

The Hollowed Dead

The Restless Rot

“They are the ones we expected. The ones we thought we understood. The ones we thought we could handle. But it is not just their hunger that makes them terrifying—it is their numbers.”

When people speak of the Rotmire Blight, they often conjure images of horrors beyond comprehension—**Whisperers that mimic lost voices, Broken Lords that fight as they did in life, or the Husked, forever watching.** But those are merely the variations, the mutations of something far older, far simpler. The **Hollowed Dead** are the true heart of the Blight—the inevitable, the endless, the unavoidable fate of those who perish upon this cursed land.



They are **what remains when the flesh refuses to rest.** The Hollowed Dead, or *Shamblers*, were once farmers, hunters, soldiers, nobles—people who thought death would be their final chapter. Instead, they **rise**, stripped of all thought, all memory, reduced to nothing but hunger and instinct. Some shamble slowly, their decomposed limbs barely able to carry them forward. Others move with unnatural speed, driven by an urgency that no longer serves a purpose. But all of them seek the same thing—the warmth of the living, the pulse of something they can no longer have.

They are the most common of the Blighted, and perhaps the most dangerous for that reason alone. **One Hollowed Dead is no threat. Five are a nuisance. Ten are a problem. But when the moans of the dead begin to rise in unison, when the ground trembles with their ceaseless march, when there is nowhere left to run... then you will understand what the Blight truly is.**

The Hollowed Dead are exactly what they appear to be—the mindless, shambling remnants of the fallen. They are neither particularly strong nor particularly fast, but they make up for this in sheer numbers. One is not a threat. Five are manageable. But a hundred? A thousand? That is the true horror of the Hollowed Dead. If you must fight them, fire is your greatest tool—a single torch can clear a path through a swarm of them. Silvered weapons cut through them with greater efficiency, but if overwhelmed, your best strategy is to create distractions—they are drawn to movement and sound more than anything else. Most importantly, identify the runners early—some Hollowed are faster than others, and they will reach you first if given the chance. If you hear the moans of the dead, you have already wasted too much time. Leave before they arrive.

They do not think. They do not feel. They do not stop. And when the last of Faulmoor’s lights are extinguished, when the final doors are broken down, when the last survivors are dragged into the dirt, they will still be here.

Waiting. Wandering. Growing in number.

Be wary of a lone Hollowed Dead on the road. Not because it is a threat, but because it is **never alone.**

Stat Block

Medium Undead, unaligned

Armor Class:	10
Hit Points:	20 (3d8 + 6)
Speed:	25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	6 (-2)	14 (+2)	3 (-4)	6 (-2)	3 (-4)

Damage Immunities: Poison
Condition Immunities: Poisoned, Exhaustion
Senses: Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 8
Challenge: 1/4 (50 XP)

Actions

- **Clumsy Strike:**
Melee Attack: +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.

Damage: 4 (1d6 + 1) bludgeoning damage.

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