

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

praxius polaria

**2500 x 3235**  
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

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Praxius Polaria

## Praxius Polaria

**middle aged adult Dragonborn**

**Lawful Neutral**

**Level 0 Civilian N/A**

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### Pronouns -

he/him

### Occupations -

Tavern Owner

**Armor Class -**

13

**Hit Points -**

15 (TODO Hitdice)

**Speed -**

30.

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**STR**

16 (+3)

**DEX**

12 (+1)

**CON**

10 (+0)

**INT**

10 (+0)

**WIS**

10 (+0)

**CHA**

16 (+3)

---

**Saving Throws -**

**Skills -**

{ "Dragonborn Abilities"=>[ { "Breathe Weapon"=>"Can exhale fire in a 15 foot cone with a DC 13. A creature takes 2d6 damage on a failed save, and half as much damage on a successful one.", "Damage Resistance"=>"Resistance to Fire" } ] }

**Proficiencies -**

**Proficiency Mod -**

+2

**Languages -**

Draconic Dwarvish Common { "id"=>"chamber\_of\_commerce", "name"=>"Chamber of Commerce" }

**Adjectives -**

Hospitable, Relaxed, Hopeful,


### Special Equipment

## Combat Tactics

## Actions

## Factions

**2500 x 3235**



# Image Dummy

## Introduction

Welcomes party to Praxxus 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 pantsBar 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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---

**Special Abilities**

-

**Special Equipment**

-

**Combat Tactics**

he keeps a sword tethered underneath the bar from his earlier days

**Actions**

-

## Factions

# Roleplaying

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# Background Story

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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 couldnt 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 contacts. 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.