FATOUMATA OF **Ephrosinia**

middle aged adult dwarf neutral good Level 0 civilian / commoner

Pronouns: she/her **Occupations:** Unknown source of wealth **Armor Class** 12 **Hit Points** 3 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed 25.

STR DEX CON INT WIS

14 11 14 (+0) (+2) (+1) (+2) (+1)

CHA

14 (+2)

Saving Throws TODO Saving Thro

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities Condition Immunities

TODO Condition Immunities Senses TODO Senses

Languages

Human dwarvish duergar gnomish halfling,

Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- · Numerous masks on slender sti (swan masks, frogs, bears, fish so on)
- · Several pairs of long, gold-laced two-thumbed gloves

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

FATOUMATA **Ephrosinia**

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Introduction

An elegantly dressed dwarf turr smile at you from behind her m held on a thin stick by a twothumbed hand.

ROLEPLAYING

Appearance

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Special Equipment

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- Several pairs of long laced two-thumbed

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ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

An elegantly dressed dwarf turns to smile at you from behind her mask, held on a thin stick by a two-thumbed hand.

Appearance

Plump; silky skin; mischievous, teasing eyes. Each of her uncannily slender hands is adorned with two thumbs.

Expressions

"Well, there's a thing!"; "Go and chill out until supper time"; "What a load of old squit"; "Toodles!"

Mannerisms

Self-conscious about her extra digits, tries to his them, but often fails. Wears mask when looking into soul.

Motivations

Fatoumata's noblewoman lifestyle and bottomle charity to the downtrodden flow from an unknown spring of wealth.

Passions

Sends pipes filled with excellent yellow tobacco prisoners in the local jail. Enjoys watching maskerata plays.

Secrets

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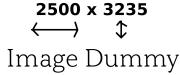
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Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

The Dwarven village of Harrmut located in a largely isolated hilly recon the island of Er Kaal, known for i violent weather, broad chasms, and random volcanic activity. Er Kaal is known for its wandering arcanists of multiple races, casters who enjoy toying with the fabric of reality and genetic heritage of various populationsAlthough having a residing town council, Harmuth is under the control of the nearby Dwarven Kingdom of Ephronisia; a c renown for its rich legacy of heroicis regality, craftsmanship, and innovation. Fatoumata's family were Harmuth's resident diplomats, place there to keep watch over the town a help govern its people. As such, she was raised in an environment rich w political banter, charity, arts, and intellectual aspiration. This formed young Fatoumata's personality and pursuit of all that is good and excell Harmuth and other nearb villages were often the target of wandering arcanists looking to experiment with their magicks. One fateful morning while young Fatour wandered out to the mills to revel ir their comradery and craftsmanship, hole tore open in the ground before and began spouting viscous black liquid like an overflowing bottle of carbonated tar. The tar gathered in face, a gnarled old dwarf of impossi ugly visage. It spoke to her."You. You are my daughter."</i> growling and scraping voice boome <i>"and you are the opposable one The one that will gain the leverage need!"</i> At which point the grotesque face of tar proceeded to spout the vile bilious black liquid towards her. Both hands were dous in the black goo as she put them up o closing har aves ti



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guaru ner race, crosnig ner eyes cigi out of instinct. When Fatoumata opened her eyes, the fountain of black goo was gone. But the hole remained. She looked arou quickly to see if anyone, a spellcast or demon, was responsible for this encounter, and she saw nothing but the plains between her village and lumber mills.<i>"Look to your hands, my child. My daughter, </i> a voice rang in her head. She looked down at her hands. Black goo was covering both but quickly evaporated once her gaze found its target. She was left with a incredible sight. A second opposable thumb on each hand. Wondering if she'd imagined th event, she wandered back to the village to show her family. Suspiciously, her father would dodg any questions about the events and her mother would quiet her. Upon doing her own limited research, she discovered that her family has inde had encounters with various powerf entities in the past and now wonder one of these entities are responsible for her 'difference'.As the years passed, Fatoumata became something of both a celebrity and a pariah. People of her town and surrounding Dwarven empire were both fascinated and terrified of her 'difference'. She has learned to ada to this through disguise; carrying pa masks with her and wearing beautif gloves that distract from the 'difference' and draw peoples' attention to their ornate appearance instead.

Personality