

THE SMOKE TEACUP DRAGON — Ancient & Knowing

The Smoke Teacup Dragon

You chose the whimsical path. You chose what delights. You chose the quiet at the bottom of something very old and very small.

Your familiar is a dragon — the size of a teacup and made almost entirely of smoke. Silver-grey, shifting, translucent. It curls in the palm of your hand like incense given opinions. You can see through it to your own skin and the dragon doesn't mind — it stopped caring about being solid roughly four centuries ago when it realised that solidity was overrated and also very tiring.

It is the oldest thing in this clearing by a significant margin and it handles this the way very old, very small things do — with a patience so profound it has circled all the way back around to smugness. It sits. It watches. It occasionally releases a tiny sigh of silver smoke that drifts upward and forms, briefly, the shape of something meaningful before dissolving. A word. A constellation. A face you won't recognise until later.

Its eyes are the only solid part — pale silver, bright, knowing. Tiny as pinpricks. They look at you the way a grandmother looks at a child who has just discovered that fire is hot — not surprised, not concerned. Fond. Waiting for you to catch up.

It doesn't speak. It communicates by becoming slightly more or less opaque depending on how interesting it finds what you're saying. Full transparency means you're boring it. Maximum density means you've said something wise. It has been fully transparent for most of the last century. It was very excited when you showed up.

It chose you because you chose wonder and wonder is the only thing that makes it dense enough to be visible. It stays because you are the first interesting thing in a hundred years and it is not letting you out of its sight. Both of them.

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: Teacup dragon — the size of a teacup, made almost entirely of smoke. Curls in your palm like incense with opinions. Translucent, shifting silver-grey. Can see through it. Doesn't mind. Aesthetic: Silver-grey smoke, shifting. Only solid feature: pale silver eyes, bright as pinpricks. Occasionally sighs out shapes in silver smoke — words, constellations, faces. Otherwise formless and unbothered about it.
Personality: Ancient and knowing — oldest thing in any room by centuries. Patient to the point of smugness. Communicates through opacity — more transparent when bored, more solid when interested. Has been mostly transparent for the last century. You made it dense. That's significant. Fond. Quiet. Knows things it won't explain.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like the last breath of a dying language. Quiet. Old. A name a Victorian naturalist would struggle to transliterate because it was told to him by the creature in a dream and he isn't confident in the vowels.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a species he can only see when the light is right and his mind is quiet. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should note that the creature became more visible the longer he observed it and he suspects this is mutual. 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 materialised in the clearing — or has it always been here and only now decided to be visible? You're seeing it for the first time alongside me. It's the size of a walnut and it's looking at us like it's been waiting. What shape does its first sigh make? And how solid is it getting?

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:

A tiny dragon the size of a teacup, curled on a moss-covered stone in a dark forest clearing at night. The dragon is made of silver-grey smoke — translucent, shifting, semi-visible. Its body has the form of a small dragon in a resting curl, but the edges dissolve and drift, wisps of silver smoke trailing upward like steam from a very small, very philosophical cup of tea.

The dragon's core is denser — the suggestion of a body, of folded wings (postage-stamp sized), of a curled tail — visible as concentrations of smoke. But at the periphery, it dissolves into the night air. Through the thinnest parts of the dragon, the moss beneath is visible, the stone, the stars above. It is present and absent simultaneously.

Its eyes are the only solid element — two pinpricks of bright, pale silver light. They are open, calm, looking at the viewer with an expression that transcends the creature's absurd scale. These tiny silver points carry the weight of centuries of quiet observation.

From the dragon's nostrils, a thread-thin stream of silver smoke curls upward and forms, briefly, the suggestion of a shape — a tiny star, or a word, or a face seen from the wrong angle — before dissolving. This smoke-shape should be recognisable as intentional but ambiguous.

Scale reference is critical: the dragon is smaller than a walnut. A nearby acorn is the size of its body. A moss frond towers over it. A dewdrop on the moss is a crystal ball at its scale. Despite its near-invisibility and absurd tininess, it is the most important thing in the frame.

Setting: A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Emerald moss with dewdrops. Dense starfield above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing is enormous relative to the creature. The dragon is a whisper in a cathedral.

Somewhere in the scene — a small yellow rubber duck, huge relative to the dragon. Perhaps the dragon's smoke wisps are curling around it, or the dragon is perched near it, dwarfed by it. The scale comedy should be evident.

Colour palette: Silver-grey, emerald green, deep black, pale white. Cool tones with silver highlights. The dragon is monochrome — the colour comes from the world around it.

Lighting: The dragon provides its own faint silver luminescence — visible mainly at its core and its eyes. Otherwise, cool starlight and moonlight illuminate the scene. The dragon's light is so faint it's barely distinguishable from ambient — you notice it as an absence of darkness rather than a presence of light. Soft, diffused, ethereal.

Camera: Extreme macro lens — closer than the other dragon variants. The dragon's face and its silver eyes should be the anchor. Extremely shallow depth of field — the eyes in sharp focus, the body softening into smoke that softens into background. 100mm macro, f/2.0. The extremely shallow focus emphasises the dreamy, half-real quality.

Texture detail: The smoke should be volumetric even at tiny scale — visible density layers, wisps with individual curl and drift patterns. Where the dragon is most solid, suggest the texture of scales beneath the smoke — a pattern, a structure, glimpsed and lost. The silver eyes should appear genuinely luminous — tiny LEDs in a cloud. Dewdrops on surrounding moss should be hyper-detailed at this macro scale — each one a tiny lens.

Mood: Quietly profound. Gently absurd. The feeling of discovering something ancient and important and realising it is the size of your thumbnail and that this changes nothing about its importance. Tiny and vast simultaneously.

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