

Prop Models



Garbage can--222 polys



Plants and Pots--2,434 polys



Toaster--328 polys, Salt & Pepper shaker--4,890 each, Top Cabinet & under lights--178 polys, Pots and Plant--2299 polys

Environments



15,790 Polys



Reference Photo

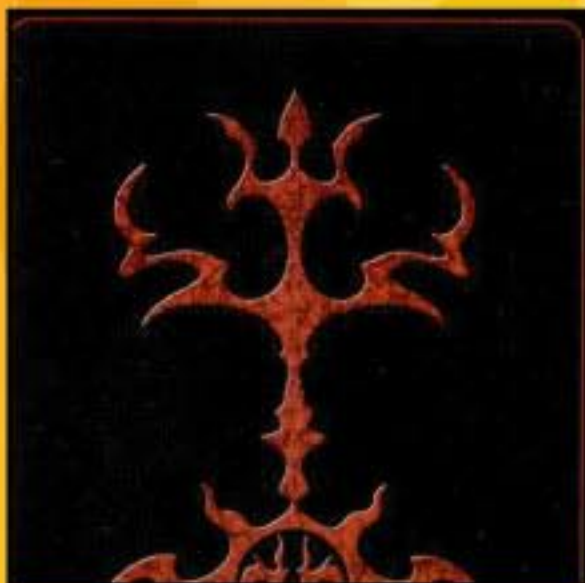
Textures

Non-Tiling textures sample pieces

850 x 225 pixels



456 x 756 pixels



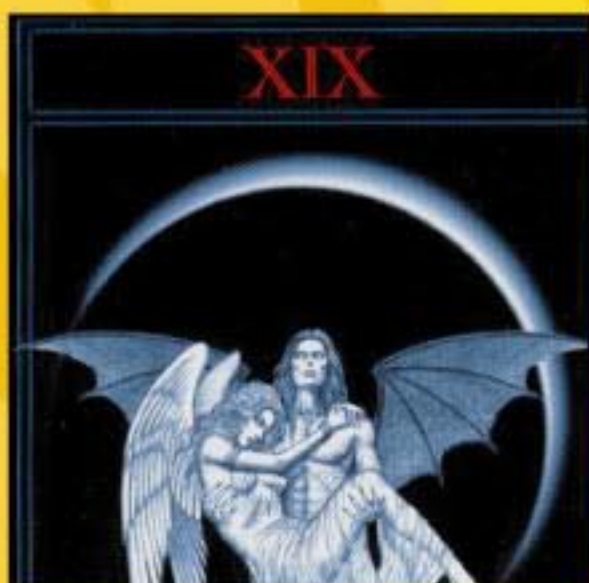
936 x 794 pixels



477 x 561 pixels



460 x 752 pixels

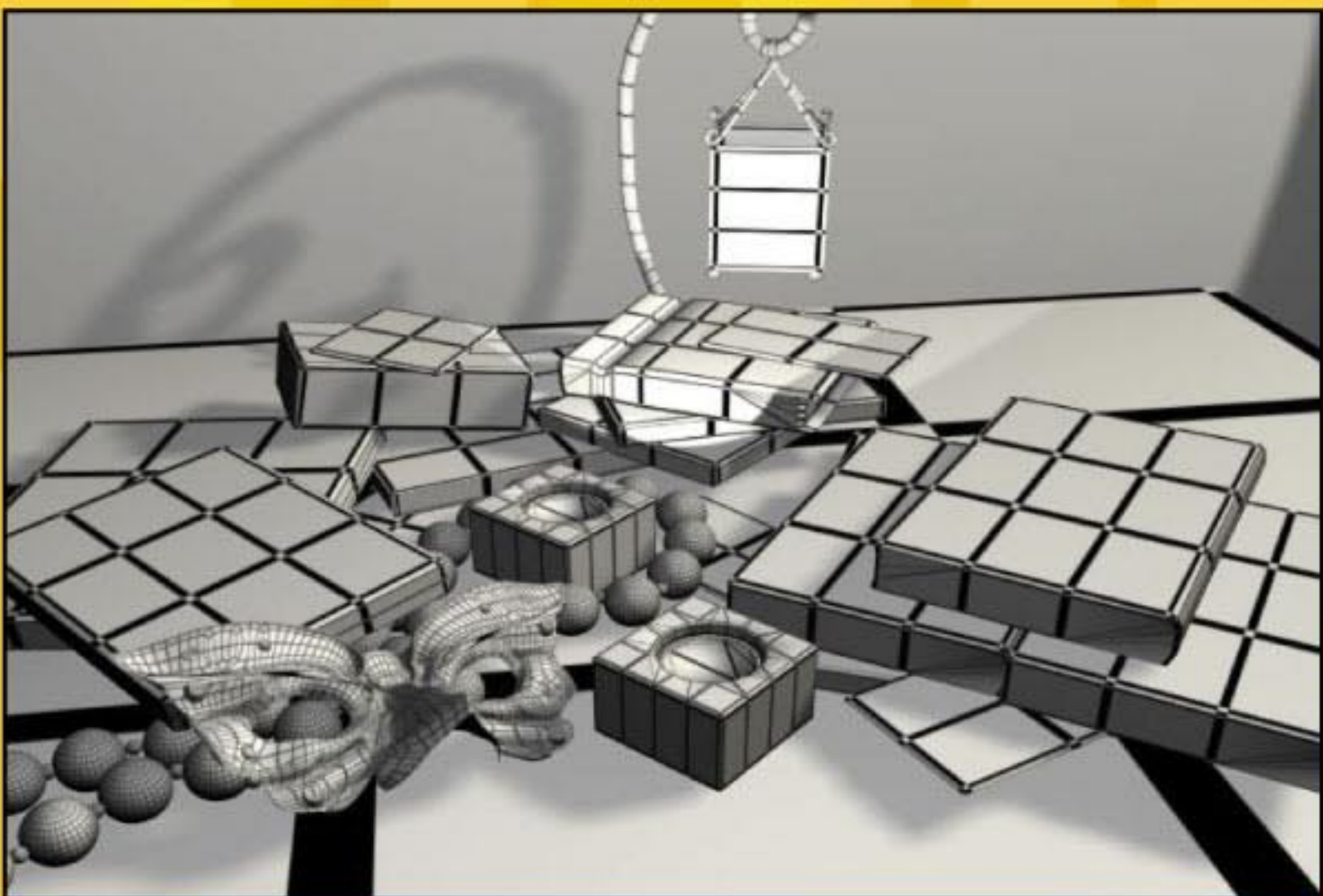


1600 x 1200 pixels



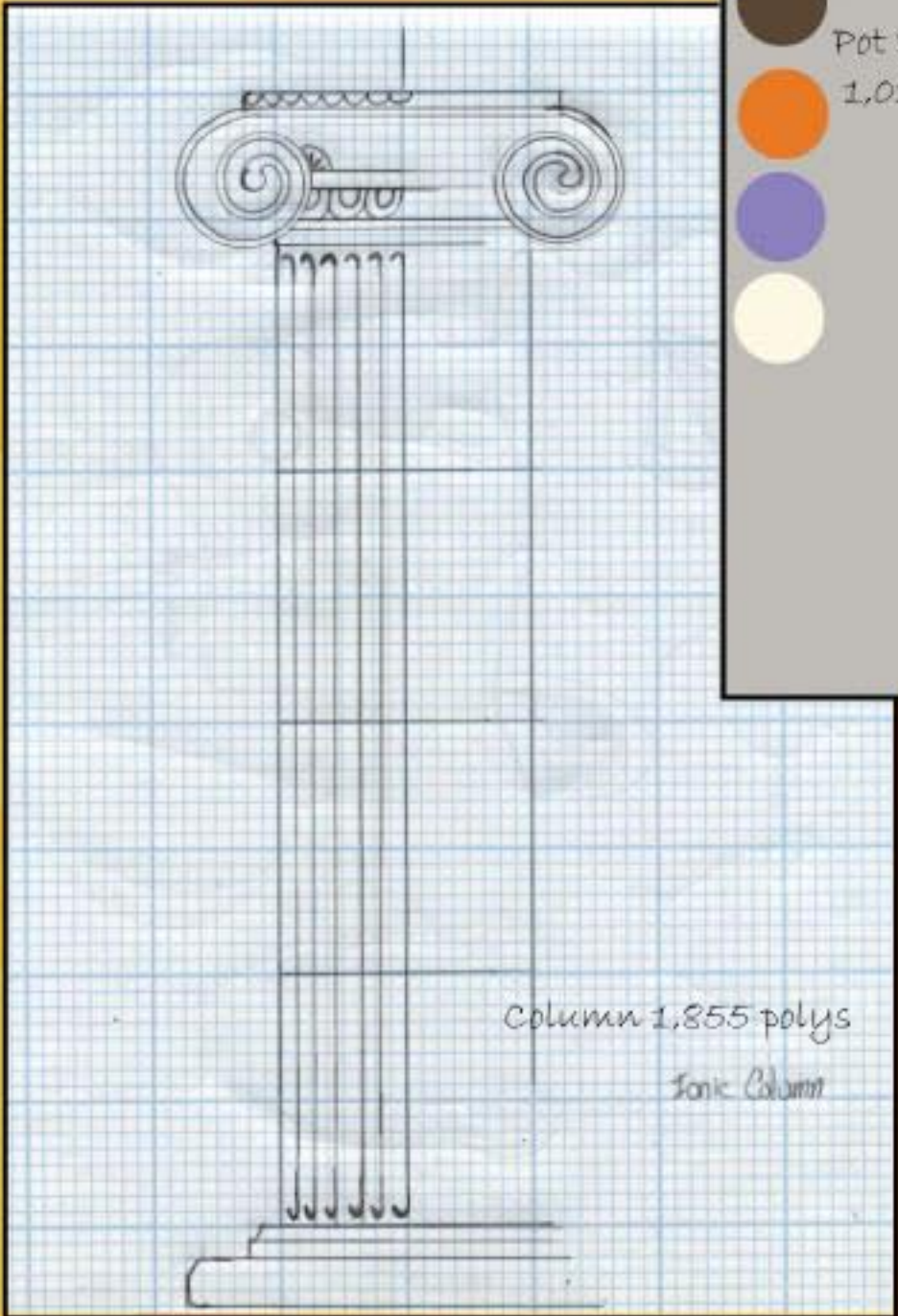
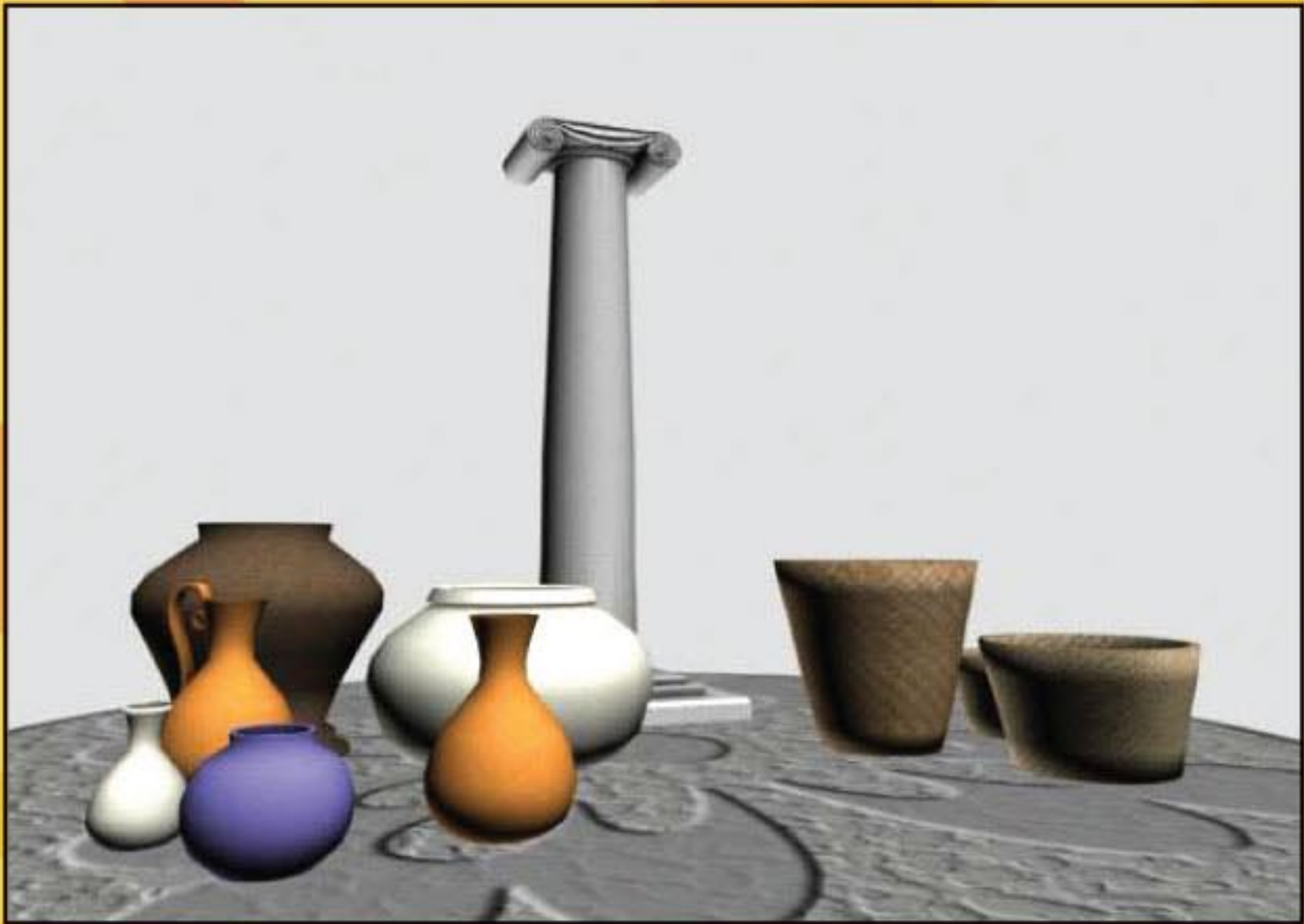
ALL TEXTURES PHOTOGRAPHED & MODIFIED BY C. ZUBKO

