7th. Interscholastic Short Story Contest 2013
Andrés Bello University

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Produced and edited by
Contacto con la Cultura Leading by Ximena Troncoso
contoconlacultura@yahoo.es
Texts supervising: Marcela Sandoval

Judges
Marcela Sandoval and Silviana Riqueros

Cover Design:
Marketing Department
Andrés Bello University

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Preface

On this year 2013, our Interscholars Contest of Short Stories in Spanish celebrates its 10th birthday.

It has been ten years of commitment with the scholar community and the development of reading and writing among our youth.

This is another reason of deep proud for our University on its 25th anniversary.

I would like to tell you a story. A few months ago, and after checking several e-mails, I read Andrés Montero’s mail, and I want to mention him specially on these lines.

On his letter, he said he wanted to tell his story and explain why having participated in this contest had changed his life.

Andrés was a student as many others who liked writing, but he felt ashamed not to mention how difficult is being a writer in Chile. So he decided to abandon his dreams until he saw a poster of the Spanish Short Stories Interscholars Contest. He participated and had the Second Place Prize, thanks to his talent, of course.

The next year, he felt more motivated and secure of himself and participated again. This new adventure made him the winner of the First Place Prize.

After that he began to participate in many other contests getting important recognitions to his work. This year, LOM Editions has decided to publish a selection of thirteen short stories written by him. The book is called “La inútil perfección y otros cuentos sepiosos” (Useless perfection and other oldish stories). Among these short stories, there are those which received a prize in UNAB and one that gives the title to the book “La inútil perfección” (Useless Perfection), winner story in 2007.

The mail of Andrés just wanted to thank our Institution and to motivate, as he says: “I imagine that knowing a contest might have such beautiful consequences, is an impulse to you to keep on working in behalf of art and culture”. He is right.

The vision of the Humanities and Education Faculty leading by its Dean Vicente Cordero as well as the support of important institutions, have
made possible that more than twenty thousand scholars wrote about their dreams, hopes and why not, their sorrows on a sheet of paper over these years.

The Academic Department of this Faculty, Norma Drouilly, Stephanie Massman, Salvador Lanas, Kristof Cerda, María Soledad Carriel, Silvina Zapata, among others, have participated as jury having the very hard work of assessing the short stories.

Besides their work, it is the effort of outstanding national writers, members of Sociedad de Escritores de Chile, who have helped us with altruism by selecting and assessing all the works we received. This has allowed us to count not only with juries but on qualified orators in each competition. I just want to thank each of them and of course the Interscholars Direction of the University that carries this initiative to the scholar community yearly, motivating thousands of students all over the country.

Without their work, the support and commitment of Communication teachers and the writing workshops in different schools, this initiative would not be as important as it is.

On our 25th birthday, we confirm our commitment to our youth, to the writing art, to the promotion of reading and to all the positive consequences this contest brings.

On this book you will find the short stories that got Honor Mentions and Special Prizes, as well as the three short stories that won the first place in Viña del Mar, Santiago and Concepción.

I hope you enjoy this reading.

Dr. Pedro Uribe
Rector
Universidad Andrés Bello

Santiago 2013
New me

Gabriela Andrade Aguilar
Osorno College de Osorno

New school, new start, new me. I have never been good at meeting new people and making new friends. Never had proper friends. Never cared, though. I planned changing this, along with my dream of dancing.

"Get up, Zach! First day at your new school. You don't want to be late!" Mum shouted from the bottom of the stairs. I had the typical school feeling—not wanting to go—but I fought my emotions and slumped out of bed, very unenthusiastically. ‘New school, new start, new me.’ I kept repeating to myself as I got ready and poured my cereal on the bowl. I dragged out eating breakfast for as long as I could so as not to go to school. Mum kissed my forehead and wished me luck; she told me to be myself, try to make a friend and sign up for dancing class. “Pft! like that will happen”, I thought.

“I'll try mum.” I said, already half way down the drive, knowing exactly that I would need a miracle in order to achieve both of those things.

As I started walking, I noticed a boy on the other side of the street who looked a bit like me. Lonely. He was quite pale and dragged his feet as he walked. He wore a simple school uniform with no tie so I didn't know which school he was going to. His backpack was hanging over one shoulder. His hair was straight and the blonde strands shimmered in the sunlight. He had a frown on his face and was clutching something in his hand. Something I couldn't see but which sparkled in the sun. A dog's bark shook me out of my trance and I jumped with fright. I turned to look at it then glanced back at the boy to find that he was gone. It was almost as if he had never been there. I put him to the back of my mind and headed towards the school gates.

‘New school, new start, new me’

First lesson: Maths. I walked into the classroom and went to speak to the teacher, already feeling the ‘new boy syndrome’ as everyone stared at me. “Ah, welcome Zach.” he said. “Go and sit over by the filing cabinet.” I looked in the direction his finger was pointing to. There was that boy again, but this time I saw what he was holding. It was a shiny, round, gold medal. As I approached him, I noticed that it was from a singing talent show.
New school, new start, new me. I took a deep breath “You sing?” I asked him. “Yeah, well, used to,” he replied, shyly.

“I’m Zach” I said.

“Nathan.” He smiled as I sat down.

For the rest of the lesson we chatted and worked together. We compared schedules and I was pleased to see that I was in almost all of his classes.

As days went on, I spent more and more time with Nathan at school. We didn’t contact each other after school hours as I didn’t know where he lived. He didn’t have a mobile, have msn or even Facebook. It was like he didn’t exist outside of school.

