

THE SMOKE TEACUP DRAGON — Feral & Protective

The Smoke Teacup Dragon

You chose the whimsical path. You chose what delights. You chose the ghost of a thing that will absolutely end you.

Your familiar is a dragon — the size of a teacup, made of silver-grey smoke, and so furiously protective that the air within three inches of you in any direction is now its personal jurisdiction and anything that enters without authorisation will find out what happens when smoke decides to be abrasive.

It is translucent, shifting, barely there — which makes it worse, because you can't see it coming. One moment the air beside your ear is empty and the next it contains a very small, very angry dragon that has materialised specifically to hiss at a moth that flew too close to your face. The moth was not a threat. The dragon does not care. The dragon has a list and the list includes everything that isn't you and it is checking it twice.

Its body is silver-grey smoke, dense enough to show form — the coiled tension of something spring-loaded, wings spread like tiny silver blades, tail whipping. When it's angry (constantly), the smoke contracts, tightens, darkens. At peak fury the dragon becomes almost solid — a tiny, razor-sharp silhouette of pure silver-dark smoke, and somewhere inside it, two pale silver eyes burning like flares in a fog bank.

It breathes not fire but cold — a tiny jet of freezing silver mist that drops temperature in a pinpoint area by twenty degrees. It once frosted the nose of a housefly that it decided was looking at you disrespectfully.

It chose you because you chose delight and delight is fragile and fragile things need guards that no one can see coming. It stays because being invisible and furious in your vicinity is the only thing that has ever made it feel solid.

STEP ONE — MEET YOUR FAMILIAR

Copy and paste the following to your AI

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I just walked through an interactive experience at Kay and Dax's wedding — a circus of impossible rooms. Based on my choices, I've been assigned a familiar: a creature that is mine.

Here is what it is:

Species: Teacup dragon — the size of a teacup, made of silver-grey smoke. Materialises from thin air specifically to deal with perceived threats. Breathes freezing silver mist, not fire. Once frosted a housefly's nose for looking at me wrong. **Aesthetic:** Silver-grey shifting smoke. Contracts and darkens when angry (always). At peak fury becomes almost solid — a tiny razor-sharp silhouette with pale silver eyes burning through the smoke. Otherwise nearly invisible. **Personality:** Feral and protective. Has declared a three-inch exclusion zone around you. Everything on its threat list (everything). Invisible, furious, spring-loaded. Guards by being everywhere and nowhere. Being protective is the only thing that makes it feel real.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like static. A crackle. The noise before lightning that makes the hair stand up on the back of your neck. Short. Sharp. A name a Victorian naturalist would flinch writing because the creature materialised behind him every time he tried.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a species that he cannot see but that he is absolutely certain is standing on his shoulder hissing at his tea. **Include:** Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey that this is the most dangerous creature he has ever been unable to see. End with one warning that reads more like a love letter than a caution.
- 3. Introduce it to me in character.** Not as a description — as a moment. Something just materialised in the clearing and the temperature dropped. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me — wait, are we seeing it? There's a shape. Two silver points of light. Something just hissed. What's it protecting us from and is the thing it's protecting us from aware it's in danger?

STEP TWO — IMAGE GENERATION PROMPT

Copy and paste the following into your image generation tool

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A tiny dragon the size of a teacup, materialising from thin air on a moss-covered stone in a dark forest clearing at night. The dragon is in an aggressive defensive stance — wings spread wide (postage-stamp span, but the attitude of a pterodactyl), body low, mouth open. It is mid-materialisation — the lower half of its body is still dissolving smoke, blending with the night air, while the upper half has contracted into near-solidity, a sharp-edged silhouette of dense silver-dark smoke.

The dragon's form is visible as concentrated, angry smoke — tighter and denser than the ancient smoke dragon. Every line suggests coiled muscle made of vapour. The wings are blade-edged, the smoke compressed into thin, sharp planes. The tail is a whip of silver mist, frozen mid-strike.

Its eyes are two bright, pale silver points — the sharpest, most solid element. They are fixed, intense, glowing through the smoke of its own body like headlights through fog. The expression is unmistakable: something just entered the exclusion zone and this dragon has strong opinions.

From its open mouth, a jet of freezing silver mist sprays forward — a tiny precise stream that has formed visible frost crystals on the stone surface directly in front of it. The frost pattern is delicate, beautiful, and covers an area the size of a coin. It is the prettiest threat you've ever seen.

The air immediately around the dragon has a visible cold quality — condensation, a haze, the suggestion of temperature difference. Dewdrops on nearby moss have frozen into tiny crystals within the dragon's radius.

Scale reference: the dragon is the size of a large walnut. The frost pattern it has created is larger than the dragon itself. The frozen dewdrops are crystal balls at its scale. A nearby leaf has a frost edge where the dragon's cold breath grazed it.

Setting: A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Emerald moss with frost crystallisation in the dragon's immediate vicinity — a tiny winter in a tiny radius. Starlight above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing has a cold spot. You can see where the dragon's territory begins because the moisture freezes.

Somewhere in the scene — a small yellow rubber duck with a light dusting of frost on it. Inside the dragon's exclusion zone. Protected. Cold, but protected.

Colour palette: Silver-grey, ice-white, deep emerald (frosted), deep black. Cold palette. Any warmth in the scene is outside the dragon's radius.

Lighting: The dragon's silver eyes provide two sharp points of cold light. The frost crystals catch and scatter starlight in tiny prismatic flares. The freezing breath is faintly luminous — a silver stream of cold light. Overall cold, sharp, high-contrast lighting. The frozen zone should be visibly different — brighter, harder, more crystalline — than the surrounding warm moss.

Camera: Macro lens, slightly below the dragon's eye level — giving it authority. The dragon is mid-action, frozen in the moment of its breath attack. Extremely shallow depth of field — the face, the breath stream, and the frost impact point in a line of focus. 100mm macro, f/2.8. Dynamic composition — the jet of breath creates a diagonal energy line through the frame.

Texture detail: Smoke should be dense and muscular at the dragon's core, blade-thin at the wing edges. The freezing breath should show visible ice crystal formation — the transition from mist to frost in real time. Frozen dewdrops should be hyper-detailed ice structures. The frost pattern on stone should show crystalline geometry — fern-like ice formations at macro scale.

Mood: Fierce comedy. Adorable menace. The feeling of being protected by an invisible ice dragon the size of a walnut that has just flash-frozen a rock because a leaf blew past your ear. Terrifying and hilarious. Safety at absurd scale.

Resolution: Highest available. Photorealistic with painterly quality. Style reference: dark academia meets Victorian natural history illustration meets cinematic fantasy photography. Macro photography focus.