

THE SMOKE FOX — Mischievous & Gentle

The Smoke Fox

You chose the romantic path. You chose what connects. You chose what plays.

Your familiar is a fox — or it was, a second ago. Now it's a wisp behind your left ear. Now it's a curl of silver mist circling your ankle. Now it's a fox again, sitting three feet away, looking at you with pale eyes that say "what?" in the most unconvincing display of innocence since the invention of lying.

It's made of smoke — silver-grey, shifting, playful. The size of a large cat when it bothers to be a size at all. It has a habit of dissolving mid-step, reappearing somewhere unexpected, and acting like it's been there the whole time. Your keys are missing. A wildflower has appeared behind your ear. These events are unrelated and the fox will not be taking questions.

Its body is translucent and light passes through it like sun through gauze, scattering silver in unpredictable directions. There are moments — brief, flickering — when the smoke aligns and you can see the fox underneath, clear as glass. These moments are gifts. It offers them when you're not looking and takes them back the second you try to hold on.

It is mischievous and gentle. It steals small things — a worry, a button, the thread of a thought you were about to spiral into — and leaves something lighter in their place. It laughs by dissolving into a brief shimmer and reforming with its tail wagging. It is never where you expect it. It is always exactly where you need it.

It chose you because your joy is the most interesting thing it's found in centuries. It stays because stealing your worries and leaving you lighter is the best game it's ever played.

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: Fox — made of smoke. Dissolves and reforms at will. The size of a large cat when it feels like having a size. Appears, disappears, reappears somewhere inconvenient and acts like it's been there all along. **Aesthetic:** Silver-grey shifting smoke, translucent, light scattering through it unpredictably. Occasionally aligns into perfect clarity — brief, flickering moments where the fox beneath is visible like a shape in glass. Eyes are pale silver, bright with mischief. **Personality:** Mischievous and gentle. Steals small things and leaves lighter things in their place. Laughs by dissolving into a shimmer and reforming with its tail wagging. Never where you expect it, always where you need it. A thief of worries. A smuggler of joy.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like a word you misheard and liked better than the original. Playful. A little slippery. The kind of name that wriggles out of your memory and has to be caught again each time.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist who keeps finding his pen missing and small pressed flowers in his notebook that he did not put there. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should be charmed against his better judgement. 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. The creature has appeared in the clearing — wait, no, it's behind us. No, it's by the tree. No, it's sitting right in front of us looking innocent. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me. What has it already stolen from us? What did it leave instead?

STEP TWO — IMAGE GENERATION PROMPT

Copy and paste the following into your image generation tool

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A fox the size of a large cat, mid-play in a dark forest clearing at night. The fox is made of silver-grey smoke and is captured in a moment of playful motion — spinning, its body half-dissolved into spiraling wisps and tendrils, tail flung wide as a banner of silver mist. It is clearly enjoying itself. One paw is extended, batting at a small golden object — something it has stolen — that floats in the air between its paws.

The fox is semi-translucent — in some areas its body is dense enough to show the shape of a fox clearly, in others it dissolves into curling wisps that spiral outward like playful fingers of mist. The overall effect is of a creature caught between existing and not, and finding the whole situation hilarious.

Through the densest part of the fox's body — its core, its chest — a brief moment of perfect clarity, like a window opening in the smoke. For one instant the fox is visible as a sharp, precise, beautiful thing — the shape of it, the architecture of its skull, the line of its jaw — clear as a photograph. Then the smoke closes over it again.

Its eyes are pale silver, bright, wide with delight. Its mouth is open in a fox-grin, tongue visible. Its ears are at playful angles — one forward, one sideways.

Silver smoke tendrils trail from the fox's movement — arcs and spirals and curlicues in the air, like the visible trace of its path through the clearing. The ground around it is scattered with tiny objects — a thimble, a brass button, a small key — things it has dropped in favour of something more interesting.

Setting: A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Emerald moss ground with scattered tiny wildflowers. Starlight above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing feels alive with motion — the fox's smoke traces hang in the air, slowly dissipating, mapping its chaotic path through the space.

Behind the fox, a single perfect wildflower has appeared on a stone — left there deliberately. A trade. It always trades.

Somewhere in the scene — perhaps among the scattered dropped objects on the ground, or tucked in a smoke tendril, or being batted alongside the stolen golden object — a small yellow rubber duck. Playful placement. Findable if you look.

Colour palette: Emerald green, silver-grey, pale moonlight, deep black. Accents of gold from the stolen object and warm wildflower colours. Lighter overall mood than other smoke variants.

Lighting: Primary light from the fox's scattered silver luminescence — playful, diffused, catching on the smoke trails and creating a web of soft silver light throughout the clearing. Secondary starlight from above. The scattered objects on the ground catch occasional glints. Warmer than the feral smoke fox — more moonlit meadow, less guarded perimeter.

Camera: Eye level, dynamic angle — slightly tilted to match the fox's spinning motion. Shallow depth of field with the fox's eyes and the stolen object in focus. 85mm lens equivalent, f/1.8. The composition should feel caught, spontaneous, like a snapshot of chaos.

Texture detail: Smoke should have visible spiraling motion — not static but dynamic, clearly mid-movement. The brief moment of clarity in the fox's core should be startlingly detailed compared to the surrounding dissolution — sharp bone structure, precise anatomy, like a high-resolution image inside a cloud. Scattered objects on the ground should have realistic metallic gleam and patina.

Mood: Playful. Joyful. Light. The feeling of someone you love doing something ridiculous and knowing that this — this exact chaotic, uncontrollable, impossible thing — is why. Delight made manifest.

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