

# RIFTS®



Palladium  
Books Inc.

## RITE OF PASSAGE

A *Savage Worlds* One Sheet™ By Ross Watson for use with *Savage Rifts*® for Seasoned characters.

**A Coalition patrol disrupts an important ritual of a Simvan tribe—can the Legionnaires put the rite back on track?**

A Tomorrow Legion patrol is approached by a group of Simvan monster riders. These are young tribesmen, and all are wounded from a recent battle. The Simvan explain that a Coalition SAMAS patrol interrupted their rite of passage—to locate and secure fury beetle eggs for the tribe. They ask the heroes for help to rescue the fury beetle, who is being tortured by the Coalition soldiers, and restore their opportunity to prove themselves to the tribe.

### **SIMVAN, INTERRUPTED**

The group is out on patrol through the wilderness when they hear voices (various heightened senses and high-tech systems should ensure that the heroes are not surprised). Paraphrase or read aloud the following:

*A small band of Simvan monster riders approaches your team. The Simvan are all unarmed and wounded, with several bloody bandages wrapped around their limbs. The D-bees halt about twenty feet away and one steps forward to speak in halting American: "You with Legion? We ask for help." The creature is clearly angry as he says the final words of his plea. "Coalition harms our tribe."*

The Simvan speak enough American to get by, and they are eager to tell their tale. The creatures are all hurt, but they have tended to their wounds as



best they can (the Golden Hour has passed; all the Simvan need is a few days of rest and they'll be fine). According to the Simvan, their tribe has camped many miles to the East. These Simvan are all youths, attempting to prove themselves worthy of adulthood in one of their people's rituals — the youths are supposed to locate a fury beetle and return with one or more of the creature's eggs.

Normally, this is considered a light challenge. However, as the Simvan found a fury beetle, a Coalition sky patrol of SAMAS power armor showed up and chased them off. Worse than that, the SAMAS are toying with the fury beetle, cruelly abusing the poor creature with their weapons (since the fury beetle can't reach them in the air).

*(Note: Ley Line Walkers can sense a ley line nearby, roughly six miles or so off to the northwest)*

Just as the Simvan finish explaining the situation, a Coalition sky cycle swoops in overhead, with a small group of Skelebots arriving at the same time.

- **Coalition Sky Cycle Pilot:** see *Savage Foes of North America*.
- **Skelebots (6, plus 1 per hero):** see *Savage Foes of North America*.

## THE FURY BEETLE

Once the coalition pursuers have been dealt with, the Simvan offer to help guide the Legionnaires to the fury beetle. The creature's lair lies to the northwest in a dry riverbed next to a bluff. As the Legionnaires approach, they can make out the sound of weapon fire and hover jets. Any Ley Line Walkers with the group sense that the riverbed runs right along a ley line!

Once the group comes into sight of the lair, paraphrase or read aloud the following:

*Before you is a scene out of a nightmare. A huge, black-shelled beetle-like creature flails with impotent rage in the center of the dry riverbed, standing protectively over a clutch of glistening, medicine-ball-sized eggs. All around overhead, a group of Coalition SAMAS suits fly in taunting circles, buzzing the maddened creature and firing occasional shots to make the beetle "dance" for their amusement. One of the SAMAS suits has a slightly more ornate helmet, and it switches on its loudspeakers. "Look at this thing scuttle, boys! I think we've got a live one here." The voice is masculine, his tone amused.*

The SAMAS' sensors and their elevation make it difficult (but not impossible) to sneak up on the riverbed undetected. However, before combat begins, a peal of thunder booms through the area and the hairs on the back of the heroes' necks stand up. There is a sensation of pressure and dark, deep clouds begin to roil overhead. Any Ley Line Walker with the group immediately knows what this is (otherwise, a successful Knowledge [Arcana] check reveals the truth); a Ley Line Storm is about to break, summoned by the fury beetle's innate psionic powers and unquenchable wrath.

## THE COMING STORM

The Simvan are willing to help fight, but they are unarmed and wounded (suffering a -1 Fatigue penalty from Bumps & Bruises). These tribesmen are far more suited to distracting the fury beetle itself, or sneaking into the creature's lair to retrieve the eggs. If things go sour for the heroes, the Simvan use their *beast friend* power on the fury beetle and convince it to help the legionnaires. In any case, the Simvan cannot simply stand by and watch this majestic beast slain so dishonorably. As soon as the Simvan or the heroes are detected, the Coalition forces swoop in to attack.

As for the fury beetle, it remains standing over its precious eggs and attacks anyone who gets close. Once the Coalition forces are defeated, the Simvan can calm down the fury beetle and carry out their rite of passage. If the Legionnaires wish, they can form a lasting alliance with the Simvan's tribe thanks to their success!

- **Coalition SAMAS (one per hero):** see *Savage Foes of North America*.
- **Fury Beetle:** see *Savage Foes of North America*.
- ☠ **Lieutenant Shane Callo:** (see below)

## ☠ LIEUTENANT SHANE CALLO

Callo is the commander of Coalition Sky Patrol Taurus, based out of Fort El Dorado. Callo enjoys leading his troopers on far-ranging courses that take them into northern Arkansas. Partially, this is because he likes having his own initiative (and being out from under the thumb of a micromanaging superior officer), but mostly, it is because he simply hates monsters, D-Bees, and magic users, in that order. Originally from the Chi-town 'burbs, Callo earned citizenship by joining the Coalition military. He fought through the Tolkeen conflict and earned a battlefield commission after defeating a necromancer and a group of demons that were terrorizing supply lines. Looking for further opportunities for glory — and to exercise his desire for vengeance against those who threaten the Coalition — Callo volunteered for duty at the newly-established Coalition base in Fort El Dorado. A true believer, Callo would rather die than surrender. He and his men fight to the bitter end against any magic users or D-Bees.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Driving d4, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Battle) d4, Knowledge (Computers) d4, Notice d6, Piloting d10, Repair d4, Shooting d8, Survival d4

**Cha:** 0; **Pace:** 10; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 17 (10)

**Hindrances:** Loyal, Overconfident, Vow (Minor — serve the Coalition)

**Edges:** Ace, Combat Ace, Power Armor Jock, Rock and Roll!

**Gear:** SAMAS power armor, C-18 Laser Pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2), vibro-knife (Str+d6, AP 4, Mega-Damage).