



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

2500 x 3235

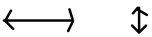


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ROLEPLAYING

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 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.
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