

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
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devices; sees himself as a
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Passions

Innovation and guiding oth
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Secrets

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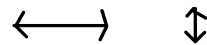


Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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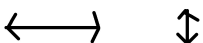


Image Dummy

Special Abilities

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

Special Equipment

- Thaum gauge on a personal thaumometer to detect concentrated magical potential.

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Quarterstaff

Factions

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 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 swamps. Except for Yasloh. Emerging from a mountain cave on a dimly glimmering morning, the Gnome sputtered at the sight. "Yes, yes, I know that already" and coughed up a bit of flem into his hand. He slapped his hand 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 wizard. Whoever Yasloh used to be was absorbed into the gritty sand and mire of Kol-oug. How could he have forgotten the bloody swamp? The last thought that crossed his mind before the Mind Flayer portal swamp consumed his identity was "What does this day have to offer?"</p><p>Three days later a strange humanoid limped his way toward a 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 smarts 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 thing as a swamp gnome." Yasloh shot the soldier an intimidating glance. Silence. "Brain" 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 so approached to shake him awake. "Sir. Sir? Are you okay? Are you?" And Yasloh shot up in the bath screaming valorously, "I've got a mate!" He may have lost his past life but now saw the many magical inventions that would define his future.</p>

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