



Selección de ganadores 2025

**"Beats & Bridges:
Connecting Through
Music!"**



SPILL THE INK

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“Beats & Bridges: Connecting
Through Music!”



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Introducción

¿Qué ocurre cuando el inglés deja de ser solo una asignatura y se transforma en una herramienta para crear?

En la edición 2025 de Spill the Ink, estudiantes de enseñanza media responden a esta pregunta escribiendo sus propias historias bajo el lema “Beats & Bridges: Connecting Through Music!”. A través de este desafío, utilizan el idioma como un medio para expresar ideas, emociones y experiencias, avanzando hacia un uso más auténtico y significativo.

El desarrollo de habilidades productivas en inglés, especialmente la escritura y la comunicación oral, constituye un eje fundamental para su uso efectivo en contextos reales. En este marco, el desafío de microcuentos Spill the Ink, impulsado por el Programa Inglés Abre Puertas en colaboración con el Instituto Chileno Norteamericano de Cultura, promueve la escritura creativa como una instancia concreta para poner en práctica estas competencias.

La música, como eje de esta edición, tiene la capacidad de cruzar fronteras y conectar experiencias, constituyéndose en un punto de partida para la creación. Los 16 microcuentos seleccionados reflejan este proceso, evidenciando cómo la escritura en una segunda lengua permite organizar ideas, construir significado y expresar perspectivas propias.

Esta publicación invita a recorrer estas historias como parte de un proceso formativo más amplio, en el que aprender también implica expresarse, tomar la palabra y construir sentido en otro idioma.



Introduction

What happens when English stops being just a subject and becomes a tool for creation?

In the 2025 edition of Spill the Ink, secondary school students answer this question by writing their own stories under the theme “Beats & Bridges: Connecting Through Music!” In this challenge, they use the language as a means to express ideas, emotions, and experiences, moving toward a more authentic and meaningful use of English.

The development of productive skills in English, particularly writing and speaking, is essential for effective language use in real-life contexts. In this regard, the Spill the Ink short story challenge, led by the English Opens Doors Program, in collaboration with the Chilean-North American Institute of Culture, promotes creative writing as a concrete opportunity to put these skills into practice.

Music, as the central theme of this edition, has the ability to transcend boundaries and connect experiences, serving as a starting point for creation. The 16 short stories reflect this process, showing how writing in a second language allows students to organize ideas, construct meaning, and express their own perspectives.

This publication invites readers to explore these stories as part of a broader formative process, where learning also means expressing oneself, finding one’s voice, and building meaning in another language.

A watercolor illustration of a person walking towards a cemetery. The person is shown from the waist down, wearing blue jeans and red sneakers, carrying a bouquet of red flowers. In the background, there is a cemetery with several tombstones, a fence, and a building. The scene is set against a backdrop of a hill with trees and a clear sky. The illustration is decorated with blue and white swirls and stars.