3D Render



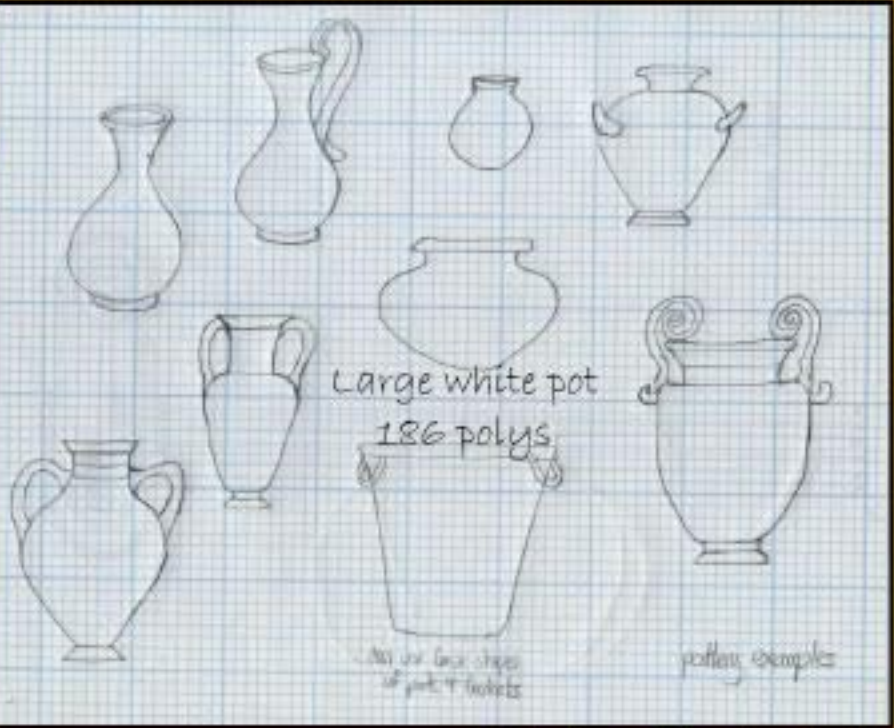
53,994 Polys

Prop Models



Column 1,855 polys
Ionic Column

Med. orange pot 328 polys Large pot 236 polys
Small white pot 308 polys



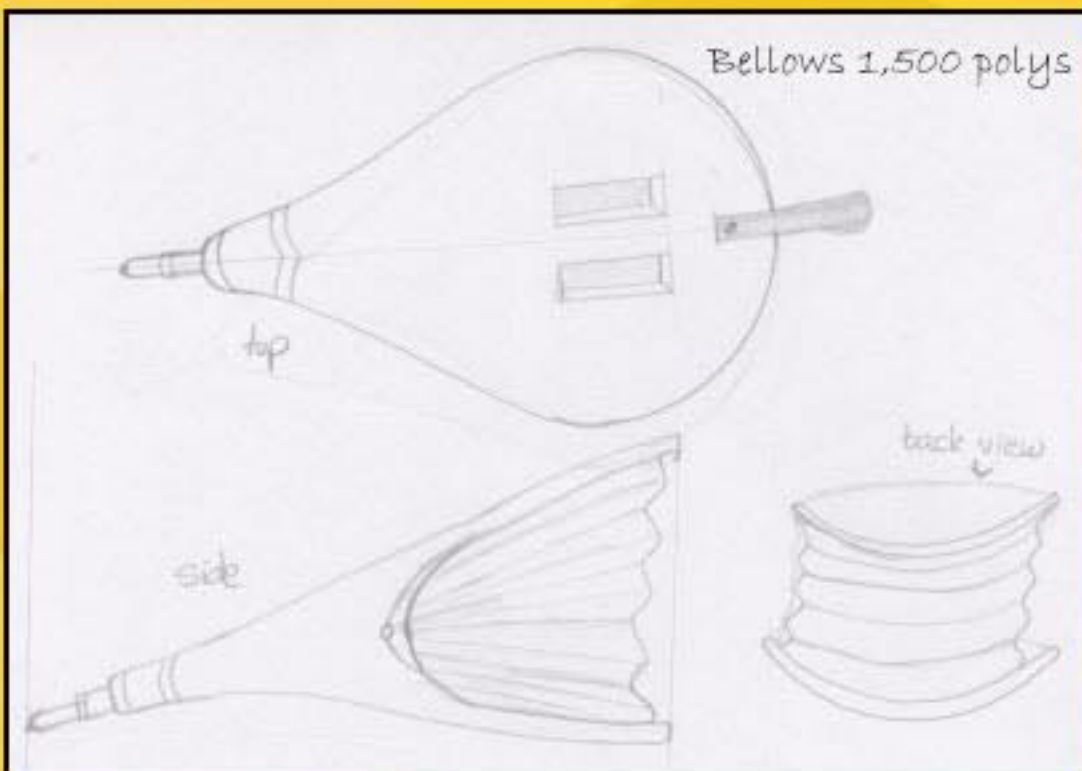
Large white pot
186 polys

all are base shapes
