

[Previous](#)[Next](#)

fatoumata of ephrosinia

**2500 x 3235**  
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Image Dummy

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Fatoumata of Ephrosinia

## Fatoumata of Ephrosinia

**middle aged adult Dwarf**

**Neutral Good**

**Level 0 Civilian N/A**

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### Pronouns -

she/her

### Occupations -

Unknown source of wealth

**Armor Class -**

12

**Hit Points -**

3 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

25.

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**STR**

10 (+0)

**DEX**

14 (+2)

**CON**

11 (+1)

**INT**

14 (+2)

**WIS**

12 (+1)

**CHA**

14 (+2)

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**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Dwarf Abilities"=>[{ "Dwarven Resistance"=>"Has advantage on Saving Throws against poison, and has Resistance against poison damage", "Dwarven Combat Training"=>"Has proficiency with the Battleaxe, Handaxe, Light Hammer, and Warhammer.", "Stonecunning"=>"Whenever making an Intelligence (History) check related to the Origin of stonework, he is considered proficient in the History skill and adds double his Proficiency Bonus" }] }

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+2

**Languages -**

Human dwarvish duergar gnomish halfling

**Adjectives -**

Mischevious, Flirtatious, Mysterious,

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**Special Abilities**

**Special Equipment**

**Combat Tactics**

**Actions**

**Factions**

Role:

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**2500 x 3235**  
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Image Dummy

# Roleplaying

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## 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 squat*

*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

N/A

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Proficiencies -

Languages -

Human dwarvish duergar gnomish halfling

Adjectives -

Mischevious, Flirtatious, Mysterious,



**Special Abilities**

-

**Special Equipment**

-

-

**Combat Tactics**

Will not fight

**Actions**

-

**Factions**

Role:

# Roleplaying



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# Background Story

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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 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.