

THE WEEPING BEGINS

Campaign 2 · Session 9 · June 18th, 2026

Aboard the Weeping Mercy, where hospitality has teeth



The Weeping Mercy receives the Blue Bloods as honored entertainers.

The Dragonmere was ugly outside the circle: grey water, hard wind, and waves slapping each other in the teeth. Around the **Weeping Mercy**, the sea lay flat as glass. The ship did not ride the water so much as command it to behave, all lacquered decks, silk awnings, daylight lanterns, and music that refused to agree with itself until it did.

No one asked for papers. No one asked for weapons. No one asked what was in the bag. The Blue Bloods were expected, not as intruders, but as the night's entertainment. A violet-coated porter bowed with both hands folded over his heart. Behind him, two staff members were already rolling a brass pole onto the stage. The Mercy trusts its artists, apparently, which is not the same thing as trusting them.

THE SHIP KNOWS THEIR NAMES

The show was set for 11 p.m. on the Promenade, before what looked like a full ship. The stage was already too ready: curtains, sight lines, a painted Dragonmere backdrop, props where hands would reach for them, and that brass pole installed with professional confidence. The porter named the important people aboard: the **Mistress of Revels**, a famous **Sommelier**, and Gary and Mary of Lister, wearing black and pink sunglasses somewhere in the crowd.

Orland of Waterdeep, a tiny and highly polished impresario, came rushing over like a man who had found a business model. He knew the Brass House gossip,

wanted the Waterdeep rights, and handed over a card that burst into confetti every time it opened. He also recommended the Grief Salon, because on this ship even sadness has a concierge.

HOSPITALITY IS SECURITY

Then the room changed around **Mistress Vale**. Violet coat. Silver gloves. Brass tuning forks in her hair. Perfume shifting with every turn of conversation. Staff parted around her as if she were conducting them, and in a sense, she was. She gave the party a performer suite too lavish to be innocent, invited them to dinner, and explained the trick plainly enough to be worse than a secret:

"Music unlocks the experience."

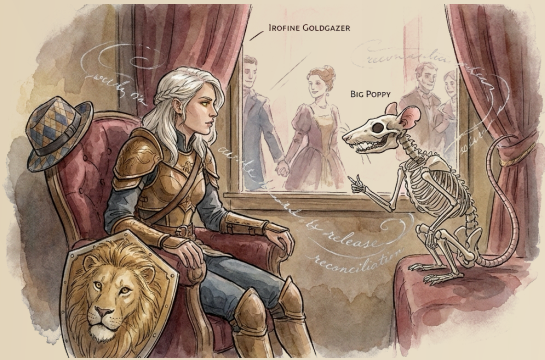
MISTRESS VALE

The Mercy does not begin with guards. It begins with welcome, drinks, directions, and the quiet pressure to stay visible. By noon, the party had learned the ship's first rule: if you are being flattered, you are being placed.

Mother Mord waited on the Promenade with six hands, two tiny spectral horses both named Pascal, and a wagon full of objects that sounded like dares: a spoon that remembers soup, a pocket door, a candle of inconvenient honesty, a silver handbell, and gloves of applause. Her warning was better than her merchandise. The ship's music has roots. If the audience starts speaking in unison, **do not take requests**.

THE ROOMS ARE INSTRUMENTS

The performer suite contained a menu of experiences: **Grief Salon**, **Courage Bar**, **Forgetting Room**, and **Reconciliation Booth**. They were not attractions. They were tuning chambers. Each room offered a feeling, repeated it, and taught the guests to keep time. What Black Lotus did to memory and Warmest Regret did to loyalty, the Mercy's strain does to groups.



"I release you from the person I needed you to be."

Irofine and **Big Poppy** were pushed into reconciliation first. The booth seated them across a glass partition while couples outside entered furious and left holding hands, glassy-eyed, after speaking the same sentence in the same cadence. Big Poppy used the opportunity to reveal a life of seventy-five children, restaurant dreams, aesthetician school, and rat ambition cut short by Irofine's blade. The room tried to hook into her and failed, like it was missing a piece.

Big Poppy still apologized. For what, he did not quite say. Irofine asked what she was forgiving him for, but the booth let the answer slip away. The party left with the booth's floating cello, because if the ship insists on making every feeling musical, the Blue Bloods can at least steal the instrument.



Ferrick takes confidence from the Courage Bar and a great horn from the wall.

COURAGE, FORGETTING, GRIEF

In the **Courage Bar**, everything was brass, amber, and heroic bad judgment. **Ferrick** drank, resisted the main effect, spat it out, and kept the confidence. Then he removed the largest horn from the wall with the serene certainty of a man retrieving property rather than stealing it.

In the **Forgetting Room**, clerks handled pain like banking. Guests wrote a name, day, fear, or wound on cream cards; the room muted it and filed it away. **Balbi** negotiated across a desk so huge that he and the goblin clerk could barely see each other. Permanent forgetting, the clerk admitted, was not handled upstairs. That required the **Gardener**. Their door opens after the performance.



The Forgetting Room made erasure feel small, procedural, and polite.

