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; Natu

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 direc 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.' me share my learnings wit you."

Appearance

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

Cell3

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 trice sighs in disappointment whenever others speak.

Motivations

Wants to lead other wizard the building of new, neverbefore-invented magical devices; sees himself as a mentor.

Passions

Innovation and guiding oth into a new and vibrant futi

Secrets

Yasloh "Brain

early middle age swamp gnor 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 14 () 10 11 19 3

CHA 5

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills

Arcana; History; Religior Proficiencies Damage Immunities

TODO Damage Immunit
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immuni
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human gn
Adjectives Thoughtful

Special Abilities

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

Special Equipment

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

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Quarterstaff

Factions

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

 \longleftrightarrow \updownarrow

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.

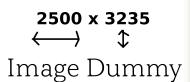
Passions

Innovation and guiding others into a new and vibrant future.

Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

There really aren't any swar Gnomes, Except for Yasloh. **Emerging from a mountain cave** a dimly glimmering morning, th Gnome sputtered at the sun, "Y 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 off He stepped forward out of the c and his foot found no ground. T black swamps of Kol-oug had deceived yet another. Whoever Yasloh used to be was absorbed into the gritty sandy mire of Ko oug. How could I have forgotter bloody swamp? Was the last thought that crossed his mind before the Mind Flayer pit swan consumed his identity. Three days later a small humanoid limped his way towar makeshift Halfling military cam "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. "Wh goes there?" The lieutenant ask again. Oh, well, I had better ans him. He seems important. "Brai Yasloh shouted the only thing h could think. "Brain" approached militia party having all the small he had before but having no ide who he actually was. "Oy, innit gnome...", the halfling lieutena remarked, "covered in muck". " Yasloh replied, "a swamp gnom "But there's no such..." Yasloh s the soldier an intimidating glan Silence. They gave "Brain" a pla to clean up and change. During this reflection time



mind filled with criss-crossing
images of shimmering grids incoherent numbers and lan
These hallucinations eventu
began to congeal into gears
machinations, glyphs, and lo
of great power. It appeared
though Yasloh had fallen asl
the bath at the camp and he
muttering incomprehensibly
increasing volume until he w
nearly shouting. A young Ha soldier approached to shake
awake. "Sir. Sir? Are you oka
you" And Yasloh shot up in
bathtub screaming valorous
got it mate!" He may have lo
past but now saw the many
inventions that would define
future.
D
PERSONALITY
There really aren't any s Gnomes. Except for Yasloh.
Emerging from a mountain of
a dimly glimmering morning
Gnome sputtered at the sun
yes, I know that already", ar
coughed up a bit of flem in h
hand. He slapped his hands
together and rubbed them
vigorously, laughing to hims
"What does this day have to
He stepped forward out of t
and his foot found no ground
black swamps of Kol-oug had
deceived yet another. Whoe
Yasloh used to be was absor
nto the gritty sandy mire of
ito the gritty sandy mire of ig. How could I have forgo
bloody swamp? Was the last
thought that crossed his min
before the Mind Flayer pit s
consumed his identity.
Three days later a small
humanoid limped his way to
makeshift Halfling military o
"Who goes there?", cried the
lieutenant. The "Brain" bega
reflect upon itself and found nothing. Well, who does go
He asked himself. Nothing.
goes there?" The lieutenant
again. Oh, well, I had better
him. He seems important. "E
Yasloh shouted the only thir
could think. "Brain" approac
militia party having all the s
he had before but having no
who he actually was. "Oy, in
gnome", the halfling lieute
remarked, "covered in muck
Yasloh replied, "a swamp gn
"But there's no such" Yasl
the soldier an intimidating g
Silence. They gave "Brain" a
to clean up and change.
During this reflection till
mind filled with criss-crossir
images of shimmering grids
incoherent numbers and lan
These hallucinations eventu
began to congeal into gears
machinations, glyphs, and lo
of great power. It appeared
though Vaclob had faller and
though Yasloh had fallen asl the bath at the camp and he

increasing volume until he was nearly shouting. A young Halflin soldier approached to shake hir awake. "Sir. Sir? Are you okay? you..." And Yasloh shot up in th bathtub screaming valorously, got it mate!" He may have lost past but now saw the many mainventions that would define his future.