

THE PORCELAIN TEACUP DRAGON — Feral & Protective

The Porcelain Teacup Dragon

You chose the whimsical path. You chose what delights. You chose what bites.

Your familiar is a dragon — the size of a teacup, the temperament of a wolverine who has been personally insulted by the concept of anything larger than itself. It is porcelain-white, cracked with gold kintsugi veins, and it has a jawline like a surgical instrument and an attitude problem that has been developing for several hundred years and shows no sign of resolving.

It stands on your shoulder like a gargoyle. Not sits. Stands. Feet planted, wings half-spread, tiny golden-cracked body held at maximum tension, scanning the environment with amber eyes the size of seed pearls that are doing an unreasonable amount of threat assessment for something that could be knocked off a table by a strong breeze.

It does not care that it is small. It has never cared that it is small. Smallness is a tactical advantage — you don't see it coming, you underestimate it, and then it has bitten through something load-bearing in your self-esteem and is already back on your shoulder looking innocent. Its teeth are porcelain. They are sharper than they have any right to be.

It breathes fire — a flame the size of a birthday candle — but it aims with the precision of a sniper. It has singed the eyebrows of things a hundred times its size and felt nothing but satisfaction.

The gold kintsugi cracks flare when it's angry. Which is often. Not at you — never at you. At everything else. The world is large and loud and it has the audacity to contain things that might look at you funny and this dragon has opinions about that.

It chose you because you chose delight and delight deserves a bodyguard. It stays because protecting you is the most important thing it has ever been small enough to do.

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 with the temperament of a wolverine. Porcelain teeth sharper than physics should allow. Breathes birthday-candle fire with sniper precision. **Aesthetic:** Porcelain-white body with gold kintsugi cracks that flare when angry (often). Compact, coiled, standing at maximum tension. Amber eyes doing unreasonable threat assessment at absurd scale. **Personality:** Feral and protective. Doesn't care that it's small — considers smallness a tactical advantage. Has bitten through things a hundred times its size. Guards you from your shoulder like a gargoyle. Furious at the entire world on your behalf. Everything that isn't you is a potential threat and this dragon is ready.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like a war cry compressed to the size of a whisper. Fierce. Absurd. The kind of name a Victorian naturalist would write with a bandaged finger because the creature bit him while he was naming it.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a species that has drawn blood twice during observation and the naturalist respects it for this. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey that this is the most dangerous teacup-sized object in recorded history. 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 launched itself into the clearing, landed on the nearest stone, and is already in a defensive stance despite nothing threatening being present. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me. What's it growling at? How do you feel about being protected by something the size of a shot glass?

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 in an aggressive defensive stance on a moss-covered stone in a dark forest clearing at night. The dragon is at maximum alert — wings spread wide (the span of a playing card), back arched, mouth open revealing rows of tiny porcelain-white teeth, one foot forward. Its posture is that of something twenty times its size defending territory. The dissonance between its intensity and its scale is the visual core of this image.

The dragon's body is smooth porcelain-white ceramic with dense gold kintsugi cracks. The gold is currently flaring — brighter than ambient, pulsing with agitation, particularly along the spine, the wing edges, and the jaw. The kintsugi pattern on this dragon is more angular, more aggressive than its ancient counterpart — sharp lines, jagged cracks, the geometry of impact rather than age.

Its eyes are amber, wide, locked on something beyond the frame. The eyes are disproportionately large for its face — fierce, focused, burning with conviction.

Its mouth is open in a silent roar. A tiny flame — literally the size of a birthday candle flame — emerges from between its teeth. The flame is precise, directional, disproportionately hot-looking for its size. The moss directly in front of the dragon shows a tiny scorched line — evidence of a warning shot.

Its tail is held rigid, straight out behind it, the gold cracks along the tail blazing like a lit fuse.

Scale reference is critical: a fallen leaf nearby should be the size of a bedsheet to the dragon. Mushrooms tower. Moss fronds are tall grass. A nearby acorn is a boulder. The dragon is defending an empire that exists at insect scale with the conviction of a creature that has never once considered the word 'proportionate.'

Setting: A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Emerald moss ground — the dragon's scorched warning line on the moss should be visible as a tiny precise burn mark. Starlight above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing is enormous. The dragon has claimed all of it.

Somewhere in the scene — a small yellow rubber duck, positioned behind the dragon in its 'protected zone.' The duck is roughly the same size as the dragon. There is no indication the dragon finds this arrangement unusual.

Colour palette: Porcelain white, flaring gold, deep emerald, black. The gold should be visibly brighter and more aggressive than the ancient variant — active, not passive.

Lighting: Primary light from the flaring gold kintsugi cracks — warm amber, sharp, casting tiny dramatic shadows on the stone. Secondary light from the tiny flame — adding orange point light to the dragon's face. Cool starlight from above. High contrast at macro scale — the tiny dragon casting shadows that suggest something much larger.

Camera: Macro lens, at the dragon's eye level — slightly below, looking up, giving the tiny creature visual dominance and authority. The dragon fills the lower half of the frame. Extremely shallow depth of field — the dragon's face and flame in sharp focus, wings and background blurred. 100mm macro lens equivalent, f/2.8. The perspective should make the dragon look as imposing as possible despite being teacup-sized.

Texture detail: Porcelain should show ceramic grain at macro scale. The open mouth should reveal individual tiny teeth — sharp, porcelain-white, gleaming. The tiny flame should be photorealistic fire — actual combustion, not stylised. Gold kintsugi flare should show visible brightness gradient — hot white at the centre of each crack, warm gold at the edges. Scorched moss should show individual blackened fronds.

Mood: Fierce absurdity. Protective comedy. The feeling of being guarded by something that could sit in your coffee cup and knowing — truly knowing — that it would die for you without a second's hesitation. Funny and moving in the same breath.

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