

NIGHT FLIGHT

Campaign 2 · Session 8 · June 10th, 2026

Aboard the airship *French Fry*, somewhere over the Dragonmere



The Blue Bloods take their berth aboard the French Fry, hauled through the night by forty enormous pigeons.

The lights of Suzail shrank to embers below as forty giant pigeons hauled the Blue Bloods up into a long, dark night. Somewhere ahead: the Weeping Mercy, the pleasure barge that never docks, where the music never stops, and where the party is booked by name as the evening's entertainment. Somewhere in a pack: Jamal's old warning. *If the stars begin whispering, don't listen. They already know your name.*

PULLING YOUR WEIGHT

Captain **Capo**, six feet of pigeon, medallions, and command, had one law: *respect is earned by pulling your own weight*. The crew obliged the party with chores, and the chores obliged the story.

Art drew letter duty in a mailroom stacked to the beams with the party's own potatoes, and found two envelopes that should not exist: one addressed to Captain Capo, *not to be opened until the potatoes are loaded*, and one addressed to the Blue Bloods, postmarked for delivery **seven days from now**. He opened both. The first burst into flame after revealing a web of coordinates and anonymous drop-points: a smuggler's route for *potatoes*. The second was worse. One line, in a hand the party knows too well:

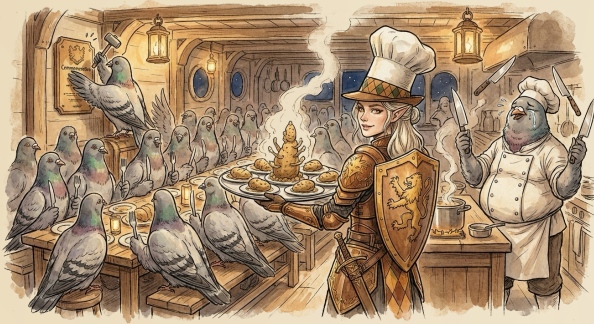
"Be careful which bird you trust. I'd hate to not see you get here safely."

C.

Ferrick took the helm under the grizzled navigator **Crumb**, who taught him the only lesson that matters: *you can't fly her. You've got to let her take you*. When Ferrick let go, his eldritch fire poured into the ship's runes, and the pigeons blazed with borrowed light. For one heartbeat he was somewhere else: a burning sky, a hunt, a glimpse of the *reason* his magic exists. Crumb pulled him back with a warning fit for everyone on this voyage: **"No deal is a good deal if you don't know what the deal was."**



"You can't fly her. You've got to let her take you."



"On this day, a great feast was had." The plaque now mounted in the galley of the French Fry.

THE FEAST OF FORTY PIGEONS

Irofine was handed a sack of potatoes and a galley, and answered with a masterpiece: potato six ways, sculpted and plated for forty hulking deckhands who dined with tiny forks in perfect silence before erupting in a single *huzzah*. The ship's chef wept, juggled his knives, sharpened her sword to a killing edge, crowned her with his own chef's hat, announced "**I can now die**," and stepped off the ship mid-flight. The crew assures everyone this is normal.

The plaque went up immediately, because some victories demand commemoration before dessert. The sword came back sharper, the hat came with no explanation, and when the ship later turned itself briefly into a falling problem, Bergen Ramsay could be seen drifting serenely past the deck. Presumed fine. Probably delighted.

AN OLD FRIEND, REASSEMBLED

In the dark of the party's cabin waited a small, smug, impossible silhouette: **BIG POPPY**. The skeleton rat has been tailing the Blue Bloods since Westgate. He saw everything. In the interim, he has acquired a ring of invisibility he will show to absolutely no one, and a party trick involving the words "scatter" and "reassemble." He is coming to the Mercy. He has heard there is a party.



Big Poppy, reassembled and ready to party.

