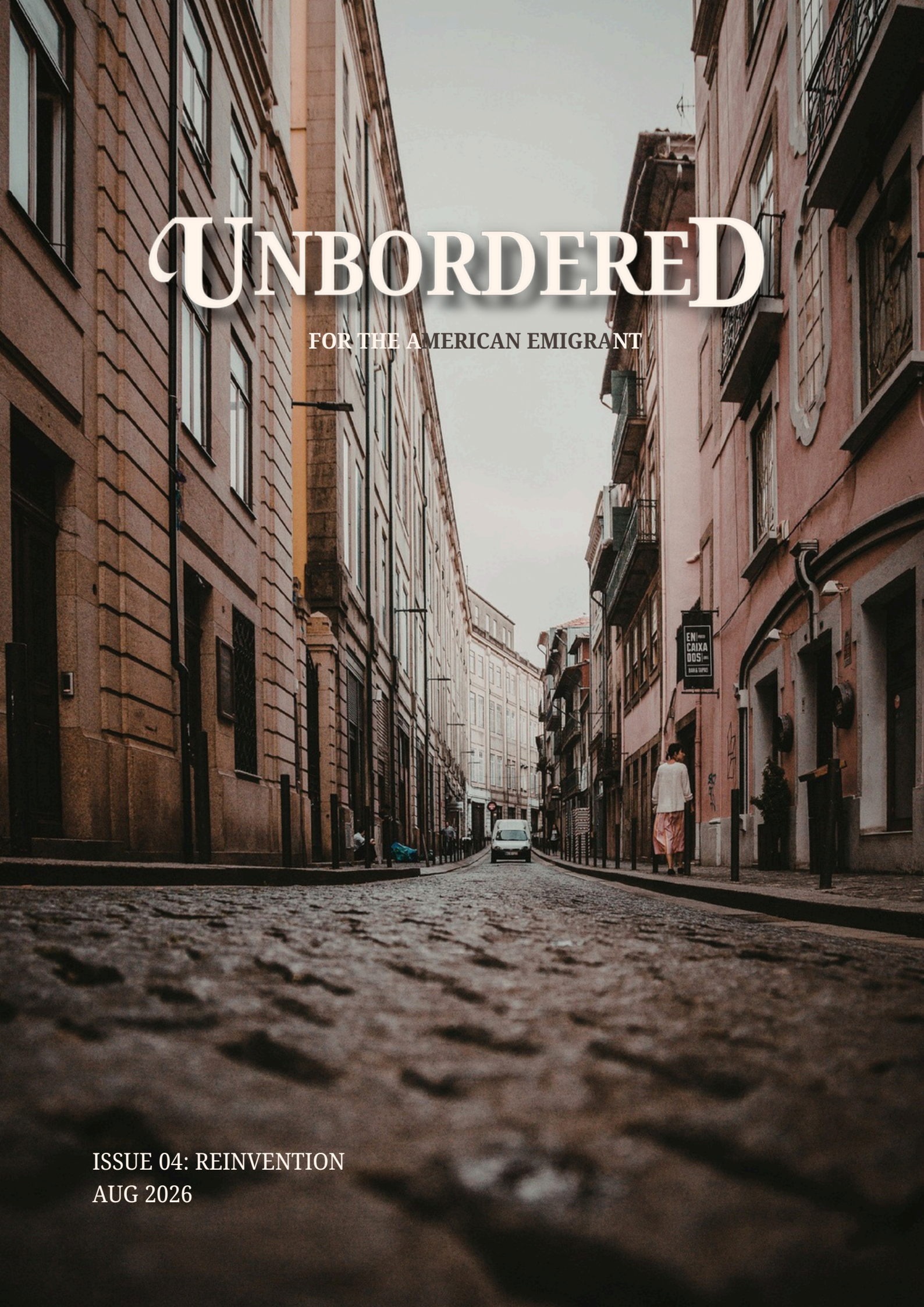
UNBORDERED
FOR THE AMERICAN EMIGRANT
ISSUE 04: REINVENTION
AUG 2026



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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



A few weeks ago, I made a TikTok video talking about some of the difficulties people encounter when moving abroad. In it, I mention that, "You will need to redefine almost everything about yourself–what you like, who you are, what your values are." Someone commented "What do you mean you have to redefine what you like and who you are?" I never responded because I wanted to take a beat. What *did* I mean?

Now that I've had a little bit of time to think about it, I think any time our context changes, we are not only encouraged to reevaluate our understanding of ourselves, but we are almost forced to. Think about it–if you were raised in a world where everything is blue, you would wear blue. You would speak blue. You would put things in a hierarchy based on how blue they were. But what happens when you are dropped into a world that is green? You could continue to remain the same, but it might be difficult to make green-world friends or build green-world tastes. Can you learn to speak the language of green when your mind still conceives of everything in blue?

Let's bring these questions into the real world: What foods do you like to cook when the spices you used to depend on aren't available? Does your sense of gender change in a place where men kiss each other as a greeting? Do you still pray for healing in a place with universal healthcare?

When we chose the theme of "Reinvention" for this issue, we were thinking about it in two ways. The first was the sort of fresh start that can only come with uprooting everything you've ever known and starting from scratch. You get to ask yourself a question most people never will: who do I want to be in this new life?

But for the second, we were thinking of the longer, more hidden process of reinventing yourself because the world around you changed. And we have no choice but to evolve, for better or worse.

