



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 appearancehe can easily see a good deal from a bad one.
Proficiencies TODO
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

ROLEPLAYING

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

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2500 x 3235
Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction
Welcomes party to Praxxys with a warm smile

2500 x 3235

Cell3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.
