

# Firefly

*Welcome to the Firefly 'verse. It's a big place, so don't get lost. Sometime a few hundred years ago, we screwed up the environment of Earth-That-Was so much we had to leave. So everyone hopped in some great colony ships, and took the long trip here, to the Centauri system. A unique place, with dozens of terraformable planets and hundreds usable of moons. The rich Core planets eventually formed the Anglo-Sino alliance, and in the great War of Unification, the Alliance took control of the whole 'verse, despite the armed objection of the Browncoats and the others who lived on the Rim. Now the Alliance rules all, but a lot of places have not benefitted from their grace, still living in squalor, in the dust and the dirt. The hovercraft and holograms of the Core quickly fade to the horses and mines of the Rim. But that's where you are. You're in the crowded Eavesdown Docks of Persephone, in the Inner Rim. But who'd want to stay here long? You'd best find a ship, find a crew, and keep flying.*

*To aid in that difficult task, have 1000 CP.  
They're not as good as real coin, but they spend a lot easier.*

# Backgrounds

*Now, roll up a 8 sided die. Now take that 1d8, and add 25. That's your age. Your gender, you'd better already know. Now, if you want to change either of those things, go ahead and pay 100 CP.*

## Drop-In

FREE

*Well, here you are. Now where is here? There's a lot of people running around, and they seem to be speaking both poor Chinese and English. Oh well, that ship looks nice. Might as well head over there until you get your bearings.*

## Browncoat

100 CP

*Aw, hell. Things just aren't going your way since you lost the War. At least you've got your skills with a gun to fall back on, even if the Alliance won't let you work. Well, there's a ship going the right direction. Might as well see if you've got enough coin.*

## Alliance Citizen

100 CP

*This IS a disgusting little dust-ball, isn't it? You're trained and educated for the high spires of the Core, not here. You should probably leave as soon as you can. That ship looks like it's going the right way, doesn't it?*

## Shepherd

100 CP

*Your time away from the world is at an end. You, and some other brothers, have got to get back out there and see how things work away from the Abbey. Hopefully, your old skills won't be needed. But there's a nice girl, and she's hawking for a nice ship. Might as well go this way?*

# Skills

Now, anyone who’s survived this long on the Rim has to have some special skills to keep themselves alive. What can you do? Go ahead and choose some talents, because it’s time for some thrilling heroics!

## Leaf On the Wind

Well, there’s one place you feel at home. In the cockpit or bridge of a ship, or behind the wheel of a hovercraft, you just fit. You have an intuitive understanding of orbital mechanics and have the reflexes to make them useful. You’re an excellent pilot when using your gut feeling and fast hands, though you may not quite be up to snuff with all the math. While you’re quite skilled, there are some limits you just can’t break; there are always hardware differences you can’t overcome, unless you happen to know a skilled mechanic...

*Free Drop-In*                      *100 CP*

## Shoot ‘em Politely

You’re a good shot with pretty much any small arm. You know how to operate and maintain both ballistic and energy weaponry, and can generally keep your head under fire. Of course, you may not have much of a head for tactics; after all, you lost the War.

*Free Browncoat*                      *100 CP*

## Edumacated

You have a standard Alliance education, just like every true citizen; 17 years, unless you skipped ahead, as opposed to those Rim “characters” who typically drop out after 8. You know the great poets and their works, and can name every planet and moon and their capital. Expect a treasure trove of (mostly useless) knowledge to be at your fingertips.

*Free Alliance Citizen*                      *100 CP*

## Friends in, Well, Places

You find you always have friends and connections all over the place, including some you’d completely forgotten about. No matter the ‘verse, you have the same connections: Alliance Citizens have connections in the government or military, Browncoats have connections with criminals or those who live in the fringes of society, Drop-Ins have allies amongst the honest businessmen and traders (yes, there are always a few) and Shepherds always end up with a friend at the local church/temple/monastery/place of worship or magic.

