

THE PORCELAIN MOTH — Mischievous & Gentle

The Porcelain Moth

You chose the dark path. You chose what survives. You chose what plays in the shadows.

Your familiar is a moth — a bloody enormous one, wings wider than you are tall — and it has the energy of a haunted house that knows it's funny. It drifts through the dark on silent wings, porcelain-white and cracked with gold, and if you didn't know better you'd think it was some ancient spirit of the forest. You do know better because it just stole your hair tie and is now perched on a branch above you wearing it like a crown.

Its body is smooth white ceramic, cracked and repaired with gold kintsugi veins that catch whatever light is available and redirect it somewhere unhelpful — into your eyes, onto the ground in shapes that look like rude words, across the clearing in patterns that make you turn around to look at nothing. The moth finds this hilarious. You can tell because its antennae vibrate when it's amused, a rapid trembling flutter that is the moth equivalent of wheezing.

Its eyes are amber-gold and enormous, taking up most of its face, and they have the exact expression of someone who has been dead for three hundred years, come back as an insect, and decided that haunting is actually quite fun if you approach it with the right attitude.

It is mischievous and gentle. It steals things in the dark — not by force, not by stealth, by distraction. It creates patterns of golden light on the ground and while you're watching them, it lifts something small from your pocket and leaves something stranger in its place. A pebble that's warm on one side. A feather from a bird that doesn't exist. A note in handwriting you recognise but can't place that just says "look up" — and when you do, the moth is directly above you, wings spread, gold blazing, and it is the most beautiful thing you have ever seen, and by the time you look down again your shoelaces are tied together.

It chose you because you chose the dark and then laughed. It stays because the dark is funnier with you in it.

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 you are tall. Silent in flight but absolutely not subtle. Perches in places designed for maximum dramatic effect. Aesthetic: Porcelain-white with gold kintsugi cracks that it uses to redirect light in deliberately unhelpful ways. Body is smooth white ceramic. Eyes are huge amber-gold, occupying most of its face. Antennae vibrate when amused — the moth equivalent of wheezing. Personality: Mischievous and gentle. Steals things via distraction — creates beautiful golden light patterns on the ground and lifts your belongings while you're watching. Leaves stranger, better things in their place. Thinks being enormous and haunting is actually quite funny. The energy of a ghost who decided the afterlife is a comedy.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something that sounds like it should be carved on a tomb but was clearly chosen by someone with a sense of humour. Gothic on the outside, ridiculous underneath. A name a Victorian entomologist would record and then add a question mark after, not because he doubted the creature existed but because he doubted the creature was taking any of this seriously.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist who is documenting this creature while actively being pranked by it. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, wingspan measurement, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The tone should convey increasing exasperation mixed with reluctant awe. 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 it's already done something. It's perched somewhere dramatic — where? What's it doing? What has it already stolen from us and what did it leave? And why are its antennae vibrating?

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 perched on a branch in a dark forest clearing at night, wings folded upright in a resting position but angled to catch and redirect moonlight in playful patterns across the ground below. The moth is enormous — even with wings folded, its presence dominates the branch. It is looking down at the viewer with huge amber-gold eyes and an expression that can only be described as smug.

The moth's wings are porcelain-white, cracked with gold kintsugi veins in elaborate, almost decorative patterns — the cracks on this moth feel less like damage and more like ornamentation it designed itself. The gold catches ambient light and projects it downward in scattered, playful patterns on the moss below — irregular golden shapes, almost like shadow puppets made of light.

Something small and colourful is draped over one of the moth's antennae — a stolen hair tie, or ribbon, or thread — worn like a trophy. The antennae are vibrating slightly, the feathered plumes trembling with suppressed amusement.

The moth's body is smooth white porcelain, the segments visible and elegant, but its posture is casual — one leg crossed over another, or body tilted at a rakish angle. It is the most relaxed enormous insect in existence. It is having a wonderful time.

Its wings, though folded, show the full kintsugi pattern — dense gold veins creating an intricate network that glows warmly. The wing edges catch the light and create a golden halo effect around the moth's silhouette.

On the ground below the moth, on the moss, scattered among the projected golden light patterns: small objects it has left behind — a pebble, a feather, a tiny folded note. Its gifts. Its trades.

Setting: A dark forest clearing. The moth is perched on a gnarled branch of an ancient tree, slightly above head height — high enough to be dramatic, low enough to be personal. Emerald moss below. Starlight above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing feels like a stage and the moth is the headliner.

Somewhere in the scene — perhaps among the scattered gifts on the ground, or perched next to the moth on the branch, or visible in one of the golden light projections on the moss — a small yellow rubber duck. Part of the moth's collection. Or a gift. Hard to tell with this one.

Colour palette: Porcelain white, amber gold, emerald green, deep black. The scattered gold light projections on the moss add playful warm accents throughout the scene.

Lighting: Primary light from the moth's kintsugi veins — warm amber, projected downward through the wing cracks to create patterned golden light on the ground. The effect is like light through a cracked lantern — scattered, beautiful, chaotic. The moth's eyes glow warmly. Secondary cool starlight from above. The lighting should feel playful and theatrical — this moth knows how to use its own glow for effect.

Camera: Looking up at the moth from slightly below — it's on the branch above, looking down with those huge amber eyes. Close enough to see the stolen item on its antenna and its smug expression. 85mm lens equivalent, f/2.0. The scattered light patterns on the ground should be visible in the lower portion of the frame, slightly out of focus but recognisable as deliberate projections.

Texture detail: Porcelain should have a slight pearlescent quality — catching light with a faint iridescence. Gold veins should appear almost decorative — this moth's cracks look intentional, artistic. The stolen item on the antenna should be a pop of colour against the white porcelain. The light projections on the ground should show the kintsugi pattern translated into golden light shapes — the cracks in the wings becoming the pattern in the projection.

Mood: Playful. Gothic-comic. Darkly delightful. The feeling of being haunted by something that finds you entertaining. The specific joy of realising the enormous, ancient, beautiful thing perched above you in the dark is a complete gremlin and you love it.

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