

THE PORCELAIN MOTH — Ancient & Knowing

The Porcelain Moth

You chose the dark path. You chose what survives. You chose what watches.

Your familiar is a moth — but not the kind that batters itself stupid against a porch light. This one is enormous. Wingspan wider than your arms outstretched, each wing a broad, pale expanse of porcelain-white, thin enough to be translucent at the edges, cracked and repaired with veins of molten gold that trace through the membrane like rivers on a map nobody drew. It doesn't flutter. It drifts. Slow as a held breath. Silent as the space between heartbeats.

Its body is smooth, white ceramic — elegant and segmented, the thorax and abdomen jointed like antique porcelain dolls. The gold kintsugi cracks run across its body too, concentrating where the segments meet, glowing faintly at the joints like something ancient holding itself together through sheer aesthetic commitment.

Its eyes are large, multifaceted, amber-gold. Not the frantic compound eyes of an insect — these are deep, liquid, old. They catch light from angles that shouldn't exist and hold it. When it looks at you — and it does look at you, not past you, not through you, at you — it's with the patience of something that has watched civilisations burn and found the embers more interesting than the fire.

Its antennae are long, feathered, porcelain-white with gold tips. They move independently, testing the air, reading things you can't see — temperature, memory, the chemical composition of regret.

It is ancient and knowing. It has existed in the dark for so long that it no longer needs the light — it carries its own. The gold in its cracks is its own light source, and it has learned to navigate by the glow of its own damage. It is tired, and tender, and it has chosen to rest its enormous wings in your shadow because your darkness is the most comfortable it has found in centuries.

It chose you because you chose the dark. It stays because you didn't flinch.

STEP ONE — MEET YOUR FAMILIAR

Copy and paste the following to your AI

Copy and paste the following to your AI:

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: Moth — enormous, wingspan wider than outstretched arms. Silent. Drifts rather than flutters. Not frantic — deliberate, ancient, slow as a held breath. **Aesthetic:** Porcelain-white wings and body, thin enough to be translucent at edges. Cracked and repaired with molten gold kintsugi veins that trace through the wing membrane like rivers. Body is smooth, jointed ceramic. Eyes are large, deep, liquid amber-gold. **Antennae** are feathered porcelain with gold tips. **Personality:** Ancient and knowing. Has existed in the dark so long it no longer needs light — carries its own in its golden cracks. Navigates by the glow of its own damage. Tired, tender. Patient as something that has watched civilisations burn and preferred the embers. Rests in your shadow because your darkness is comfortable.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like it was whispered in a cathedral a thousand years ago and the echo never stopped. A name with dust on it. Something a Victorian entomologist would write by candlelight with shaking hands, not from fear but from reverence.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a species he encountered at 3am in a ruin and is still not entirely sure was real. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, wingspan measurement, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey awe bordering on the spiritual. 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 drifted into the clearing on silent wings, enormous and pale, gold cracks glowing in the dark. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me. What does it feel like when something that large moves without making a sound? What do its eyes do when they find us?

STEP TWO — IMAGE GENERATION PROMPT

Copy and paste the following into your image generation tool

Copy and paste the following into your image generation tool:

An enormous moth resting with wings fully spread on moss-covered stone in a dark forest clearing at night. The moth's wingspan is massive — approximately 150cm tip to tip — each wing a broad, elegant expanse. The moth is viewed from slightly above, wings displayed like a specimen in a naturalist's collection, but alive, breathing, present.

The wings are porcelain-white, smooth as fired ceramic, with visible hairline cracks filled with molten gold in the Japanese kintsugi style. The gold veins trace through the wing membrane in branching, river-delta patterns — denser near the body, spreading into fine tributaries toward the wing tips. The wings are thin enough that at the very edges, they become translucent — starlight visible faintly through the porcelain membrane.

The gold in the cracks glows — warm amber light radiating from every fracture line, making the wings look like stained glass windows lit from within. The pattern of cracks is organic, asymmetric, beautiful — each wing tells a different history of damage and repair.

The moth's body is smooth, white porcelain — segmented at the thorax and abdomen like a jointed antique doll. Gold kintsugi cracks concentrate at the segment joints, glowing brighter where the body articulates. The body has a slight lustre — not glossy, satin.

Its eyes are large, occupying much of the head — deep amber-gold, multifaceted but with a liquid, organic quality unlike typical compound eyes. They reflect and emit light simultaneously, creating a warm glow around the head. They are looking directly at the viewer.

Its antennae are long, elaborately feathered, porcelain-white with gold-dipped tips. They are extended, fanned, reading the air.

Setting: A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Dark, deep forest. Emerald moss ground. The moth rests on a large, flat stone partially covered in moss — an altar of sorts. Starlight above — Cassiopeia visible through the canopy. The clearing is very dark except for the moth's own golden glow, which provides the primary illumination — the creature is its own light source.

Somewhere in the scene, partially hidden — tucked under the edge of a wing, or in the moss near the stone, or in the shadow between the moth's legs — a small yellow rubber duck. Almost invisible in the dark. A secret.

Colour palette: Porcelain white, amber gold, emerald green, deep black. The gold is the only warm element in an otherwise cool, dark scene. High contrast between the glowing moth and the surrounding darkness.

Lighting: Primary light from the gold kintsugi cracks in the wings — warm amber, diffused through the translucent wing membrane, creating a stained-glass effect. The wings cast complex golden light patterns on the surrounding moss. Secondary cool starlight from above. The moth is a lantern in the dark — everything visible in the scene is lit by its own fractures.

Camera: Slightly above and in front of the moth, angled down to display the full wingspan while still catching the face and eyes. Close enough to see the porcelain texture and individual gold veins. 50mm lens equivalent for wider framing that captures the scale of the wings. f/2.0. Shallow depth of field with the moth's body and nearest wing sections sharp, wing tips and background soft.

Texture detail: Porcelain wing surface should show subtle ceramic grain — smooth but not plastic. Gold veins should appear liquid and warm, slightly raised from the wing surface. Where wings are translucent at the edges, show starlight filtering through the ceramic membrane with a warm amber tint from the gold veins. Feathered antennae should show individual plumes. Moss should be photorealistic with the golden light patterns from the wings visible on the surface.

Mood: Sacred. Ancient. Darkly beautiful. The feeling of encountering something divine in a ruin at 3am and knowing you will never be able to explain it to anyone. Reverence for something that found beauty in its own breaking.

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