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hp: 10 armor: 3	

Ankheg	Cave Dweller <sup>1</sup>
<p>Group, Large Burrowing</p> <p>A hide like plate armor and great crushing mandibles are problematic. A stomach full of acid that can burn a hole through a stone wall makes them all the worse. They'd be bad enough if they were proper insect-sized, but these things have the gall to be as long as any given horse. It's just not natural! Good thing they tend to stick to one place? Easy for you to say-you don't have an ankheg living under your corn field.</p>	
hp: 7 armor: 1	

Cave Rat	Cave Dweller <sup>2</sup>
<p>Horde, Small</p> <p>Who hasn't seen a rat before? It's like that, but nasty and big and not afraid of you anymore. Maybe this one was a cousin to that one you caught in a trap or the one you killed with a knife in that filthy tavern in Darrow. Maybe he's looking for a little ratty revenge.</p>	
hp: 16 armor: 2	

Bakunawa	Denizens of the
<p>Solitary, Large, Intelligent, Messy, Forceful Amphibious</p> <p>Dragon-Turtle's sister is a mighty serpent queen. Ten yards of scales and muscle, they say she wakes with a hunger when the sun disappears from the sky. She is attracted by bright light in the darkness and like any snake, the Bakunawa is sneaky. She will seek first to beguile and mislead and will only strike out with violence when no other option is available. When she does, though, her jaws are strong enough to crack the hull of any swamp-boat and certainly enough to slice through a steel breastplate or two. Give the greedy snake your treasures and she might just leave you alone.</p>	
hp: 12 armor: 2	

Basilisk	Denizens of the
<p>Solitary, Hoarder</p> <p>"Few have seen a basilisk and lived to tell the tale. Get it? Seen a basilisk? Little bit of basilisk humor there. Sorry, I know you're looking for something helpful, sirs. Serious stuff, I understand. The basilisk, even without its ability to turn your flesh to stone with a gaze, is a dangerous creature. A bit like a frog, bulbous eyes and six muscled legs built for leaping. A bit like an alligator, with snapping jaws and sawing teeth. Covered in stony scales and very hard to kill. Best avoided, if possible."</p>	
hp: 3 armor: 1	

Adventurer	Folk of the Realm <sup>41</sup>
<p>Horde, Intelligent Endless enthusiasm</p> <p>"Scum of the earth, they are. A troupe of armored men and women come sauntering into town, brandishing what, for all intents and purposes, is enough magical and mundane power to level the whole place. Bringing with them bags and bags of loot, still dripping blood from whatever poor sod they had to kill to get it. An economical fiasco waiting to happen, if you ask me. The whole system becomes completely uprooted. Dangerous, unpredictable murder-hobos. Oh, wait, you're an adventurer? I take it all back."</p>	
hp: 3 armor: 1	

Bandit	Folk of the Realm <sup>42</sup>
<p>Horde, Intelligent, Organized</p> <p>Desperation is the watchword of banditry. When times are tough, what else is there to do but scavenge a weapon and take up with a clan of nasty men and women? Highway robbery, poaching, scams and cons and murder most foul but we've all got to eat so who can blame them? Then again, there's evil in the hearts of some and who's to say that desperation isn't a need to sate one's baser lusts? Anyway-it's this or starve, sometimes.</p>	
hp: 20 armor: 1	

Abomination	Legions of the Undead <sup>58</sup>
<p>Solitary, Large, Construct, Terrifying Many limbs, heads, and so on</p> <p>Corpses sewn onto corpses make up the bulk of these shambling masses of dark magic. Most undead are crafted to be controlled-made to serve some purpose like building a tower or serving as guardians. Not so the abomination. The last aspect of the ritual used to grant fire to their hellish limbs invokes a hatred so severe that the abomination knows but one task: to tear and rend at the very thing it cannot have-life. Many students of the black arts learn to their mortal dismay the most important fact about these hulks; an abomination knows no master.</p>	
hp: 20 armor: 1	

Banshee	Legions of the Undead 59
<b>Solitary, Magical, Intelligent</b> Insubstantial	
<p>Come away from an encounter with one of these vengeful spirits merely deaf and count yourself lucky for the rest of your peaceful, silent days. Often mistaken at first glance for a ghost or wandering spirit, the banshee reveals a far more deadly talent for sonic assault when angered. And her anger comes easy. A victim of betrayal (often by a loved one) the banshee makes known her displeasure with a roar or scream that can putrefy flesh and rend the senses. If you can help her get her vengeance, they say she might grant rewards. Whether the affection of a spurned spirit is a thing you'd want, well, that's another question.</p>	
hp: 18 armor: 4	