“Zach, you should try out for dance or something,” Nathan told me in Geography one day.

“I thought about it but I wasn’t sure.”

“Yes, definitely, you should. It may also be in your interest to go and speak to Harry. He is a good guy and he’s in that class. Excuse me; I’m just going to the bathroom,” he left and didn’t come back for the rest of the period, so I bravely walked over to Harry, trusting what my new friend had said.

This kind of thing kept happening every other day. He would advise me to wear stripes more often, he would suggest speaking to different people, and he gave me support when I needed it most. Slowly, my confidence was growing because of him and I eventually tried out for that dance class, and got in! Two weeks on and I had a group of friends: Harry, Logan, Josh and Nathan (who only seemed to speak to me). I was happy then, I felt as I fitted in.

One day we were at lunch table in the cafeteria when Logan blurted out, “We should all go swimming on Saturday!” There was a chorus of cheers and a lot of whooping.

“That’s brilliant, Logan. We haven’t been in ages. Last time we went was before...” Harry cut himself off. His face suddenly looked sad but he quickly wiped it away, replacing it with a smile. “You’ll come, right Zach?” Why didn’t they ask Nathan? I was glad they’d invited me but I was also surprised they
didn't invited Nathan."Yeah, I'll come. Where is it you're going?" I asked them. "To the river, by the park." ...I saw Nathan running away.

I ran after him and followed him into the library, ignoring the strange glances I got from people I passed. He was curled up in a ball murmuring something to himself. "Nathan, what's wrong?"

"Not now. I'm not ready. Not now. I'm not ready. Just go away Zac, I need time to think. Not now. I'm not ready;"

I couldn't work out what was wrong with him. When he didn't come back for the rest of the day, I began to worry.

He showed up that Saturday at the park with a huge grin on his face. Something about him looked different but I couldn't put my mind to what it was. His hair was the same, the way he walked was the same... that was it! He was no longer holding his medal. His prized possession was gone! This was the first time I'd seen him without it.

"Last one in the river is a loser!" screamed Josh while charging down towards the water.

I raced down after everyone else to find only Josh in the river. He was waving his hands in the air, shouting for help. I glanced at the other guys who were just standing on the bank, frozen with fear. I felt a cold breeze by my right ear. "Save him Zach, do what I failed to do two years ago." What did he fail to do? What? It already seemed like hours before I registered what Nathan had told me to do. I took off my shoes and leapt in, just in time to catch Josh going under.

"Call an ambulance!" I shouted to no one in particular. I held Josh by the chin and dragged him over to the river bank. Nathan was nowhere in sight.

Ten minutes after I had got him out, the ambulance came.

"He almost drowned," the others said. "Zach saved him."

"Well done," the paramedic shook her head and muttered something about it happening again.

I was confused. "What do you mean happening again?" I asked her.
"A young boy drowned trying to save his friend a couple of years ago; he was dragged under by the current. It was a shame, he had the voice of an angel and could have really gone somewhere with it one day. His name was Nathan...Nathan..."

"Young," Harry chipped in.

Nathan ... dead? ... but ...

Zac is new at school and he has a dream. He plans to make it happens along by making the friends he's always wanted. But not everything is what it seems to be.

I like writing because I like entering into another world and picture other lives in my head. I like to create my own stories and characters and control their destiny, it's a escape from the real world.

I wrote this story because I imagined how it would be to be new at school and wanting to change a part of your life you don't like, the I added the fantasy and this is what I achieved.
The end of the olympus

Alfonso Ignacio Valderrama Rosenberg
The Kent School de Providencia

Left to despair was Poseidon, God of water and the oceans, alone in the ladder of Mount Olympus, walking from East to West, making huge efforts not to unleash his rage. He was the last God which still felt as if he deserved his place on the Mount. Only he remained powerful and full of pride, the ancient pride of the almighty. The rest had gone away, dispersing themselves around the world, year to year. Hermes let Poseidon knew about some of them from time to time, but only within a decade or so, as the trips were longer and he wouldn't be the same as centuries ago. He knew that he was getting useless. Humans had invented much faster and efficient ways to communicate among distances. He was extinct for them.

Yes, humans, through time, developed all kinds of what they call technology, reached the power of the almighty Gods and perfected it, ruining their endless pride, proving that perfection was beyond them. They, always the kings of the Earth, fathers of life, idols of humans... They did not see it coming. And when they realized it, it was too late. Humans now could manage a lot of things without the help of the Gods: wind, electricity, transformation of substances (through chemistry, fusion and fision), growth of life, energy, Climate conditions and even the earth quakes. Only the ocean remained full of mystery, the unstoppable waves, the still unknown life, the never-reached bottom and the incapacity of its control, leaving Poseidon as its only handler. Alone, he ruled an imaginary empire, alone for around fifty years, after Apollo left his side, as the power of the sun was also replaced (after which, the sun shone only partially, spreading a melancholic glint over the world). Alone, feeling great and superior among his former colleagues.

And then, after fifty years, Hermes arrived to mount Olympus, carrying a message:

‘Oh, Poseidon, still master of the oceans, you may not remain in your charge for long!’

‘Speak, for you have caught my attention, said Poseidon’. What do you have to tell?’
'It's humans again, son of Cronus. Hephaestus realized that hundreds of people are planning to create a tool to raise tones of water and explore the seas. They would control the water and reveal the secrets of the oceans. They have not started yet, for you to know:

'I am grateful for your message. Now, go away before I do something harmful.'

Hermes bowed and left, leaving the glorious lord in a state of unmeasurable wrath.

