

THE PORCELAIN MOTH — Feral & Protective

The Porcelain Moth

You chose the dark path. You chose what survives. You chose what hunts the hunters.

Your familiar is a moth — the kind that makes you understand why ancient people thought insects were divine. Wingspan wider than your arms outstretched, wings sharp-edged and angular, porcelain-white and cracked with gold that blazes when it senses threat. It doesn't drift like its ancient cousin. It hovers. Precise, motionless, pinned to the air by force of will, watching the dark with the focus of a sniper who moonlights as a cathedral window.

Its body is hard, smooth, white ceramic — not delicate. Armoured. The porcelain is thicker at the thorax, the joints reinforced with heavier gold, the whole structure built for impact as much as flight. When its wings snap open — and they do snap, sudden as a slap, the sound like a sheet cracking in wind — the gold kintsugi veins flare bright and hot, a warning written in light: I broke before. I repaired myself. I will break whatever broke me next time.

Its eyes are amber-gold and they don't wander. They lock. They fix on the dark space between the trees and they do not let go until the dark blinks first. Its antennae are rigid, swept back, porcelain-white with gold tips held like drawn blades.

It is feral and protective. It positions itself above you — always above, wings spread, creating a canopy of cracked porcelain and gold light between you and whatever lives in the canopy. Other things fly in the dark. This moth makes sure they don't fly near you. It doesn't fight with its body. It fights with its presence. Wingspan fully spread, gold blazing, every crack in its surface lit up like a constellation of scars, and whatever was circling overhead decides, very quickly, to circle somewhere else.

It chose you because you walked into the dark without hesitation. It stays because the dark has never once — not once — made it flinch when you're underneath its wings.

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. Sharp-edged, angular wings. Hovers with precise, motionless intensity. Wings snap open like a warning shot. **Aesthetic:** Porcelain-white, thicker and more armoured than delicate. Heavy gold kintsugi veins that blaze when threat is detected. Body is hard ceramic, reinforced at joints. Eyes are amber-gold, locked, unblinking. Antennae swept back like drawn blades. **Personality:** Feral and protective. Positions itself above you — wings spread as a canopy between you and whatever hunts in the dark above. Doesn't fight with its body — fights with its presence. Every crack lit up like a constellation of scars. Makes the dark think twice.

I need you to do three things:

1. Name it. Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like a command given to the dark. Not a request. An order. A name a Victorian entomologist would speak once and then go very quiet, as if the name itself was watching him.

2. Write its field journal entry. In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a species that he is fairly certain saved his life on a night expedition and has been following him since. **Include:** Latin classification (invented), physical description, wingspan measurement, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey that he feels safer than he has in years and is unsettled by how much he's come to rely on 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 above the clearing — enormous, wings spread, gold blazing — and everything else in the canopy just went silent. You're seeing it for the first time alongside me. What does it look like from below?

What happened to the sounds that were in the trees a moment ago?

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 hovering in a dark forest clearing at night, wings fully spread in a defensive display. Viewed from below — the moth is above, between the viewer and the canopy, wings outstretched to their full 150cm wingspan, forming a protective ceiling of porcelain and gold.

The wings are porcelain-white, angular and sharp-edged — not rounded and soft but geometric, aggressive in their shape. The ceramic surface is thicker than the ancient variant, less translucent, more armoured. Cracks filled with molten gold kintsugi veins are blazing bright — flared to maximum intensity in a protective display. The gold pattern is bold, dramatic — thick veins radiating from the body in aggressive angular patterns, like fracture lines in impacted glass. The glow is intense enough to cast sharp shadows on the canopy above.

The moth's body is hard, armoured porcelain — the thorax thick and reinforced, the joints heavy with gold. It looks built for impact. The gold at the joint reinforcements is particularly bright, structural — these are load-bearing repairs.

Its eyes are amber-gold, looking down at the viewer with fierce, fixed intensity. Not angry — certain. Its antennae are rigid, swept back against the body, porcelain-white with gold tips that glow like tracer rounds.

The wings are in active display position — snapped open, taut, the membrane pulled tight. There should be a sense of tension in the wings — not resting, holding.

Setting: View is looking up from ground level in a dark forest clearing. The moth hovers above, its wings blocking a section of the night sky. Around the edges of its wingspan, the canopy of ancient trees is visible — dark, deep, full of shadows.

Cassiopeia visible in the gap between the moth's wing edge and the tree canopy. Below (behind the camera), emerald moss ground.

The forest canopy around the moth is conspicuously empty — whatever was in the trees has left. The moth's golden light illuminates the underside of nearby branches, showing that they are empty.

Somewhere in the scene — perhaps on a branch lit by the moth's glow, or visible on the ground below looking up, or perched impossibly on the moth's back — a small yellow rubber duck. Under the moth's protection. Safe.

Colour palette: Porcelain white, blazing amber gold, deep forest black, emerald in the periphery. The gold is at maximum intensity — aggressive, warning-bright.

Lighting: Primary light from the blazing kintsugi veins — hot amber-gold, directional, casting sharp shadows upward onto the canopy. The light is a statement. Secondary light from the amber eyes. Starlight visible only at the edges of the frame where the moth's wings don't block it. The scene below the moth is bathed in warm golden light; the forest beyond the wings is cold and dark. Hard boundary between protected and unprotected space.

Camera: Low angle, looking straight up at the moth from ground level. The moth fills the upper portion of the frame. Dramatic perspective — foreshortening on the body, wings spread wide. 24mm wide-angle equivalent to capture the full wingspan and the sense of scale. f/2.8. The moth should feel massive, imposing, protective.

Texture detail: Porcelain should appear thicker, more robust — less delicate ceramic, more architectural. The gold veins should appear hot — not just glowing but radiating, with visible heat-shimmer at the brightest points. Wing membrane should be taut, under tension, with visible stress patterns in the ceramic. The empty branches lit by the moth's glow should show bark texture and the conspicuous absence of anything that was previously perched there.

Mood: Fierce. Protective. Sacred in a martial way. The feeling of looking up and seeing something enormous and burning positioned between you and everything that hunts in the dark, and knowing — with certainty that lives in your chest — that nothing is getting past it. Safety that has teeth.

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