



# PRAXIUS POLARIA

Middle Aged Adult  
Dragonborn  
Lawful Neutral  
Level 2 Civilian / Commoner

**Pronouns:** he/him  
**Occupations:** Tavern Owner  
**Armor Class** 13  
**Hit Points**  
15 (TODO Hitdice)  
**Speed** 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
16	12	10	10	10
(+3)	(+1)	(+0)	(+0)	(+0)

**CHA**  
16  
(+3)

**Saving Throws**  
TODO Saving Throws  
**Skills** Brilliant at business despite his appearance he can easily see a good deal from a bad one.  
**Proficiencies**  
**Damage Immunities**  
TODO Damage Immunities  
**Condition Immunities**  
TODO Condition Immunities  
**Senses** TODO Senses  
**Languages** Draconic, Dwarven, Common,  
**Adjectives**

## Special Abilities

## Special Equipment

## Combat Tactics

## Actions

Fists | Sword he keeps tethered underneath the bar from his earlier days

## Factions

2500 x 3235



Image Dummy

# ROLEPLAYING

## Introduction

Welcomes party to Praxxys with a warm smile and open arms, offering them a bed food and drink fit for adventurers

## Appearance

Tall Gold Dragonborn, White button-down shirt, Brown pants Bar cloth sticking out of a belt

## Expressions

"Welcome! All are welcome!"; "Best heed tradition, or meet fate."

## Mannerisms

He constantly tries to busy himself with cleaning and correcting the placement of glasses across the bar.

## Motivations

He wants to establish a network of 'Praxxys' across the world, to make a safe home for adventurers anywhere they go.

## Passions

He has a nice collection of ornate flagons from across the world.

## Secrets

In his youth, he pissed off a rival tavern owner, who is of great influence.

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# BACKGROUND STORY

Praxius came into the world bred to be a champion, like his father and grandfather. And for a time, he was. Though age began to show its mark and he found he just couldn't adventure like he used to. He wandered for a while after trying to find a new purpose, until he came across an abandoned bar within the city. He remembered his earlier days of how sometimes he just wanted to stop at a bar that didn't have constant fights or underworld presence at every turn. | He spent the last of the gold he had repairing it and establishing contracts. Through the deals he made (and broke) he slowly learnt the tools of the trade of haggling, and now Praxxys is a thriving bar in the city. Though Praxius does lament a desire to adventure again, especially after seeing Lucia grow up into a fine businesswoman herself.