So in this issue, SN Corvin writes from the future the story of the "Watchers," and their (our?) role in remembering, Hannah Dilday writes poems about her changing relationship to grief, and Antonia Peplinski writes about how her marriage continues to evolve in light of her immigration. Emily Austen writes about her queer awakening, and Summer Riffaud reminds us we are an amalgamation of our experiences.

And, of course, our artists help us see the world differently, as artists tend to do. Kenneth Kesner shows us photographs from Western Asia and Rachel Mims shows us how to get to know our new environment through urban sketching.

I hope this issue delivers a sense of camaraderie for this strange space we each find ourselves in. And I look forward to meeting you all where you are while we grow together in community.

With love and gratitude,

Amber Stewart

Amber Stewart
Founder, *Unbordered Mag*
Montevideo, Uruguay
August, 2026

Unbordered is more than a magazine. It's a record of those who are choosing to build a life beyond empire. Subscribe on Substack to stay connected as we document what comes after leaving.



THE WITNESS

by SN Corvin

And it came to pass that in those early years of the ‘20s, the people of the land of the free were restless, and the children of the old country turned their faces toward the horizon. Many packed only what they could carry in trembling hands, leaving behind the homes they had built with hope and fear alike.

The cities strained under the weight of occupation, for they did not know who would triumph in the struggle between the governed and the governors. The streets, the trees, the quiet corners of homes once filled with laughter, now overrun with unmarked vans and masked men. The people spoke little, for words seemed heavy with the weight of what they lived in, brave souls suited up in frog costumes to stand against tyranny.

Yet some carried songs, small prayers pressed to the chest, and some chose to flee over borders and rivers, across deserts and mountains, into lands whose names they did not know well, seeking only the chance to breathe freely, to keep their children whole.
Future generations will read of these days, and they shall know that those who left, bore witness to a time of trembling and choosing, when the earth they were born on seemed to hold its breath, waiting to see who would remain, and who would go. There were many that could not leave and so they are Stayers. We the Watchers, the ones who left, yet watch from distant lands. Carried the memory of choice, of courage, and of what might yet be.



We watched and hoped to bear witness to the Stayers, grieving for the loved ones that we had left behind. Grieving for the communities that we built, watching as the tyrants broke down their doors and zip tied their children naked in the streets. Watched as the land we had been taught was our birthright was stripped of its freedoms one by one. The Strongman of Mirrors paved over the roses, mocked those who came before him, and tore down the people's house to rebuild it in his own image.

The Stayers remained not out of hope, but out of obligation. To honor the dead, to the land, to one another. When the laws were rewritten and the names erased, they became the memory itself. They learned how to endure quietly, how to pass truth hand to hand. Long after the Strongman of Mirrors vanished into his own reflection, the Stayers were still there, tending what could not be replaced. Some stayed not by choice, but by cost. Leaving demanded money, papers, strength, and a future unencumbered by the care for others. Many had none of these. They remained because survival was cheaper than escape. And yet they kept the land, sharing what could not be seized, remembering what could not be erased, honoring the blood of the people when the state would not.

Let the record show: their endurance was not lesser for being unpaid.

It was told that some of the Stayers in the occupied cities built barricades of books, of chairs, of their own bodies, and they held what they could. And some fell, and some vanished into the night, and the earth remembered them all. And those of us who fled carried these stories in their hearts, that no one might forget.

There were many who left. Among them was a woman, named Maria, who took her children in the night. She pressed a photograph of her father to her chest, whispering blessings over his face still slumbering under his red hat. She drove past the barricades and the soldiers, her heart a drum in the silence of the streets. She did not look back, though her eyes ached to remember the home she had known.

Many others walked in their footsteps, each burdened with memory and hope. They crossed rivers swollen with sorrow, they crossed oceans with long airline journeys that tested their will. And in the lands they reached, unknown and strange, they whispered prayers for mercy and mercy came not swiftly, but it came in small, stubborn ways.

And there was a man, called Eli, who carried his beloved satchel of books, pages worn and corners frayed. A man of science for years he was suddenly named suspect among his own brothers. He murmured the words aloud, as if they might shield him from the chaos behind him. “We are leaving,” he said, though none answered. And the roads before him were empty, yet alive with the echoes of footsteps that had gone before.

And there was a trans woman whose name we will not record here, because names had already been used against her. She left because staying had become a sentence. Laws had learned her outline. She packed what could be carried and memorized what could not, knowing that visibility had turned from promise to threat. She crossed borders with her shoulders squared, her papers correct, her fear disciplined. History would later argue about politics; her body had already rendered its verdict. If she is remembered without a name, let it be known this was an act of care, not forgetting.

Many others walked in their footsteps, each burdened with memory and hope. They crossed rivers swollen with sorrow, they crossed oceans with long airline journeys that tested their will. And in the lands they reached, unknown and strange, they whispered prayers for mercy and mercy came not swiftly, but it came in small, stubborn ways.

And the Watchers recorded their journey, for it was a testimony to what had been. They spoke of hunger and of laughter, of fear and of courage intertwined. And they wrote of the nights when the sky was a canopy of stars, and the wind carried the scent of home across the distance, across borders, across the oceans of years.

And it came to be that the children of the exodus learned the names of strangers as kin, and the taste of bread baked in unknown ovens became their sustenance. They learned that courage is not a roaring fire, but a quiet pulse that persists even when everyone around you speaks in a foreign tongue.





They grew like cuttings placed in unfamiliar soil, slow at first, then certain. What they lost was real, and what they gained was not a replacement but a widening.