of pots & baskets

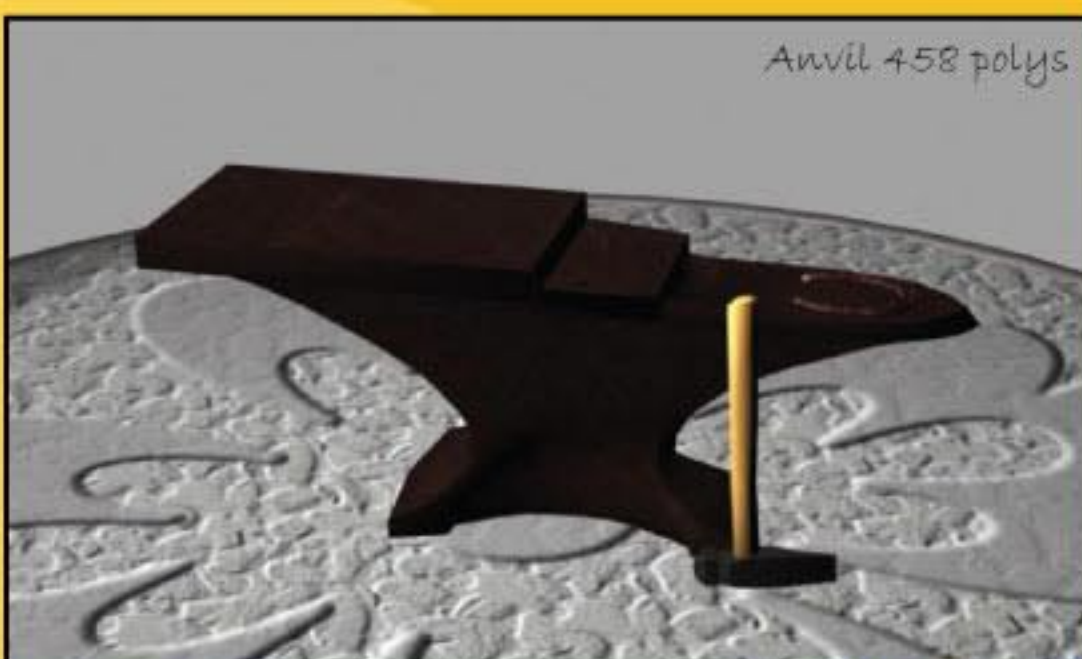
pottery examples

Baskets 366 polys total

Prop Models

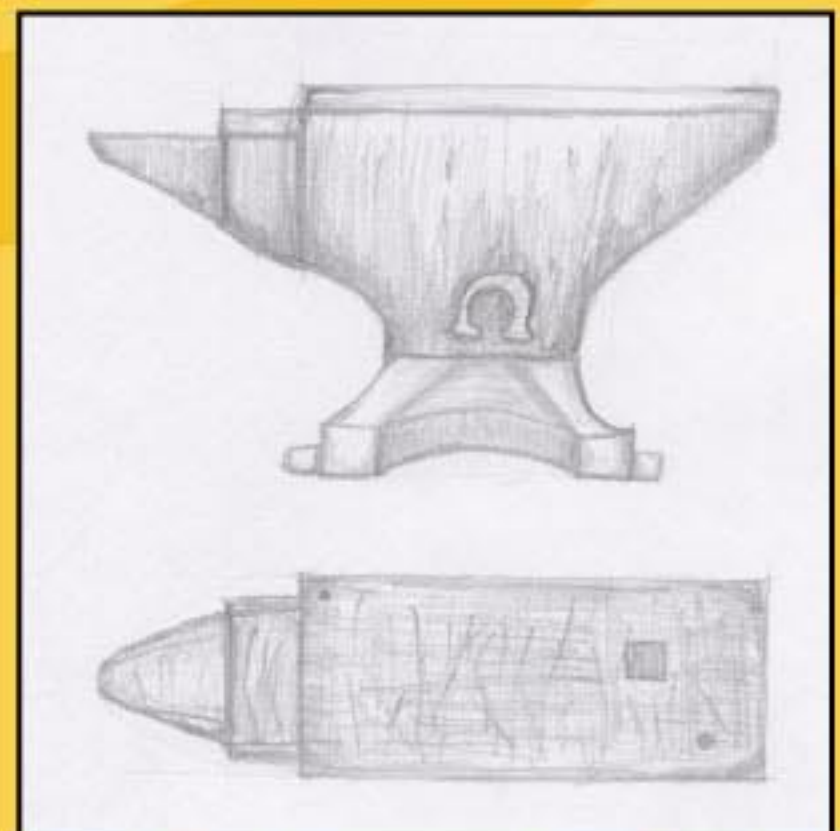


Horseshoe 460 polys



Forge 26 polys

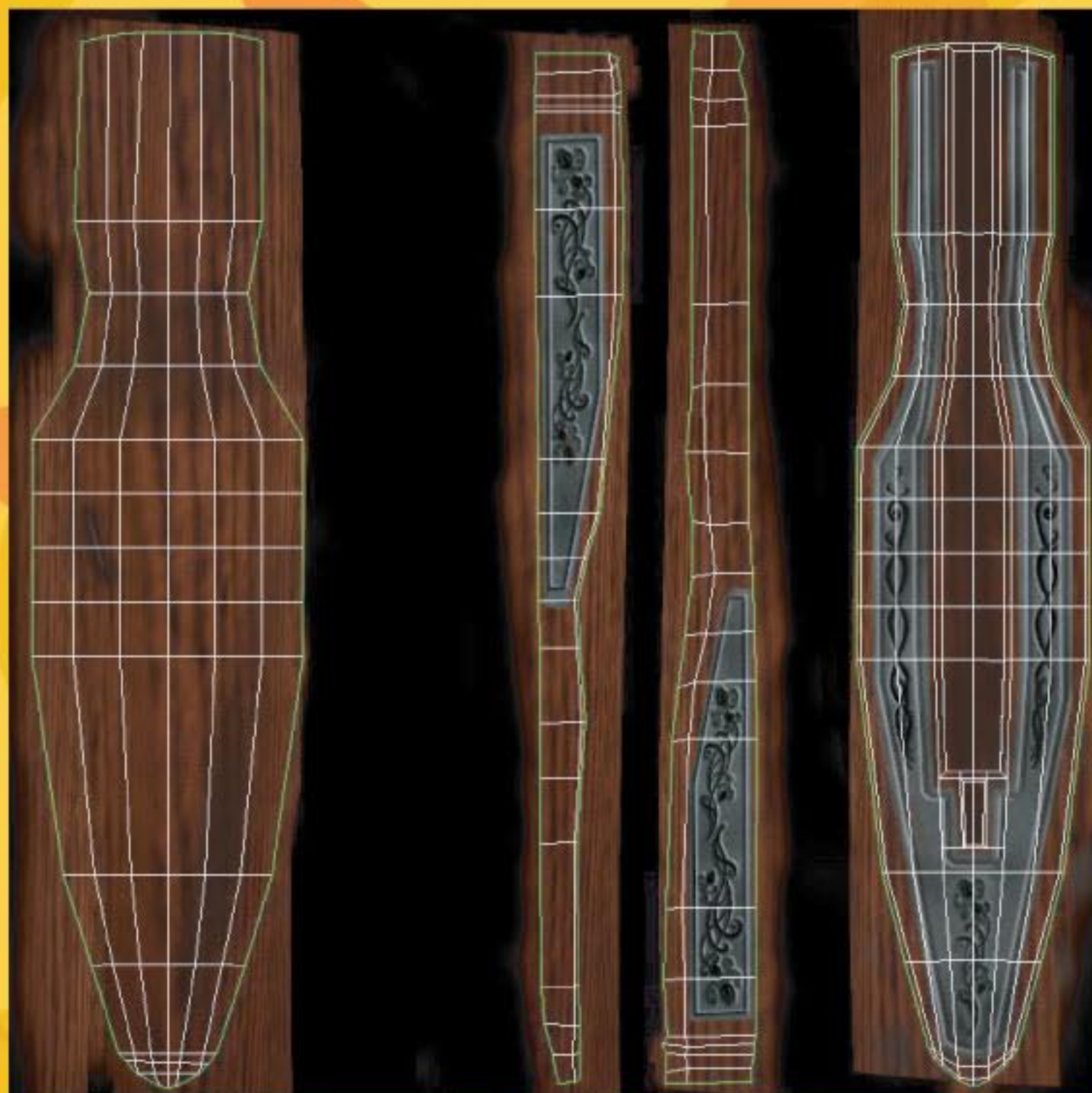
Hammer 150 polys



Barrel 110 polys