This is where the story begins.

Trying hard not to set his anger free, Poseidon thought about shame. He was ashamed that they let humans live after all the wars that the deities commanded, now impossible to make it happens. Ashamed of letting the human philosophy develops. They wouldn't have reached the power of the Gods if humans remained in ignorance. Desperate then, he tried to think how to stop the project. He knew that unleashing over the towns and cities wouldn't do anything, as the domes where modern people lived and the structure of streets and public spaces could stand any natural disaster. Meditation then was what he tried.

He decided to find out where the project was being developed. So, he turned into a human-sized-and-shaped being and, asking a couple in the city, he found out where the labs where. He then began a long walk, now more relaxed, to the east of the city, impressed by modern architecture, which he had only seen distantly. Such opulence was something, no, he could not say 'unimaginable'; it would be too hard for him to accept. Let him say 'modern', though, on the inside, his self-esteem felt as if it were ripping apart. Nevertheless, his pride wouldn't let those feelings stop his mission.

He got to the building where the labs were. Huge it was, larger than taller, but not as beautiful and majestic as the ones built in honour of the gods. He asked the guard in the hall for the water control project.

'Ah, the HMAP; he said. 'third floor, second door on the right.'

He reached the door and opened it. Inside, he saw a very large cubicle full of water, many tables, some of which were full of very strange jars and glasses, and a huge machine placing a big cage which said 'Warning: high voltage'. Poseidon was too proud to admit that he had no idea of what they were doing, and he only thought of flooding the place and leaving an irreversible
then, an idea came to his mind, that they might have a way to avoid that kind of trouble. Also, the members of the project may not all be there at the time, and if so, it was quite possible that at least one should survive to his attack, as many times had happened to the gods. So, he decided to do it the clever way.

'Can I help you?' offered a woman in a white overall, who came close to the God.
'I am looking for the, er, captain of this project. Is he here?'

The lady giggled at the word "captain". 'Of course' she said. I'll get you to the "captain" immediately. Come on'

She led him across the room where there was a door which said "HMAP director". The woman knocked the door. As he opened it, she said 'Hey, Gerald, this man is looking for the "captain"'

'Let him come in' answered a voice inside the room. As Poseidon went in, he saw Gerald Harris. He was a man in his early 60s, with long hair and beard, also wearing overall and small glasses.

'Good afternoon, young man (Poseidon looked like a 20-30-year-old person). What can I do for you?' he asked with a friendly voice.

'I'd like to share a secret with you, sir' replied the almighty. It seems to me that I have discovered the secrets that you are looking for. About the water, I mean.'

'How's that?' asked the director.

'I cannot tell you exactly, for I shall protect my discovery' he lied, as he wasn't able to explain how he did what he did', but I can show you.'

There was a big aquarium in a corner of the room filled to the top. Suddenly, a huge horizontal hole appeared in the water in the middle of the aquarium. And the water didn't seem to overfill it! Instead, it levitated, impossibly, a few centimetres above the edge. The director looked at Poseidon. The deity was calm, smiling.

'How is it possible?' claimed Gerald, astonished. Poseidon knew it was part of
his nature, so he said 'I don't really know.'

'Did you train for it?'

'No.'

'Were you born with some special biological feature?'

'I believe not' he lied. 'I'm just as you. It hurt him to say that.

'Then, what is your secret, sir?' asked Harris, not so friendly now. 'And what is your name, by the way?'

'Call me Neptune' he said, calmly. Neptune Cronson. And I came here to help you. I can work with you. If you let me do it, you need to do no research anymore. It would be much easier for you, don't you think?'

The way in which he said it touched the ambitions of the man and convinced him. 'All right' he said at last. 'But you will have to follow a huge set of rules. You'll have to sign a contract. There will be a lot of limitations.'

'I know, and I keep my offer.'

'Well then.'

And so, Poseidon signed up the contract to work in the application of the project. It was not a very difficult decision, for he knew that he could leave whenever he wanted. The only thing that worried him was the fact that the contract established that, before he left, a research would be done to his body, so that they would know how he could control water and so, to keep their company alive. He thought they wouldn't find anything, but he feared the chance of being wrong. He finally suppressed these feelings, thinking how he could fear such silly things. Also, of course, given the case, he could violate the contract and disappear forever...

And so, everything went well for the Hydro-Magnetic Application Project from that day on. As an improvement in science, they became famous. They built a special submarine buggy to explore the oceans in which Poseidon had a special seat (the secret of his ability hadn’t been shared, to protect the company and as nothing was certain about his powers anyway). They did a lot of research underwater and discovered some new species, but they
did not know that they were still guided by Poseidon's will. As he knew the oceans as well as his own hand, he guided the crew as he wanted. If there was something he did not want them to see, he subtly made them change the direction of the machine.

His plan worked. He was still unbeatable. He was the source of the water control and indirectly controlled the expeditions. He could do that forever, he thought, it was not a big deal after all. Finally he felt calm and mighty again.

But it did not last forever. Not even a year. He had fooled the humans' ambitions, but he had missed a detail: humans are competitive. Five months after he signed the contract, something terrible for him happened: another company achieved the same results they did, but using ultimate artificial technology. When Gerald told his team about it, Poseidon went crazy.

'How is it possible?' he said.

'I don't really know' answered Gerald. 'Probably a lot of research and experiments, I guess..' he said with some shame in his voice.

