

Thornwhisper

Item · Weapon · Rare (Requires Attunement)

Weight: 2 lbs

Cost: 3,500 gp (open market); up to 5,000 gp to a Fey collector who recognizes Caelindra's work or the Lake of Sorrows provenance.

Magical Properties

+1 to attack and damage rolls. On a critical hit, the target must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution save or be poisoned for 1 minute.

Thornwhisper is a slender rapier, twenty-nine inches of blade ground from metal that fell from the sky into the Lake of Sorrows sometime in the late Age of Myth. The Feybound smith Caelindra retrieved it from the lake bed and worked it over seven years, refusing every commission in the interim. She said the metal told her what it wanted to be. She was not speaking metaphorically.

The blade is etched with thornvine patterns that appear static in direct light and seem to shift and curl at the edge of vision in dim conditions -- the vines never occupying quite the same configuration twice. The crossguard is worked iron shaped into a briar tangle, functional as a guard and uncomfortable to grip incorrectly. The grip itself is wrapped in something that is not quite leather and not quite bark.

Thornwhisper is a whispering blade in the oldest sense of the term: it remembers. Every creature it has killed is catalogued in its memory, and it will recite names -- in whatever language the creature used, in a voice just below the threshold of clarity -- to its wielder in quiet moments. The whisper is not intrusive. It does not demand attention. It is simply present, the way the names of the dead are present to anyone who carries them.

The blade has twelve kills to its name. Caelindra knows the first three. The previous owner accounted for the rest and is not available to explain them.

Properties

- **+1 Weapon:** Thornwhisper grants a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls.
- **Venomous Strike:** On a critical hit, the target must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 minute.
- **The Whisper:** Thornwhisper remembers every creature it has killed. In quiet moments, it recites their names to its wielder in a voice just below the threshold of clarity, in whatever language the creature used. This is not a mechanical effect -- the blade simply carries its dead.