The Oracles:

The shattered Moon, studied with telescopes by diviners, scholars and alchemists seeking to understand and master the power which broke apart Earth’s celestial consort.

A red-tressed sorceress, unwisely tempted into a challenge she cannot win.

A radiation storm, slashing acid rain against the armored walls of a citadel where frightened survivors huddle.

A circle of stones atop a barren hill; a border-marker between rival tribes.

The Characters:

Diviners, scholars, alchemists, the sorceress, the challenger, frightened survivors, rival tribes, possibly the powers that shattered the moon

Char:

The red-tressed sorceress, unwisely tempted into a challenge she cannot win

i'll be the sorceress, and my challenge is to stop the storms which i totally bragged that i could do, but I really have no idea how to

1 - 6 magic 7 - 10 social 8 - 10 fighting

Mike:

The keeper of the stone circle. Beholden to both tribes, he nderstands how to read the stones in an astronomical way, is being sought by the diviners, scholars, alchemists, etc to discover what shattered the moon.

And they're coming from both tribes, of course, and each tribe wants me NOT to give the info to the other

The Citadel - the hulk of a great colony ship, resting on precipice overlooking an acid sea and a great wasteland. When the first colonists landed it became their first city, but in the thousands of years since the people have expanded and broken up into tribes. The survivors huddle in their ancient ruined citadel, scratching out a living from insects and mushrooms.

The Stone Circle - clinging to the side of the great cliff, halfway down (or up) the side of the great mesa, there juts a rough outcropping, defying gravity. An ancient stone circle rests there, reachable by a network of caves from above, or a sheer climb from below.

The Tribes - descendants of the original colonists. The mesa-dwellers are free-ranging hunter-gatherers. They ride their giant one-horned centipedes (young horse-sized ones and bus-sized old ones) across the wide miles scavenging for old technology, insects, and mushrooms to bring back to their cave dwellings. The sea-folk live on the coast, pressed up against the sea by the flesh-eating jackals that roam the blasted wasteland. Their civilization extends out onto the water, a great mass of rafts built of floating debris. They live off the strange sea life. The best food comes from the deep water where fish still teem, untouched by the cataclysm. But venturing so far out puts one at risk from the sea monsters…

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