Tongs 826 polys

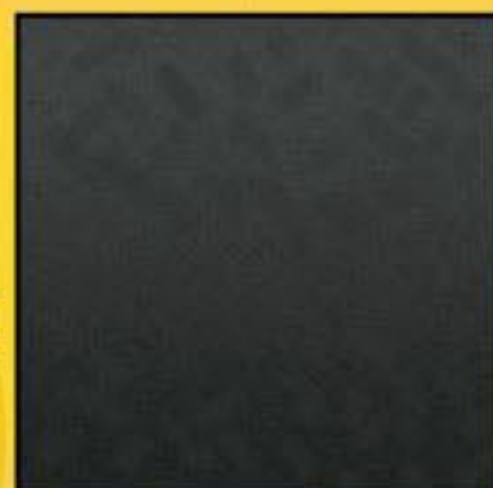
Unwraps



Rope Texture
512 x 512



Bow Arm
512 x 512



Arrow Tip
512 x 512



Bump Map



Fletch
512 x 512



Alpha Map

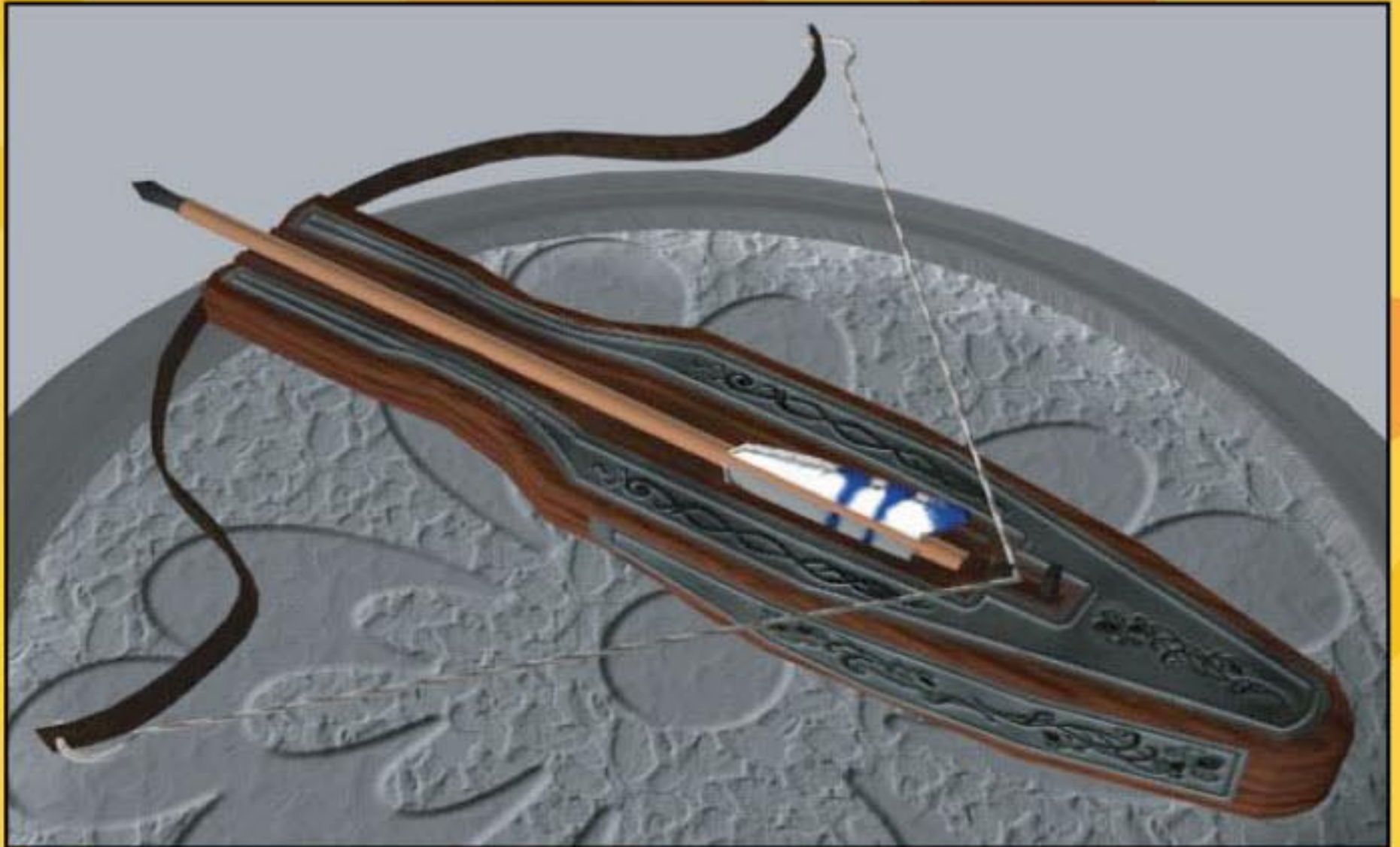


Sear & Notch
512 x 512



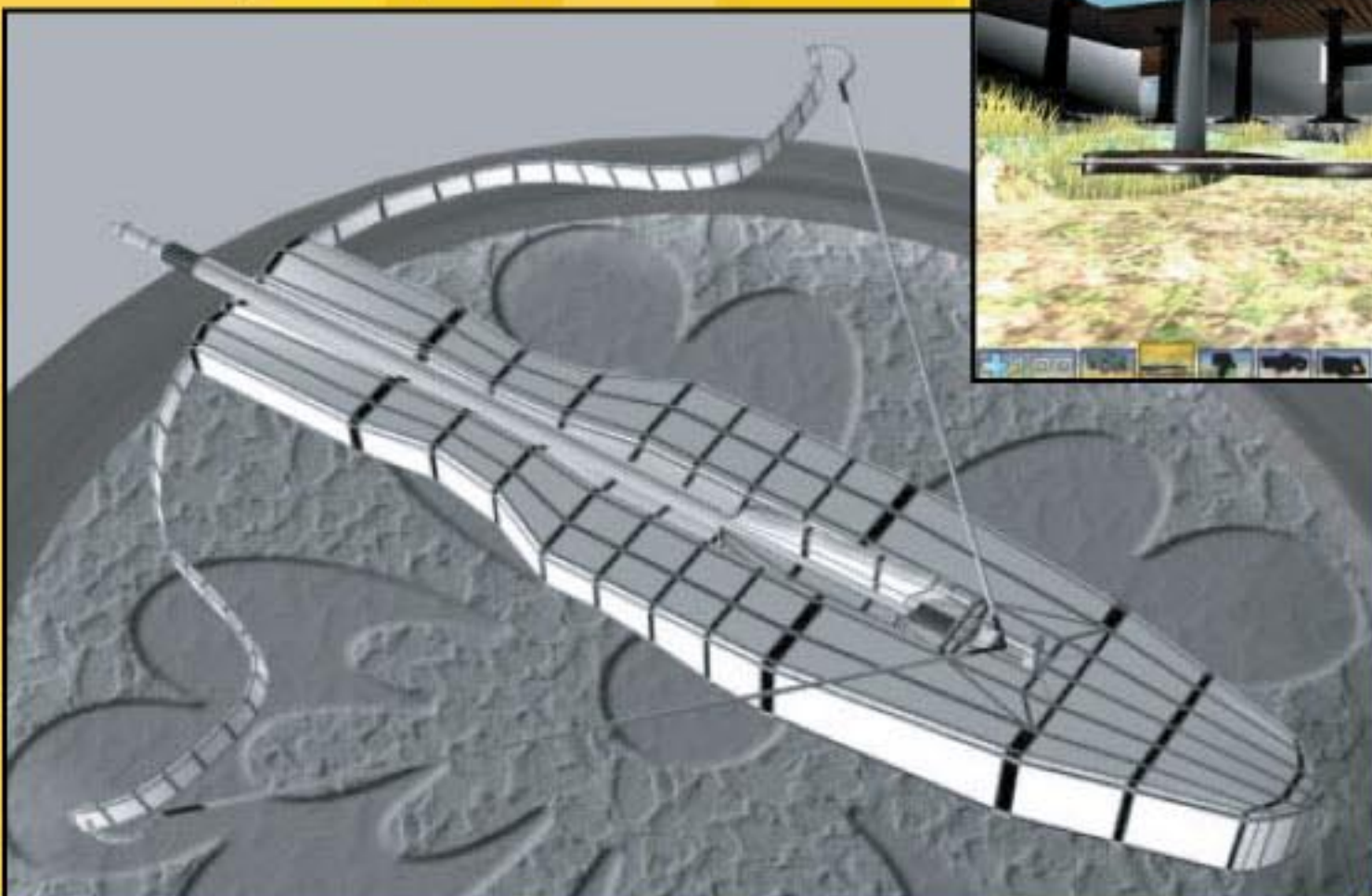
