# 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 | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 14 | 10 | 11 | 19 | 3 | 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 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.

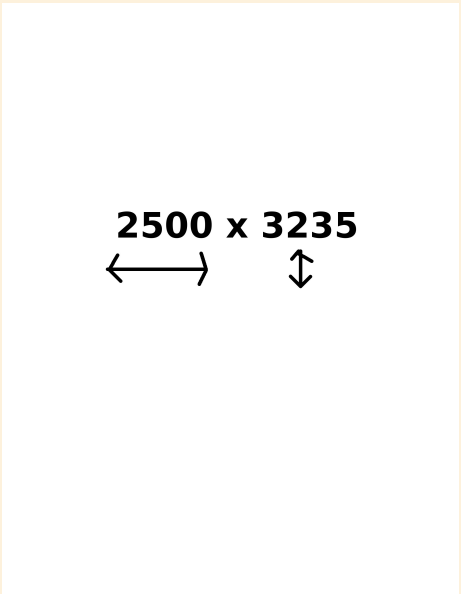
## Combat Tactics

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




## Roleplaying

**Introduction**

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

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.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. 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.