRIEST

of the Lower Depths [DW 300, 229]

Divine, Intelligent, Organized ~ Solitary

HP: 14

Smite (d10+2 damage)

Close, Reach

- Qualities

- Divine connection

Moves

- Weave spells of hatred and malice
 - Rally the deep elves
 - Pass on divine knowledge

Instinct

- To pass on divine vengeance

The spirits of the trees and the lady sunlight are far, far from home in the depths where the deep elves dwell. New gods were found there, waiting for their children to come home. Gods of the spiders, the fungal forests, and things that whisper in the forbidden caves. The deep elves, ever attuned to the world around them, listened with hateful intent to their new gods and found a new source of power. Hate calls to hate and grim alliances were made. Even among these spiteful ranks, piety finds a way to express itself.

DRAGON

of the Lower Depths [DW 300, 229]

Cautious, Hoarder, Terrifying ~ Solitary ~ Huge

HP: 16

Armor: 5

Bite (b[2d12]+5 damage, 4 piercing)

Messy ~ Reach

- Qualities

- Elemental blood
 - Wings

Moves

- Bend an element to its will
 - Demand tribute
 - Act with disdain

Instinct

- To rule

They are the greatest and most terrible things this world will ever have to offer.

GRAY RENDER

of the Lower Depths [DW 301, 229]

Solitary ~ Large

HP: 16

Armor: 1

Rending claws (d10+3 damage, 3 piercing)

Forceful ~ Close, Reach

Instinct

- To serve

Moves

- Tear something apart

On its own, the render is a force of utter destruction. Huge and leathery, with a maw of unbreakable teeth and claws to match, the render seems to enjoy little more than tearing things apart. Stone, flesh, or steel, it matters little. However, the gray render is so rarely found alone. They bond with other creatures. Some at birth, others as fully-grown creatures, and a gray render will follow their bonded master wherever they go, bringing them offerings of meat and protecting them while they sleep. Finding an un-bonded render means certain riches, if you survive to sell it.

MAGMIN

of the Lower Depths [DW 301, 229]

Hoarder, Intelligent, Organized ~ Horde

HP: 7

Armor: 4

Flaming hammer (d6+2 damage)

Close, Reach

Qualities

- Fiery blood

Moves

- Offer a trade or deal
- Strike with fire or magic
- Provide just the right item, at a price

Instinct

- To craft

Dwarf-shaped and industrious, the magmin are among the deepest-dwellers of Dungeon World. Found in cities of brass and obsidian built nearest the molten core of the planet, the magmin live a life devoted to craft—especially that of fire and magical items related to it. Surly and strange, they do not often deign to speak to petitioners who appear at their gates, even those who have somehow found a way to survive the hellish heat. Even so, they respect little more than a finely made item and to learn to forge from a magmin craftsman means unlocking secrets unknown to surface blacksmiths. Like so much else, visiting the magmin is a game of risk and reward.

MINOTAUR

of the Lower Depths [DW 302, 229]

Solitary ~ Large

HP: 16

Armor: 1

Axe (d10+1 damage)

Close, Reach

Qualities

- Unerring sense of direction

Moves

- Confuse them
- Make them lost

Instinct

- To contain

“Head of a man, body of a bull. No, wait, I’ve got that backwards. It’s the bull’s head and the man’s body. Hooves sometimes? Is that right? I remember the old king said something about a maze? Blast! You know I can’t think under this kind of pressure. What was that? Oh gods, I think it’s coming…”

NAGA

of the Lower Depths [DW 302, 229]

Hoarder, Intelligent, Magical, Organized ~ Solitary

HP: 12

Armor: 2

Bite (d10 damage)

Close, Reach

Instinct

- To lead

Moves

- Send a follower to their death
- Use old magic
- Offer a deal or bargain

Ambitious and territorial above nearly all else, the naga are very rarely found without a well-formed and insidious cult of followers. You’ll see it in many mountain towns—a snake sigil scrawled on a tavern wall or a local church burned to the ground. People going missing in the mines. Men and women wearing the mark of the serpent. At the core of it all lies a naga: an old race now fallen into obscurity, still preening with the head of a man over its coiled, serpent body. Variations of these creatures exist depending on their bloodline and original purpose, but they are all master manipulators and magical forces to be reckoned with.

SALAMANDER

of the Lower Depths [DW 303, 229]

Intelligent, Organized, Planar ~ Horde ~ Large

HP: 7

Armor: 3

Flaming spear (b[2d6]+3 damage)

Close, Reach, Near

Qualities

- Burrowing

Moves

- Summon elemental fire

Instinct

- To consume in flame

- Melt away deception

“The excavation uncovered what the reports called a basalt gate. Black stone carved with molten runes. When they dug it up, the magi declared it inert but further evidence indicates that was an incorrect claim. The entire team went missing. When we arrived, the gate was glowing. Its light filled the whole cavern. We could see from the entrance that the area had become full of these creatures—like men with red and orange skin, tall as an ogre but with a snake’s tail where their legs ought to be. They were clothed, too—some had black glass armor. They spoke to each other in a tongue that sounded like grease in a fire. I wanted to leave but the sergeant wouldn’t listen. You’ve already read what happened next, sir. I know I’m the only one that got back, but what I said is true. The gate is open, now. This is just the beginning!”