

THE PORCELAIN TEACUP DRAGON — Mischievous & Gentle

The Porcelain Teacup Dragon

You chose the whimsical path. You chose what delights. You chose what nicks your earring and looks you dead in the eye while doing it.

Your familiar is a dragon — the size of a teacup, the moral compass of a magpie, and the impulse control of a toddler in a jewellery shop. It is porcelain-white, cracked with gold kintsugi veins, and it is already holding something that doesn't belong to it. You will never catch it in the act. You will only ever find the evidence — a missing button, a stolen sugar cube, the inexplicable absence of exactly one sock — and the dragon, sitting nearby, looking at you with amber eyes the size of seed pearls that say, without a flicker of guilt: Prove it.

It doesn't hoard treasure. It hoards interesting. Shiny things, soft things, things that smell unusual, things that made a funny sound when it knocked them off a table. Its nest — if you ever find it, which you won't, because it moves it every time you get close — is a museum of absurdity. Buttons. A key that opens nothing. Three grains of rice it found aesthetically pleasing. Your dignity. (That last one it has no intention of returning.)

It leaves things in exchange. Always. A tiny gold-flecked scale in your pocket. A warm spot on your pillow that wasn't there before. The feeling that something is watching you with enormous fondness from somewhere just out of sight.

Its wings are the size of postage stamps and it uses them with the confidence of something that has a sixty-foot wingspan. It crash-lands often. It does not acknowledge this.

It chose you because you chose joy and joy is the shiniest thing it's ever found. It stays because you are an endless source of interesting things to steal and it is, frankly, obsessed.

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. Tiny postage-stamp wings used with the confidence of a sixty-foot wingspan. Crash-lands often, never acknowledges it. Breathes birthday-candle fire. **Aesthetic:** Porcelain-white body with gold kintsugi cracks. Smooth, luminous ceramic. Amber eyes the size of seed pearls radiating zero guilt at all times. Delicate gold-tipped claws perfect for theft. **Personality:** Mischievous and gentle. Steals everything interesting and leaves better things behind. Hoards curiosities — buttons, keys, aesthetically pleasing rice grains. Never caught in the act. Zero remorse. Enormous fondness expressed through petty larceny. Obsessed with you specifically.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like an accusation delivered with affection. The kind of name a Victorian naturalist would use while filing a police report he knows will go nowhere. Charming. Guilty. Unrepentant.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist who has been robbed blind by this creature and is writing the entry with a borrowed pen because his was stolen. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey that this creature has cost him a small fortune in missing equipment and he would die for it. 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 and something of ours is already missing. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me. It's sitting on a mushroom looking at us with enormous innocence. What has it taken? What did it leave? And is that a crumb on its face?

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, caught mid-heist on a moss-covered stone in a dark forest clearing at night. The dragon is clutching a stolen object — a tiny golden button — in one delicate clawed hand, wings half-spread for a quick getaway, looking directly at the viewer with an expression of absolute, unshakeable innocence. It is clearly guilty. It does not care.

The dragon's body is smooth porcelain-white ceramic with gold kintsugi cracks in playful spiraling patterns — less jagged than the feral variant, more decorative, as if even its damage was aesthetically intentional. The gold catches and scatters light playfully. Its face has a quality of permanent mischief — large amber eyes wide and bright, mouth curved in the dragon equivalent of a smirk.

Its wings are tiny — postage stamp sized — spread at slightly different angles, suggesting it has just landed (poorly) and is maintaining its dignity regardless. Its tail is curled in a self-satisfied spiral behind it.

Around the dragon on the stone surface, arranged with suspicious neatness, is its collection of stolen objects — a thimble, a brass button, a tiny glass bead, a single pearl, a folded postage stamp — each one placed with the care of a museum curator. This is not a mess. This is an exhibition. And in the centre of the collection, where the dragon was sitting before it launched its latest heist, a single tiny gold-flecked scale has been left. Payment.

Scale reference: the stolen button in its claws is proportionally like a dinner plate. The thimble in its collection is a bucket. A nearby mushroom is an umbrella. The dragon exists at a scale where the mundane becomes monumental and it treats every stolen item with appropriate reverence.

Setting: A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Emerald moss ground with tiny wildflowers. Starlight above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing is the dragon's gallery. Every surface is a potential display case.

Somewhere in the scene — a small yellow rubber duck among the stolen collection. The dragon has clearly stolen it. It has been placed in the position of honour.

Colour palette: Porcelain white, gold, deep emerald, black. Warm gold accents from the kintsugi and the stolen objects. Brighter and more playful overall tone.

Lighting: Primary light from the gold kintsugi — warm amber, playful, scattering tiny gold reflections across the stone surface from the stolen objects. Secondary starlight from above. The lighting should feel like a tiny spotlight on a tiny stage — the dragon is performing and the clearing is its theatre.

Camera: Macro lens, at the dragon's eye level. The dragon's face and its stolen button are the focal point. Extremely shallow depth of field — dragon sharp, collection slightly soft, background dreamy. 100mm macro lens, f/2.8. The composition should feel like a candid shot — catching the dragon mid-crime, frozen in the flash.

Texture detail: Porcelain surface should show ceramic grain at macro scale. The stolen objects should be photorealistic with visible wear and patina — real objects, not miniatures. The gold-flecked scale left as payment should have visible iridescence. The dragon's grip on the stolen button should show individual tiny claws — delicate, precise, purpose-built for larceny.

Mood: Joyful crime. Affectionate chaos. The feeling of discovering that something the size of your thumb has been robbing you for weeks and you can't bring yourself to care because it left a warm spot on your pillow every single time. Delight in miniature.

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