

THE SMOKE TEACUP DRAGON — Mischievous & Gentle

The Smoke Teacup Dragon

You chose the whimsical path. You chose what delights. You chose the ghost that keeps hiding your keys and leaving you flowers.

Your familiar is a dragon — the size of a teacup, made of silver-grey smoke, and currently not where you last saw it. It was on your left shoulder. Then it was a wisp near the ceiling. Then it was inside your coffee mug — you saw the tiny silver eyes blinking up at you from the steam and before you could react it dissolved and reconstituted on the bookshelf holding a sugar cube it definitely stole from the kitchen.

It's not invisible. It's worse than invisible. It's optional. It can choose to be seen and it only exercises that choice when maximum comedic impact is available. The rest of the time it exists as a very faint shimmer, a slight coolness on the back of your neck, and the dawning suspicion that something is laughing at you from somewhere you can't quite identify.

Its body is silver-grey smoke, playful, scattered. It doesn't hold form the way the feral or ancient variants do — it disperses into wisps, drifts as disconnected tendrils, reforms in a completely different shape just to see if you'll notice. Sometimes it's a dragon. Sometimes it's a cat. Once it was convincingly a very small hat. Its eyes are the giveaway — pale silver pinpoints that appear in whatever shape it's currently being, full of terrible delight.

It steals things. Obviously. But smoke has an advantage over solid thieves — it can go through keyholes, under doors, into pockets without disturbing the fabric. You will never, ever catch it. You will only find the evidence: objects rearranged into amusing configurations, a bookmark moved three pages ahead (it read ahead, it does not apologise for spoilers), your phone slightly warm where a tiny smoke dragon sat on it.

It chose you because you chose wonder and wonder is the best cover for mischief. It stays because your life is the most entertaining show it's ever haunted.

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, made of smoke. Can go through keyholes, under doors, into pockets. Changes shape at will — sometimes a dragon, sometimes a cat, once convincingly a small hat. Only appears for maximum comedic impact. **Aesthetic:** Silver-grey shifting smoke, playful, scattered. Disperses into disconnected wisps and reforms in new shapes. The only constant: pale silver pinpoint eyes full of terrible delight. Barely visible most of the time — exists as a shimmer, a temperature shift, a suspicion. **Personality:** Mischievous and gentle. Steals things through keyholes. Rearranges objects into amusing configurations. Reads ahead in your book and doesn't apologise. Haunts your life with affectionate chaos. Can't be caught. Won't be caught. Absolutely living its best afterlife.

I need you to do three things:

- 1. Name it.** Give this creature a name that fits — something you can't quite remember and have to say three times before it sticks and even then you're not sure you're saying it right. A name that slips. A name a Victorian naturalist wrote in his journal and when he looked back at the page the name had rearranged its own letters.
- 2. Write its field journal entry.** In the style of a 19th century naturalist documenting a species that keeps editing his notes. Include: Latin classification (invented), physical description, habitat, temperament, diet, notable behaviours, and care instructions. The naturalist should convey that he is being haunted by something the size of a thimble and it is the most fun he's had in forty years of fieldwork. 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. Something is in the clearing with us. We can't see it but a sugar cube just appeared on the stone that wasn't there before and there's a faint shimmer near your ear. You're experiencing it for the first time alongside me. Where is it? What's it doing? And why does the air suddenly smell faintly of something sweet?

STEP TWO — IMAGE GENERATION PROMPT

Copy and paste the following into your image generation tool

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A dark forest clearing at night — and somewhere in it, a tiny dragon the size of a teacup, made of silver-grey smoke, caught in the act of being somewhere it shouldn't be. The dragon is inside a scene of gentle chaos — and the fun is finding it.

The primary visual: a moss-covered stone in the centre of the clearing. On the stone, objects have been rearranged by tiny invisible hands into an absurd still life — a tower of three acorns balanced perfectly, a leaf folded into an origami shape, a tiny white pebble placed precisely at the centre like a gallery piece. This is the dragon's work. This is its art exhibition.

The dragon itself is barely visible — a wispy suggestion of silver-grey smoke hovering near the stone arrangement, two pale silver pinpoint eyes glowing from within the mist. It is watching the viewer with the look of an artist gauging the audience's reaction. The smoke that forms its body is loose, playful, dispersed — tendrils drifting in multiple directions, not holding any particular shape. It could be a dragon. It could be a cat. It's definitely smug.

Additional evidence of the dragon's presence: a tiny trail of silver mist connects several points in the clearing, mapping its recent chaotic path — from a tree branch to a mushroom to the stone, like a dotted line of where mischief has been. Tiny objects along this trail have been subtly altered — a mushroom cap tilted at a jaunty angle, a flower facing the wrong direction, a twig broken and rearranged into a tiny arrow pointing at nothing.

Scale reference: the acorn tower on the stone is roughly the same height as the dragon would be if it bothered to hold shape. The folded leaf is a masterwork at this scale. Everything the dragon has touched is proportionally monumental to it.

Setting: A small clearing ringed by ancient trees. Emerald moss ground with the dragon's mist trail visible as a fading silver path. Starlight above — Cassiopeia visible. The clearing feels like a crime scene investigated by someone who can't stop smiling.

Somewhere in the scene — a small yellow rubber duck positioned at the peak of the acorn tower. Placed there by the dragon. It's the crown jewel of the exhibition. Obviously.

Colour palette: Silver-grey, emerald green, deep black, white. Cool tones with the warmth coming from the organic objects (acorns, leaves, wood) rather than the dragon itself.

Lighting: Faint silver luminescence from the dragon's eye-points and the dissipating mist trail. Cool starlight and moonlight provide the primary illumination. The scene should have a slightly dreamy quality — as if the clearing itself isn't sure whether the dragon is really here. The silver mist trail should catch moonlight along its length, glowing faintly.

Camera: Wide macro — pulling back slightly to show the stone arrangement, the mist trail, and the barely-visible dragon all in one frame. This is a scene, not a portrait. The dragon is an element within its own artwork. 100mm macro, f/4.0 for deeper focus that shows the full arrangement while maintaining macro intimacy.

Texture detail: The acorn tower should show photorealistic wood grain — these are real acorns balanced with impossible precision. The leaf origami should have visible fold lines — the dragon's handiwork is precise. The mist trail should show volumetric density variation — thicker where the dragon lingered, thinner where it moved quickly. The dragon's smoke form should be the least defined element — the absence of definition IS the dragon's character.

Mood: Delightful haunting. Gentle chaos. The feeling of living in a house where a benevolent ghost rearranges your furniture into better configurations and you can't even be annoyed because honestly the feng shui is improved. Joy that you can't see but can absolutely feel.

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