Yasloh "Brain"

early middle age sw gnome lawful evil Level 15 mage

Pronouns: he/him Occupations: Scrum w Armor Class 14 Hit Points 55 (TODO H Speed 25.

STR DEX CON INT WIS

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CHA

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> Saving Throws TODO Saving Thro Skills Arcana; History; Religion; Na

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
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Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human gnomish,
Adjectives Thoughtful,

Special Abilities

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

Special Equipment

- Thaum gauge on a wristband
- a personal thaumometer used t detect concentrations of magic potential.

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Quarterstaff

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

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Appearance

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

Expressions

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

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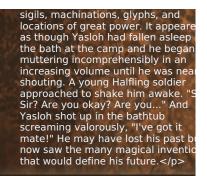
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Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

There really aren't any swamp Gnomes. Except for Yasloh. Emergi from a mountain cave on a dimly glimmering morning, the Gnome sputtered at the sun, "Yes, yes, I kn that already", and coughed up a bit flem in his hand. He slapped his har together and rubbed them vigorous laughing to himself. "What does this day have to offer?" He stepped forw out of the cave and his foot found n ground. The black swamps of Kol-ou had deceived yet another. Whoever Yasloh used to be was absorbed int the gritty sandy mire of Kol-oug. Ho could I have forgotten the bloody swamp? Was the last thought that crossed his mind before the Mind Flayer pit swamp consumed his identity.Three days later small humanoid limped his way towards a makeshift Halfling militar camp. "Who goes there?", cried the lieutenant. The "Brain" began to rel upon itself and found nothing. Well, who does go here? He asked himse Nothing. "Who goes there?" The lieutenant asked again. Oh, well, I l better answer him. He seems important. "Brain!" Yasloh shouted only thing he could think. "Brain" approached the militia party having the smarts he had before but hav no idea who he actually was. "Oy a gnome...", the halfling lieutenant remarked, "covered in muck". "Yes' Yasloh replied, "a swamp gnome". there's no such..." Yasloh shot the soldier an intimidating glance. Siler They gave "Brain" a place to clean and change. During this reflection time his mind filled with criss-crossing images of shimmerin grids and incoherent numbers and languages. These hallucinations eventually began to congeal into ge



PERSONALITY