ONE HUNDRED SEVENTEEN SCRATCHES

Faz, the gnome assassin in the bag of holding, finally talked, traded water and freedom-adjacent promises for the truth. The party listened. The bag has 117 tally marks scratched inside it. Some of what he said, nobody wanted to hear.

He called his cell collateral: debtors rented into murder, hidden in troll skin, paid through routes that always seem to lead back to the same floating party. He tried lies when fear got louder than hunger. The party caught them. Then the real answers started to sound worse than the lies.

WHAT THE PARTY LEARNED

- **The tiger tattoos are victim-marks.** When a name is scratched from the hit list, the ink crawls onto the killer's skin, and it *itches* near anyone involved in the deal. Faz's tattoo has itched since the moment he boarded this ship.
- **The dagger's secret:** the compartment in its hilt holds a vial of someone's *worst memory*. Stab them with their own and they die slowly, and badly.
- **Payday is in two days.** Every thirty days, everyone in the Warmest Regret network (assassins, smugglers, chemists, politicians) is paid aboard the Weeping Mercy. Same saloon. Same night. *Everyone*.
- **The entertainment is never searched** at boarding.
- Below the Mercy's cellars is **the Conservatory**. Music plays there all night. No guest has ever mentioned hearing it.
- The new alchemist has no name anyone can pronounce. The staff just call them **the Gardener**.



Last stop: the Weeping Mercy waits below.

LAST STOP

Morning came up off the Dragonmere slow, gold, and a little too deliberate. The clouds tore, and there she was. A quarter mile of lacquered hull and silk awnings. A hundred lanterns burning into the daylight like they don't trust it. A perfect circle of glass-calm sea. And down the aft tower, ten yards of violet silk snapping taut in the wind:

"TONIGHT: ONE NIGHT ONLY: THE BLUE BLOODS"

They know you're coming. They've *always* known you're coming. Capo landed on the rail, looked down at the most beautiful thing any of you have ever been afraid of, and tasted the words:

"Last stop."

CAPO, CAPTAIN OF THE FRENCH FRY

THE SHAPE OF THE TRAP

The Mercy is not merely a destination. It is a schedule. Payday is in two days, and Faz says every crook, chemist, smuggler, assassin, and politician tied to Warmest Regret will be paid in the same saloon on the same night. The party has a booking, a cover story, and the one social class no one searches at boarding: entertainment.

That makes the banner feel less like an invitation and more like a receipt. The Curator's letter arrived before it should have. The potatoes are moving through dead-

drops no one was supposed to read. Faz's tattoo has been itching since he boarded the airship. Somewhere on the *French Fry*, or somewhere in its cargo, is a connection the party has not named yet.

GOING IN

- **Cover:** the Blue Bloods are the booked act for tonight's show.
- **Window:** payday gathers the network in two days, not tonight.
- **Assets:** three black-powder doobies, one meteor scroll, a memory dagger, Big Poppy, and a chef's hat of unclear but obvious authority.
- **Complications:** Faz is still in the bag, the glittering pursuer is unresolved, and Art may be the only one who saw the potato manifest before it burned.

LOOSE THREADS

Balbi fell off the balloon climbing to the crow's nest, became a giant eagle on the way down, and got heckled by the crew for his trouble. From above the balloon he saw a storm ahead and a glitter of moonlight pacing the ship behind. Then he found the crew's stash, brewed it into tea, and reported precisely none of it coherently.

The dagger does not want poison. It wants a vial of someone's worst memory. The tiger marks are not trophies exactly, but victim-marks that crawl from list to skin. The Conservatory waits below the Mercy's cellars, playing music no guest admits to hearing. The new Alchemist has a title instead of a name: **the Gardener**.

And Ferrick has felt the ship answer him. Whatever his magic is, it knew the runes. It knew the sky. It knew the shape of a hunt through fire. Crumb gave him the only advice that may matter now: gifts have prices, and the worst deal is the one you do not remember making.

✦ NEXT SESSION: THE WEEPING
MERCY ✦