

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)

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Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws Skills

Proficiencies Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities **Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities** Senses TODO Senses Languages Human, dwarvish, duergar, gnomish,

Adjectives

Special Abilities

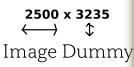
Special Equipment

sticks (swan masks, frogs, bears, fish and so on) Several pairs of long, gold-laced twothumbed gloves

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

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

Appearance

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

Expressions

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

Mannerisms

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

Fatoumata's noblewoman lifestyle a bottomless charity to the downtrodd flow from an unknown spring of wea

Sends pines filled with excellent vel tobacco to prisoners in the local iail. Enjoys watching maskerata plays.

Secrets

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3 (TODO Hitdice) Speed 25.

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> Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
> Skills Skills

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 sticks (swan masks, frogs, bears, fish and so on) Several pairs of long, gold-

laced two-thumbed gloves

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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

Appearance

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Expressions

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

Mannerisms

Cell3

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

Motivations

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

Passions

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

Secrets

on the island of Er Kaal, known for its violent weather, broad chasms, and random volcanic activity. Er Kaal is also known for its wandering arcanists of multiple races, casters who enjoy toying with the fabric of reality and the genetic heritage of various populationsAlthough having a residing town council, Harmuth is under the control of the nearby Dwarven Kingdom of Ephronisia; a city renown for its rich legacy of heroicism, regality, craftsmanship, and innovation. Fatoumata's family were Harmuth's resident diplomats, placed there to keep watch over the town and help govern its people. As such, she was raised in an environment rich with political banter, charity, arts, and intellectual aspiration. This formed young Fatoumata's personality and her pursuit of all that is good and excellent. and other nearby villages were often the target of wandering arcanists looking to experiment with their magicks. One fateful morning while young Fatoumata wandered out to the mills to revel in their comradery and craftsmanship, a hole tore open in the ground before her and began spouting viscous black liquid like an overflowing bottle of carbonated tar. The tar gathered into a face, a gnarled old dwarf of impossibly ugly visage. It spoke to her. <i>"You. You are my

BACKGROUND

The Dwarven village of Harrmuth is located in a largely isolated hilly region

STORY

daughter."</i>A growling and scraping voice boomed, <i>"and you are the opposable one. The one that will gain the leverage I need!"</i> At which point the grotesque face of tar proceeded to spout the vile

bilious black liquid towards her. Both hands were doused in the black goo as she put them up to guard her face, closing her eyes tight out of instinct.

When Fatoumata opened her eyes, the fountain of black goo was gone. But the hole remained. She looked around quickly to see if anyone, a spellcaster 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>

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 an incredible sight. A second opposable thumb

on each hand. Wondering if she'd imagined the event, she wandered back to the village to show her family

halfling,

Numerous masks on slender

Suspiciously, her father would dodge any questions about the events and her mother would quiet her. Upon doing her own limited research, she discovered that her family has indeed had encounters with various powerful entities in the past and now wonders if 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 adapt to this through disguise; carrying party masks with her and wearing beautiful gloves that distract from the 'difference' and draw peoples' attention to their ornate appearance instead.