

Polly



Polly is Sprig's 6-year-old tadpole little sister. She has lived in a bucket for her whole life and **wants nothing more than a pair of arms and legs to call her own. She has unrivaled passion and enthusiasm for life;** she often screams how she feels as opposed to talking like a normal person.

She has a simple worldview (for obvious reasons) and is great to bounce ideas off of. **She admires her older brother Sprig and sees him as everything she wants to be** even if he has no idea she feels this way. The two of them always talk together before going to sleep and Sprig will tell Polly about his day. **This is the highlight of Polly's existence seeing as how she can't leave her bucket.** She plans on going on adventures with Sprig the second she gets some limbs.

POLLY SIDES

1.Polly

EXCITED: Know the first thing I'm gonna do when I get hands?! Chew my fingernails! I see people doing it all the time so they must be DELICIOUS!

2.Polly

IMPRESSED: Wow Anne! You're the best stick-ball player I've ever seen! Actually I've never even seen a stick before. Or a ball really. (pause) I live in a bucket!

3.Polly

DETERMINED: Well since everyone has been imprisoned and sent to the gulag, I guess it's up to me to keep the farm running. Time to show the world just what this handless, legless, little gal can do.

4.Polly

BUILDING DREAD: Guys, that spider is crawling towards me. Everyone is aware I don't have hands right? Yeah, I don't have uh a lot of options here. Ok. Ok. Update. It's on the edge of my bucket now and is making its way towards me. Guuuuys. This is serious. GUYS!?

5.Polly

INDIGNANT: Not to change the subject but I think my water needs to be changed. No rush or anything. I'm only bathing in my own filth over here.