

middle aged adult dwarf
neutral good
Level 0 civilian / commoner

Speed 25.

2500 x 3235

2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

Pronouns: she/her
Occupations:
Unknown source of wealth
Armor Class 12
Hit Points 3 (TODO Hit Points)
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 duergan
halfling ,
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

- Numerous masks or staves (swan masks, bears, fish and so on)
- Several pairs of long laced two-thumbed

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

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 prisoners in the local jail. Enjoys watching maskerata plays.

Secrets

Cell3

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

BACKGROUND STORY

<p>The Dwarven village of Harrmut located in a largely isolated hilly region on the island of Er Kaal, known for its 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 populations</p>Although having a residing town council, Harrmut is under the control of the nearby Dwarven Kingdom of Ephronisia; a country renowned for its rich legacy of heroic regality, craftsmanship, and innovation. Fatoumata's family were Harrmut'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 pursuit of all that is good and excellent</p><p>Harrmut 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 in her face, a gnarled old dwarf of impossible ugly visage. It spoke to her.</p><p>"You. You are my daughter."</p>The growling and scraping voice boomed</p>"and you are the opposable one The one that will gain the leverage need!"</p>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

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.

"Look to your hands, my child. My daughter, " 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 the event, she wandered back to the village to show her family. 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 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 adapt to this through disguise; carrying perfume masks with her and wearing beautiful gloves that distract from the 'difference' and draw peoples' attention to their ornate appearance instead.

PERSONALITY