They carried both forward.

These children who grew up in places their parents had once only pointed to on maps.

They learned new alphabets, new songs for the same games, new ways of belonging that arrived before understanding.

They missed what had been taken from them, the friends whose names now lived only in memory, the houses they could no longer describe without stumbling. And yet they thrived.

They went to school without rehearsing where to hide, without learning the geometry of terror before multiplication. They spoke freely, dreamed broadly, and imagined futures unshadowed by the tyranny their leaving had outrun. If they carried grief, it was not a wound that stopped them, but a weight they learned to balance as they grew.

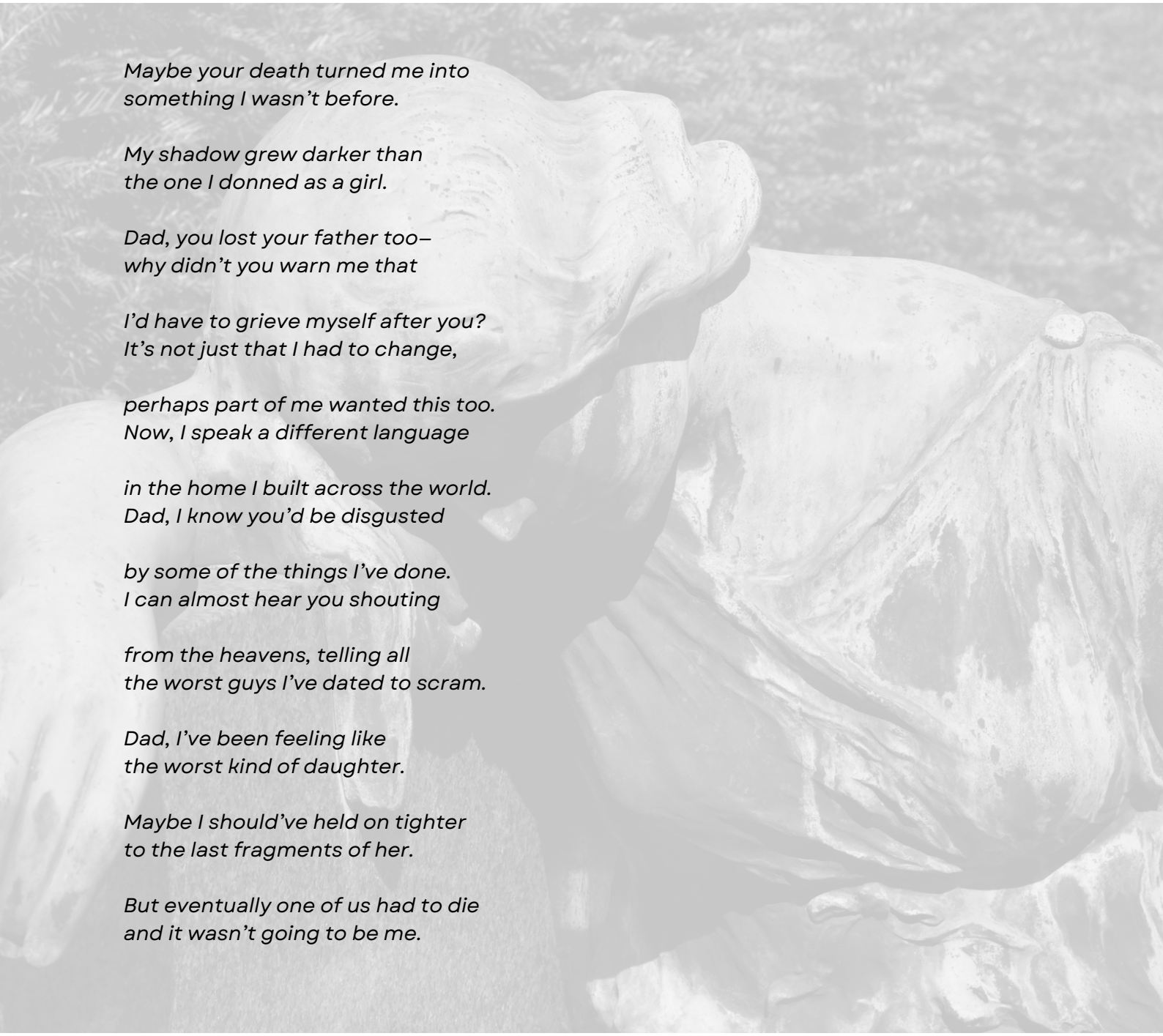
The years will speak of these things as shadows and light, as memory and witness, and they will understand that leaving was not cowardice, but a claim to life, to choose to breathe. And the chronicles of the future shall hold these stories, written in the ink of sorrow and hope.

As it has been written: They left because the land had become heavy, because the walls of law and fear pressed too close. They left to live, to protect, to bear witness. And in their leaving, they carried a light for the generations yet unborn, so that none might forget the tremor of those days, nor the courage it demanded.
And so we remember. And so we write. And so, with every word, their exodus endures.

This record, sealed in the year 2157, so that our history endures.

UNRECOGNIZABLE

BY HANNAH DILDAY



Maybe your death turned me into
something I wasn't before.

My shadow grew darker than
the one I donned as a girl.

Dad, you lost your father too–
why didn't you warn me that

I'd have to grieve myself after you?
It's not just that I had to change,

perhaps part of me wanted this too.
Now, I speak a different language

in the home I built across the world.
Dad, I know you'd be disgusted

by some of the things I've done.
I can almost hear you shouting

from the heavens, telling all
the worst guys I've dated to scram.

