

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. 'I
me share my learnings wit
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
before-invented magical
devices; sees himself as a
mentor.

Passions

Innovation and guiding oth
into a new and vibrant futu

Secrets

YASLOH "BRAIN"

early middle age swamp 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

14 10 11 19 3
(+2) (+0) (+1) (+5) (-3)

CHA

5
(-2)

Saving Throws

TODO Saving Throws

Skills

Arcana; History; Religio

Proficiencies

Damage Immunities

TODO Damage Immunit

Condition Immunities

TODO Condition Immuni

Senses

TODO Senses

Languages

Human gnomish

Adjectives

Thoughtful

2500 x 3235

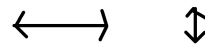


Image Dummy

2500 x 3235

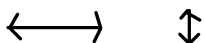


Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

Special Abilities

- Malleable Illusion | I
Self | Illusory Realit
0 -5; 1 - 4; 2 - 3; 3 -
- 2; 6 - 1; 7 - 1; 8 - 1
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 elimi
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 sw
Gnomes. Except for Yasloh.
Emerging from a mountain ca
on a dimly glimmering mornin
the Gnome sputtered at the s
"Yes, yes, I know that already
and coughed up a bit of flem i
his hand. He slapped his hand
together and rubbed them
vigorously, laughing to himse
"What does this day have to
offer?" He stepped forward on
the cave and his foot found no
ground. The black swamps of
oug had deceived yet another
Whoever Yasloh used to be w
absorbed into the gritty sand
mire of Kol-oug. How could I h
forgotten the bloody swamp?
the last thought that crossed
mind before the Mind Flayer p
swamp consumed his identity
</p><p>Three days later a sr
humanoid limped his way tow
a makeshift Halfling military
camp. "Who goes there?", cried
the lieutenant. The "Brain" be
to reflect upon itself and foun
nothing. Well, who does go he
He asked himself. Nothing. "V
goes there?" The lieutenant a
again. Oh, well, I had better
answer him. He seems import
"Brain!" Yasloh shouted the o
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 swan
gnome". "But there's no such.
Yasloh shot the soldier an
intimidating glance. Silence.
gave "Brain" a place to clean
and change. </p><p>During t
reflection time his mind filled
criss-crossing images of
shimmering grids and incoher
numbers and languages. Thes
hallucinations eventually beg
congeal into gears, sigils,
machinations, glyphs, and
locations of great power. It
appeared as though Yasloh ha
fallen asleep in the bath at th
camp and he began muttering
incomprehensibly in an increa
volume until he was nearly
shouting. A young Halfling so
approached to shake him awa
"Sir. Sir? Are you okay? Are yo
And Yasloh shot up in the bat
screaming valorously, "I've go
mate!" He may have lost his p
but now saw the many magica
inventions that would define l
future.</p>

PERSONALITY

<p>There really aren't any sw
Gnomes. Except for Yasloh.
Emerging from a mountain ca
on a dimly glimmering mornin
the Gnome sputtered at the s
"Yes, yes, I know that already
and coughed up a bit of flem
his hand. He slapped his hand
together and rubbed them
vigorously, laughing to himse
"What does this day have to
offer?" He stepped forward on
the cave and his foot found no
ground. The black swamps of
oug had deceived yet another
Whoever Yasloh used to be was
absorbed into the gritty sand
mire of Kol-oug. How could I h
forgotten the bloody swamp?
the last thought that crossed
mind before the Mind Flayer p
swamp consumed his identity
</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 swarthy
gnome". "But there's no such thing
Yasloh shot the soldier an
intimidating glance. Silence. The
gave "Brain" a place to clean
and change. </p><p>During this
reflection time his mind filled
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 soon
approached to shake him awake.
"Sir. Sir? Are you okay? Are you
And Yasloh shot up in the bath
screaming valorously, "I've got
mate!" He may have lost his place
but now saw the many magical
inventions that would define his
future.</p>