Sunday Lies

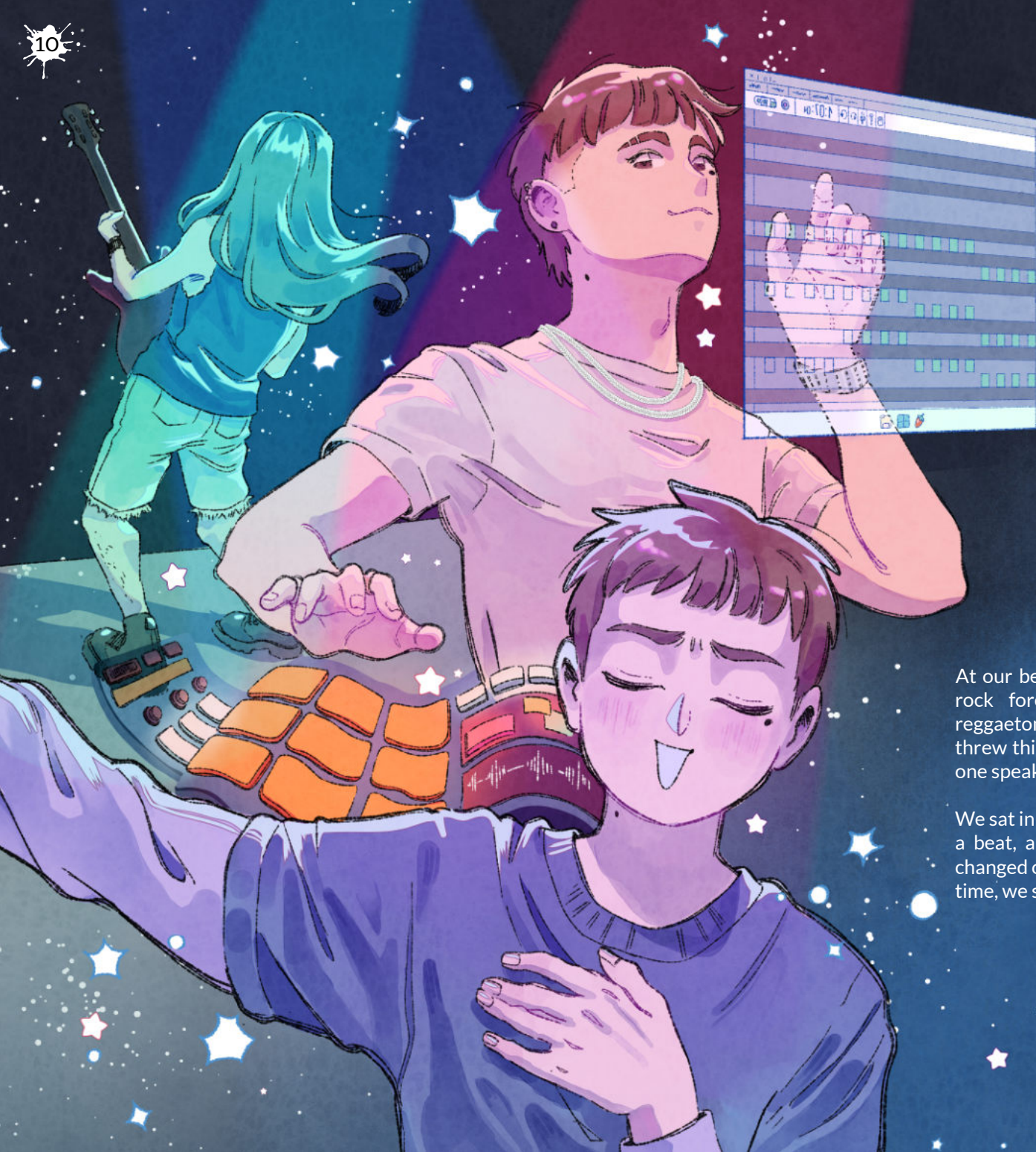
Edgar Javier Mondaca Galindo
Segundo medio, Liceo Bicentenario Antumapu
Región de Valparaíso

I visit my father every Sunday. Sometimes I don't want to, but I go. The minibus screeches to a halt, brutally cutting the "Let It Be" in my earphones, his song for Mom.

I hum the chorus as I walk, pretending he's waiting on the porch. I won't tell him I'm failing the year or that I argued with my mom; he'd just smile and say, "There will be an answer." I open the rusty gate, cross the dry lawn, and place the flowers by his stone.

The song ends.

I whisper, "Let it be, Dad."



One Room, One Song

Nicolás Andrés Uribe Arévalo
Primero medio, Colegio Monseñor Diego Rosales
Región Metropolitana de Santiago

At our beach house, music has always caused tension. Dad has played rock forever, Damian has screamed metal, Alfredo has danced reggaeton, and I have quietly loved jazz. So, after we yelled, pushed, threw things, and even scared poor Paco, Dad locked us in a room with one speaker and said, "Figure it out."

We sat in silence for a while. Then, I played a mellow loop; Alfredo added a beat, and Damian strummed a heavy riff. Even though we haven't changed our tastes, we created something new together, and for the first time, we sounded like a real family.



Dreaming in a Prison

Christian Manuel Medina Díaz
Segundo medio, Liceo Andrés Bello
Región Metropolitana de Santiago

He came back from work stunned and lay down on his bed. Suddenly, his phone played some jazz, and he began to move with the flow of the music, forgetting all of the stress and pain in his mind; he knew he could finally fly away.

