

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; 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 M
Illusion

Special Equipment

- Thaum gauge on a wristband
- a personal thaumometer used
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 robbed, trinketed

Secrets

Image Dummy

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Languages Human gn
Adjectives Thoughtful

Special Abilities

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Self | Illusory Realit
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- 2; 6 - 1; 7 - 1; 8 -
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Combat Tactics

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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 a
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 cav
on a dimly glimmering morning
the Gnome sputtered at the su
"Yes, 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
offer?" He stepped forward out
the cave and his foot found no
ground. The black swamps of K
oug had deceived yet another.
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absorbed into the gritty sandy
mire of Kol-oug. How could I ha
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swamp consumed his identity.
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humanoid limped his way towa
a makeshift Halfling military
camp. "Who goes there?", cried
the lieutenant. The "Brain" beg
to reflect upon itself and found
nothing. Well, who does go he
He asked himself. Nothing. "W
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answer him. He seems importa
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approached the militia party
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actually was. "Oy, innit a
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remarked, "covered in muck".
"Yes", Yasloh replied, "a swam
gnome". "But there's no such..
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And Yasloh shot up in the bath
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future.</p>

PERSONALITY

<p>There really aren't any swamps. Except for Yaslosh. Emerging from a mountain cave on a dimly glimmering morning the Gnome sputtered at the sun. "Yes, 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 offer?" He stepped forward out of the cave and his foot found no ground. The black swamps of Kol-oug had deceived yet another. Whoever Yaslosh used to be was absorbed into the gritty sandy mire of Kol-oug. How could I have forgotten the bloody swamp? Was the last thought that crossed his mind before the Mind Flayer pit swamp consumed his identity.

</p><p>Three days later a small 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!" Yaslosh 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", Yaslosh replied, "a swamp gnome". "But there's no such thing." Yaslosh shot the soldier an intimidating glance. Silence. The soldier 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 Yaslosh 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 soldier approached to shake him awake. "Sir. Sir? Are you okay? Are you?" And Yaslosh shot up in the bath screaming valorously, "I've got a mate!" He may have lost his past but now saw the many magical inventions that would define his future.</p>