Dad, I've been feeling like
the worst kind of daughter.

Maybe I should've held on tighter
to the last fragments of her.

But eventually one of us had to die
and it wasn't going to be me.

THE PICTURE LOOKS THE SAME

BY HANNAH DILDAY



We used to say our family portrait
was a puzzle with one missing piece.

Now, they've rearranged themselves
to be whole again without me

and the picture still looks the same.

POETRY



LAYERS & LABELS

BY EMILY AUSTEN

I'm an immigrant. That's a label that I sometimes marvel at. I'm an American. That's a label I feel like I should apologize for, even though I didn't vote for him. I'm 39 and I wish I were a little younger. I'm white, a cis-gender woman, an atheist, a wife, a teacher, a leader, a mom, a poet, and a friend. I'm intense, introverted, and a little bit weird. Every morning, I wake up and dress myself in layers of labels, pulling them on like my favorite sweaters.

Last year, a new label was added to my identity: I'm queer.

At first, I rejected this label as if it smelled like sour milk. Smelling it again, just to be sure. Certainly, I would have known before now. I let the label lay on my tongue, rolled it around in my mouth, queer... queer... queer.

I looked at various people while walking around the grocery store trying to figure this out. I held this label at arms length, like dirty laundry, let it drop to the floor and walked away. Nope.

I've been straight all my life, I've been married to a man for sixteen years, or at least that is what we both thought we signed up for when we said our vows. A straight relationship. A man and a woman, these were the labels we wore. However, it turns out, that is not who we were anymore. More likely than not, it is not who we ever were but it was what society had assigned to us.

You might be wondering how I found out about my new label. Did I have an illicit affair? Did I get divorced? Did I fall in love with someone else? No, no, and no. It's not as dramatic as that, but it is also not entirely boring either.



I knew my husband had been going through something for a while but we struggled to communicate properly. Neither one of us really had a solid blueprint for what a healthy relationship looks like, so we were just doing our best. Sometimes winning and oftentimes failing, but sticking together nonetheless.

It was a school night, I was 10 weeks pregnant with our second child, our seven year old was watching TV, and we were sitting in the office. It took my husband hours to actually say it but I knew what was coming. I had figured it out as well, but now it was going to be said out loud. It was going to be real. The label whispered out of his lips and hung in the air like humidity. He is transgender.

He was afraid to tell me because so many people lose their families and their children over this. We sat in silence for a little while. We ended the conversation with support and love. We tucked our daughter in and had a normal evening.

I kept it together for him but I fell apart at work. As a teacher, it is hard to find space to be human and even harder to hold it together when all those precious faces are staring at you, waiting to learn. They could tell I had been crying but we did the community circle and the math lesson and I dropped them off at PE. Come lunch time, I couldn't continue. I turned off the lights and hid behind my desk, sobbing with a thousand questions running through my mind. *What does this all mean? Are we still going to be married? I'm pregnant! Does this mean I'm gay?* Our entire future seemed to crumble. I went home early because I couldn't stop crying and I could no longer pretend that I was ok.

Over the years, I carefully curated my labels. I painfully peeled off the layers that didn't fit- christian, republican, an obedient daughter, and a good girl. It was an excruciating process that ended with me being the outcast in my very narrow minded family. They have accused me of being brainwashed by my partner. The irony is never lost on me.

Fast-forward a couple of months and heaps of therapy and we were both coming to terms of what our new labels meant. At first I thought I was bisexual, so I tried on that label privately for a few months. It wasn't horrible, albeit a bit uncomfortable. I let the label linger in my mouth bisexual... bi... bisexual. I came out to a close friend. Something felt a little off but I couldn't quite place it.

During these months, we watched Kamala Harris campaign and we talked to our daughter about how we will likely see the first woman president. We knew America was backwards and behind the world in many ways, nevertheless, we didn't expect Trump to win again. We naively had hope for the future, even if we had to hide our newly found labels from our right-winged family.

I decided to pick my new label up off the floor, shake it out, and stick in the wash. My baby was growing inside me, healthy, and her kicks were strong. She nearly knocked me over a couple of times. We nested and prepared her nursery. We could not wait to go from a family of three to a family of four. November swept in with an unforgiving cold and even more unforgiving news. With our new labels we knew this time, it would be different. We were a rainbow family and now my partner belonged to a group this administration would target. I switched my label from the wash to the dryer and we started daydreaming of possibilities outside the country.

We decided early on that Europe was out of the question. The last place we wanted to put ourselves was between the U.S. and Russia, should the worst of the worst happen. Our state was neighbors with Canada. We looked at possibilities there, watched videos of British Columbia, but ultimately it looked like it would be hard to get a permanent teaching job that wasn't in an isolated rural community. We had already survived years of isolation during COVID, we didn't want to do it again. We looked at Australia but there was nothing permanent available. Two weeks after our daughter was born, Trump took office. Two months after she was born, we decided to hire an immigration advisor and leave. Nine months after she was born, we landed in our new home, Aotearoa, New Zealand. We were seven thousand miles away from home and we were safe.

We took our new labels with us. Mine came out of the dryer looking a bit different than when it went in. The colors seemed to shift and change, yet somehow seemed more vibrant. Through some research and many conversations with my partner, I realized I am pansexual. I held my label close, and breathed in deep, it smelled of fresh laundry, dried in a radiant yellow sun somewhere by a dazzling blue ocean. It felt new... I felt new. Something in me clicked and all of a sudden a crucial layer of my identity was discovered.