WHAT THE ROOMS PROVED

- **Feeling can be addressed.** Guests repeat phrases, gestures, breath, and posture.
- **The music is not ambience.** It carries instruction from room to room.
- **Permanent removal is downstairs.** The Gardener is the referral.
- **The show matters.** Live artists provide genuine emotional ignition.

The rooms were beautiful because they were designed by someone who understood that politeness is a stronger cage than iron. Every door asked a different question. What would you give up to feel brave? What would you forget to keep moving? What would you call forgiveness if everyone said it with you?



The Grief Salon knew the shape of Art's old wound.

MY BLOOM

The **Grief Salon** was blue from floor to ceiling, full of guests weeping into identical silver handkerchiefs with the relief of people slipping into a hot bath. A harp phrase repeated behind gauze. One guest whispered a regret, and strangers across the room whispered it with her. The room was not comforting people. It was teaching them the same grief.

Art heard the voice before he saw the shape of it: *my bloom*. Lady Bleth, or the imprint of the command channel she left in him, answered from the room's pattern. He resisted, said *my youth*, and the salon took that up instead. For a moment, the grief was his and not his, shared by people who had no right to it. He took control of the ghostly harp gloves, bent the music as far as it would let him, and left with the harp.

He also found **Wart**, a goblin servant with enough exhaustion to understand a labor pitch. Art began talking worker solidarity on a pleasure barge built from noble appetite, which may prove to be genius, disaster, or both.

SOMETHING BELOW

While the party gathered instruments, **Irofine** sent **Hot Rod** into the staff routes. The mouse learned that the crew consider the Blue Bloods a suspicious one-hit wonder from Westgate trash, which did not improve anyone's mood. More importantly, staff avoid the Promenade during shows because the audience gets strange. Hot Rod also sensed movement beneath a sealed lower layer of the ship, but found no entrance.

Going into the performance: payday is still two days away, the Gardener waits after the show, the lower decks are real, and Lady Bleth's language still works. The party has not reached the Conservatory. It has only found the song that points down.



The show begins. The debt comes due.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

By 11 p.m., the Promenade had become a theatre without walls. Lanterns hung from rigging and garden trellises. Chairs gathered. The glass-calm sea reflected the lights below, so the ship seemed to float between two parties, one above and one under the water. The stage was exactly as requested, too exactly, with props placed where hands would reach for them.

The Mistress of Revels introduced them: *Honored guests of the Weeping Mercy, for one night only: the Blue Bloods*. The applause began normally. Then a second clap rolled through the crowd in perfect time. Less applause than a pulse. The house band smiled and waited.

For **Balbi**, the world went black. The audience vanished except for one woman in black with a white mask, moving too fast to be human. **Death** grew until she was the size of ships and whispered the reminder that has stopped being background bookkeeping:

"You owe me two."

DEATH

Balbi said he was working on it and invited her to watch. She told him to knock them dead. Then the world snapped back, the crowd kept time, and the performance began.

The Gardener's door waits after the show. The Conservatory waits below the cellars. Payday waits two days out. For now, the Blue Bloods have four borrowed instruments, one stage, one impossible audience, and a ship listening for its favorite song.

NEXT SESSION: THE PERFORMANCE

ITEM GLOSSARY

Things acquired, borrowed, or walked off with aboard the Weeping Mercy



Spoon That Remembers Soup



Candle of Inconvenient Honesty



Pocket Door



Silver Handbell

SPOON THAT REMEMBERS SOUP

Mother Mord oddity. Dip it into any liquid and it tastes faintly like the best soup you have ever had.

POCKET DOOR

Mother Mord oddity. Unfolds onto a wall and opens into a broom closet that may or may not be nearby. Someone may already be inside.

BATTERED BREASTPLATE

Bought from a bored armorer covering his father's shift. About 200 gold. Graffiti on the back, dignity not included.

ORLAND'S CONFETTI CARD

Reusable business card from Orland of Waterdeep. Every opening produces a puff of confetti and theatrical self-importance.

GREAT HORN

Removed by Ferrick from the Courage Bar wall with total confidence. Current legal status: socially ambiguous.

GRIEF SALON HARP

Taken by Art after controlling the ghostly gloves. Plays sombre music and carries the room's grief motif.

CANDLE OF INCONVENIENT HONESTY

Mother Mord oddity. Smells like onion soup while lit. Exact compulsion, if any, remains untested.

SILVER HANDBELL

Mother Mord oddity. Once, all NPCs in a social interaction pause, breathe, and walk away.

STYLISH BRACERS

Gifted to Irofine by the same armorer. Shiny, apparently mundane, and priced at free.

FLOATING CELLO

Borrowed from the Reconciliation Booth for the show. Has a button on the back and can provide accompaniment.

FORGETTING ROOM FLUTE

Taken after Balbi briefly forgot he did not know how to play flute. Produces confidence, not necessarily music.

FOUR-PIECE SHOW KIT

Cello, horn, flute, and harp together: the improvised orchestra for the 11 p.m. performance.

Seen but not on the confirmed take-home list: Umbrella of Localized Weather and Gloves of Applause were offered by Mother Mord, but the recap only confirms the spoon, candle, pocket door, and handbell as acquired.