

# 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 - 4  
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 robbed, trinketed  
gnome, walking youward. I  
me share my learnings with  
you."

Cell3

## Appearance

Cross-eyed; powerful, like a 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 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; 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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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; Religion

**Proficiencies**  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities

**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities

2500 x 3235

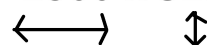


Image Dummy

## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

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

### Appearance

2500 x 3235

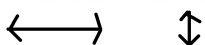


Image Dummy

**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Human gn  
**Adjectives** Thoughtful

Special Abilities

- Malleable Illusion | I  
Self | Illusory Realit  
0 - 5; 1 - 4; 2 - 3; 3 -  
- 2; 6 - 1; 7 - 1; 8 -  
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 elim  
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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.

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(Interrupting) "I know what you're going to say";  
"I think very, very deeply"; "You're where I was a  
ten years ago."

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Constantly rubbing knuckles, flexing his jaw and  
his triceps; sighs in disappointment whenever  
others speak.

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Wants to lead other wizards in the building of  
new, never-before-invented magical devices;  
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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  
his hand. He slapped his hand  
together and rubbed them  
vigorously, laughing to himse  
"What does this day have to  
offer?" He stepped forward ou  
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 swar  
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 t  
future.</p>



## PERSONALITY

<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 swamp. "Yes, yes, I know that already" and coughed up a bit of flem from 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 Gnome. Whoever Yasloh used to be was absorbed into the gritty sandy mire of Kol-oug. How could I have forgotten the bloody swamp? the last thought that crossed his mind before the Mind Flayer of the 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, not 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 swampy gnome". "But there's no such thing." Yasloh shot the soldier an intimidating glance. Silence. The lieutenant 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 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>