I had never really had a type.

I didn't have a thing for blue eyes or black hair. However, I had always been attracted to kindness and intelligence. Regardless of gender, my partner has always been kind and intelligent. I am so lucky.

Our families will never forgive us for moving. For taking their grandchildren thousands of miles away and out of "the greatest country that ever was." We will never forgive them for voting our futures away and choosing harmful beliefs over loving and supporting family. I'm not even sure my family understands that I am queer. I have not told them but they all think they have figured out what is going on with my partner. My mom spat the word "transgender" at me like it was poison and claimed they were all pedophiles... again, the irony is ironic at this point, considering Trump's history with women and children.

We are more free here, yet we are not fully out. My partner is still figuring themselves out. Sometimes we still pass for a straight family, many times we get looks because people can't immediately place my partner in a gendered box. I don't hide my new label but I don't openly share it either. I find myself walking fine lines when introducing my family or mentioning my partner. I go through the extra steps of making sure people are safe before sharing all of me.

I let my new label swirl in my mouth. I'm pansexual... pansexual... I'm pan. It feels special, it feels sacred, it makes me feel more whole.

Every morning I wake up and put on the layers of labels that I have slowly accumulated for myself over the years. I have unintentionally become everything that my family hates and I have also never been more me. I'm a 39 year old white cis-gender American woman, an immigrant, an atheist, a wife, a mom, a teacher, a leader, a poet, a friend, and I am queer. I'm proud of who I am.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNETH KESNER

Previous page: Western Asia
Top: Eurasia
Bottom: Western Asia







A RADICAL VULNERABILITY

BY ANTONIA PEPLINSKI

Immigration stripped away the scaffolding of my life. When we moved to a completely different country, our universe shrunk overnight. The vast network of support–the family that shared my history, the friends who anchored my weekends–evaporated. Suddenly, I found myself in an incredibly vulnerable situation. I looked around and realized that this wasn't my world; I was just a guest in it.

In our old life, love was built into the background, but I treated it with caution. I carried the armor of past trauma, a persistent fear that anything good must eventually end. Because I always kept one eye on the exit, bracing myself for the shock of an inevitable ending, at times I came off as aloof or hardened to love. My partner's doting nature was a constant, but I kept a deliberate emotional distance from it, a shield to protect myself from a loss I was certain would come.

Then, we crossed an ocean.

Living as an immigrant is teaching me a brutal, necessary lesson in surrender. In the months since we arrived, I have quickly realized that nothing here is going to conform to my preferences. I cannot force this new place to be what I want it to be. To survive, I am having to get really good at accepting what is. I am learning to stop fighting the differences, to let go of my need for absolute control, and to simply accept the environment around me.

And quietly, almost imperceptibly, that daily practice of radical acceptance is spilling into my partnership.

In this new space, we are both vulnerable, leaning entirely on each other to navigate the unfamiliar. With the outside noise cleared away, I finally have the emotional room to reflect. I am realizing that the habit of surrender I practice every day in my new country is exactly what my relationship has always needed.

I look at my partner–the one person holding my hand through this vulnerability–and I see that there is no longer any reason to be so worried. If I can learn to accept a whole new world on its own terms, I can finally begin to accept the love that has been standing in front of me all along. My need to control the outcome, to brace for the ending, is starting to wither away.

I am softening. As I stop focusing on making things fit my old blueprint, I naturally find myself looking for joy and peace instead. I am learning how to deeply appreciate the person I have and the love right in front of me.

It is an ongoing evolution; I haven't magically transformed overnight, and the old fears still whisper. But being an immigrant is making me a better partner because it is actively breaking down my defenses. It is teaching me how to lay my weapons down and accept reality as it unfolds. We left our homeland behind, but in learning to yield to a new world, I am finally learning how to fully receive the home they have been offering me all along.



ACCIDENTAL MOSAIC

BY SUMMER RIFFAUD

What nobody tells you when you leave your homeland for a new horizon is that you relinquish the right to your first self. It is a permanent, bittersweet truth—one we discover in small pieces along the way.

I first realized I was fractured during a visit back home. Holding a takeaway cup of Starbucks while walking through the mall, I caught my reflection in an American Eagle store window and wondered, When was the last time I did this? In France, we don't amble with coffee. We sit with coffee. We chat with coffee. We connect at a table with friends over coffee. This coffee didn't taste the same served in a paper cup—it felt rushed, it felt sterile.

That was the beginning. My fifteen years in France chipped away at my old identity piece by piece, yet I never became entirely French. At my core, a part of me will always be that Midwestern girl from Missouri—the one who smiles openly at strangers, leaving cashiers in France wondering, Why is she smiling at me? Do I know her?

Certain pieces never fade. They are deeply ingrained by your upbringing, your childhood landscape, and the shared cultural rhythms of your youth. Because of that stubbornly beautiful part of myself, I could sit at a six-hour dinner with French friends, understanding every word spoken, yet still miss the subtle cultural references or ancestral jokes. I would leave the table full, but quieted by a subtle loneliness.

When I left France, I carried a piece of it with me, only to be transformed again in Costa Rica. Here, the land is reshaping me once more. I am no longer simply split between American and French; I am a mosaic pieced together by three years of living alongside Costa Rica's lush nature and vibrant culture.

I have learned the song the yigüirro sings before the rain. I have found beauty in the quiet stillness of the September ocean. I've felt the rush of watching clouds part just enough to reveal the river valleys below, and felt my heart swell on a simple walk with my dog, rain or shine. I have discovered the beauty of a simpler life, and I will never be the same.

