

The Whisperers

The Lying Dead

“They don’t fight like the others. They make you come to them.”

Of all the horrors the Blight has birthed, the **Whisperers** remain the most insidious. They do not lurch forward with guttural moans like the mindless husks of lesser undead. No, these creatures are **still**, waiting with a patience that belies their rotting forms. They watch. They listen. And when the moment is right, they **speak**.



A Whisperer is never alone. It stands amongst the corpses of the fallen—sometimes in the ruins of a burned homestead, sometimes on the outskirts of a once-thriving village, waiting like a vulture in human form. But unlike scavengers, it does not pick at remains—it **creates them**.

When a traveler strays too near, the Whisperer **mimics a voice from its past life**. Perhaps it was a husband, a wife, a child—perhaps it was a guard, begging for help. And so it begins. Soft, uncertain calls echo from the fog, carried on the wind like the final gasps of a dying man. The closer one gets, the clearer the voice becomes. And then, when the traveler finally steps too near, the Whisperer lunges—no longer whispering, but **screaming**.

At first glance, a Whisperer is no different from any other corpse—until it speaks. These creatures rely on deception, using stolen voices to lure in the unsuspecting. The key to surviving an encounter with a Whisperer is **not to listen**. The moment it starts speaking, **do not answer, do not engage, and do not step closer to investigate**. They do not react well to fire; an open flame will often reveal them for what they are, forcing them to drop their act. They also **struggle with ranged combat**—if you can spot one before it spots you, put an arrow in its throat before it has the chance to whisper your name. Above all else, **do not allow yourself to be surrounded**. A Whisperer rarely works alone, and where one calls, others may be waiting in silence.

Those who have encountered these wretches and survived say the worst part is not their attack, nor their ghastly, rotted forms, but the **fact that they keep speaking, even after they are slain**. Severed heads still murmur to themselves, repeating names long forgotten, whispering secrets that no one should have to hear.

If you ever hear a voice in the mist, no matter how familiar—**run**.

Stat Block

Medium Undead, unaligned

Armor Class:	12 (natural armor)
Hit Points:	45 (6d8 + 18)
Speed:	30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	6 (-2)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)

Damage Immunities: Poison
Condition Immunities: Poisoned, Charmed, Exhaustion
Senses: Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 10
Languages: Understands languages it mimics
Challenge: 1 (200 XP)

Traits

- False Lure:**

At the start of each of its turns, any creature within **30 feet** of the Whisperer that can hear it clearly must succeed on a **DC 12 Wisdom saving throw** or be compelled by the Whisperer’s false cries for help. On a failed save, the affected creature must use its movement to move up to half its speed **closer to the Whisperer**, using the shortest and safest route available. The affected creature can't willingly move away from the Whisperer until the start of its next turn.

 - Creatures immune to charm effects automatically succeed on this saving throw.

- A creature who succeeds on this saving throw becomes immune to the Whisperer's Mimicry for 24 hours.

Actions

- **Rending Claws:**

Melee Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.

Damage: 6 (1d6 + 3) slashing damage plus 1d4 psychic damage.

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