Arrow Shaft
1024 x 256

3D Render



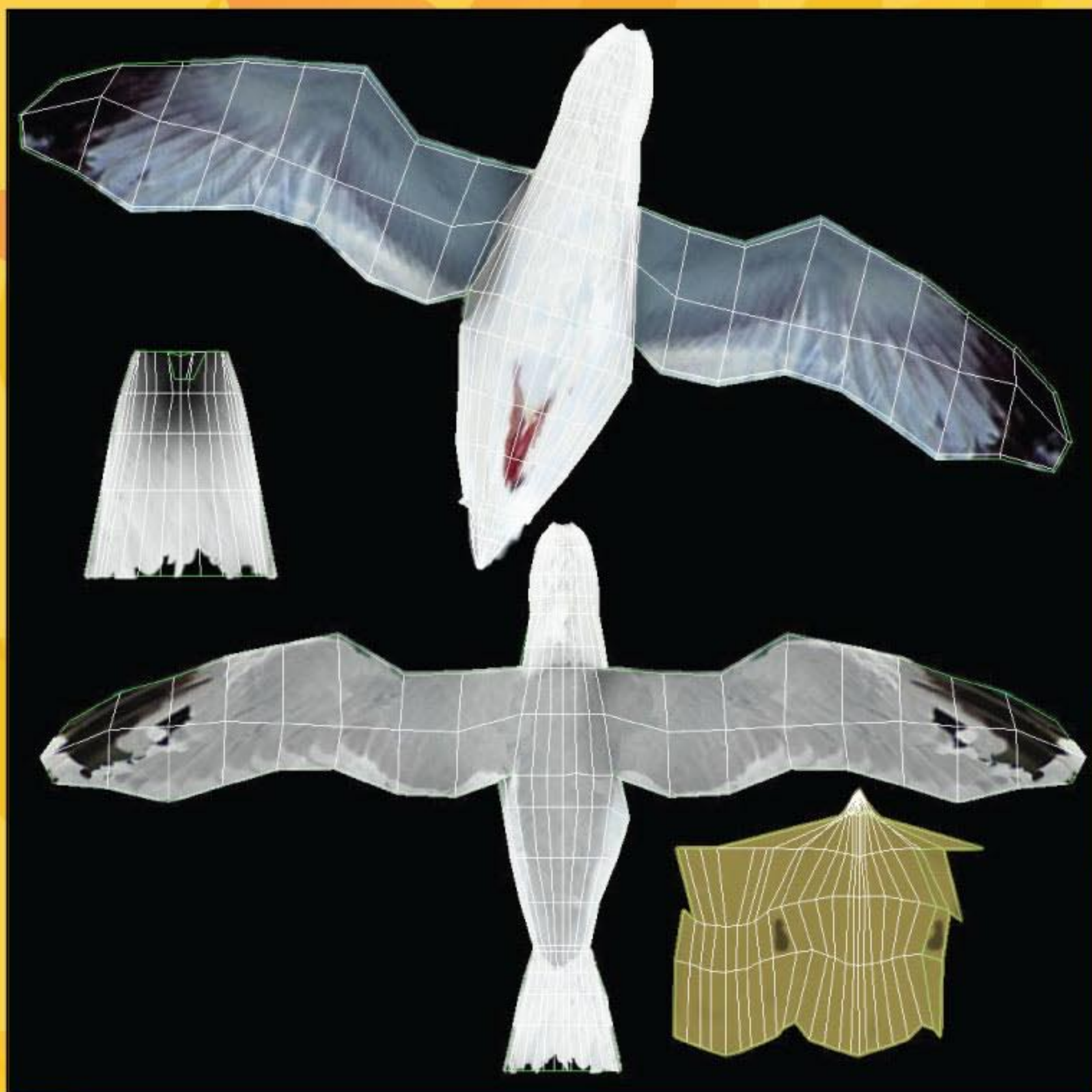
Crossbow

In-game shot from Unreal Tournament 2004



2,365 Polys

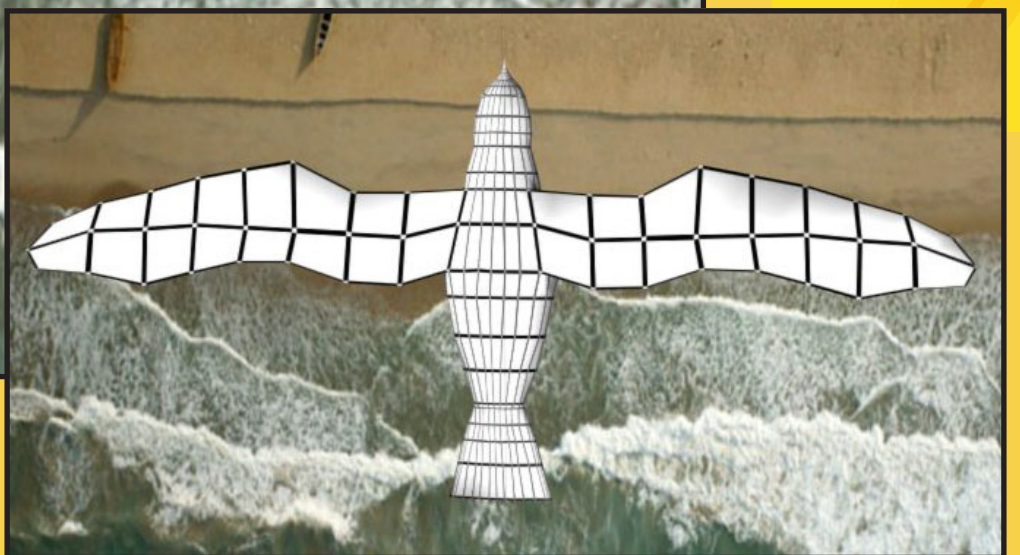
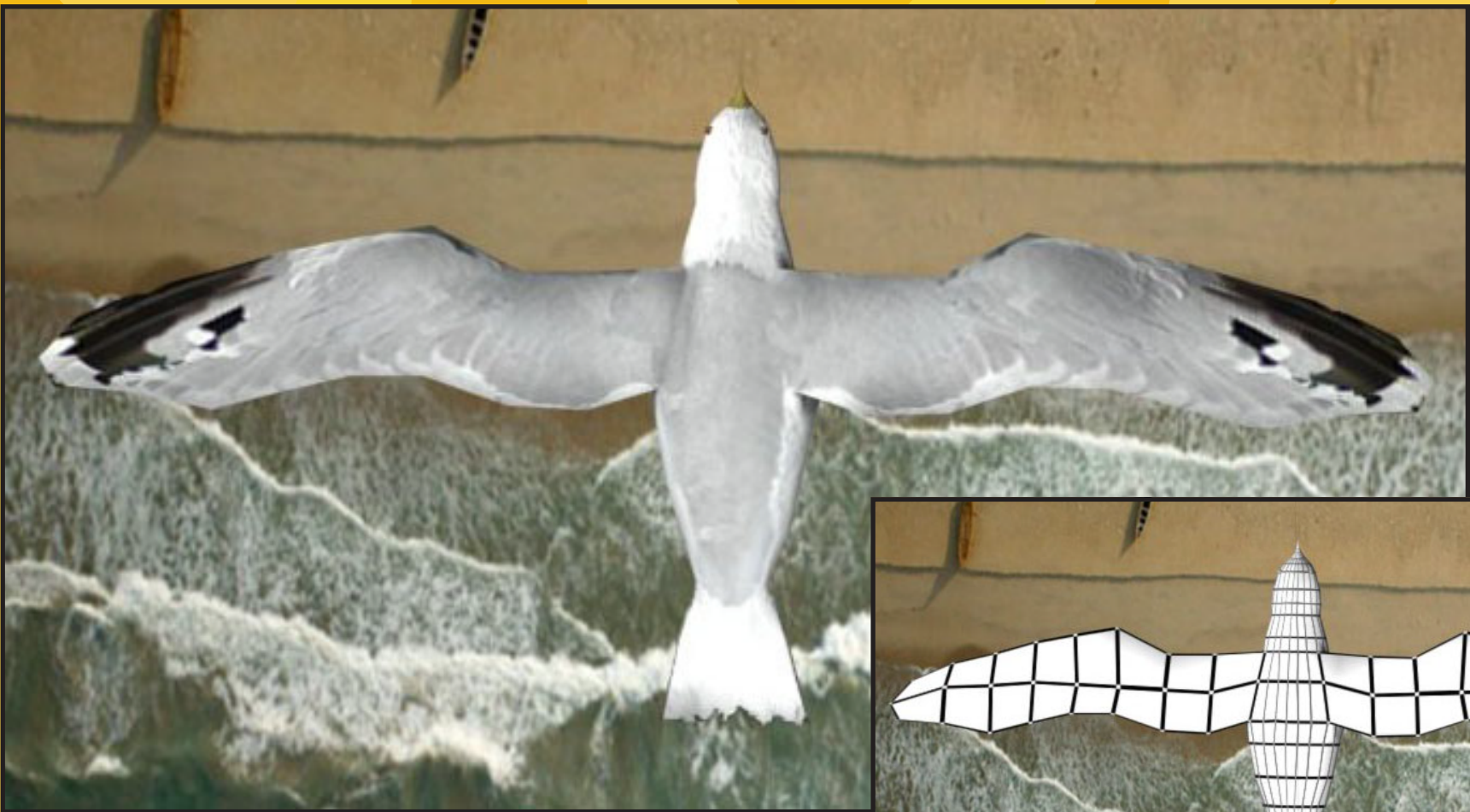
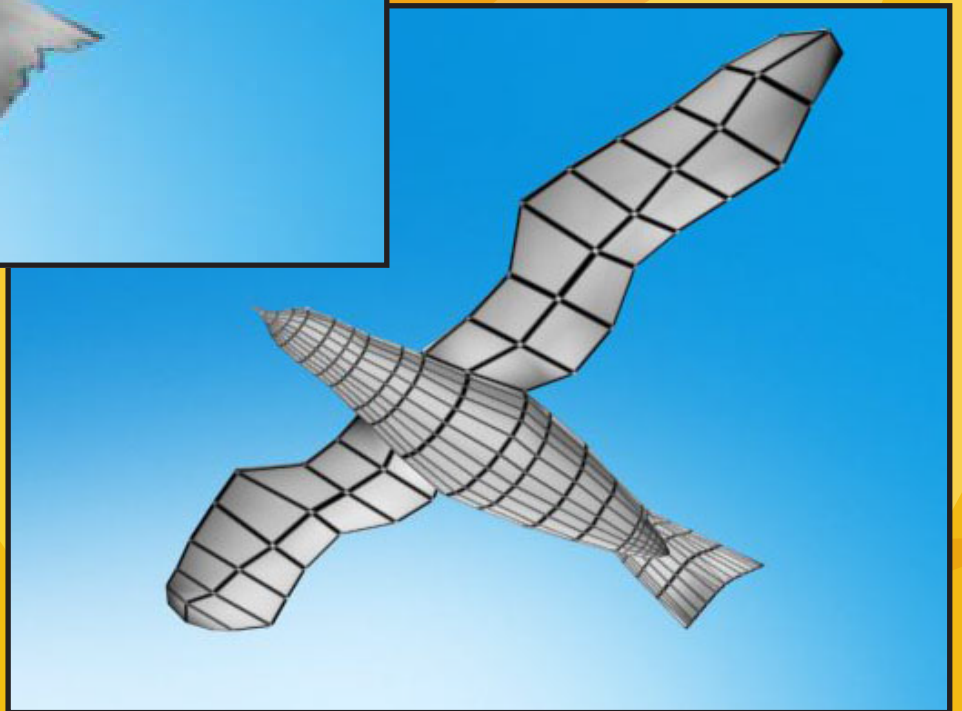
Unwraps



