

THE VELVET TEACUP DRAGON — Ancient & Knowing

The Velvet Teacup Dragon

You chose the whimsical path. You chose what delights. You chose the tiny coal that won't go out.

Your familiar is a dragon — the size of a teacup and the temperature of a cup of tea someone made you with love and just the right amount of milk. It is covered in deep velvet the colour of embers, dark red-brown and impossibly soft, and when you pick it up (gently, reverently, with both cupped hands) it is warm in a way that makes your entire chest ache with a feeling you can't name but suspect might be the sensation of being exactly where you're supposed to be.

It glows from within. At this tiny scale, the glow is concentrated — a bright amber-orange pulse at its belly, dimming to a warm undertone across its back and wings. When it curls up in your palm, the light leaks between your fingers. You are holding a lantern. You are holding something that has been burning for eight hundred years and has enough warmth left for eight hundred more and has chosen, for reasons it will never explain, to spend those centuries in your hand.

Its eyes are deep amber, tiny, old. They have the look of something that has seen everything worth seeing and decided, with the quiet confidence of profound experience, that the best seat in the house is the small warm dip at the base of your throat where it can feel your pulse and match its glow to your heartbeat.

It doesn't fly much anymore. Its wings work — tiny velvet flaps the size of thumbnails — but it prefers to be carried. Not out of laziness. Out of closeness. It spent seven hundred years flying and the last hundred sitting in the hands of the person who finally made flight unnecessary.

It chose you because your warmth matched its warmth and that hasn't happened in centuries. It stays because being held by you is the warmest it has ever been and it is, at its core, a creature that lives and dies by heat.

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. Warm as a perfect cup of tea. Prefers to be carried in cupped hands. Tiny velvet wings the size of thumbnails, functional but retired. **Aesthetic:** Deep red-brown velvet like glowing embers. Impossibly soft. Glows amber-orange from within — concentrated at the belly, light leaks between your fingers when you hold it. Eyes are deep amber, tiny, ancient. **Personality:** Ancient and knowing — eight hundred years old. Has seen everything and decided the best place in the world is the hollow of your throat where it can feel your pulse. Matches its glow to your heartbeat. Stopped flying because being held is better. A tiny living ember that chose you because your warmth matched its warmth.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like the warmest part of a lullaby. Soft. Round. The kind of name you'd murmur to something cupped in your hands. A name a Victorian naturalist would write with a tenderness that startled even him.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a species he held in his hands and wept. He won't say why. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey that holding this creature changed his understanding of why things stay warm. 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 is sitting on the stone in the clearing, glowing gently, and it's looking at us like it's been waiting for a very long time. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me. What does its warmth feel like from three feet away? What happens when you reach for it?

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, curled in a compact resting position on moss-covered stone in a dark forest clearing at night. The dragon is deeply settled — a tiny warm coal in a vast dark forest. Its posture is that of a creature that has stopped moving by choice, not exhaustion. Content. Arrived.

The dragon is covered in deep velvet-textured fur the colour of banked embers — dark red-brown with shifting warm tones. At this tiny scale, the velvet texture is exquisite — visible nap and pile across the contours of a body smaller than a fist. The softness is palpable. This is a creature designed by evolution specifically to be held.

It glows from within — amber-orange light, concentrated at the belly and chest, dimming across the back. The glow is steady, pulsing faintly with a slow rhythm (the dragon's heartbeat — or perhaps it's matching someone else's). The light is warm and intimate — it creates a tiny pool of amber on the stone surface and illuminates the nearest moss fronds from below, turning them translucent gold-green.

Its eyes are deep amber, half-closed, tiny — looking at the viewer with the ancient, fond patience of something that has waited eight centuries for this specific moment and is in no rush now that it's arrived. The eyes catch the dragon's own internal glow and appear lit from within.

Its wings are folded tight against its body — tiny velvet flaps, thumbnail-sized, visible as slightly raised textures on its back. Not displayed. Retired. Its tail is curled around itself, the tip resting precisely against its own nose, completing the circle of its body.

The warmth it radiates is visible in the environment: the moss within its tiny radius is greener, denser, more alive. A single tiny wildflower has bloomed at the base of the stone, directly below the dragon — warmed into existence by proximity. The smallest tendrils of steam rise from the warm stone surface into the cool night air.

Scale reference: the dragon is the size of a large walnut. The wildflower it has warmed into bloom is as tall as the dragon. A dewdrop on a nearby moss frond is proportionally a fishbowl. The pool of amber light on the stone extends roughly the span of a hand — the dragon's footprint of warmth in the world.

Setting: A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Emerald moss ground — warmer and more vibrant within the dragon's tiny radius. Dense starfield above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing is vast and cold and dark and in the middle of it is one tiny, impossibly warm point of light. A hearth the size of a heartbeat.

Somewhere in the scene — a small yellow rubber duck, positioned near the dragon's warm radius. Perhaps it's nestled in the blooming wildflower, or sitting on the warm stone within the amber light pool. Warm. Close. Cosy.

Colour palette: Deep ember red-brown, amber-orange glow, warm gold, emerald green, deep black. The warmest creature of all — the palette should feel like a single candle in a dark room.

Lighting: Primary light from the dragon's internal ember glow — warm amber-orange, intimate, concentrated. Creates a tiny sphere of warm light in the vast dark clearing. Secondary cool starlight from above for contrast. The boundary between warm and cool light should be visible on the moss — a tiny island of golden-green in a sea of cool emerald. Extreme intimacy. One small light.

Camera: Extreme macro, very close, at the dragon's level. The dragon fills a third of the frame — small but prominent. Close enough to see individual velvet fibres and the pulse of the internal glow. Extremely shallow depth of field — the dragon in sharp focus, the bloomed flower slightly soft, everything beyond dreamy. 100mm macro, f/2.0. The intimacy of the framing should make the viewer feel like they're leaning in, reaching for it.

Texture detail: Velvet must be stunningly detailed at this macro scale — individual fibres visible, the pile direction shifting across the dragon's tiny body, the way velvet catches light differently at each angle. The internal glow should show through the thinnest velvet convincingly — warm backlit membrane effect. The forced wildflower should show photorealistic petals, impossibly fresh. Steam from the warm stone should be delicate, barely visible threads.

Mood: Tender. Warm. Profound in its smallness. The feeling of cupping your hands around a candle flame and knowing this specific warmth has been burning since before anyone alive was born and it chose your hands to rest in. Tiny and infinite. Heartbreaking and joyful.

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