



## 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

**Damage Immunities**

TODO Damage Immunities

### Condition Immunities

TODO Condition Immunities

**Senses** TODO Senses

**Languages** Human,  
gnomish,

**Adjectives** Thoughtful,

### Special Abilities

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

Scrum Wizards

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2500 x 3235  
↔ ↑  
Image Dummy

## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

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

### 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 at ten years ago."

### Mannerisms

Constantly rubbing knuckles, flexing  
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

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## BACKGROUND STORY

<p>There really aren't any  
swamp Gnomes. Except for  
Yasloh. 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 Yasloh  
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 towards 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..."  
Yasloh shot the soldier an  
intimidating glance. Silence.  
They 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  
soldier approached to shake  
him awake. "Sir. Sir? Are  
you okay? Are you..." And  
Yasloh shot up in the  
bathtub screaming  
valorously, "I've got it  
mate!" He may have lost his  
past but now saw the many  
magical inventions that  
would define his future.  
</p>