At that moment, he picked up a book and began to read. The characters and beasts felt real for a moment, until the music stopped and the room disappeared. He blinked, and a computer was staring at him.

Meanwhile, his boss was babbling something about fire. "Maybe he knows that song," he thought as he fell asleep again.

Music is Life

Josefina Pascal Aguilar Venegas
Primero medio, Liceo Mirella Catalán Urzúa
Región del Libertador General Bernardo O'Higgins

In a faraway village, silence, loneliness, and sadness reigned. More than twenty years had passed since music had been heard.

One day, Rulitos arrived; she was a beautiful girl who loved to play the violin and carried it everywhere.

Before leaving, she said, "That village needs music!" So, she began to play with all her heart. In a few seconds, the sky began to shine brighter than ever before, the sea danced to the rhythm of the notes, and the people smiled as they hadn't in a long time.

From then on, the silence never returned.



Gabriel Amaro Lema Sandoval
Segundo medio, Liceo Bicentenario de Excelencia Agrícola
de Chillán - Cato
Región de Ñuble

Within the coming musical years, the melody of the First Sonata's energy spread all around the world, reaching gifted humans. They invented the first musical notes and gave a special ability to express this unstoppable vitality in millions of ways: not only by lyrics, dances, rhythms, music, and orchestras, but more than that, through feelings and long-lasting memories.

Travelling to Mythic

Carmen Paz Urrutia Urrutia
Tercero medio, Colegio Ciudad Educativa
Región de Ñuble

Mar and Seth are explorer brothers who live on B12, an exoplanet full of music and colours.

They keep the musical equilibrium; however, in recent days, a type of music that makes people go mad has been spreading. It makes people dance without rest until they faint out of tiredness.

To solve this problem, they travel across different planets and galaxies in search of Queen Tragedia, who is a mythological being on their planet.

It is said that if you find her, you can ask for any wish, and she will grant it in exchange for something equally valuable.





Crossing Bridges with Rhythm

María Paz Chandía Collarte
Cuarto medio, Colegio Adventista de Concepción
Región del Biobío

I am not Bolivian, but once I heard the melody in that parade, something inside me vibrated with the music...strangely attractive. The dancers' boots with bells hit the ground with power; the *warmis* danced with elegance and playful charm with the band.

Sounds cheesy, but the rhythm is contagious. It makes me wish to learn more about it, so maybe one day, I could join them.

I am at the place I once saw far away. Today I am dancing *caporales* with them. Music doesn't need a passport, just rhythm felt with the heart.

Imperfection is Perfect

Benjamín Ricardo Garri Arévalo
Tercero medio, Liceo Comercial Diego Portales Palazuelos
Región del Biobío

I ruined it...

I ruined it.

I RUINE—

"Ethan! Relax, look in front of you."

Ethan snaps out of his trance and looks at the crowd at the concert.

"They... are cheering for us!"

"Obviously, we did great!"

"But I made terrible mistakes, David."

"So did I."

"Huh? Really?"

"You didn't notice, right? I missed so many notes."

"So we ruined it..."

"Ethan, look at the people. They are happy, and that's thanks to us!

Nothing is perfect, but that's the great thing about it.

Because of imperfection, music is unique, and so many people enjoy it!

So, don't overthink it."





The Beat of My Heart

Carlos Alberto Fernández Curriao
Cuarto medio, Colegio Santa Cruz
Región de La Araucanía

When I first sat behind the drums, the world outside fell silent. Each beat I played was a heartbeat, each rhythm a breath. Music became my language when words failed me.

Through the crash of cymbals and the steady pulse of the kick, I learned to express anger, joy, and hope. The drums taught me discipline and freedom at the same time; a balance between control and chaos.

When life gets too loud, I close my eyes and play. The rhythm reminds me who I am: alive, connected, and always in tune with the music of the world.



The Meaning of My Life

Felipe Sebastián Toro Avendaño
Segundo medio, Liceo Lucila Godoy Alcayaga
Región de La Araucanía

In life, people have feelings, and that's what represents us and helps us see the world in different ways.

But something was different for Carlitos — he didn't know how he felt and couldn't find meaning in life.