*Free Shepherd*                      *100 CP*

## Fluent

While most people here speak a kind of pidgin Chinese with terrible pronunciation, you’re fully fluent. If you didn’t understand the curses before, you do now; and you can always awe those who think the Anglo-Sino Alliance has too much Anglo and not enough Sino. Or just insult people while they think you’re complimenting them.

*100 CP*

## Some People Juggle Geese:

You can reach a state of zen calm, ignoring distractions. Not the scary or painful ones, though; you’ve still got to learn about scary. You can handle all the annoying or just plain weird little things. People juggling geese? A criminal as folk hero? An alien cow? What else is new? Your tolerance of annoyance and random hilarity is high; in a normal world, you’d have a career set as a comedy straight man.

*100 CP*

## Calm and Steady

You’d think you’d be panicking, not knowing where you are. But you’re not. In fact, you’re very calm. You can easily achieve a zen-like state where external distractions don’t bother you, allowing to operate at your peak potential even when in a crisis.

*Discount Drop-In*                      *200 CP*

## Machines, They Just Speak to Me

You have no formal schooling, but can fine-tune and repair engines with nothing but shoe polish. You don’t know what the parts are SUPPOSED to do, but you know how to make them work the way you want. You can diagnose a faulty part in the power core just by listening to the AC cycle, and can fix pretty much anything with naught but a wrench and some duct tape. It may not be pretty, and it may not last long, but it’ll work.

*Discount Browncoat*                      *200 CP*

## Fancy Medical Trainin’

You are a trained doctor, top of your class at the MedAcad. You’re trained in thousands of different miraculous medical technologies, and are a top surgeon who never loses a patient. At least, so long as you’re in a properly equipped OR. You can prescribe medicine, and even have a small “emergency stock” with you that would put most backwoods clinics to shame.

*Discount Alliance Citizen*                      *200 CP*

Fuzzy on the Subject of Kneecaps

It takes a good shot to hit a man. It takes a better shot to hit him and knock him down. It takes a truly exceptional shot to hit him, knock him down, and let him get up in the morning. That's you. You may not be as exceptional as a trained soldier at the more dirty parts of combat, but you're good with a gun and can contrive to shoot people in nonlethal but disabling areas. Or make them knock themselves out by startling them. Also, you're not bad at intimidating people, which is always good when it gets time for those "hellfire and damnation" sermons.

Discount Shepherd 200 CP

Take a Beating

You're pretty tough. Not superhuman, you're just too pretty (or tough) to die. You can take a bullet and still have some fight left in you, and at the edge of your endurance you can just keep on going. Even when simultaneously dying of blood loss, hypoxia, and poison, you just might pull through if someone can get by in, oh, the next half hour. Further, you laugh even in the face of torture; there's nothing they can do to you that you aren't prepared to do right back, if you get the chance. As a side effect, expect to win most bar brawls you get in.

200 CP

Intimidatin' Manner

You are rather intimidating. You know how to use your body language and voice to terrify people, especially if you're already using a big knife; or you might have strongly intimidating hair, or just be so very cold and creepy you scare people. It doesn't matter if your reputation is only rumor, to those you face it is fact. Expect lots of discounts when shopping!

200 CP

Gut Feelin'

Some people just have a sixth sense. Well, you at least have five and a half. Your instincts are much better than average. You can usually tell if someone's trustworthy, at least for a little while, and you often have a bad feeling when trouble's coming. That may not help, of course; there's plenty of trouble you can't avoid, and sometimes an untrustworthy person's the only one there, but you take what help you can get.

200 CP

Welcome On My Boat

You seem to find yourself welcome anywhere. Not that people necessarily like you, but they're likely to consider you part of the group or that you "belong", even if you really don't. Don't expect to ever have to deal with bouncers again, and you end up with invitations to places all the time. Of course, if you make a fuss, you could still get kicked out, even out an airlock, but if you do your best to fit in, it's not likely.

