

The Husked

The Watching Dead

“They just... stand there. Staring. Like they're waiting for something.”

There is a sickness that spreads through the minds of those who travel Faulmoor’s abandoned roads. It is not a fever, nor a plague of the flesh, but rather something more insidious—a feeling. That creeping, undeniable certainty that **you are being watched**.

In most cases, the feeling is dismissed as paranoia, a trick of the mind brought on by exhaustion and the ever-present mist. But in some cases, it is **not just paranoia**. It is **them**.



The **Husked** are perhaps the most unsettling of the Blighted, not because they strike quickly, nor because they hunger as others do, but because they do **nothing at all**. They **stand**, still as statues, in the midst of forgotten places—at crossroads, near the ruins of villages, or within abandoned waystations, their bodies **mummified by time and rot**, their sunken eyes black and glistening like oil.

They do not move. They do not breathe. They simply **wait**.

The Husked are a puzzle wrapped in silence and stillness. They do not attack at first—they simply watch. If you see one standing motionless in the distance, **do not turn your back for too long**, and **do not let them out of your sight**. They react poorly to fire, though unlike other Blighted, it does not destroy them—it simply forces them into action. If you must fight them, **force them to move first**. They rely on fear to control the battlefield, and a strong, direct approach may make them falter. However, they are best avoided entirely—many travelers have found themselves *surrounded* after ignoring the feeling of being watched for too long.

Survivors say that once a Husked has turned its gaze upon you, **it will not look away**. It does not matter if you turn your back, if you close your eyes—it will still be **there**. But do not make the mistake of thinking it is harmless. For the moment you **ignore it for too long**, or let it out of your sight, you will find it **closer**.

Many believe the Husked serve some unseen purpose, that they **herd travelers into places they should not go**, or that they are merely **biding their time**—waiting for the day the Blight fully takes what remains of Faulmoor.

If you find yourself being watched by one, there is only one thing to do. **Walk away. Slowly. And never look back.**

Stat Block

Medium Undead, unaligned

Armor Class:	11
Hit Points:	35 (5d8 + 10)
Speed:	30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	5 (-3)	7 (-2)	3 (-4)

Damage Immunities: Poison
Condition Immunities: Poisoned, Exhaustion
Senses: Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 8
Challenge: 1/2 (100 XP)

Traits

- **Aura of Dread:**
Creatures that start their turn within 20 feet of **The Husked** and can see it clearly must succeed on a **DC 14 Wisdom saving throw** or have disadvantage on their next attack roll before the start of their next turn due to overwhelming dread and distraction. This effect does not stack.

Actions

- **Slam:**

Melee Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.

Damage: 5 (1d6 + 2) bludgeoning damage.

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