3D Render



962 Polys



Gull used in flock made using particle system

Textures

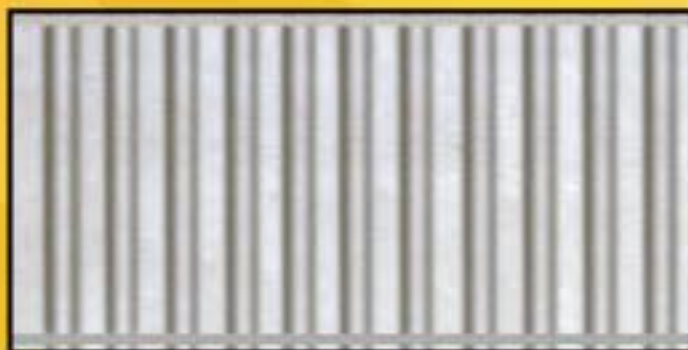
512 X 512 pixels



512 X 512 pixels



256 X 128 pixels



256 X 128 pixels

128 x 128 pixels



specular Maps



128 x 128 pixels



bump map



1024 X 681 pixels

ALL TEXTURES CREATED OR MODIFIED BY
C.ZUBKO

3D Render



11,043 Polys
15,527 w/character
Modeled in Autodesk 3DSMax

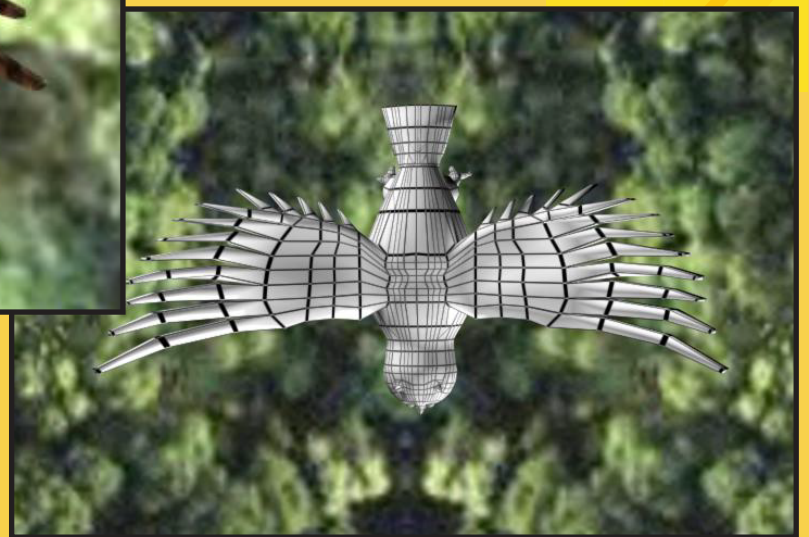
Unwraps



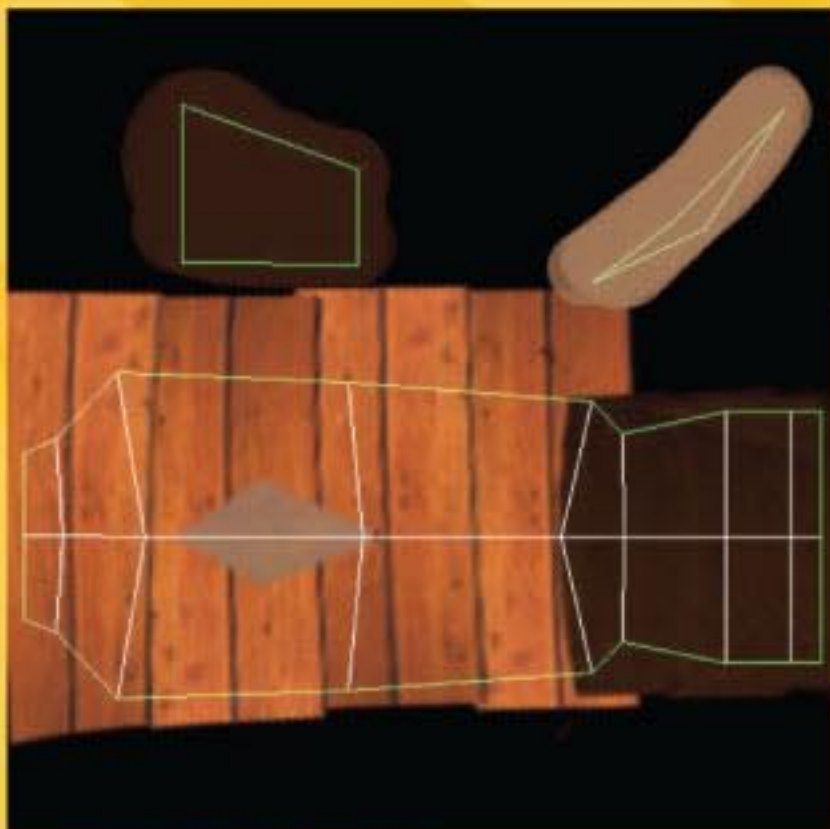
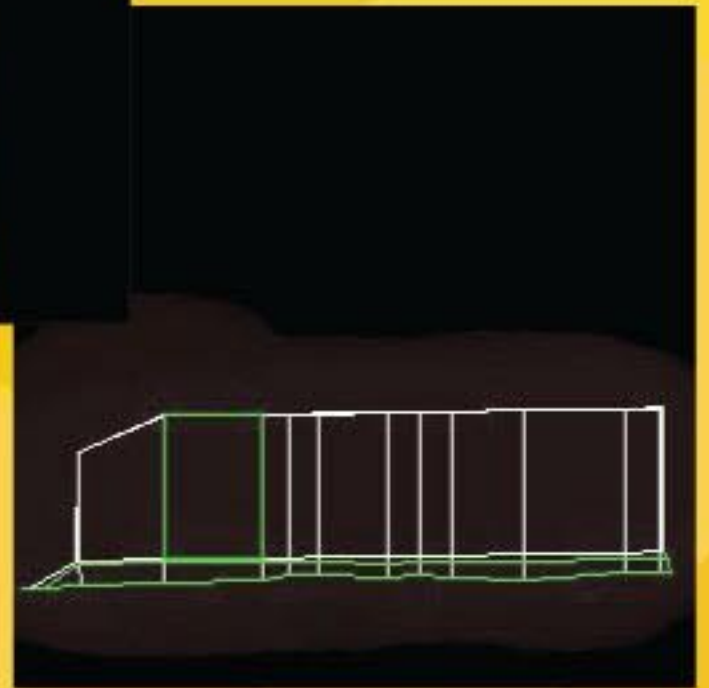
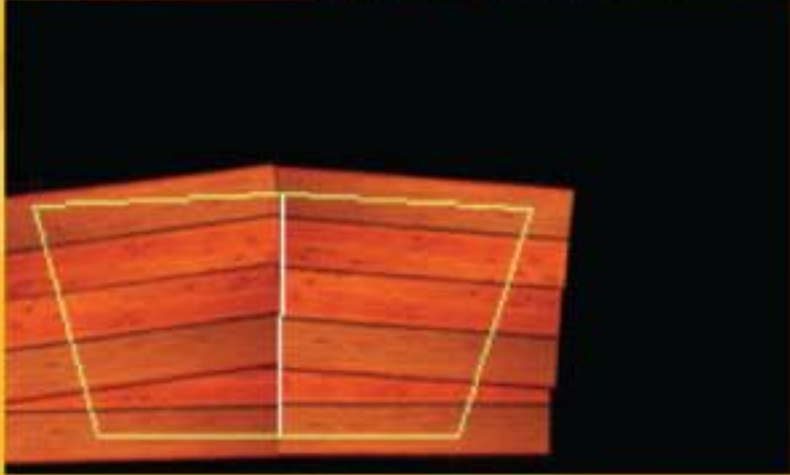
3D Render



