

# 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

## Appearance

## Image Dummy

## Image Dummy

Senses

TODO Senses

Languages

Human gnomish

Adjectives

Thoughtful

Special Abilities

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

Special Equipment

- Thaum gauge on a wand
- a personal thaumometer to detect concentration of magical potential.

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

Quarterstaff

Factions

Expressions

(Interrupting) "I know what you're going to say"; "I think very, very deeply"; "You're where I was 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 in the Gnomes. Except for Yasloh. Emerging from a mountain cave on a dimly glimmering morning the Gnome sputtered at the sunlight. "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 that 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!" 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. The soldier gave "Brain" a place to clean up and change. </p><p>During the 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>

# 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>