

BACKSTORY

The Harmul is an isolated island of violent and rampant magic. Er Kaal is a wandering dwarf, races, and with the help of the gnomish population.

Although having no council, Harmul is under the control of the Kingdom of Ephrosinia, renowned for its heroism, renowned for its craftsmanship. Fatoumata's father, Harmuth, was placed there to rule the town and its people. As such, in an environment of political bantle and intellectual as formed young personality and that is good and bad.

Harmuth's villages were of wandering to experiment magicks. On while young wandered off, revel in their craftsmanship in the ground began spout liquid like a of carbonate gathered into old dwarf of visage. It sp

"You. Your daughter." A scraping voice, "you are the one that will need!" At the grotesque facade proceeded to bilious black. Both hands black goo as to guard her eyes tight on

When Fatoumata's eyes, the goo was gone. She remained. She quickly to see spellcaster responsible and she saw plains between lumber mills

"Look to child. My daughter rang in her father's

She looked at hands. Black both but quiet once her gaze. She was left sight. A second thumb on ear

Wonder imagined the wandered by show her father her father's questions at

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
10	14	11	14	12
(+0)	(+2)	(+1)	(+2)	(+1)

CHA
14
(+2)

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 halfling
Adjectives

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

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Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

2500 x 3235

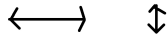


Image Dummy

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 hide them, but often fails. Wears mask when looking into soul.

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 jail. Enjoys watching maskerata plays.

Secrets

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Dummy

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