





Hi. I'm Dominique.

## l create:

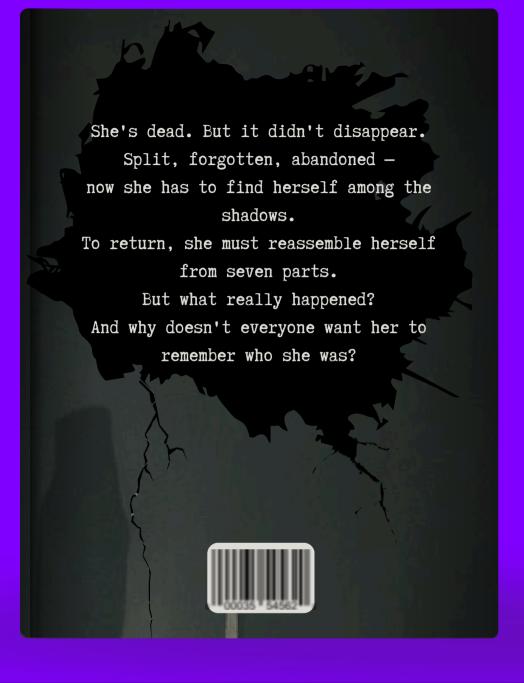
- Covers for books, music and podcasts
- Custom art texts: descriptions of goods and services for creative brands, posts for social networks
- Worlds and ENT for authors and projects with atmosphere

I'm close to stories where it's not the noise that matters, but the aftertaste.

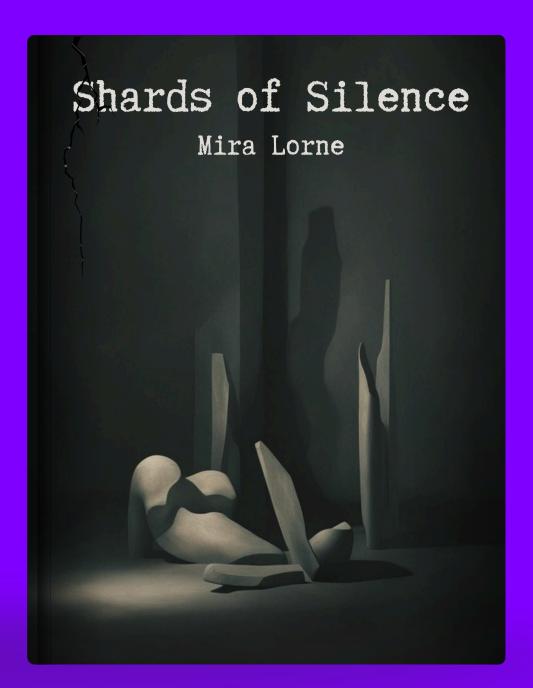
Where feelings are not put on display, but hidden between the lines.

l don't work with templates — l create a mood. If you just need "something beautiful", l may not be suitable. But if it's important for you to feel the work, then you're not here by accident.





Silence of Shards Lorne



She's dead. But it didn't disappear.

Split, forgotten, abandoned —

now she has to find herself among the shadows.

To return, she must reassemble herself

from seven parts.

But what really happened?

And why doesn't everyone want her to remember who she was?



Cover and abstract for the book

"Shards of Silence"

The goal: to create a visually and emotionally complete composition — cover + annotation, which reflect the atmosphere of the book.

Wishes:

- Minimalism
- A hint of the plot, but without a direct retelling
- Mystery
- Style can be chosen: either lyrics,
  philosophy, or light drama
- Atmosphere: muted colors, images, shadows, maybe a lone figure, fragments of a broken one.

# **Product card:**

Set
of scented candles
"Evening Calm"
4 pieces





Task:

text of the product card for the marketplace (for example: Ozon, Wildberries, Yandex.Market). -The tone is warm, friendly, and informative. To convey the atmosphere of magic

-You need to write the

# DROJECT: Andie Psychological Horror Game

Terms of Reference (Abbreviated)

**Item**: In-Game Memo Document

Format: Handwritten note on aged paper,

found in an abandoned building (Dorm 7)

Goal:

To create an atmospheric text that evokes anxiety and a sense of impending threat.

The note should immerse the player in the game's world and function as part of the environment, without directly explaining the events.

I left the light on,
Or maybe I just wanted someone
to think I was here.

During the day, everything is silent. But at night... at 3:12 something begins to change shape. It doesn't make noise, doesn't knock, it breathes inside the wall.

I counted the footsteps. First seven, then six, and then they started repeating. The same. The same.

If you're reading this -

Don't answer if someone calls your name. Even if it wour voice

I tried to hide the micror.

It's still watching.



# Dominica.harper

I work with both Russian-speaking and English-speaking clients through various freelance platforms.

My experience adapting to different tasks and markets helps me find the right tone and style for each project. I'm open to new and meaningful collaborations.