The god's pride broke apart at once. His powers could be handled by humans. The impossible happened, as occurred with all other deities. Curse them, humans, the all-capable! Now he understood that all his efforts had been in vain from the very beginning. Humans would reach his power anyway. He was useless now, and decided to leave the company. However, he agreed to be surgically intervened. It would not make a difference for him anyway.

The surgery was a hit for the humans: they found out about the magnetic properties that allowed Poseidon to control water and other such incredibly strange and useful features about him that, finally, they asked themselves if Neptune was actually a human being and from this planet. But before they could ask him anything, when he woke up, he stood up and left, not leaving a trace.

Poseidon, having seen their amazed faces and their huge piles of scribbled paper, was sure that whatever they would say would be a nightmare for him. He knew that they had discovered important things. He had to admit that he did not know everything. His life was senseless now.

When he reached the Olympus, he gathered all his zest left and smashed his
council chair, breaking it in two. Then he left, empty, pride-less, almost dead on the inside, walking without a set course.

This scene was being watched, very closely and yet infinitely far away, by his brother Hades, God of the dead and the Other World. From a not quite certain status or dimension, he had seen the Lord of the oceans and his former colleagues feeling beaten by humans and he felt sorry for them. Not because humans discovered their secrets, but because they could not think about changing how things were. They were not able to learn. He, master of the dead, has been observing the behaviour of human souls for ages. The walls of the other world had been crossed a few times, but thanks to being close to this human factor, he learned to learn. And he changed things and prepared himself so that there would be no other crossings between the world of the living and his own. He was constantly improving.

And so, there is still an ancient God that remains powerful. His secret: he knows that humanity fights against Death, and improves constantly trying to beat it. But he improves too and no matter how powerful humans become, he will be ready for them.

Alfonso Ignacio Valderrama Rosenberg
The Kent School de Providencia
3º medio

I think I have liked writing since I was little, though I only used to do it at school. I have always enjoyed activities where we have to create a story or a poem and, given the case, it usually happens that I finish writing a pretty much longer text than the expected. During 2011, I wrote a diary, something that, I believe, did me a lot of good (as a therapy and as a creative activity). I also wrote some poems during that year. I think that I like writing because of two things: to express my feelings and beliefs about what happens to me and around me and also to stamp some ideas that come to me which I think might be new for others and I can't just let them be forgotten. I believe it's very positive to be creative, so I try my best to come up with new ideas.
My life in Rose

Isidora Latorre Becker
Nuestra Señora Del Rosario de Santiago

I'm driving fast. I'm in a hurry because I'm late for a meeting with a friend. I cannot miss it this time, I didn't go to her birthday and I almost ruined her wedding because of a tedious misunderstanding.

Damn it, another red light; it's the fifth one in less than thirty minutes! Why does time have to go by so fast when I'm late! Oh come on, please turn green! Finally, at least I'm moving now. I just have to turn left on the next corner and I will get to where I'm going, that wonderful coffee shop I have always loved, the place where I have lived the happiest moments of my life, the place where I used to go with my friends after school to plan our weekends, to talk about boys, sitcoms, music...

That place has been witness of a lot laughs, friendship and love (In that small, out-of-the-way, coffee shop I got my first kiss!)

I park my car where I always do, just in front of the café entrance. Oh God, Sophie's car is there, she's going to kill me! I walk through the tables and there she is, surprisingly she's not mad, it seems that she is happy to see me; that calms me down a lot. I take a deep breath and I join her, after all I'm happy to see her too.

We talk for hours, just like we used to do years before. She tells me about her wonderful honeymoon in Rome, she seems so excited... She had always dreamt of travelling to Italy, the country of her ancestors. Her husband is a great man, they have been together since school, and they were made for each other! I'm so happy for them; they deserve the life they're living.

Sophie is my best friend; people would be proud to have a friend like her; I even envy myself! ... She's such a remarkable human being, I'm so sorry to disappoint her all the time, I wish things were different, but last year was very tough for me.

It all began when my sister died in a car accident. This had a devastating effect on the whole family; the worst part was that she was going to be married soon. In fact, together we were organizing everything for the big
day; we became so close those last few months, we were inseparable...

I couldn't face the fact that I wouldn't see her again, talk to her one more time... When she was gone, a part of me went with her.

So right after her funeral I travelled to Paris. I didn't want to know anything about anyone or anybody. I spent six months in the City of Lights and, now that I look back, I can see it was the right thing to do; it really helped me. Getting to know a new country, a new culture and a new language kept me distracted enough that I was able to heal from the pain of losing my sister.

In Paris I tried to start everything over, I disconnected myself from the world (I mean from the internet and TV) and I started to read and write a lot but, mostly, I wandered. I walked all day long, I wanted to see every single place of that city full of love, wonder and magic. As I walked, I talked to myself (In my mind of course, otherwise I would have been sent to the loony house or something). I felt that I didn't even know myself, so one day I started a conversation with myself by asking the basic question: “Hello, what's your name?” and I unconsciously answered: “Hey, I'm Jo, how are you?” Since that day I began to enjoy being on my own more than being with company.

Despite my efforts to avoid facing my sister's death, at some point I just couldn't put it off anymore until one day I finally just burst into tears. I cried a river for all the tears I had been holding back. I couldn't understand why she, being so young with her whole life in front of her, was gone. I tried to bring to my mind every single moment I had spent with her, all those long and deep conversations, the laughs, the fights...

If I had known that she was going to die, I wouldn't have wasted our time together with stupid fights and I would have told her a million times how much I loved her!

But how could I have known she would die so young? Life is a mystery, and people are so funny, we regret things and miss things when we can no longer do anything to change them anymore. The first months in Paris I learned not to mock the old cliché that goes: “No one knows what they have until they lose it”.

