

Sylvia Summers

Sylvia was born in New York City to a Rachel and Jacob Summers who were sadly in the midst of crumbling marriage. Rachel's free spirit was already bucking at the prospect of being a wife. The demands of motherhood quickly overwhelmed her. A freelance artist by trade, her inability to commit to anything drove her from the family she created, leaving her infant daughter less than a year after her birth.

Jacob was former special forces soldier who entered politics in an effort to create a better world for his daughter. He was strict and regimented, often clashing with Sylvia during her formative years. He insisted on teaching Sylvia about the "real world". This included self defense, physical training, hunting, arms training and situational awareness. This of course consumed much of her free time, taking her away from her friends leaving her somewhat stunted socially. Sylvia hated him for this, deeming it useless in world that all but eliminated violence.

While walking home from school one day Sylvia was cornered by four thugs looking for a good time. When Sylvia refused the leader of the group moved to strike her, but his hand never came close. Sylvia exploded into blur of fluid violence smashing pressure points, slamming joints, flowing around her assailants attempts at harming her. Within a few seconds all four of the thugs were writhing on the ground sporting an array serious injuries. She never doubted her father after that.

The War

The Thalurian invasion brought about the destruction of New York City through orbital bombardment and in the resulting chaos Sylvia was separated from her father. As always however, her father had her prepared after hearing of the conflict above earth. Assembling what he called a "survivor's kit" which consisted of rations, med-kits, and her beloved sniper rifle. The kit proved instrumental to her survival in the coming days, being forced to fend for herself in the smoldering ruins of her city.

She stayed in New York after the initial attack in hopes of finding her father. During her time there she mercilessly hunted and terrorized the Thalurian invaders from afar. Eventually her exploits had reached the ears of the Eastern Resistance who proved eager to recruit her.

It was in the resistance that she learned the fate of her father. Commander Summers had sacrificed himself so that others could survive an ambush that almost destroyed the resistance. His death devastated her, still just a teenager Sylvia was left alone in a world that was fighting for its very existence. Just two days later the Resistance base was once attacked again.

She joined the defenders without hesitation, taking an elevated position so she could best put her sniper rifle to use. Each pull of the trigger dropped an invader, her father's teachings flowing through her. She found peace through focus, being able to temporarily shut out her mounting rage, killing dozens of Thalurian's before the battle's end.

With the tide turned the Thalurians attempted to flee into the nearby woods, hoping the flora would cover their escape. But there would be no survivors today. A skilled tracker, Sylvia quietly stalked and systematically killed the fleeing Thalurians. Leaving the highest ranking invader for last.

Terrified and frantic the Thalurian continued to stumble aimlessly through the forest until a high caliber round blew a sizable chunk out of its leg. He howled in pain clutching his ruined limb and it was then that Sylvia revealed herself. Calmly walking out of the brush she approached her prey. He raised his pistol in defense but a single shot removed the gun and his hand.

Disarmed and crippled the Thalurian used his remaining hand to claw desperately at the earth trying anything to put some distance between him and his would be killer. His motion was halted by a brutal kick that crumpled his ribs and flipped him onto his back. Laying face up the pathetic began to plead for mercy but upon seeing Sylvia face, he knew he would receive none. Gone was the calm

confidence she displayed just moments ago replaced by a visage of rage. This wasn't a native defending her home. This was murder.

His final willful act was one of a futility, raising his arms in an attempt to defend himself as Sylvia rained blow after blow down on his head. The Thalurian thrashed as the remainder of his life was beaten out of him. His cries of pain and despair echoed through the forest.

Long after he died Sylvia continued to savagely pummel the creature's head, eventually caving it in. Frustrated she discarded the broken corpse. Glancing down at his twisted remains Sylvia realized that she had lost all control. Her chest heaved from exhaustion and her fists ached beneath the black blood that now dripped from them.

"Beware those who hunt monsters, lest you become one" She whispered to herself, one of her father's favorite quotes.

She quietly collected her rifle and made her way back to base where she headed straight to the lavatory to clean up. Glancing into the mirror, she appeared as a dark pantomime of her former self. Only a few streaks of blue could be seen through the black spattering that now covered her hair. She would ultimately keep the look, dying her hair black as a symbol of what that she had lost and what she had become...