Discount Drop-In 400 CP

Chain of Command

You have a certain charisma about you. You just kinda become the leader in a crisis, without anyone electing you; you're just the one who takes charge and does what needs to be done. You almost never have to prove your superiority; people just start taking your orders when the bullets start flying, even if they hate your guts. Further, if you lead a suicidal charge, expect every one of your allies to come with you (even if you'd rather they stayed safe).

Discount Browncoat 400 CP

Never Call Me That Again

You have been trained at one of the famous Companion Houses of the Core, or possibly by a wandering Companion. You are a master of the arts of pleasure, and are also skilled at massage and a number of related pursuits. Your people skills are legendary; you're a master of body language and psychology, and can manipulate others with a well-timed glance. There are Companions of both genders, and you may have been trained but not become a "full" Companion, if you so wish; though in that case you'll lack the contacts and credentials full certification can provide.

Discount Alliance Citizen 400 CP

It's Called Stealth

The first rule of the battlefield is never let your enemy know where you are. You've learned that lesson well, even if you'll never say where. You're able to move without a sound even in rubble-strewn wreckage, and might even manage to surprise people in a crowded room if you're given a distraction. This might help you avoid fights, or it might just let you start them (and finish them) quicker.

Discount Shepherd 400 CP

Can Stop The Signal

You are a master hacker, a ghost in the Cortex. You can, given the appropriate equipment, edit security logs while on the way to the server, preventing people from knowing you were ever there, or implicate Members of Parliament in scandals involving underage hookers. Even with the cheap Cortex-access pads you can get on a street corner, rewriting transponder codes and forging landing permits are child's play. The world of data is your world to rule.

400 CP

Gorram Creepifyin' Psychic Government Assassin

You have, unfortunately, come to the attention of the Academy or a similar program. You can now read emotions well enough to serve as living lie detector, and even have brief flashes of precognizance. Further, if the right triggers are hit, you can turn into a killing machine, a deadly dervish of blade and gun. However, this isn't all to your benefit; you can't necessarily filter out the emotions or precognitive flashes, which might make you a little nuts. Further, your triggers can be manipulated; if you see the wrong image at the wrong time, or someone knows your triggers, you could be forced into a rage, or to drop into a dead sleep. Also, you can threaten to kill people with your brain, and some might just believe it.

600 CP

Things DO Go Smooth

You have a truly impressive reserve of luck. Your Karma somehow always stays in the positive, no matter what you do. Expect to land on the one moon where you're a folk hero, and you'll probably lift off just a few seconds before ground control'd lock you in. If you sail with those who have perennial bad luck, you'll be enough to balance them out. Your luck is not infallible, but people do tend to trip and have misfires when shooting at you; you'll still be in the hospital, but in the ICU, not the morgue.

600 CP

Big Damn Heroes

You have a truly miraculous combination of luck and timing. You always rely just in the nick of time to save the day, though you do have to genuinely be trying to do so; you can't lollygag around and still expect to be the angels swooping in, you should be at full burn doing your best. You always make it just before the bad guy's gonna shoot the hostages, right as the villain puts the final step of his plan in motion, or even in the nick of time to grab the last cookie on the tray. You may not be able to stop it, and you certainly can't stop Phase 1, but you sure won't miss the final showdown. You also can't prioritize the use of the perk; If some crime lord is about to destroy a planet, and also has one of your crew in torture, you'll arrive just in time to stop him killing the planet but not necessarily fast enough to save your crew.

600 CP

# Gear

*While skills are nice, sometimes you just gotta have the stuff to get by. These shiny bits of hardware will help you when the going gets tough. Do watch out; though high-tech science-fiction things may be effective, keepin' them working out on the Rim can be easier said than done.*

## Browncoat

You have a genuine Independence War Browncoat, issued by the militia of one of the Rim planets. It may be Shadow suede, Deerskin, or some exotic leather, but some characteristics are the same; it's comfortable, it's tough, it keeps you safe in any weather, and it marks you out as a malcontent to any Alliance Feds who might want to hassle a "rebel." Of course, some on the other side (not sure it's the wrong one) might count that as a positive. Also comes with free sheet music for "Rally Round the Banner, the Banner Yellow, Black, and Green." (Singing ability not included).

