

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 S
| Illusory Reality | Spells: 0 -
1 - 4; 2 - 3; 3 - 3; 4 - 3; 5 - 2;
1; 7 - 1; 8 - 1; | Improved Mir
Illusion

Special Equipment

- Thaum gauge on a wristband
- a personal thaumometer use
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
declares a robed, trinketed
gnome, walking youward. 'I
me share my learnings with
you."

Appearance

Cross-eyed; powerful, like a

Cell3

wild cat; intense; wears sh
expensive jewelry, bits of
coloured paper pasted on
pants.

Expressions

(Interrupting) "I know what
you're going to say"; "I thi
very, very deeply"; "You're
where I was at ten years a

Mannerisms

Constantly rubbing knuckle
flexing his jaw and his tric
sighs in disappointment
whenever others speak.

Motivations

Wants to lead other wizard
the building of new, never
before-invented magical
devices; sees himself as a
mentor.

Passions

Innovation and guiding oth
into a new and vibrant futu

Secrets

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(+2) (+0) (+1) (+5) (-3)

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2500 x 3235

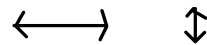


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ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

2500 x 3235

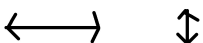


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(Interrupting) "I know what you're going to say";
"I think very, very deeply"; "You're where I was at
ten years ago."

Mannerisms

Constantly rubbing knuckles, flexing his jaw and
his triceps; sighs in disappointment whenever
others speak.

Motivations

Wants to lead other wizards in the building of
new, never-before-invented magical devices;
sees himself as a mentor.

Passions

Innovation and guiding others into a new and
vibrant future.

Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>There really aren't any sw
Gnomes. Except for Yasloh.
Emerging from a mountain ca
on a dimly glimmering mornin
the Gnome sputtered at the s
"Yes, yes, I know that already
and coughed up a bit of flem i
his hand. He slapped his hand
together and rubbed them
vigorously, laughing to himse
"What does this day have to
offer?" He stepped forward on
the cave and his foot found no
ground. The black swamps of
oug had deceived yet another
Whoever Yasloh used to be w
absorbed into the gritty sand
mire of Kol-oug. How could I h
forgotten the bloody swamp?
the last thought that crossed
mind before the Mind Flayer p
swamp consumed his identity
</p><p>Three days later a sr
humanoid limped his way tow
a makeshift Halfling military
camp. "Who goes there?", cried
the lieutenant. The "Brain" be
to reflect upon itself and foun
nothing. Well, who does go he
He asked himself. Nothing. "V
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again. Oh, well, I had better
answer him. He seems import
"Brain!" Yasloh shouted the o
thing he could think. "Brain"
approached the militia party
having all the smarts he had
before but having no idea who
actually was. "Oy, innit a
gnome...", the halfling lieuten
remarked, "covered in muck".
"Yes", Yasloh replied, "a swan
gnome". "But there's no such.
Yasloh shot the soldier an
intimidating glance. Silence.
gave "Brain" a place to clean
and change. </p><p>During t
reflection time his mind filled
criss-crossing images of
shimmering grids and incoher
numbers and languages. Thes
hallucinations eventually beg
congeal into gears, sigils,
machinations, glyphs, and
locations of great power. It
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camp and he began muttering
incomprehensibly in an increa
volume until he was nearly
shouting. A young Halfling so
approached to shake him awa
"Sir. Sir? Are you okay? Are yo
And Yasloh shot up in the bat
screaming valorously, "I've go
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