

YASLOH "BRAIN"

*early middle age swamp gnom
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
(+2)	(+0)	(+1)	(+5)	(-3)

CHA

5
(-2)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills
Arcana; History; Religion; Natur
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 M
Illusion

Special Equipment

- Thaum gauge on a wristban
- a personal thaumometer us
to detect concentrations of
magical potential.

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Quarterstaff

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

"You're carrying that wrong
declares a robbed, trinketed

Cell3

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

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

**Constantly rubbing knuckles
flexing his jaw and his tricep
sighs in disappointment
whenever others speak.**

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

**Innovation and guiding others
into a new and vibrant future**

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TODO Saving Throws Skills

Damage Immunities

TODO Damage Immunities

TODO Condition Immuni

Languages Human gne

Adjectives Thoughtful

Image Dummy

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

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

Image Dummy

Special Abilities

- Malleable Illusion | I Self | Illusory Reality 0 - 5; 1 - 4; 2 - 3; 3 - 2; 6 - 1; 7 - 1; 8 - Improved Minor Illu

Special Equipment

- Thaum gauge on a
- a personal thaumom to detect concentra magical potential.

Combat Tactics

Yasloh will rarely engage hand-to-hand combat and exclusively rely on his sp create distance and elim hostiles.

Actions

Quarterstaff

Factions

Expressions

(Interrupting) "I know what you're going to say" "I think very, very deeply"; "You're where I was a 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 cav
on a dimly glimmering morning
the Gnome sputtered at the su
"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
the cave and his foot found no
ground. The black swamps of K
oug had deceived yet another.
Whoever Yasloh used to be wa
absorbed into the gritty sandy
mire of Kol-oug. How could I ha
forgotten the bloody swamp? V
the last thought that crossed h
mind before the Mind Flayer pi
swamp consumed his identity.
</p><p>Three days later a sm
humanoid limped his way towa
a makeshift Halfling military
camp. "Who goes there?", cried
the lieutenant. The "Brain" beg
to reflect upon itself and found
nothing. Well, who does go he
He asked himself. Nothing. "W
goes there?" The lieutenant as
again. Oh, well, I had better
answer him. He seems importa
"Brain!" Yasloh shouted the on
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 swam
gnome". "But there's no such..
Yasloh shot the soldier an
intimidating glance. Silence. T
gave "Brain" a place to clean u
and change. </p><p>During th
reflection time his mind filled v
criss-crossing images of
shimmering grids and incohere
numbers and languages. These
hallucinations eventually bega
congeal into gears, sigils,
machinations, glyphs, and
locations of great power. It
appeared as though Yasloh ha
fallen asleep in the bath at the
camp and he began muttering
incomprehensibly in an increas
volume until he was nearly
shouting. A young Halfling sol
approached to shake him awak
"Sir. Sir? Are you okay? Are yo
And Yasloh shot up in the bath
screaming valorously, "I've got
mate!" He may have lost his pa
but now saw the many magical
inventions that would define h
future.</p>

PERSONALITY

<p>There really aren't any swamp Gnomes. Except for Yasloh. Emerging from a mountain cave 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 bloody swamp? Was the last thought that crossed his mind before the Mind Flayer pit swamp consumed his identity.</p>
<p>Three days later a small humanoid limped his way toward makeshift Halfling 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 smart he had before but having no idea who he actually was. "Oy, innit a gnome...", the halfling lieutenant remarked, "covered in muck". "Yes" Yasloh replied, "a swamp gnome". "But there's no such..." Yasloh shot the soldier an intimidating glance. Silence. They gave "Brain" a place to clean up and change. </p>
<p>During this reflection time his mind filled with criss-crossing images of shimmering grids and incoherent numbers and languages. These hallucinations eventually began to congeal into gears, sigils, machinations, 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 Halfling soldier approached to shake him awake. "Sir. Sir? Are you okay? Answer me..." 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.</p>