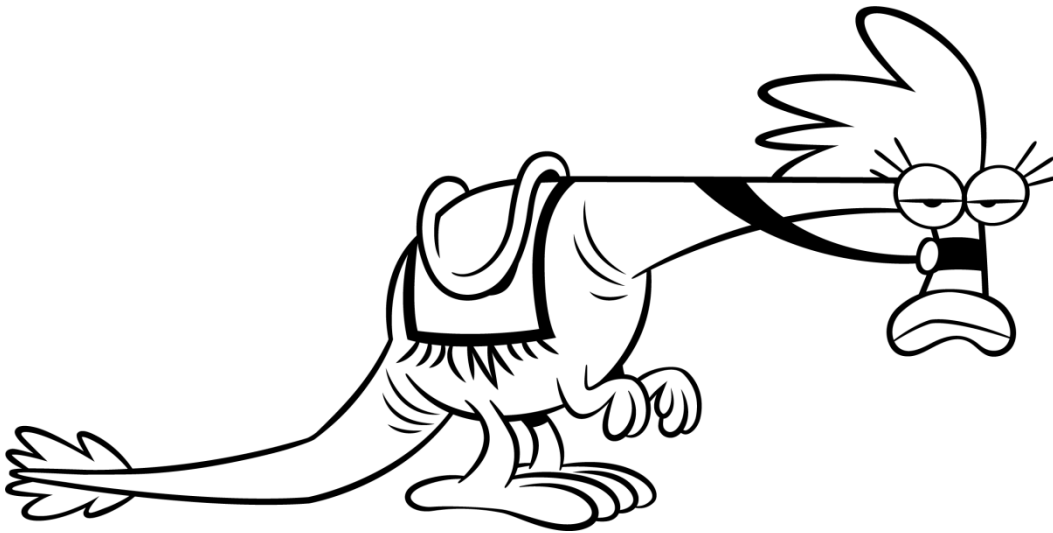


SYLVIA

Sylvia does not consider herself a pessimist, she considers herself a *realist*. Though she's strong enough, tough enough and capable enough to be one of the galaxies greatest vigilantes, her belief that no good deed ever goes unpunished keeps her constantly mumbling and grumbling under her breath every time Wander finds a soft enough spot in her heart to convince her to join him in an act of do-goodery. This constant state of exasperation does not derive from a source of hatred, rather it springs forth from an overwhelming frustration with the mindboggling idiocies of the universe and a clear idea of how things could and should work. In a world of chaos and nonsense where she adventures with an overly impulsive hero, Sylvia is often the only (and irritated) voice of reason and logic. In order to relate to her, it's important to capture her frustration and pessimism while avoiding a voice that sounds too harsh or off-putting. Her sarcastic comments should be a source of comedy and not one of disdain.



SYLVIA SIDES

1. SYLVIA

Irritated/sarcastic: *I told you, Wander, I told you this place looked like bad news! But did you listen? No, you were all (imitating Wander) 'let's go look at that neato skull ship! Maybe there's nice folks there!' What about now? Think they're nice now?*

2. SYLVIA

Sarcastically complaining to self while kicking ass: *Oh great the idiotic door won't open when you push the flargin' button <HYAAA! (kicks door down)> Well would you lookit that, a swarm of <ugh!> (punching) Watchdogs that want to <hng!> destroy me! <ug!> What's this? THE GROP DERNED, SHIP IS EXPLODING!! HOORAY!*

3. SYLVIA

Reluctantly giving in: *Oh..... all right, ya sappy bean pole. You can have ONE more --- Just stop it with those disgustingly adorable puppy dog eyes before I blorf.*

4. SYLVIA

Nervous/apologetic: *Heh heh. Sorry Lord Hater we'll find it, promise! Heh, never knew skeletons could loose their skulls so easily, heh.*

5. SYLVIA

Trying not to laugh: *No, no, no, no, It's not going to work. I don't care how many hot dogs you can shove in you mout—SERIOUSLY, STOP IT, it's not funny, IT'S NOT FUNNY!*