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 (+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 9
 | Illusory Reality | Spells: 0
 1 - 4; 2 - 3; 3 - 3; 4 - 3; 5 - 2
 1; 7 - 1; 8 - 1; | Improved Millusion

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 robed, trinketed

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Combat Tactics

Yasloh will rarely engage hand-to-hand combat and exclusively rely on his sp gnome, walking youward. " me share my learnings with you."

Appearance

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

Expressions

Cell3

2500 x 3235

Image Dummy

 \longleftrightarrow \updownarrow

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

Mannerisms

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

Motivations

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

Passions

Innovation and guiding othe into a new and vibrant futu

Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

There really aren't any swam **Gnomes. Except for Yasloh. Emerging from a mountain cave** a dimly glimmering morning, the Gnome sputtered at the sun, "Ye 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 offe He stepped forward out of the ca and his foot found no ground. Th black swamps of Kol-oug had deceived yet another. Whoever Yasloh used to be was absorbed into the gritty sandy mire of Koloug. How could I have forgotten 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 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. "Wh goes there?" The lieutenant ask again. Oh, well, I had better ans him. He seems important. "Brain Yasloh shouted the only thing he

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Actions

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could think. "Brain" approached militia party having all the smart he had before but having no idea who he actually was. "Oy, innit a gnome...", the halfling lieutenan remarked, "covered in muck". "Y Yasloh replied, "a swamp gnome "But there's no such..." Yasloh sl the soldier an intimidating gland Silence. They gave "Brain" a place to clean up and change. During this reflection time h mind filled with criss-crossing images of shimmering grids and incoherent numbers and language These hallucinations eventually began to congeal into gears, sig machinations, glyphs, and locati of great power. It appeared as though Yasloh had fallen asleep the bath at the camp and he beg muttering incomprehensibly in a increasing volume until he was nearly shouting. A young Halflin soldier approached to shake him awake. "Sir. Sir? Are you okay? A you..." And Yasloh shot up in the bathtub screaming valorously, " got it mate!" He may have lost h past but now saw the many mag inventions that would define his future.

Personality

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