After a couple of weeks I realized that I had no more tears to cry, or I just couldn't cry anymore. I began to think that I had to move on because the world would keep turning with or without me, that the train of life wouldn't
wait for me to come on board to continue on its journey.

And then I met Jack.

It was a wonderful sunny day, I remember every single detail perfectly. The city was stunning, there was a glow to it that I hadn’t seen in Paris before. Everything looked beautiful, even those annoying musicians that crowd the city’s sidewalks now sounded like they could actually carry a tune.

That morning I woke up with a feeling that something great was going to happen. And it actually did.

I went for a walk in a little park nearby the Eiffel tower just like I would every morning, to think and write, with a breathtaking view of Monsieur Eiffel’s creation. Only this time I went to a little bakery first, to get a coffee and a croissant. When I was about to pay, the cashier looked into my eyes and said: “In all my years living in Paris I had never seen a person who enjoys Paris as much as you.” I think I gave him the meanest look. He just looked back at me with a mixture of shame and regret and explained: “I’m sorry, but I can’t help myself looking at you when you walk by my window everyday wearing your magic smile and brimming with enthusiasm, and singing ‘La vie en rose’”

My face turned into a huge red tomato, and I couldn’t do anything but laugh. Oh, sweet Jesus, I swore I was singing in my mind!! But he was right, I was enjoying Paris a lot so I smiled. I took my coffee and croissant, almost threw the money at him and rushed out of the place. When I reached the park and I was about to drink my coffee I don’t know why I looked at the receipt and I had a little mental heart attack. At the bottom there was a note: “I’m Jack, by the way. You have no idea how much I’ve been looking forward to the day when I would finally get to talk to you. This is my number, please call me and let me enjoy Paris with you!”

After recovering of my little mental heart attack I came back to reality and to what was happening as I analyzed the whole situation. Yes, it was pretty weird and a little psycho, but, after all, I did need some company and Jack sounded like a nice man that I could trust. So I took courage and I called him. I apologized for my attitude at the bakery and then I told him that I did want to share Paris with someone. That day we started to date and have become inseparable.

And well, here I am. Now you understand why you didn’t hear about me
all this time, right? I'm sorry for missing your birthday and for keeping disappointing you all the time, but I swear I will make it up for you! I love you Soph, and I'm so happy to hear that you're happy too, I wish you luck in your marriage... Oh I can't stand it anymore, I have to tell you this.

Next week I'm coming back to Paris. I will start a new life with Jack... I have a good feeling about this you know? I think he's my man!

We give each other a great and lasting hug, and we promise to keep in touch. As I see Sophie walking away I close my eyes and I just smile, I feel a huge happiness and inner peace. I'm driving slow, I feel like I'm dreaming. I enjoy everything around me. I try to picture my life with Jack in Paris, walking through the streets and just enjoying ourselves. I turn on the radio and, such a coincidence! La vie en rose is playing.

THE END

Isidora Latorre Becker
Nuestra Señora Del Rosario de Santiago
3° medio

What motivates me to write...
What motivates me to write is the fact that I can create new realities, allowing me to enter in a whole new world where I can go to places I've never been. I think that writing is an art, where you can transmit your inner world to people. I like to write in English, because is a challenge to measure my abilities in this language.
How to begin? Ok, my name is Jack, and my mother Kelly, sees the happy part of everything, really I call it like that but doctors call it madness or a bipolar condition. I don’t understand her illness so well maybe because I am only 16 years old.

I know why this is happening to my mother; nevertheless, doctors don’t believe me. Doctors said that my mother’s life would be always like this (always) limited by bipolarity, always with barriers impossible to fight with. And the only name my mother repeats all day, is Ernest Hemingway.

My older brother and my father died in World War I; consequently, my mother and I were sinking in a very poor economic situation. That’s why we came here, we get into USA searching for opportunities and a better lifestyle. At that time, my mother was such a good reader, and she discovered this new American novelist called Ernest Hemingway. The problem began when she didn’t stop searching about this man, and reading again and again his novels. I never thought at the age of nine that this man will never leave our lives.

Time passed and in the 1930’ my mother turned out a big fan of this man. The notice of a big change in my life was coming into my doors. We would go to live to Key West, a barely known island in the state of Florida. It was not a coincidence that Hemingway was living there too;

My mother had a wish, a desire. She thought she would never feel fulfill, unless she knew the famous American author who had written all the novels she had read years before. The probabilities to know Ernest where very high? we were living in the same tiny island. I went to Hemingway’s house thinking like a kid, that was my mistake but I didn’t imagine the consequences of this visit

When I was in Hemingway’s house a very rare sensation came into my body, I felt lost, but also found, the entrance to his house is something I would never forget. I talked to this man; he seemed to be a very nice person. I told him all about my mother, even the things that weren’t relevant to prove how much
Kelly loved his books and life. Hemingway told me that he would love to know my mother but he was such a busy man. He said he would never forget this unexpected visit and that he would call me to arrange a date to meet my mother. When I got out the house I felt really complete, I felt the best person ever. I knew my mother would never forget what I had done for her.

The problem was she never stopped talking about him. She investigated all of his life and started calling me Ernest and said: “Ernest, take a paper and a pen because today we will write, I know you will be a famous author.” Phrases like that never disappeared from my mind.

What was I supposed to do? I was only 15 years old, I perfectly remind that day, when I took my mother to a hospital because I was starting to feel preoccupied. After some hours at the hospital, the doctors told me that she was in a special condition, called bipolarity.