If I ever return to my homeland, I know I will never completely fit back into the old mold. And here, no fellow traveler will ever carry this exact same tapestry of places. I am fractured, and yes, sometimes lonely because of it. But I love every incredible, bittersweet piece of this journey—and I wouldn't have it any other way.



SKETCHING MY WAY THROUGH MOVING ABROAD

BY RACHEL MIMS



RACHEL MIMS IS AN ART THERAPIST, CREATIVE EDUCATOR, AND URBAN SKETCHER CURRENTLY LIVING IN BARCELONA. SHE BELIEVES SKETCHBOOKS CAN BECOME A WAY OF SLOWING DOWN, NOTICING MORE, AND CREATING CONNECTION TO PLACE.

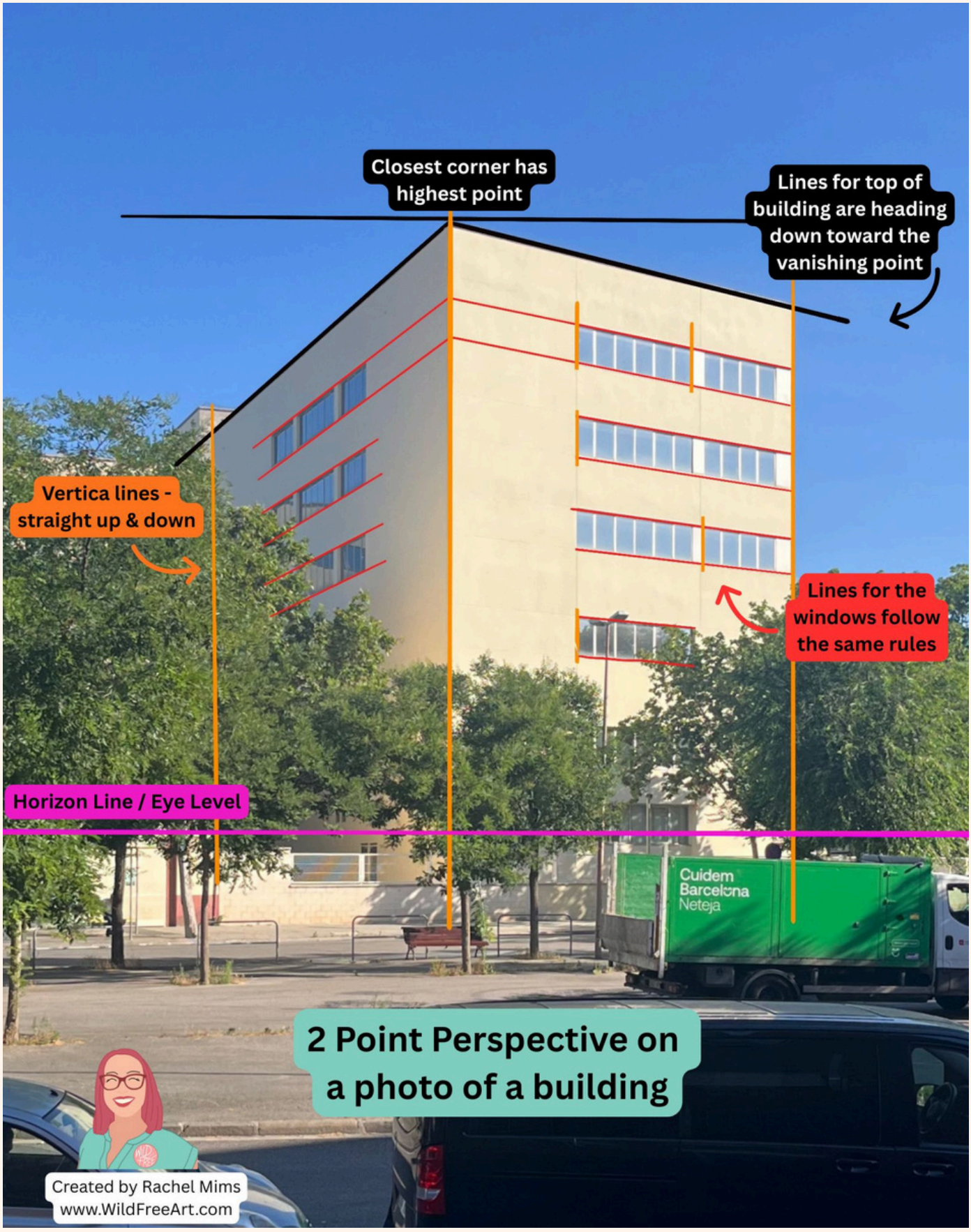
Moving to a new country can be overwhelming! There are so many things to do when you first arrive that it can be easy to forget to actually live life. Between government office, paperwork, appointments, and trying to navigate it all in another language, months can pass in what feels like an instant.

When I moved to Barcelona, I felt the stress of navigating the visa process, taking intensive Spanish classes, and working at the same time! Urban sketching became one of the ways I stayed connected to the experience of actually living there instead of only moving through my to-do list.