*Free Browncoat* *50 CP*

## Coin

You have a nice stack of coin. Or maybe an Alliance Credit account. In any case, you've got the cash for low-rent room and board on your own for a year or two, or enough to keep a ship and crew in fuel and parts for a few weeks (After all, it's a hole in space you pour money into). You might be able to pay your way out of a jam, but if the Rim knows you have money, expect to end up in MORE trouble, not less.

*Free Alliance Citizen* *50 CP*

## Mysterious Box

You have a small box, in which is some fresh fruit. Mysteriously, you keep having sources for fresh foods and spices; never enough to keep you from starving if stranded in the desert, but enough to make meals interesting and avoid the monotony of protein slop.

*Free Shepherd* *50 CP*

## EVA Suit

You have a simple space-suit for extra-vehicular work, or work where you're not sure you'll continue to have a safe atmosphere. It has enough air for an hour or two, a high-rated line to secure you to a ship, and a little bit of armor to prevent you from being holed by contact with a hull, but it's not something you'd wear to a firefight. Also, better make sure you seal it up properly!

*50 CP*

## Peacemaker

Even 680 years after Sam Colt's invention made all men equal, it's still in use. You've got a gun. It may be a pistol, a shotgun, a rifle, or some combination of the above, but in any case it uses bullets to hurt people. It might be a little fancy, but fancy tech don't usually work long out here on the Rim, so simple's best; even at the worst, it might see use as a club.

*50 CP*

## Grenades

Though they make a loud noise and a big mess, sometimes that's exactly what you need. You've got your hands on a stash of high-quality explosives. A good mix of stun grenades for use in boarding actions and the far more fun explosive ones for when you don't care about the collateral, you're always ready to make things go smooth (after all, puree is smooth, right?)

*50 CP*

## Sword

You have a sword. It's the year 2517, and you still use a sword. How freaky is that? Anyone you're fighting will probably have guns, and if Reapers are close enough to make a sword sound nice, well.... On the other hand, it's made from some truly high-tempered steel, is very, very sharp, and nobody expects it. It's also useful for cutting cheese and other nice homey tasks!

*50 CP*

## Body Armour

Under your clothing, you have a nice set of body armor. Possibly a War relic, or a high-tech suit your parents bought you before you left for the Rim, it'll stop bullets from most firearms. But it won't stop them completely, expect to be tossed around and bruised. Of course, that's far better than dead; armor like this is pretty rare, and nobody expects the guy they just shot to stand up and start shooting back.

*100 CP*

## Goodnight Kiss

You have a few doses of a special narcotic compound (and a formula for more) that can knock people unconscious on skin contact. It works fast, and has few side-effects. You ALSO know how to make a sealant that blocks the drug. When combined, you can give people a kiss (or a punch) and get rid of them for a few hours. That's why it's never a good idea to kiss 'em on the lips.

*100 CP*

## Mighty Fine Hat

You have a trademark item that is inextricably a part of you. When people think of you, they think of this item. Either a miscellaneous piece of clothing or accessory or another item purchased here with points, from an extremely cunning hat to a well-worn coat to a very shiny pistol, this item has some benefits; it keeps coming back like a bad penny, it's never truly lost or broken, and your people skills while displaying it are enhanced in one of two ways; it may make you far more intimidating, despite your actual dress, or it may make you far more charismatic and fashionable, despite wearing a ridiculously tight pair of pants.

100 CP

## Laser Pistol

You have a very fancy piece of tech, here. This is a genuine laser pistol, firing a beam of weaponized light that can cut and burn metal and tissue with ease. Further, since the beam travels at the speed of light and isn't affected by gravity, it's VERY easy to aim and very hard to dodge. Unfortunately, the weapon has a very limited power pack, and you might want to be careful when shooting reflective surfaces; a mirror will blacken and burn fast, but in the meantime you might have deadly reflections going every which way.

