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
TODO Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Human,
dwarvish, duergar, gnomish,
halflling,
Adjectives

**Special Abilities** 

**Special Equipment** 

**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-thumb hand.

# 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.

# Motivations

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

# **Passions**

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

# Secrets

# 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)

14 (+2)

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 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; 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**

Cell3

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

The Dwarven village of Harrmuth is 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 also known for its wandering arcanists of multiple races, casters who enjoy toying with the fabric of reality and the genetic heritage of various populations Although 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.

Harmuth 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.

"You. You are my

daughter."A growling and scraping voice boomed, "and you are the opposable one. The one that will gain the leverage I need!" 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. "Look to your hands, my child. My daughter," a voice rang in her head. She looked down at her

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. 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.