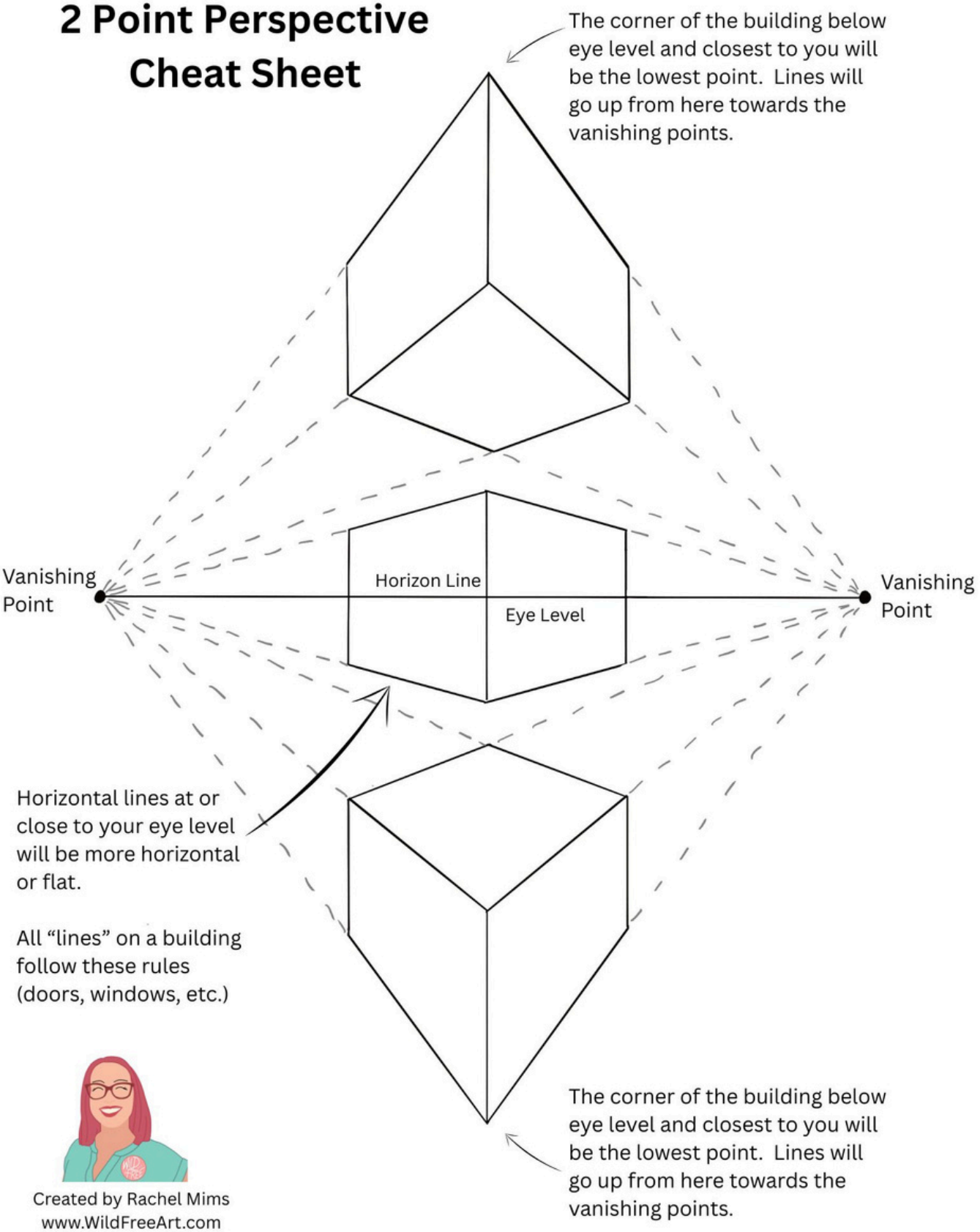
What is urban sketching?
Urban sketching is the practice of drawing on location from direct observation. It is what we are doing when we capture the people, places, and everyday moments around us! The modern urban sketching movement began in 2007 when journalist and illustrator Gabriel Campanario created an online group to share drawings made on location. That project grew into what is today an international community. The idea is that we draw what we see to tell the story of our surroundings, the places we live, and where we travel. You can use any type of media, and part of the Urban Sketchers manifesto is to cherish your individual style and support each other!

Why you should give it a try!
Urban sketching is a great way to explore your new home when you move abroad because many cities around the world have Urban Sketchers chapters, which hold monthly meetups to draw on location. This is a wonderful way to meet new people and practice the local language. But, if that is intimidating, you can always go out on your own and sketch or just sketch at home in the beginning. Because drawing on location encourages you to slow down and notice details, it can become a way to learn your new city and create moments of pause during a time that may otherwise feel fast and overwhelming.

I don't know how to draw!
This is a common reason people use to not do urban sketching. I want to encourage you to give it a try. Nobody starts out good at drawing. Drawing is a skill that develops through observation and repetition. If you go to an urban sketching event - or even just look up urban sketching online - you will see a wide variety of styles, skills, and media used. There is no single "right" way to do it.


Closest corner has highest point
Lines for top of building are heading down toward the vanishing point
Vertica lines - straight up & down
Lines for the windows follow the same rules
Horizon Line / Eye Level
Cuidem Barcelona Neteja
2 Point Perspective on a photo of a building
Created by Rachel Mims
www.WildFreeArt.com

2 Point Perspective Cheat Sheet



Created by Rachel Mims
www.WildFreeArt.com

What supplies do you need?
Most people assume they need a lot of supplies, but you don't! You need a sketchbook - any size you are comfortable carrying around with you. Start with one a pen or marker that feels comfortable to use. I prefer waterproof pens, but its not required. Many urban sketchers use watercolor to add color to their drawings. You can get a small watercolor set at any art store. Other people use markers or colored pencils. Use whatever you have or whatever you will actually use! I usually recommend choosing supplies that are easy to carry rather than supplies that are “perfect.”