200 CP

## Everything Shiny, Captain!

You have uncanny luck in junkyards, and have amassed a supply of useful parts. You've got at least three Compression Coils, and have Port-Side Grav-Boots and Catalytic Converters aplenty. You've usually got whatever parts are needed to fix problems with your ship, or with most other technology of an equal or lesser tech level. You can't build a ship out of spare parts, but you have enough to fix whatever's broken this time. Of course, the skills to do the repairs might be a separate issue... But you gotta start somewhere!

250 CP

## Biometric Cut-Outs

You have a very fancy set of spectacles. They look slightly creepy, and have an uncomfortable red tint. On the other hand, that's not what you use them for; they're actually a complicated set of devices that interfere with most biometric scanning and monitoring technology. Retinal scans fail, your biometric signature is that of a random stranger, and even on-the-spot DNA testing won't reveal your true identity. Also, they blur most images of your face on camera. However, evidence tested elsewhere (such as DNA left at the scene of a crime) will still match, so they'll only prevent pursuit for so long...

250 CP

## Mule

You aren't walking onto the docks, you're riding in style. Well, not style. You have a personal antigravity transport, also known as a mule, able to transport 5 people and assorted luggage and powered by a generator that'll run on anything down to kerosene. It's a workman's machine; not too fast, only capable of 150 mph, and able to fly no more than a few feet above the ground, but it's tough enough to keep working no matter what you do to it. Besides, it's open-topped, so you don't want to ride it too fast anyway; you might swallow a bug.

300 CP

## Sonic Screw-You

You have a high-tech and complicated sonic weapon. It's tiny, and easily concealable. When activated, this device can function in two modes; it can fire off a stunning pulse once every few seconds, knocking unprotected humans within 10 feet and 20 degrees unconscious, or it can emit a continuous and lethal infrasonic buzz. This droning sound damages the organs of unprotected listeners (a single pair of high-tech earplugs is included with the weapon) and will cause fatal hemorrhages in all major organs within a few minutes.

300 CP

## Callahan Full-Bore Auto-Lock

The finest man-portable weapon in the 'verse, you are the proud possessor of a mighty fine gun. It has a double through-gauge, allowing you to fire two types of ammunition with just a second to switch magazines; large-caliber armor-piercing rocket shells that can pierce the hull of a civilian spaceship and are accurate to 6000 meters, locking on to individual targets selected through the scope when in single-shot, or a fusillade of .303 ceramic rounds that will shred flesh but leave even the delicate equipment in a cockpit untouched.

300 CP

## Shuttle

You have just enough coin and charisma to convince Captain Reynolds to rent you his other shuttle (or to buy one at a junk shop on Persephone). You get a nice place to sleep, and an interplanetary vehicle that can fit 7 and fly both in and out of atmospheres. It's unarmed, has no FTL capabilities, and only has enough air supply for a few hours of work, but that's really all you need to get away for a while out in the Black.

400 CP

## Encyclopedia

You have a very expensive trinket, known as an encyclopedia cube. A small cube roughly 3" a side, it contains the sum of human knowledge as of the year 2517 (And is constantly updated via the Cortex). Secrets of terraforming technology, history, and medicine are all yours, as are bits of trivia from the history of every moon and planet to the winners of every sporting event in the last 700 years. With a complex holographic display and all kinds of I/O ports, you're sure it can be accessed anywhere.

600 CP

## Ship Of Your Own

Actually, there's another ship docked next to that "Serenity" thing, and it's your ship. You have a small freighter or yacht, possibly even in the Firefly class; it's not luxury-class, and not FTL, but it gives you true freedom in the 'verse. At least so long as you can crew her; she needs a pilot and a mechanic, at the least, to go anywhere. Fortunately, you've got bunk-space for 10 if they're friendly and plenty of cargo. NOTE: Your ship is small enough to fit through a large hangar door, and will take about 5,000 square feet of space in the Warehouse; it does not have any FTL capabilities, and once you leave this 'verse you will have a refilling, but limited, supply of fuel.