Angel	Planar Powers 79
<b>Solitary, Terrifying, Divine, Intelligent, Organized</b> Wings	
<p>"So was it written that the heavens opened up to Avra'hal and did an angel from the clouds emerge to speak unto her and so did it appear to her as her firstborn daughter-beautiful, of ebon skin and golden eyes-and did Avra'hal weep to see it. 'Be not afraid,' it commanded her. 'Go to the villages I have shown you in your dreams and unto them show the word I have written on your soul.' Avra'hal wept and wept and did agree to do this and did take up her sword and tome and did into the villages go, a great thirst for blood on her lips for the word the angel wrote upon the soul of Avra'hal was 'kill'."</p>	
hp: 16 armor: 3	

Barbed Devil	Planar Powers 80
<b>Solitary, Large, Planar, Terrifying</b> Spines	
<p>There are a thousand forms of devil, maybe more. Some common and some unique. Each time the Inquisitors discover a new one they write it into the Tormentors Codex and the knowledge is shared among the abbeys in the hope that atrocities of that particular sort won't find their way into the world again. The barbed devil has long been known to the brothers and sisters of the Inquisition. It appears only at a site of great violence or when called by a wayward summoner. Covered in sharp quills, this particular demon revels in the spilling of blood, preferably by impaling victims piecemeal or in whole upon its thorns and letting them die there. Cruel but not particularly effective beyond slaughter. A low inquisitorial priority.</p>	
hp: 7 armor: 3	

Formian Centurion	Ravenous Hordes 90
<b>Horde, Intelligent, Organized</b> Hive connection, Insectoid, Wings	
<p>Whether in the form of a legionnaire, part of the formian standing army, or as a praetorian guard to the queen, every formian hive contains a great number of these most dangerous insectoids. Darker in carapace, often scarred with furrows and the ceremonial markings that set them apart from their drones, the formian centurions are their fighting force and rightly so. Born, bred and living for the singular purpose of killing the enemies of their hive, they fight with one mind and a hundred swords. Thus far, the powers of Law have seen fit to spare mankind a great war with these creatures, but we've seen them in skirmish-descending sometimes on border towns with their wings flickering in the heat or spilling up from a sandy mound to wipe clean a newly-dug mine. Theirs is an orderly bloodshed, committed with no pleasure but the completion of a goal.</p>	
hp: 7 armor: 4	

Formian Drone	Ravenous Hordes 91
<b>Horde, Organized, Cautious</b> Hive connection, Insectoid	
<p>With good cause, they say that these creatures (like all insects, really) are claimed by the powers of Law. They are order made flesh-a perfectly stratified society in which every larva, hatchling and adult knows its place in the great hive. The formian is some strange intersection of men and ants. (Though there are winged tribes that look like wasps out in the Western Desert, I've heard. And some with great sawtooth arms like mantids in the forests of the east.) Tall, with a hard shell and a harder mind, these particular formians are the bottom caste. They work the hills and honeycombs with single-minded joy that can be known only by such an alien mind.</p>	
hp: 15 armor: 1	

Assassin Vine	The Dark Woods 109
<b>Solitary, Stealthy, Amorphous</b> Plant	
<p>Among the animals there exists a clear division 'tween hunter and hunted. All it takes is a glance to know-by fangs and glowing eyes or claws or venomous sting-which of the creatures of this world are meant to kill and which stand to be killed. Such a split, if you have the eyes to see it, cuts the world of leaves and flowers in twain, as well. Druids in their forest circles know it. Rangers, too, might spot such a plant before it's too late. Lay folk, though, they wander where they oughtn't-paths into the deep woods covered in creeping vines and with a snap, these hungry ropes snap tight, dragging their meaty prey into the underbrush. Mind your feet, traveller.</p>	
hp: 6 armor: 4	

Blink Dog	The Dark Woods 110
<b>Group, Small, Magical, Organized</b> Illusion	
<p>Now you see it, now you don't. Hounds once owned by a sorcerer lord and imbued with a kind of illusory cloak, they escaped into the woods around his lair and began to breed with wolves and wild dogs of the forest. You can spot them, if you're lucky, by the glittering silver of their coats and their strange, ululating howls. They have a remarkable talent for being not quite where they appear to be and use it to take down prey much stronger than themselves. If you find yourself facing a pack of blink dogs you might as well close your eyes and fight. You'll have an easier time when not betrayed by your natural sight. By such sorceries are the natural places of the world polluted with unnatural things.</p>	
hp: 18 armor: 0	

Aboleth	The Lower Depths 127
<b>Group, Huge, Intelligent</b> Telepathy	
<p>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.</p>	
hp: 18 armor: 0	