Month of Monsters #3



Lefenti Lasher, Level 3 Artillery

Lefenti Lasher

Lefenti Lasher Level 3 Artillery Medium Natural Humanoid (human)

Initiative: +4 Perception +2

HP 38; Bloodied 19 AC 15; Fortitude 15; Reflex 16; Will 15

Speed 6, Climb 3

Standard Actions

(+) Short Lash + At-Will

Attack: Melee Basic 2 (one creature) +10 vs. AC *Hit:* 1d6+4 damage.

⅔ Leg Lash ★ At-Will

Attack: Ranged 5 (one creature) +10 vs. AC Hit: 1d10+6 damage, and the target is slowed (save ends). The target can end the slow on their turn by dropping prone

⅔ High Strike ★ At-Will

Attack: Ranged 5 (one creature) +8 vs. Fortitude

Hit: 1d10+4 damage. If the target is slowed, the lasher can choose to knock them prone, or change the slow to immobilised (save ends)

Move Actions

Hook-Handled Swing + Recharge 🔃

Effect: The Lasher shifts 1 and moves 1, OR they drop from a ledge, and fly 4 squares, as long as they end this movement in eligible terrain no higher than the ledge they dropped from.

 Skills
 Acrobatics +9, Athletics +7, Intimidate +7,

 Str
 13(+2);
 Dex
 16(+4);
 Wis
 12(+2)

 Con
 12(+2);
 Int
 11(+1);
 Cha
 12(+2)

Alignment Evil Languages Common, Cant-

Equipment 2 hook-handled whips, leather armor

Lore

Streetwise or History DC 10: Everything in the intro passage.

Streetwise or History DC 15: As above, plus hints about the likely empoyer of the lasher, and what their agenda is.

The Lefenti Lasher is an assassin who hails from Lefent, the fabled city of silken rags. Learning his trade in the endless overbuilt towers and alleys of that notorious damned metropolis, he is one of the few who has managed to escape it's clinging grasp- and he maintains his hard-fought freedom by serving whatever master will pay him well, and give him a fair share of the spoils.

The lasher wields a pair of hook-handled whips- modified horse-whips with iron hooks set in their handles, that allow them to double as climbing and swinging tools. When his gang sets up an ambush in the depths of the city, the lefenti lasher takes to the rooftops, striking down on his foes from a safe distance, and swinging clear if they get too close. From his vantage point he can pick out the most important targets, and his relatively short range is no disadvantage when he attacks from above.

His attacks are designed to disable- any fool with a whip can kill another fool, but a lasher is a professional who prides himself on being able to take down the kinds of warriors, street-fighters and war-wizards that make mincemeat out of common thieves and thugs. When a lasher is brought in, it is often because the target has been underestimated in the past, and the client now wishes to make an example of them.

A combination of trips, pulls, and painful whip-cracks to the upper body make the lasher impossible to ignore, but their positioning tends to make them very difficult to reach. They wield each whip with a practiced familiarity, snapping out with one to snag the leg of a foe, then following up with the other in a booming crack that can split leather armor or leave a a foe with grevious injuries.

A lasher is loyal only to themselves, but they also come from the kind of desperate background that makes a bravo value their reputation very highly. In a fight that looks to be going south, they're just as likely to see a chance to make a name for themselves, as they are to run for the hills. Staying one swing ahead of their foes, they can keep striking out at their enemies until the last moment, deserting their client only when all chance of victory has fled. Of course, lashers tend to take such a blow to their reputation very personally, and usually arrange for a rematch- with better odds- as soon as possible.



Created by Michael Jones for Catastrophe Games

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When you absolutely, positively, have to whip a bard in the face.



TACTICS

Lashers are the second story men of the assassination set. They work best when they can use a roof-top or other structure overlooking the battle, within range of their ranged attacks, and low enough for them to make use of their hookhandled swing if need be. From such a vantage point, they can lay down damage and harassment which can prevent a melee striker or other close range fighter from reaching their preferred targets.

While vulnerable to ranged attacks, they can gain some cover and concealment from their high vantage point (especially against blasts and bursts originating at street level), and use their leg lash to keep the enemy off their allies long enough for them to engage the ranged attackers that are the lasher's primary threat. Working with skirmishers or brutes, they can bring a target prone to give their allies the advantage in close, then switch to other foes who might otherwise come to their victim's aid.

Key to the lasher's strategy is the ambush, but heroes have a way of turning the tables, or springing one of their own. When pressed, a lasher can swing down from their high vantage point, or even swing across an alleyway to a roof-top on the other side of the road. However, this movement can provoke opportunity attacks, so they may me forced to use the less impressive version of their movement power first, then swing clear fully using a second move.

Encounters

Lefienti Lashers can be found wherever assasins, thieves and cut-throats band together to rid themself of irritating heroes. Their business is simple- a straightforward trade of blood for gold. Thieves guilds, crooked merchants, and plotters of all stripes make use of lashers, when simple thugs will not suffice.

Their favorite arrangement is an ambush in an alleyway, with rooftops overlooking the fight. While they prefer to fight at range, they can fight a running battle with pursuing foes if it is called for as part of the plan. A plan, and solid allies are important, and a lasher is unlikley to ally with zealots, lunatics, or cultists. Unless the offer is very generous indeed.

Lefent: City of Silken Rags:

Once a grand trade city, the morals and laws of Lefent and it's people long ago collapsed under the weight of their own decadence and self-indulgence. For a time Lefent was simply a city of wealth and excess, but as the world changed around it, the city began to rot in earnest, it's noble houses falling into sordid scandals, it's merchants the robber barons of a false golden age. Even as it's towers grew taller, the city declined.

Gradually at first, the city began to sour as it's people turned on one another, the more decent and forthright either fleeing, or finding bad ends, while the unprincipled and underhanded fed off the ruins of the wealth upon which all relied. No-one can say for sure when exactly Lefent reached the point of no return, but in a few short generations, It had gone from a glittering jewel to a lurid tumor. Fewer and fewer merchants and travelers arrived at the city gates, and those that did came on dire and dark errands. The city was fit for little else.

In time, Lefent became a city of exiles. Clinging to a measure of it's former finery, it was a beacon to those of fine breeding and once high station, who had fallen into the depths of disrepute. Bankrupt merchants, corrupt officials, ousted nobility, defrocked priests- all these and more came to Lefent with what few loyal followers and precious belongings they had retained, hoping to cling to some shred of the finery that was now denied them in the outside world.

Some of these poor fools are picked off as soon as they arrive. Many more consume themselves in a last hurrah of suicidal debauchery. But many more remain, joining the ranks of the desperate once-glorious who jockey for position in the twisted world of Lefenti politics and crime. For there is much business to be done in Lefent, for those who can learn to thrive there.

Those with business in Lefent must beware- for while most everyone who goes there plans to leave as quickly as possible, very few who enter it's gate ever leave them again. Some say the city is cursed by demons, the gods, or the souls of the damned. If anything, that's wishful thinking- this is a hell built by men, to house themselves. If a demon came to Lefent, it would be as a student, studying a masterpiece.

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