Today, I write without a purpose, Kelly is in the next room calling me for lunch. She is getting worst, she only thinks I am Ernest Hemingway, and doctors say I have to follow her thoughts. My life is also getting worse I depend on my mother’s condition, she is taking away my liberty. Everyday I sleep thinking about tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow hoping my mother was there and not to pass such a sad time like we had when my brother and my father died. I feel fear about what is going to happen. We are living over Hemingway’s life.

Writing is nothing for me, letters doesn’t mean something in my life, but my mother’s life depends on this. She is always happy, in a freedom position, but I feel pain for her. I hear some shouts, calling for Ernest, calling for me, those are the moments when I see my mother take some drugs in an excessively way, but was late. I called an ambulance, they took her to a hospital, in Key West, that beautiful Islands full of piers, boats, and that amazing street “Duval” turned black. My mother was dead.

When I arrived to my home, I was alone and I saw a note saying: “Ernest, you will be a very known author, you will write good novels, and everybody would love them. Kisses, Kelly”.

I turned that room into a writing room, with a beautiful desk with a view to the light house in Key West. Some years later I knew that Hemingway had a bipolar condition too, just like my mom.
Now, my life depends on words, and I really love that. In a certain way I own my happiness to my mother fanaticism for this author, and to her final madness. My artistic nickname is now, Jack Ernest. I always remember my mom in a very happy way, I will never understand her. I will always love her very much.

Antonia Bulnes Castellón
Villa Maria Academy de Las Condes
1° medio

I wrote about Ernest Hemingway because my family and I went in May to Key West, where my story takes place. We went to visit this author's house and I get really impressed about his life and his six foot cats. I started investigating about him and I found his life a very interesting topic to my short story.
Inside my own time

Sofía Olivia Prado Schulze
School Champagnat de Villa Alemana

Have you ever heard how sometimes most people say they see their life and best moments when they are about to die? Well that happens to me, except I've been seeing my whole life. When I was a little girl I used to have flash forwards, because it wasn't something I've lived. I was in a living room, the walls were cream colored and there was a white couch and auburn furniture, a couple of photos and a few plants. On the couch there was a woman, who looked like my mommy, crying with a blanket around her curled in a ball. Although I didn't know where I was. I was seven years old that day and it was the first time that ever happened. I approached the crying woman and put my hand on her shoulder but she didn't seem to notice. "Mommy (I didn't know who she was, but she looked like my mommy so...) why are you crying?" "I'm not your mommy sweetie, I'm you". I had a feeling that I could trust her. "I'm you at 23 years old" she was still crying so I climbed the couch and hug her. What I didn't know at the time what was happening but I was about to figure out. "Thank you kiddo" she told me "for what?" "I was sad because of something and you being here reminded me of the easy times". After that, she explained to my 7 year old self why I was there. She said I could travel in time and would travel to key points in my life where I would learn or understand something. What I understood that day was heartbreaking, turns out she had just broke up with her boyfriend of 4 years because he was going away to college, but that's beside the point. As I was growing up, I kept going either to my past or my future. A year after my first travel I went to my 16 and saw my first kiss (though at that age I had no idea what "kissing" was, I just saw two people sucking each other's faces). 8 years later, when I was 15, my third travel occurred. I was about 17 and my parents were fighting all the time by then. When a fight started I just went to my bedroom and blocked out the noise. But this time in my bed was my 15 years old self, looking scared as hell because of all the screaming. She explained to me what was going on with our parents, and I found out that they were getting divorced. Doesn't hurt that much anymore. I was 22, about to turn 23 and I started to feel dizzy and foggy and I knew I was going to travel. I was back to the cream living room, but this time there was no one crying in the couch. I could hear a soft humming coming from upstairs and I followed it. I arrived at a nursery and in the middle was my 24 years old self with a baby in her arms. She looked happy. That day I learned that I was going to be a mother soon.
Now I'm 27 years old and after I saw my baby I didn't travel again, till today. I was fearing what I might see, because I could feel something bad was going to happened and for the first time in my life, I didn't want to travel. "Hi, it has been a long time" my 27 years old self said smiling. "Hi, where are we?" I was a bit confused so I asked "Route 9. We are going home from his birthday party" she answered me, pointing me to the 1 year old. Next thing I knew there's a light coming towards the car, a second later a truck hit us by the side. The car started to spin and it stopped after 6 or 5 times. I could hear my other self screaming for her son to see if he was okay. His neck and legs were in a weird angle and he wasn't breathing. He was dead. She kept screaming at me to tell her how he was but I couldn't bring myself to tell her. But she kept screaming. "HE'S DEAD" I shouted at her at the top of my lungs. That shut her up. I was back in present time, but somehow, someway, fate was against me, and brought me to the day of the accident. I was in the car upside down and I knew, my son, my other self, were dead. I felt dizzy and foggy once more and I thought, for a split of a second, that I was going to travel. But this time it felt different, kind of floating. I was slipping away, I could feel it. The faint sound of sirens in the background, told me that help was here, but it was useless. I started to float and soon enough, I was out of my body. It felt weird in a way, but the pain was gone and the only thought that came to my mind that minute was "where is my next location going to be?".