Where do you go and what do you draw?
People sketch everywhere! I’ve done many sketches on the bus and train. Cafes, parks, and museums are also great places to sketch. Almost anywhere you go can become a place to sketch. To pick what you draw just look around and see what is interesting to you. Pick a main object (like a chair, window, table, building corner) and start with it. Then add in the surroundings. One of my favorite things to do is draw my food when I go out to eat (and yes, I still think drawing food is hard).

Scared by perspective?
Perspective can sound intimidating, but you already understand it naturally. Perspective is simply how objects appear to change as they move farther away from you. If you are sketching a building, start with the corner closest to you and build outward. Vertical lines usually stay straight up and down, while horizontal lines appear to angle slightly as they move into space. You do not need a perfect perspective to make a sketch feel believable. Urban sketching is about observation, not technical perfection. I’ve included a few illustrations to show what I mean, and if you just want to forget perspective altogether, you can do things like draw twisted or tilted buildings.

My art never turns out how I want it to!
Welcome to the club. Remember it is called urban SKETCHING, not urban perfect drawing. A sketch does not have to look any particular way. Every sketch you do will contribute to your growing skills, and you will get better over time. If I don't like my drawing (which I assure you does happen), I just remind myself that sometimes that happens, and drawings I don’t love still teach me something.

A simple exercise for you to do!
Two of my favorite “warm-up” exercises are continuous line drawing and blind contour drawing. Continuous line drawings are when you draw something with only one line. You don't pick up your pen the entire time you are drawing it. This means you have to be creative and do interesting things! Blind contour is similar. In this exercise, you are looking only at the thing you are drawing - not at your paper!! Put your pen down and start drawing, and don't look at the paper until you are finished. Because you are not looking, you will end up with a very wild drawing, but that happens to 99.9% of people! I love these drawings because they are wonky - and they should be wonky because you didn't even look at the paper!

Get Started Today
You don’t need to be an artist. You don’t need any special tools or training. You only need a willingness to look longer than usual. I want to encourage you to visit a place you go to often and make a sketch. Notice how it changes your experience of the place. Pay attention to how you see things differently and how time slows down while you are sketching. Record your experience on the page - even if it didn't turn out the way you hoped. You can add things like “this drawing sucks!” or “I ordered coffee and a pastel de nata and it was delicious!” to make it more personal. And don’t forget to put the name of the place and the date.

Interested in a little more?
I’ve created a free Urban Sketching Starter Kit for anyone who wants to slow down and begin noticing their surroundings through drawing. Inside, you’ll find simple guidance on supplies, where to sketch, and beginner exercises to help you get started right away. You can access it for free using the QR code below.

GET THE URBAN SKETCHING STARTER KIT HERE!

WRITERS, ARTISTS & CONTRIBUTORS

SN CORVIN

SN Corvin is a writer of fantasy and contemporary fiction, exploring themes of myth, family, queer stories and transformation. She is currently completing her debut novella, Unholy Liturgy. Now living in Uruguay, Corvin, when she isn't writing, is most likely to be found raising 4 kids, gardening, studying fungi, rewatching *Schitt's Creek*(starting at the David/Patrick arch) or plotting the next story no one asked for.

HANNAH DILDAY

Hannah Dilday (she/her) is an emerging American writer currently residing in the Netherlands. Prior to relocating abroad in 2020, Hannah earned her BS in philosophy from The University of Oregon. Hannah's writing has recently appeared in *Divinations Magazine*, *Moonflake Press*, and *Haunted Words Press*, among others. When Hannah is not writing poetry, she enjoys photography, traveling, and practicing Dutch. Additionally, Hannah serves as an Editor at *Forevermore.*

EMILY AUSTEN

Emily Austen lives in Aotearoa, New Zealand with her family. She enjoys reading, crocheting, and poetry. She is currently working on her debut poetry novel and hopes to share it with the world soon.

KENNETH KESNER

Kenneth Kesner splits his time between the Caucasus and South East Asia. Some recent works are featured in: *the engine(idling*, *Glint Literary Journal*, *Midsummer Dream House*, *Pictura Journal*, and *Plato's Caves.*

ANTONIA PEPLINKSI

Antonia was born and raised in the Appalachian mountains of Eastern Kentucky. After living in different states in the South and the Midwest, sheearned a degree in Speech-language Pathology and settled in her husband's home state of Wisconsin. They thought they would be there foreever, raising kids and grandbabies, but with the political turmoil in the USA, and the rise in white nationalism and fascism, Antonia and her husband decided to move to Aotearoa (New Zealand) where they have put down roots in a culture that intentionally works to integrate indigenous values like kotahitanga (solidarity) and manaakitanga (kindness).

WRITERS, ARTISTS & CONTRIBUTORS

SUMMER RIFFAUD

Summer Riffaud is a multi-country immigrant. First to France where her husband is a national, and lastly to Costa Rica. Her brain is full of languages and pieces of culture that she's constantly piecing together.

RACHEL MIMS

Rachel Mims is an art therapist, creative educator, and urban sketcher currently living in Barcelona. She believes sketchbooks can become a way of slowing down, noticing more, and creating connection to place.



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Unbordered Magazine

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EST. 2025

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DESIGNED BY

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Cover
@stoica-adrians-images via Canva.com

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