



The Dwarven village of Harmuth 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 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 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

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)

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, duergar, gnomish,
 halfling,

Adjectives

Factions

↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Secrets

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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, gold-laced two-thumbed gloves

Factions

Secrets

Cell3

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.