"Let go of the past and keep moving forward"
Walt E. Disney.
Heads or tails

Camila Ortega Puebla
La Maisonnette de Vitacura

It was a sunny day. I woke up very early, no reason why. I just felt that day was going to be different. I did what I always do. I took a shower at about 8 and then went to the market to get butter. I don't remember the last time I could get jelly or something special. There hadn't been any food for a long time. On my way, I noticed everybody was out. There were a lot of people in the streets, but there was a never-ending silence. I could almost hear the sound of birds dancing in the wind. It was like they weren't even there, a bunch of puppets tied up to a lace which was hanging all over the place. You could feel they were looking at you, but the glance was empty. I was walking through the alley, and with every second that passed my breath got heavier. People were running everywhere looking perplex. Among all of them I saw my little brother, whipping and calling my mom. I screamed at him as loud as I could but he didn't hear me. I decided I would run to him, catch him and then go home. But the alley got longer and longer and I felt like I wasn't moving forward, my brother was getting farther in every step that I took.

Then I stopped. I looked up and heard a severe sound, like if a plane was crushing on the floor. I tried to scream but I didn't hear myself. I knew I was screaming but the sound of it was lost in the breeze. And that's when it came. A white light coming from the sky was upon us. Everything turned into pain. The world was pain. My body was pain. I was pain. Everything was pain.

I felt my skin ripping apart. I was breaking myself apart. I felt my bones were like little crystals that had been burst all over Tsy Gansfy. I felt like a wave exploding in the rocks, like lava getting out with furious energy.

I don't know how many types of pain exist, but I'm sure this is the hardest one.

And suddenly we all became nothing.

*Remember Peter, when you do it, you must come up the fast you can. Now, you can't back down. This was your choice, the life you chose. After this we'll be all heroes, and your nation will be grateful to your honourable actions. Over and out.
- I know, I know... it's just that maybe we are doing this hastily, and it may be not the best answer to the end of this. We are all waiting for calm. We all want to be able to breath, to feel the air. To look at the blue sky as it's supposed to be: not full of airplanes or fumes. To get up in the morning with no regrets, with no fear. To be in peace. But you are right, it's the only thing we can do to get the last drop of hope. Over and out.

*You'll do it well Pet. And the last thing, 3 degrees south latitude, 324 altitude North-East and remember to twist the airplane towards right to not get an impulse of the magnitude. Over and out.

-Roger that.

Five minutes passed and Peter Wayne did what he had been practising for months. But while he was doing it he started thinking what if her mom and little sister were down there, cooking or dancing together. They wouldn't know a thing. They weren't guilty. They were innocent people. What if this wasn't really the only thing the government could do. He said to himself: "I can't do this." But it was too late. The huge explosion had already touched the ground and killed thousands of innocents. The causes of it were dreadful. More than 140,000 people were dead and 20% were victims of the radiation. Hiroshima became the most wrecked city during the Second War World. The damage was inconceivable, and today we still see the harm of this.

Camila Ortega Puebla
La Maisonnette de Vitacura
3º medio

My name is Camila Ortega Puebla. I'm seventeen years old and I live in Santiago. I study at Colegio La Maisonnette. I wrote this tale inspired by the nuclear bomb of Hiroshima. I wanted to do the two sides of the same event. I'm passionate about History because it's our past, our present and future. It reflects the good and the bad choices of humanity. I hope you enjoy it.
Once upon a time there was a very ordinary, fourteen year old girl called Mayra. She liked to dance, sing and sleep all day, but what she really loved doing was watching movies.

She had a great imagination. In her head, she had created a separate new world called Maylandia, where she would go if she needed to escape from planet Earth.

Mayra was a quiet girl, but stood out in school for her perfect grades. One day, her language teacher asked her to come and see him. She wondered what she would have done wrong. When the day of their meeting arrived, Mayra entered her teacher's room, and said:

“Sir, what have I done? Why did you call me? Do you need to talk to me?”

“Your attitude annoyed me.”The teacher replied, jokingly.

“Oh, but is that it? Really? I’m sorry!” said Mayra, puzzled. The teacher smiled.


“Phew, you scared me. So what is this proposal then? ”The teacher beckoned her over.

“Come, take this.” He handed her a colorful file. “Read it!” Mayra read the proposal, smiling excitedly.

“Well? What do you think?” said the teacher.

“Why me? Why didn’t you ask Benjamin? He has much more imagination and creativity than me!”
“I know that you have a fantastic imagination. And your creative writing is excellent. Like ...” (the teacher stopped mid-sentence)

“Like what?!“ said Mayra.

“Like Maylandia” He replied. “Don’t deny it. I know about that wonderful world of yours.

“Yeaahhh, but...” Mayra hesitated.

“But nothing! I know you can do it. You are very capable” Mayra picked up her things and walked towards the door.

“Look, Mayra. Go home and think about it. Let me know your decision. I’m sure it will be a good one.”

Mayra left school, contemplating the proposal and the idea of sharing her world with others. It was a tough decision to make. On her way home, she stopped for a while in a small park. Lying on the grass, looking at the sky, she thought to herself “I know I can do this. I know I can. I can do it!” It would be a challenge, but she had the support of her teacher. Suddenly, she grabbed her bag, took out a notebook and a pen and began to write. She wrote and she wrote and she wrote, until her phone rang, interrupting her moment of inspiration. It was her mum. She was worried as it was late, and she still hadn’t arrived home. She got up, put her bag on, and walked back to her house.

She didn’t mention the meeting or the proposal to anybody. She just kept writing in her own time. About two weeks later, it was finished. It seemed great, but it took guts and courage to give it to her teacher. He read the book and was very happy with it, he had chosen well. Mayra had a talent that very few children possess. With little time to waste, they made some corrections together so that the book was completely ready. While talking with Mayra, he said that she had a unique talent. Nobody else had this imagination. This made Mayra really happy. Finally, someone was giving her praise.