800 CP

# Flaws & Future

*Now, you're time in this little 'verse is gonna be tough enough. But if you want the challenge, or the extra points they can give ya, you can pick up some drawbacks. No more than two, mind, and they can't give you more than 600 extra points.*

## The Money's Good

You always are lookin' out for that extra bit of coin. In some, this could be an advantage, but you're just plain greedy. No matter your willpower, significant rewards can tempt you into making stupid decisions, or even risking those you care for. Soon those who trust you will regret your sudden but inevitable betrayal.

+100 CP

## Comfortable Bunk

You are a lecher. A ladies' man (or so you think), or vice-versa, you think you're far more smooth than you really are, and will quickly turn even those who like you way by your continual horn-doggery. Expect to be quickly distracted by the mere possibility of lewdity, and you'll probably spend a lot of time in your bunk. Hey, it's comfortable!

+100 CP

## You Never Leave

You have memories of a horrible incident in your background. Alliance Citizens may remember being trapped in a riot or experimented upon by the Academy, Shepherds may remember whatever made you leave the world behind, Drop-Ins have crippling fear and loneliness, and Browncoats never forget the War they lost. Don't expect to sleep well, and you may have dangerously vivid flashbacks when you least expect it.

+200 CP

## "Mercy is the Mark of a Great Man"

You are one of the rarest of creatures in this verse; a human with a true moral code. You may be a pessimist, or a realist, but you have at least some code that you hold to. It may be as simple as trying to never kill a man in an unfair fight, or a complicated system even you're not sure of, but in the backwaters and hellholes, expect to end up in a lot of trouble just for being an honest man. You're the guy people can trust to deliver cargo without looking inside (making you the perfect patsy), and the gal who will actually deliver on contracts just because people sign them (Making you a fool). Or, you might end up having to end a lot of your jobs under fire from both sides.

+200 CP

## Reaver Scent

You attract Reavers for some reason. They'll take (and rape, and eat, and tailor) anyone they can, but for some reason they'd just LOVE to get to you. And they keep finding you, too; if they happen to attack a rock that you're on, it WILL be at the town you're in, and you run into them far more than you should. Once a group finds you, they won't stop hunting you unless you don't give them a choice.

+300 CP

## Never Goes Smooth

You'd swear you have the worst luck in the 'verse. Every time you get a job, it just leads to more trouble. Hell, sometimes getting PAID for a job gets you in trouble. It's only rarely life-threatening, but expect your dignity to lie in tattered shreds in the first few weeks here. Of course, your luck isn't all bad; there's that hot redhead making eyes at you from over there....

+300 CP

## Hands of Blue

They might be Alliance Special Ops, Blue Sun Mercenaries, or some other organization entirely. You're not sure. All you do know is you're being hunted by the creepy guys with sonic weaponry and blue hands. They'll track you wherever you go, they're totally ruthless, and they seem to have inroads in the highest levels of Alliance government. They can bring down all hell upon you and yours, so best be careful and stick to the shadows.

+300 CP

*So. You made it 10 years. The wheel does turn, don't it? Well, now you've got some hard choices to make.*

*In any case, your drawbacks all fade away, though the problems with being a psychic persist, and any unwanted memories recede to their proper place until you call upon them again.*

*You must pick where you want to go next.*

## Awful Crowded in my Sky

You're just too weary of this whole journey. It's time to go home. You wake up at home, with all your skills and powers. The world around you is unchanged, as though you'd never left. Of course, home itself can be a powerful tonic.

## Once You've Found Serenity

Why'd you ever leave? You have a place here, with friends or a family. It may not be what you'd call stable, but there's no reason to go anywhere. This is a plenty big 'verse, there's plenty of room to explore.

## Tell Them I Ain't Coming Back

But there's an even bigger 'verse to explore around the next corner. There's always another Black to see, and another home to find. Maybe even a better place. Besides, there's got to be a way here some way; the worlds do turn, and sometimes, they just might circle back around.