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 TODO

Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages
Human dwarvish duergar gnomhalfling,
Adjectives,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- Numerous masks on slender sticks (swan masks, frogs, bears, fish and so on)
- Several pairs of long, goldlaced two-thumbed 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-thumbed hand.

Appearance

Plump; silky skin; mischievo 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!"

Cell3

Mannerisms

Self-conscious about her exdigits, tries to hide them, b often fails. Wears mask who looking into soul.

Motivations

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

Passions

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

Secrets

BACKGROUND STORY

The Dwarven village of Harrmuth is located in a largel isolated hilly region on the isla of Er Kaal, known for its violen weather, broad chasms, and random volcanic activity. Er Ka is also known for its wandering arcanists of multiple races, casters who enjoy toying with fabric of reality and the geneti heritage of various populationsAlthough havi a residing town council, Harmu is under the control of the nea **Dwarven Kingdom of Ephronis** city renown for its rich legacy heroicism, regality, craftsmanship, and innovation Fatoumata's family were Harmuth's resident diplomats, placed there to keep watch ov the town and help govern its people. As such, she was raise an environment rich with polit banter, charity, arts, and intellectual aspiration. This formed young Fatoumata's personality and her pursuit of that is good and excellent. Harmuth and other nearby villages were often the target wandering arcanists looking to experiment with their magicks One fateful morning while you Fatoumata wandered out to th

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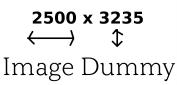
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illis to rever ill their collifaue and craftsmanship, a hole tore open in the ground before her began spouting viscous black liquid like an overflowing bottl carbonated tar. The tar gather into a face, a gnarled old dwar impossibly ugly visage. It spok her.<i>"You. You are daughter."</i>A growling and scraping voice boomed, <i>"aı you are the opposable one. The one that will gain the leverage need!"</i> At which point the grotesque face of tar proceede to spout the vile bilious black liquid towards her. Both hands were doused in the black goo a she put them up to guard her face, closing her eyes tight out instinct. When Fatoumata opened her eyes, the fountain of black goo was gone But the hole remained. She loc around quickly to see if anyone spellcaster or demon, was responsible for this encounter, and she saw nothing but the plains between her village and lumber mills.<i>"Loo your hands, my child. My daughter,"</i> a voice rang in head.She looked dow her hands. Black goo was covering both but quickly evaporated once her gaze four 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 t show her family. Suspiciously, father would dodge any quest about the events and her moth would quiet her. Upon doing h own limited research, she discovered that her family has indeed had encounters with various powerful entities in the past and now wonders if one o these entities are responsible her 'difference'.As the years passed, Fatoumata beca something of both a celebrity a pariah. People of her town a surrounding Dwarven empire were both fascinated and terri 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.

PERSONALITY

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