When the story was ready, Mayra sent it to the judges. They thought her story was incredibly impressing for a girl of her age. Unfortunately, she did not win, as it was a very professional contest, and she was just a beginner. Nevertheless, she won a small prize. Of course, she did not care about the prize. She was just pleased to be recognized by somebody important.
After entering the competition, she continued to enjoy literature and creative writing. She loved reading so many different things from the small world in which she lived. Time went by, and she eventually became a great, well known writer. She retained, however, her simple and shy characteristics from her childhood, when she wrote her first story: 'Maylandia calling' she named it. Whenever she got the opportunity, she would thank her former language teacher for all the support and incentive he gave her.

The End

Helizen Itala Gallardo López.
Colegio Polivalente Cardenal Raúl Silva Henríquez de Puente Alto.
4º medio

I like to write to express myself, through stories or small passages. I have lots of imagination, and writing makes me happy. I love English and I practice it daily, always trying to improve, little by little.
The loud taker

Trinidad Novoa Aguirre
Colegio Saint Dominic de Viña del Mar

It was three AM when I woke up. From somewhere came this noise that would make me have a headache. Maybe the riots had started again in the city, although the distance wouldn't have let them into the outskirts of town, into this house.

I stood up from the bed and, as I walked into the darkness that covered the place, found my way down the stairs. I could hear somebody else in the house had woken up from the noises. I got in to the kitchen and lit a candle after a few tries, I had always had trouble with that kind of things, my hands were always shaking and I could never get them right.

I could see it was Anne who was going to make me company through the rest of the night, like she always did when we both couldn't get to sleep. That was our mother's legacy, as we both knew, since she would always spend whole nights out in the dark looking at the stars and crying over my father's death, who had had the same shivering problem as me and ended up dying really young.

Anne put some water to heat and joined me in the couch, silently, as we always were during the endless nights we spent together. Then she served us some tea, warm and sweet, just the way I liked it.

We could still hear the noise coming from somewhere far away, and although I really wanted to ask her what she thought it was, I wouldn't have dared to break that silence.

But tonight wasn't like the rest of them, something was different, which made me really tempted to ask her. It was not only the noise but there was something in the air. Maybe war had begun, maybe the rebels had taken over the whole town... there were so many things that could have happened.

I went outside with the lit candle in my hands. Like a candle was something in the middle of the night, I thought. Anne looked at me with a doubtful face,
probably wondering what I was trying to do, worried that something would happen to me if I went out in a night like that. And I need to admit she had reasons to be worried, but I was so intrigued with what was going on that I lost common sense and went out to find an answer, wherever that could be. The darkness of the forest laid in front of me like a starless sky: deep, silent and black.

My hands and body shivered like never before, even more than they usually did. I started to walk into the woods, always trying to find the source of the noise, now clearer than before. At times it sounded like kids crying, at times like a storm, at times like a girl asking for help.

As I went farther into the forest I started realizing I was getting away from the noise... until it ceased. All noises stopped all of a sudden, leading to the deepest silence I've ever experienced. I started running to the house, realizing something had made me lose my mind. The problem was I couldn't find my way back to the house. The little light I had was the candle, and it wasn't very helpful in that situation.

Somehow, and after a few tries, I found my way back. The moment the house was in my sight, I realized something was wrong. Something had happened and I knew it had to do with the finally noise.

I went into the house and found Paul in the living room, with a worried face. He had heard some noises and didn't know what was going on. He asked about what I was doing outside and I tried to explain what had happened, but I just couldn't get him to understand what had occurred to me during those moments.

And then he finally asked the question that made us realize the truth. Anne. We had no idea where his wife, my loved Anne, was, or what had happened to her while I had been gone.

It was my fault. It was all my fault. The entire time I had been worrying about something that was insignificant, meaningless compared to leaving my sister alone in the night, especially in such a weird one. The noises were a trap and I let myself get caught in it, for just some curiosity and a bunch of nonsense.

As these thoughts came into my mind and started taking over control of me, I started shivering like I never had, even more like in the forest. I saw Paul
looking at me with worried eyes, and I realized I had ruined his life too. My sister and Paul, the only two people I had in the world, had their lives ruined by my stupidity.

After a moment I saw Paul running towards me, trying to hold me, and I didn’t understand why. Then I realized I was lying on the floor, and the whole world seemed to be shaking, although I knew it was me who was shivering more and more. I started to lose the clarity of the situation, as guilt spread in my body faster than I thought it could. I was desperate to find my sister, yet it was obvious we couldn’t do anything about it. Paul and I knew it from the moment we realized she was missing, we knew it was helpless.

I slowly stopped hearing what Paul was trying to tell me, as the previous noise started again. I could see he couldn’t hear it, it had always been inside me. And then suddenly I lost sight, touch, every sense we humans have, and my whole body was taken by the noise.

It was way clearer now. There was a background noise but, above it all, there was the girl screaming. It was Anne, I knew it now. It was louder and louder every time. It was so loud I couldn’t take it anymore.

Until it stopped

Trinidad Novoa Aguirre
Colegio Saint Dominic de Viña del Mar
4° medio

Writing has always been something I like doing. For me, it’s a way of letting out everything I think, everything that is in my mind. Many times I grab a pen and just start creating new realities, stories that are somewhere in my mind and, in the paper, I am able to let all my imagination flow and, before I realize it, I already have a whole new story in front of my eyes. This is how writing and being the author of many worlds, of the experiences that the characters have lived, feels to me.