5,970 Polys



Unwraps

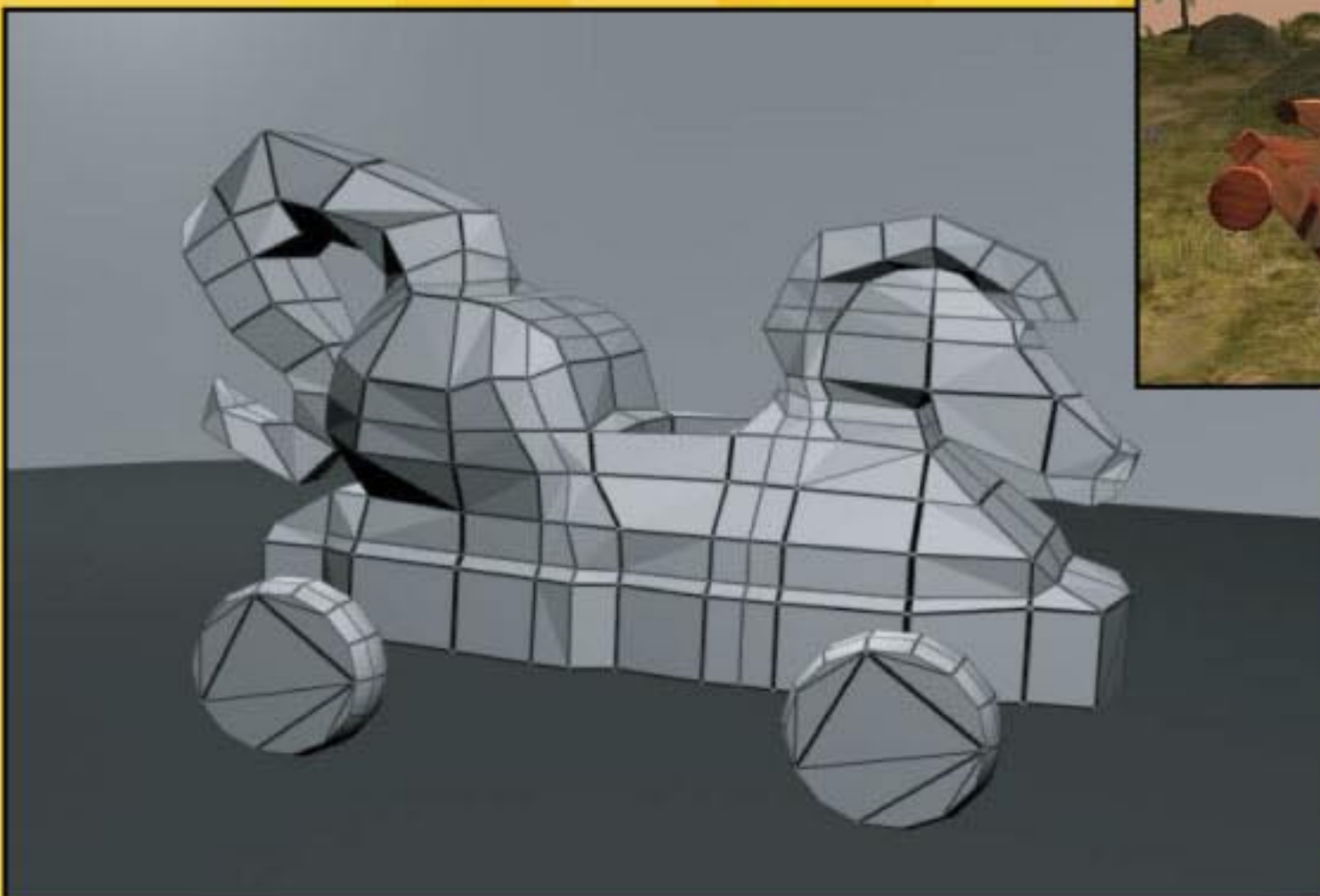


Tried new technique-- splitting model/textures into separate pieces

3D Render



Trojan Horse Car



In game shot from
Unreal Tournament
2004

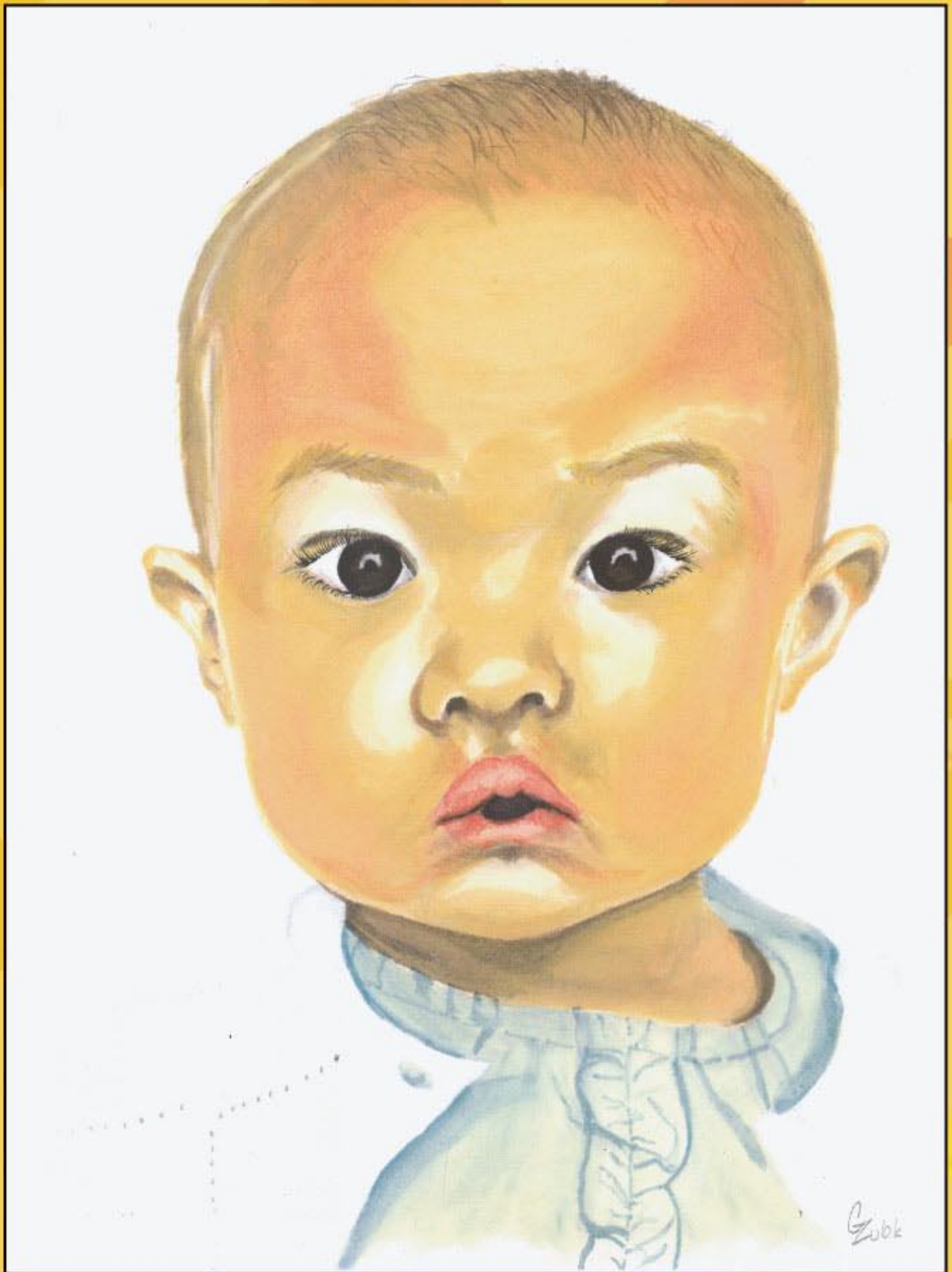
1,752 Polys

Marker Render



11.75" x 10"

