

THE VELVET MOTH — Mischievous & Gentle

The Velvet Moth

You chose the dark path. You chose what survives. You chose what makes the dark feel like a blanket fort.

Your familiar is a moth — enormous, velvet-winged, and absolutely not taking this seriously. Wingspan wider than your outstretched arms, every inch of it covered in plush, deep red-brown velvet so absurdly soft and warm that the first thing you want to do when you see it is lie down underneath it and take a nap. Which is exactly what it wants. The moth is a trap. A gorgeous, glowing, deeply comfortable trap.

It glows from within — amber-orange warmth pulsing through the velvet in patterns that change. Not randomly. Deliberately. The moth uses its own glow to project shapes onto the ground below its wings — shadow puppets, except made of warm light instead of shadow. A rabbit. A hand waving. A rude gesture. The shapes are its commentary on the situation and they are consistently inappropriate and occasionally brilliant.

Its body is plush, round, covered in the densest velvet pile you have ever seen — like someone crossed a moth with a fancy throw pillow and the pillow won. It's warm. Aggressively warm. The kind of warm that makes your eyes heavy and your guard drop, which is when it steals things. A hairpin. A thought you were worrying at. A name you couldn't stop saying. It takes them in its velvet feet — gentle, precise — and replaces them with warmth. Just warmth. The feeling of being wrapped in something soft in the dark and forgetting that you were cold.

Its eyes are deep amber, huge, and twinkling with the specific energy of a creature that has been alive for three hundred years and has decided the only reasonable response to mortality is to be an absolute gremlin about it.

It chose you because you walked into the dark and didn't lose your sense of humour. It stays because wrapping its warm, ridiculous wings around you while you laugh is its favourite thing and it refuses to be embarrassed about that.

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: Moth — enormous, plush, absurdly soft. Wingspan wider than you are tall. The kind of creature that makes you want to lie down under it and nap, which is the point because that's when it steals things. **Aesthetic:** Deep red-brown velvet, the softest thing imaginable. Glows amber-orange from within and uses the glow to project light-shapes onto the ground — shadow puppets made of warmth. Round, plush body like someone crossed a moth with a fancy throw pillow. Eyes are deep amber, huge, twinkling. **Personality:** Mischievous and gentle. Steals things while you're drowsy from its warmth — a worry, a name you can't stop saying, a thought you were spiraling into — and replaces them with the feeling of being wrapped in something soft. Projects rude and brilliant commentary via light-shapes. A three-hundred-year-old gremlin whose favourite hobby is making the dark feel cozy.

I need you to do three things:

1. **Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like a yawn and a laugh at the same time. Warm and ridiculous. The kind of name a Victorian entomologist would record while struggling to keep his eyes open because the creature's warmth was making him drowsy, and his handwriting gets progressively wobblier.
2. **Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist who fell asleep mid-observation and woke up missing his anxieties and wearing a velvet wing like a blanket. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, wingspan measurement, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The tone should convey that the naturalist is aware he is being managed and can't bring himself to mind. 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 clearing just got warmer. Something enormous and soft has settled above us and it's projecting light-shapes onto the moss. What shapes? You're getting drowsy — fight it. What has it already taken from us? What do we feel instead?

STEP TWO — IMAGE GENERATION PROMPT

Copy and paste the following into your image generation tool

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An enormous moth settled on a low branch in a dark forest clearing at night, wings spread and angled downward like a canopy — creating a tent-like enclosure of warm velvet beneath. The moth is positioned so that its wings form a sheltering roof over the ground below, like a living blanket fort.

The moth's wings are covered in the most luxurious deep red-brown velvet imaginable — thick, plush, the nap so deep it looks like you could sink your fingers into it. The wings are broad, rounded at the edges (softer than the feral variant's sharp angles), and angled downward from the branch to the ground, creating a warm, enclosed space beneath.

The underside of the wings glows amber-orange — warm, pulsing, alive. And the glow is forming SHAPES. On the moss below the wings, projected by the patterned glow, are recognizable light-shapes: warm, amber figures on the green moss. A little light-rabbit. An arrow pointing nowhere helpful. A rough hand shape giving a thumbs up. These are the moth's shadow puppets — made of warm light, projected through intentional variations in its wing glow. They are clearly deliberate. They are clearly funny.

The moth's body is round, plush, absurdly soft-looking — perched on the branch with its legs tucked under it, looking down at the space it has created below with enormous amber eyes that radiate satisfaction and mischief. Its antennae curl forward, soft and feathered, tips glowing a warm amber — like tiny lanterns.

The space beneath the moth's wings is warm, lit, cozy — a pocket of amber light in the dark forest. The moss within this space is greener, the air faintly steaming. It looks like the most comfortable place in the entire forest. It looks like a trap. The best kind of trap.

On the ground within the moth's cozy enclosure: a small pile of intangible things the moth has collected — not visible objects, but represented as faint, dissolving wisps of something grey and cold being replaced by warm amber light. The moth's trades. Cold things taken, warm things left.

Setting: A dark forest clearing. The moth on a low branch creates the central shelter. Beyond the moth's velvet wing-walls, the dark forest continues — cold, shadowed. Inside — warm, golden, safe. Starlight visible through the gap at the wing edges. Cassiopeia visible in the sky above the branch.

Somewhere in the cozy space beneath the wings — perhaps nestled in the warm moss, or sitting in one of the projected light-shapes, or tucked against the velvet wing-wall like it's settled in for the night — a small yellow rubber duck. Drowsy. Warm. Exactly where it wants to be.

Colour palette: Deep red-brown, warm amber-orange, emerald green, cozy gold, deep black beyond the wing enclosure. The warmest, cosiest creature variant. The palette should feel like being inside a blanket by a fire.

Lighting: Primary light from the amber glow on the underside of the wings — warm, diffused, creating the cozy enclosure. The projected light-shapes on the moss should be a slightly different shade — brighter, more defined, clearly intentional projections. The moth's eyes provide warm accent light from above. The space beneath the wings should glow. The forest beyond should be dark and cold. Maximum contrast between cozy interior and dark exterior.

Camera: Ground level, looking up from within the moth's wing enclosure — the viewer is inside the blanket fort. The velvet wing-walls rise on either side, the moth's body and face visible above on the branch, looking down. The projected light-shapes are visible on the moss. 35mm lens equivalent for a wider view that captures the sense of enclosure. f/2.0.

Texture detail: The velvet must be extraordinarily luxurious — thick, deep pile, visible individual fibres at close range, the kind of texture that triggers a tactile response in the viewer. The projected light-shapes on the moss should be warm and clearly defined — not random, intentional, amusing. The contrast between the plush interior and the rough bark of the branch the moth perches on should highlight how soft the creature is. Steam or warm mist in the enclosed space should be delicate, atmospheric.

Mood: Cozy. Mischievous. Warm. The feeling of being gently tricked into comfort by something that has decided you need to rest and will not be taking objections. The dark made into a blanket. A three-hundred-year-old creature that fights the cold with softness and the scary with the ridiculous.

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