One day, while searching for answers, he discovered that music could help.

He started listening to songs but felt nothing until he heard one by Canserbero.

Those lyrics spoke about life, corruption, pain, and emotions. For the first time, he felt understood.

Through that music, he finally learned what he felt, and that life, though cruel, still had meaning.

Out of Tune

Emilia Sabina Mancilla Soto
Tercero medio, Instituto Politécnico María Auxiliadora
Región de Los Lagos

I walked into a restaurant, feeling like an outsider since this isn't the kind of place I can afford. The band began a song I remembered from my high school orchestra. Meanwhile, the waiter arrived with the menu: "Long time no see, Mr. Fisher." My stomach dropped.

Daniel... the only person I never wanted to see again. He was the piano, I played the violin. I couldn't even look at him. I hated how smug he looked, and I specifically hated how fast I recognized his voice. 'Music connects people'... and now I'm unfortunately connected to him.

Life is pandemonium.



Silent Music

Antonia Ignacia Alarcón Rebolledo
Cuarto medio, Colegio Andalué Osorno
Región de Los Lagos

Sometimes, the loudest songs are the ones you can't hear.

Samantha was born deaf. She was a very lonely girl, but her mother played the piano for her every day, and Samantha felt the music through her heart and soul. One afternoon, she felt a familiar vibration on the ground. It was like her mother's song.

She followed it and saw a girl playing the drums with a big smile. They played together, feeling the same rhythm. Then the girl stopped and signed, "Can you hear me?" Samantha signed back, "No." The girl smiled and replied, "Me neither."



A Flash of Forever

Victoria Monserrat Urrutia Soto
Tercero medio, Colegio Andalué Osorno
Región de Los Lagos

Music can be the most beautiful way to remember.

Ester and Ronal were a retired couple. Alzheimer's had taken Ester's memories. Every day, Ronal tried to bring back her memories, but the more he tried, the less she remembered.

When Ester saw her husband, she didn't recognize his face, so she felt frightened when he appeared. He remembered that music calmed Ester, and he decided to buy some records. At first, it didn't work. But one day, while the song "Love of my life" was playing, Ester looked at Ronal and said, "My lovely husband, I love you."



Two Lambs Without Prejudice

Javiera Agustina Cabezas Cárdenas
Segundo medio, Patagonia College
Región de Los Lagos

In the heart of Patagonia, in the middle of the Andes Mountains, the night came alive with music as Chilean and Argentine sheep danced beneath the stars.

Each flock kept to its own, guarded by pride and rivalry over who Patagonia belonged to. But among them, two lambs, one from each land, met in mysterious, unconscious steps.

Suddenly, a *chamamé* dance began. All the sheep were dancing in pairs, but one pair stood out: the two lambs. They didn't care that they were from different countries, but only about the passion they felt while listening to and dancing the *chamamé*.





The Instrument Called Earth

Benjamín Nicolás Osorio Belmar

**Primero medio, Colegio Patagonia Alerce Cordillera
Región de Los Lagos**

Ava built songs from real-world sounds: rain, traffic and heartbeats. Her goal was to find the one rhythm all humans shared. After months, she isolated a pulse that appeared in every recording she had ever taken. It wasn't a glitch. It was a pattern. A tempo.

When she played it at full volume, her walls began to tremble and hum back. Frequencies rippled across the planet. Oceans, wind, and even cities vibrated in sync.

Her computer displayed one final message:
"Signal confirmed. Planetary activity detected."
"What?!" Ava said, scared.

Then Ava understood. Earth wasn't where music came from.
Earth was the instrument.

Born From a Song

Javiera Pascale Saldivia Soto
Cuarto medio, Colegio Kalem Bicentenario
Región de Aysén del General Carlos Ibáñez del Campo

Some say that long before the wind learned to sing among the glaciers and rivers of Puerto Aysén, there was a village called Harei. They didn't speak with words but with melodies that could calm storms or bring distant hearts together.

They believed the universe was born from an endless sound, the Song of Dawn, whose echo still lives within anyone who listens with their soul. Perhaps that's why, when the youth of the south sing at sunrise, all of Patagonia seems to remember that music can still unite worlds.



