

YASLOH "BRAIN"

early middle age swamp gnome
lawful evil
Level 15 mage

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Scrum wizard
Armor Class 14
Hit Points 55 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 25.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
14	10	11	19	3

CHA
5

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills
Arcana; History; Religion; Nature
Proficiencies TODO
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human gnomish ,
Adjectives Thoughtful ,

Special Abilities

- Malleable Illusion | Illusory Speech | Illusory Reality | Spells: 0 - 1; 1 - 4; 2 - 3; 3 - 3; 4 - 3; 5 - 2; 6 - 1; 7 - 1; 8 - 1; | Improved Malleable Illusion

Special Equipment

- Thaum gauge on a wristband
- a personal thaumometer used to detect concentrations of magical potential.

Combat Tactics

Yasloh will rarely engage in direct hand-to-hand combat and almost exclusively rely on his spells to create distance and eliminate hostiles.

Actions

Quarterstaff

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

"You're carrying that wrong way, declares a robed, tinketed gnome, walking youward. 'me share my learnings with you."

Appearance

Cross-eyed; powerful, like a wild cat; intense; wears shiny expensive jewelry, bits of coloured paper pasted on

mind filled with criss-crossing images of shimmering grids and incoherent numbers and language. These hallucinations eventually began to congeal into gears, sigmachinations, glyphs, and locations of great power. It appeared as though Yasloh had fallen asleep in the bath at the camp and he began muttering incomprehensibly in an increasing volume until he was nearly shouting. A young Halffling soldier approached to shake him awake. "Sir. Sir? Are you okay? you..." And Yasloh shot up in the bathtub screaming valorously, "I got it mate!" He may have lost his past but now saw the many magical inventions that would define his future.

PERSONALITY

There really aren't any swarms of Gnomes. Except for Yasloh. Emerging from a mountain cave on a dimly glimmering morning, the Gnome sputtered at the sun, "Yes, yes, I know that already", and coughed up a bit of flem in his hand. He slapped his hands together and rubbed them vigorously, laughing to himself. "What does this day have to offer? He stepped forward out of the cave and his foot found no ground. The black swamps of Kol-oug had deceived yet another. Whoever Yasloh used to be was absorbed into the gritty sandy mire of Kol-oug. How could I have forgotten this bloody swamp? Was the last thought that crossed his mind before the Mind Flayer pit swam consumed his identity.

Three days later a small humanoid limped his way toward a makeshift Halffling military camp. "Who goes there?", cried the lieutenant. The "Brain" began to reflect upon itself and found nothing. Well, who does go here? He asked himself. Nothing. "Who goes there?" The lieutenant asked again. Oh, well, I had better answer him. He seems important. "Brain" Yasloh shouted the only thing he could think. "Brain" approached the militia party having all the small ideas he had before but having no idea who he actually was. "Oy, innit? gnome...", the halffling lieutenant remarked, "covered in muck". "No" Yasloh replied, "a swamp gnome". "But there's no such..." Yasloh said to the soldier an intimidating glance. Silence. They gave "Brain" a place to clean up and change.

During this reflection time, his mind filled with criss-crossing images of shimmering grids and incoherent numbers and language. These hallucinations eventually began to congeal into gears, sigmachinations, glyphs, and locations of great power. It appeared as though Yasloh had fallen asleep in the bath at the camp and he began muttering incomprehensibly in

increasing volume until he was nearly shouting. A young Halfling soldier approached to shake him awake. "Sir. Sir? Are you okay? you..." And Yasloh shot up in the bathtub screaming valourously, "I got it mate!" He may have lost his past but now saw the many magical inventions that would define his future.</p>