

## 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

**CHA**

14

**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 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

**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 shit"

time"; "what a load of old  
squit"; "Toodles!"

Cell3

## Mannerisms

Self-conscious about her ex-  
posed 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 maskerade  
plays.

## Secrets

## BACKGROUND STORY

The Dwarven village of  
Harmuth is located in a large  
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,  
mages, and 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 Ephronia,  
a city renowned 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  
that which is good and excellent.

Harmuth and other nearby  
villages were often the target  
of wandering arcanists looking to  
experiment with their magick.  
One fateful morning while you  
Fatoumata wandered out to the  
mills to revel in their comradery  
and craftsmanship, a hole tore  
open in the ground before her  
began spouting viscous black  
liquid like an overflowing bottle  
of carbonated tar. The tar gathered  
into a face, a gnarled old dwarf  
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

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**Skills**

**Proficiencies**

**Damage Immunities**

2500 x 3235

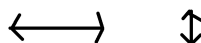


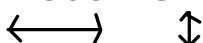
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## ROLEPLAYING

### Introduction

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<div>Special Abilities</div>	
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need!"

At which point the grotesque face of tar proceed to spout the vile bilious black liquid towards her. Both hand were doused in the black goo she put them up to guard her face, closing her eyes tight on instinct.

When Fatoumata opened her eyes, a fountain of black goo was gone. But the hole remained. She lo 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.

"Look 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 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 question about the events and her mother would quiet her. Upon doing her own limited research, she discovered that her family had 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.

### PERSONALITY

The Dwarven village of Harmuth is located in a large 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, spellcasters 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 nearest Dwarven Kingdom of Ephronia, a city renown for its rich legacy of heroicisism, regality, craftsmanship, and innovation

Fatoumata's family were Harmuth's resident diplomats placed there to keep watch on the town and help govern its



people. As such, she was raised in an environment rich with politeness, 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 of wandering arcanists looking to experiment with their magick. 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 with an 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 and she put them up to guard her face, closing her eyes tight out of instinct.

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