

Drankfay

Drankfay are, thankfully, rare. Not because they're dangerous -- well, any more dangerous than any other Fae species, at least -- but because the way a nature spirit becomes one is rather alarmingly humiliating. Mortals tend to feel bad about it all, even if the Drankfay isn't upset about what happened to her. You see, Drankfay are what you get when a nature spirit associated with, say, potatoes gets accidentally caught up in the distilling process and promptly fermented.

Drankfay default to being about five inches high, and resemble winged female humans wearing plant-derived clothing who are simultaneously and unequivocally drunk. Which, honestly, Drankfay usually are. This particular species of fairy can sober up at will, but they generally don't bother to.

Drankfay, like all members of the Fae, are immortal, able to cast illusions, can fly, and have the ability to bedevil those that annoy them in a variety of minor, yet painful ways. They also have one special power: a Drankfay can collect the incipient hangovers of the people around them and project them onto one unlucky mortal. All at once.

This is usually enough to knock the average mortal out cold, and he won't enjoy waking up, either.

Fortunately for mortal races, Drankfay are happy drunks. You typically find them in places where there's hard alcohol -- in other words, distilleries and taverns. They don't actually drink much, themselves (they're already drunk all the time anyway), but will do so to be sociable. Drankfay *love* to be around drunken mortals, and are charmingly ignorant about why people might not want to start drinking at seven in the morning. Or stop drinking.

Generally, human innkeepers like to have a Drankfay around. They're good for encouraging business, and don't have any of the usual weird behavior-based taboos that many fairy species do. Also: while Drankfay aren't suitable to for bartending, their hangover attack makes them amazingly good bouncers. As long as they're not expected to drag out the whimpering victim afterward, of course.

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