

## Hok Saylo

Lieutenant Colonel, Equite, Iron Legion, Science Division  
*Dark Path, Order of the Loyalists, Imperial*  
Field Medic, Human Male, Left Handed  
**Height:** 1.72 m / 5'6" - **Weight:** 74 kg / 163 lbs - **Age:** 52 years

### Physical Description

Doctor Hok Saylo (pron. as in *ad HOC, missile SILO*) was born to a Human father and a half-Devaronian mother. At first glance he is a Human of average height, perhaps a bit portly around the waist. His shoulders are narrow and squared and his small meaty hands have carefully manicured fingernails. A cleft chin and strong jaw define a rather rounded head, with a prominent brow and shadowed eyes. A closer inspection will reveal the almost ruddy complexion of the skin and a purple glint in the Doctor's dark brown eyes. If he were to remove the skin-tight hood that always girds his head — an unlikely circumstance — two parallel pitted scars would be revealed just above his forehead, as well as a definite upward-pointing elongation of the ears and a bald head. He speaks with the clear and composed inflection of Imperial high society, though he may slip into a coarser Coruscanti cadence if under emotional stress.

The Doctor will most likely be found in his laboratory wearing sanitary attire consisting of a tunic, chemical-resistant boots and a sturdy shin-length apron. This gear includes a belt and pouches for the various tools of his trade. When outside of the laboratory, Dr. Saylo will wear the uniform of a science officer of the Iron Legion, with dark pants and jacket and a long trench coat. At all times he dons a tight hood that covers his head, ears and neck, and whenever socially acceptable he will also make use of tinted goggles or glasses.

### Specializations

#### Lore

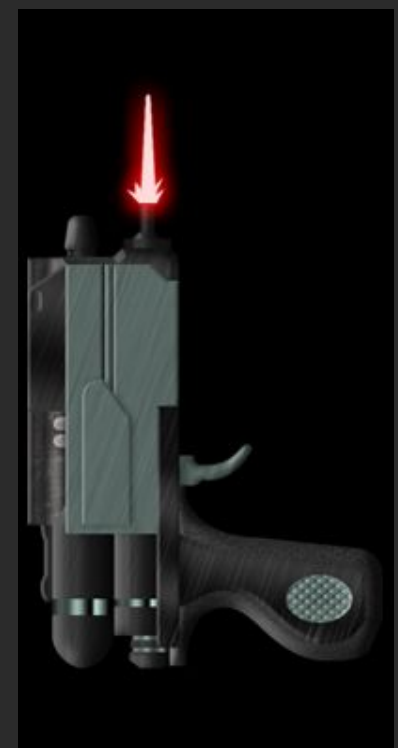
- Galactic population genetics
- Bioengineering
- Bioweapon engineering

#### Weapon Specialization

- Primary: Blasters
- Secondary: Explosives

#### Languages

- Arkanian
- Kaminoan



### General Aspects

#### Up the Ziggurat

Hok Saylo's twisted imagination and curiosity lead him from project to project at breakneck speed, and he has little patience for obstacles that impede his "creative flow." Fortunately, he has found the Iron Legion to be most accommodating in terms of providing material resources, personnel and test subjects, as long as he proves his worth. The Doctor appreciates that the Legion gauges the value of a person by their position in the hierarchy, therefore he is motivated to seek advancement in rank, power and responsibility by any means.

Dr. Saylo has ruined the careers of many rivals to get to where he is now, and his ambitions are well known among officers of his division. The Doctor is always on alert, never knowing when an enemy might find the opportunity to get back at him, but this constant state of vigilance takes its toll on the man.

#### The Kettle Black

Hok Saylo grew up, both in terms of time and place, in the center of the New Order's political and cultural program, but it would be foolish to assume that his extreme views on the relative value of Humans and aliens is merely a regurgitation of Imperial propaganda. His scientific search for the "pure Human" extends both to the ancestral past and to an imagined future, one he intends to shape himself. This is the terrible dream that fuels his every waking venture, and finding Darth Pravus and the Brotherhood only increased his ambitions.

There is an obvious defect in the Doctor's humanocentric outlook. The people who work around him know never to make mention of his Devaronian ancestry or alien physical traits, or they risk being the subject of uncontrolled outrage, summary dismissal and long-term and malicious persecution by the man.

## Personality Aspects

### I'M NOT SHOUTING!

To most people Dr. Saylo presents himself as an equable and affable individual, and only the most attentive ear will pick up how hollow and contrived this mask is. The Doctor goes to great pains to construct this public image, but only for the benefit of those powerful and influential people on whom he depends to further his goals. To those he considers his subordinates, whether by cause of rank or species, he feels no need to exercise restraint. These people have seen how he can turn from placid to violently irate in the bat of an eyelid, and they know to stay out of his way when he feels like discharging his frustrations on objects and living beings.

### Whistle While You Work

Hok Saylo's inability to connect to the emotions of other individuals is what allows him to carry out his bioweapon and bioengineering projects. He is not unemotional himself (far from it), but while he connects stimuli to emotional reactions in himself, he is incapable of perceiving the same causal relationship in others. His colleagues have frequently observed this disturbing phenomenon, as he goes from filling out requisition forms to performing his experiments whistling the same tune.

The careless cruelty of his research is what got him expelled from the First Order years ago, and it will spell his death sentence should he ever find himself outside the aegis of the Iron Legion. It also makes filling his project team rosters a problematic affair. The individuals who have the stomach and inclination to work with him are few and far between.

## Combat Aspects

### Go On, Have a Bite

Hok Saylo does not lack for enemies, deadly rivals and individuals he wants maimed, injured or killed. What he lacks is any stomach for a straight-up fight. Fortunately, he has access to some of the deadliest toxins and pathogens known to sentience, and he knows how to use them — he created them! Whether it is the invisible, odourless gas through the air vents, the surreptitious aerosol spray of deadly spores or the poisoned meiloorun, he will ensure that his target is dead or wishing death before the fight even starts.

However, for all his scientific knowledge, the Doctor does not seem to understand that every action has an equal and opposite reaction. The utter terror that his methods engender, and the indiscriminate, random nature by which they are delivered, will inevitably encourage all-or-nothing preemptive strikes by the desperate victim.

### When Danger Reared Its Ugly Head

Sometimes the Doctor finds it necessary to step into dangerous situations. In fact, he is frequently present at major battles and engagements to take his pick of fresh Undesirable fodder for his research. However, he does not go unarmed, both figuratively and literally.

His first line of defense is his reputation. Anyone who has heard reports or rumors of Dr. Saylo's capacity for brutality and reprisal will think twice before challenging him. Should this fail, the Doctor has no compunction about turning tail and beating a very brave retreat, often covered by a spray of blaster fire or a poisonous grenade. His last resort, surrender, is not an option in most cases, as there aren't many so laserbrained as to take him alive. This means that, on the day that he is cornered and all his cards are played, he will have little innate capacity to defend himself, and he will have to take death with what dignity his enemies will afford him.

## Skills (39/39)

+4	Medicine, Intellect
+3	Manipulation, Perception, Intimidation, Lore
+2	Resolve, Linguistics, Subterfuge, Interrogation, Astrogation, Might
+1	Blaster, Investigation, Slicing, Leadership, Pilot (S), Explosives, Mechanic

