

# Captain Kit Perris

**Name:** Kit Perris  
**Full name:** Kathleen Elizabeth Perris  
**Age:** 33  
**Origin:** Persephone  
**Ship:** Tempest  
**Position:** Captain  
**Allegiance:** Browncoat  
**Class:** Lower Middle  
**Resources:** 2  
**Hair:** Light blonde  
**Eyes:** Blue  
**Height:** 5'11"  
**Build:** Average to thin



I was born on Persephone, or at least that's where my mother decided to list me as being born on my certificate. When I was little I'd fantasize that she'd just stolen me from one of her boyfriends and husbands, and that I was really one of their little girls. I was better liked by them most of the time. Mom would use me for bait, dress me up or down, and put me out there to find kindly gentlemen who would take care of us until she drove them to drinking or the Black. Then we'd hit the road again.

One of the last daddy's who took care of us had a ship, an old Firefly that he loved more than life itself. He'd take me up to the bridge, and show me how to fly her. Her name was *Tempest*, and I think I loved her more than he did. When I was up there in the copilot's chair looking into the Black it was like being next to heaven, and I loved watching him haggle for cargo and passengers between the Rim worlds. We didn't spend much time in the Core much to my mother's disgust. She was hoping that Roger could take us to the Core, and she'd be able to dump him for someone rich.

Poor old Roger died when he got into an argument over a gambling debt back on Persephone. For all my mothers work, Mrs. Edie Peterson Perris Smith Taylor Radisson was still stuck on Persephone in the end. When Roger died I was old enough to take the ship and make runs of my own, keeping up the steady business for his old customers leaving my mother behind in a house that we couldn't afford where she started laying out her web to catch a new husband.

Then the news about what the Alliance had done to Shadow got to us. All those innocent people killed, and them coming into Persephone to tell us how to live our lives too. I joined up with the Independents becoming a Browncoat, and



leaving home for what might have been forever. I left the *Tempest* behind, with a promise from my mother that she wouldn't sell the ship unless I died while I was out there fighting the good fight.

Unlucky for me, I was part of one of the thousands of Browncoats who were sent to the Battle for Serenity Valley on Hera. I was a sharpshooter, more skilled with a gun than I was as a pilot, so I was a foot grunt. When our commanders told Sgt. Malcolm Reynolds to lay down arms, I was already shot up and ready to die. In the two weeks it took them to come get us, I was in horrible shape. Took the med techs and the doctors on Ariel to patch me back up, and took me a good year to remember who I was and where I come from.

Lucky for me, my mother got busy snagging her rich husband, a landed gentleman who had a huge estate far from the main cities on Persephone, and she never did get around to selling my ship out from under me even when she was told I weren't coming back.

Mr. Prentiss, mom did love having her last name start with a P, was a full time supporter of the Alliance, and had not been told that I fought on the other side. Probably why she didn't get around to selling *Tempest*, be hard to sell her if she couldn't tell him how I died fighting against his people. I got passage back to Persephone when they let me out of the hospital. When I went to our house, the new owners told me where to find my mother.



Well my mom was so happy to see me that she shut the door in my face. When I threatened to make a scene, she told me to meet her at the spaceport where she'd give me what I needed for *Tempest*. When I got there, I tore a For Sale sign off of my ship. She'd already packed up what she hadn't sold or thrown out that belonged to me onboard.

Been flying around in the Black with one crew or another since then, six years of doing what I want, taking the jobs I want, and being free. Don't know what's happened to my mother, and don't rightly care neither.