



# BABITA ("BABS")

Tween Dwarf  
Neutral Good  
Level 0 Civilian

**Pronouns:** she/her  
**Occupations:**  
Chainmail fashion model  
**Armor Class** 15  
**Hit Points** 3 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 25.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
9 (0)	10 (+0)	11 (+1)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)

**CHA**  
19  
(+5)

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills**  
Persuasion; Modelling;  
**Proficiencies**  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Human,  
dwarvish,  
**Adjectives** Sexy,

## Special Abilities

-

## Special Equipment

-

## Combat Tactics

Will typically breakdown at the site of combat out of fear that any damage would mar her beauty.

## Actions

-

## Factions

**Fan of Uthamapalayam Academicals United (lacrosse team)**

2500 x 3235



Image Dummy

# ROLEPLAYING

## Introduction

A curvy young starlet flounces up to party. "What's your names? I'm Babs. What do you think of UAU? Are you new?"

## Appearance

Expressive eyebrows; long black lustrous hair; She somehow makes dwarvish chainmail slinky.

## Expressions

"Watcha!"; "How ya goin'?"; "That's hot!"; "Like"; "Totally"; swears like a trucker.

## Mannerisms

Shrugs, giggles and rolls eyes frequently.

## Motivations

Hopes to become renown across the realms for her beauty;

## Passions

Loves watching lacrosse, gushes endlessly about male player Kluskap. Many tattoos; she shows off less indelicate ones.

## Secrets

Babs is not aware of her psionic abilities but she does know she has a 'knack' for drawing attention. She is modest about this, chalking it up to her physique and the qualities of the armors she fashions.

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# BACKGROUND STORY

Raised in the remote Hill Dwarf lumber town of Gontor Rains [any Dwarven village], Babs was always the target of particularly lecherous laborers after their long days of work in the hillside forests and at the mill. Even as a young-un, she realized she had a knack for drawing the gaze of most peoples. A local smithy took a particular liking to her as she blossomed into her 'tween years and he would spend countless hours at his forge crafting a unique suit of Dwarven mail just for her.

Once completed, the smith gifted the mail to Babs with the hope that it would win her favor. Instead, it gained the interest of the males in the community who insisted that their small town enter Babs into chain-model contests in the nearby Dwarven city of Quelidon [Any Dwarven City]. Needless to say, Babs' subconscious psionics began to mature as she drew the gaze of all kinds of traveling merchants and emissaries. Her career as a model began with a resounding, 'bang!'