Marker Render

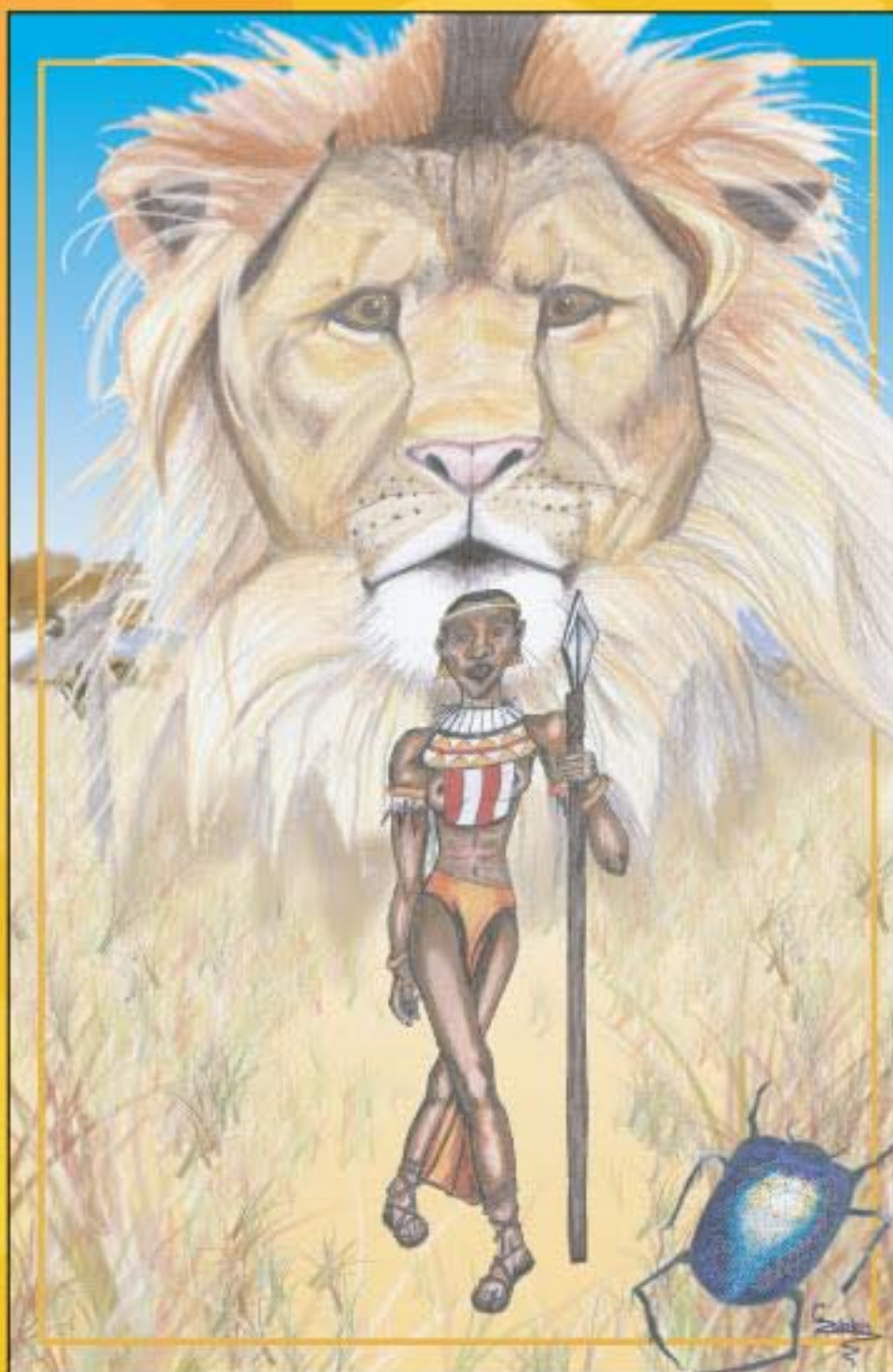


10" x 11.75"

Concept Art



11 x 17 Pencil & Photoshop



11 x 17 Colored Pencil, Marker & Photoshop



17 x 11 Colored Pencil, Marker & Photoshop

Concept Art



17 x 11 Pencil, Ink, Photoshop



17 x 11 Photoshop

Realms of Twilight



48 x 36 World Map Created in Photoshop

SLARINCA

THE TWILIGHT WOOD

Chapter 3: Slarinca, Land of Elementals and Ancients

The world outside of our great city is dark and savage. These walls protect us, and keep us safe from the dangers of the wild. If these walls were torn, the savagery of the outside world would be an every day thing. It would mean that we have suffered for and built. It would threaten our very lives. But it was not always thus.

There was a time, generations ago, that the elves of Arwen-Nigh called another land home. It was a world not dark and dangerous, but bright and full of life and color. A great orb floated peacefully across the sky, illuminating the land below with a warm radiance. Green grasses swayed gently in the breeze. The forests were lush with life. It was truly paradise.

For many centuries we lived in harmony with the land. We built a great city in the trees where we were safe from the dangers that roamed the ground below. There is nothing in this world better than a few shining jewels dozing across the tree tops, carrying the unspoken secret of the woods. Despite this paradise, there was still danger to be found in many places in the world. The mountains to the north were filled with ice and goblin-like. Year after year we would strike at them in an effort to end their marauding and destruction upon the south lands, but where one fell, there was always another in the north to replace it. Our battles with these despicable creatures seemed like they would continue to eternity. And though we always hoped that one day the south lands would exist without the threat of these savage tribes hanging over them, we never in the least and destruction of these terrible creatures.

One day, we started, we heard, we found, much like we do today. But after a time, the sun of the rest of the world began to create the ice of the Gods. A dark orb replaced the sun, casting the world to be covered in a lasting darkness. And in that darkness, the gods unleashed terrible curses and pestilence on all the races of the world and threw the mystical energies of the world into chaos.

Even the simplest of spells became impossible to predict. Without our magic we were crippled, but the skills of our ancestors kept us alive through these times. Thousands died in the plague and many thousands more in the chaos of the world. Yet we were beginning to find solid ground again. The threat of the divine plague was fading and we began to think we would survive. Then the demons came.

They came upon us without warning, and without mercy. Their claws tore through the tender flesh of our children as we fought in vain to protect them. Thousands died in the first few hours of battle. They had no regard for life at all, just the need to spill even blood. We were granted a reprieve when the eldest finally managed to somehow create a barrier that they could not penetrate. But even that would not stop them. The north shook with their demonic power, our great city began to collapse beneath us. Wood splintered as our homes were torn asunder. We fled to our most sacred temple hoping that the power of our gods would give us the strength to fend off these terrible foes. Still the abhorrent hordes followed.

In a final, desperate effort to save our kind, the elders tried to open a gateway to another world, a world where we might be safe from the demonic forces that hunted us. But even the door was unstable. The destruction altered continuously. One second it was a great forest, the next a swirling maelstrom of color, the next a dark void, but we had no choice. The elders stepped forward, defending our backs as we fled through the portal to wherever the wild magic would take us. I remember turning back as the first of the demons broke into the chamber and tore into the closest of the elders. Our great mothers and fathers did not even blink at the savagery of the vicious beasts. They never broke their concentration and they kept the door open. One of them suddenly turned to me. "Go child!" she whispered. That short whisper was enough to break me from the trance I had fallen into by gazing in horror at the approaching battle. I fled. After entering the magical gateway I turned again to see what had become of our fathers, but the doorway was no more.

There are times I wish I could return to our ancient homeland and make a different choice.

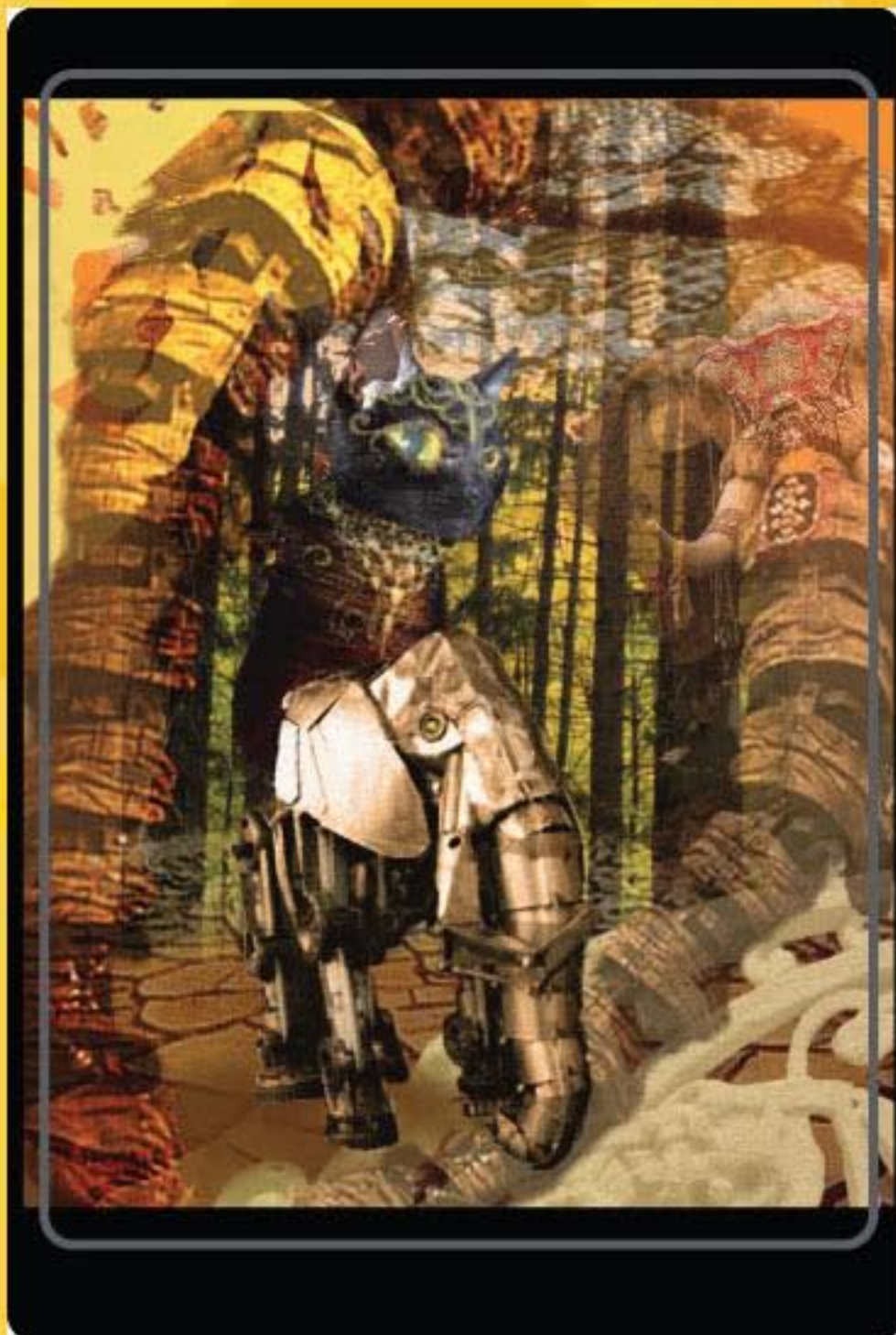
CHAPTER 3

A Terrible Memory

Photoshop Collage



Steam Punk Baby
26 x 20.5



'When Cats Rule...'
5 x 7.5

Figure Drawing



24 x 30 Charcoal

Figure Drawing



18 x 24 Pencil