

April 14, 2008

CREATIVITY FESTIVAL

Sponsored by:
the Department of English and Journalism
the College of Arts and Sciences





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 Erese Pircon
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 Makayla Trotter
 Alice Ye

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 Devan Abernathy
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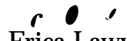
Karen Lafary, Teacher
 Shelby Adcock
 Sara Armstrong
 Colten Bradford
 Chey Carithers
 Devon DeMott
 Jody Hayes
 Elizabeth Howell
 Sarah Ritter
 Katlyn Selph
 Kerry Shawgo



I. o. /
 Tereasa Bridges
 Pekin Community High School
Who Knows



Alice Ye
 Macomb High School
Icarus Rising



Erica Lawver
 Macomb High School
For Your Consideration



Tereasa Bridges
 Pekin Community High School
Far Away

Wade Delzell
 Pekin Community High School
One Special Girl

Elizabeth Duncan
 Project READY
I AM

Jennifer Erickson
 Pekin Community High School
Ode to My Beloved Character Shoes

Melissa Kapitan
 Glenwood High School
Hephaestus

Tereasa Pircon
 Macomb High School
Reconciliation

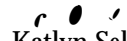
Alice Ye
 Macomb High School
Before the Sun Sets and Sun Rises



I. o. /
 Kaitlyn Rigdon
 Macomb High School
Summer's Lesson



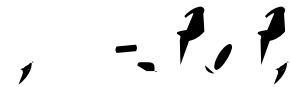
Colin Abernathy
 Pekin Community High School
A Soldier's Duty



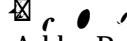
Katlyn Selph
 V.I.T. High School
Night Stalker



Josh Keck
 Macomb High School
Persecution



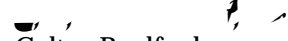
I. o. /
 Makayla Trotter
 Macomb High School
Little-Girl Shaped Holes



Ashley Reynolds
 Pekin Community High School
Hostage



Amanda Axley
 Macomb High School
To Every Season

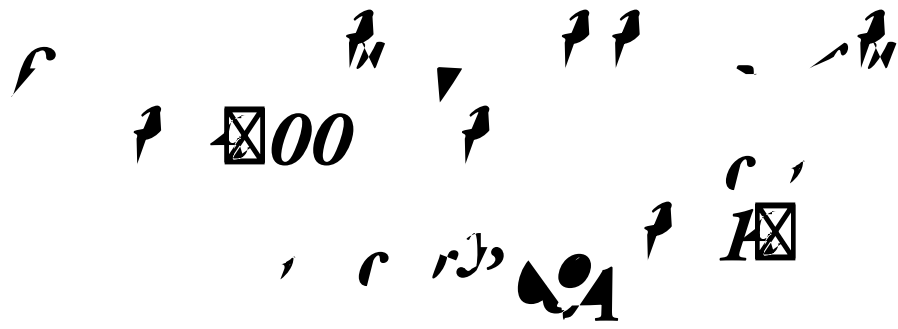


Colten Bradford
 V.I.T. High School
The Scramble

Autumn DePew
 Keokuk High School
Grandma's House

Leah Maerz
 Keokuk High School
Generation Gap

Sarah Ritter
 V.I.T. High School
Nothing More, Nothing Less



<http://www.wiu.edu/english/cwf>

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eresia Bridges
Pekin Community High School

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Someone once said

Even though your heart is on the left,

It's always right

But maybe my heart didn't

Skip a beat

And maybe

e twinkle in your eye

Was the sun reflecting weird

And maybe the feeling

In my stomach

Was not having enough for breakfast

And maybe I just thought

It was love

☒ 0 0 0 rJ

Alice Ye
Macomb High School

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eresas Bridges

Pekin Community High School

Time will waste

He smokes

Like there's no tomorrow
He says it makes him feel alive

She drinks her wine

Like water
Because she feels dry inside

He drives his car

Like a bullet

She says that time's slipping away

He never thinks about his future
To them, it's miles away

Wade Delzell

Pekin Community High School

She is the itch you cannot scratch

She is the cold only you catch

She is the best girl you ever met

But you can never get

Her to come your way

Melissa Kapitan
Glenwood High School

Hot breath of Gods
White, burning fire of Hell
Disguises donned, hiding the desire.
Venus in her naked glory
Ares' triumphant cry
And Hephaestus' growing rage.

Alice Ye
Macomb High School

Attention!

Today will be the yesterday of tomorrow.
So gut your pigs,
And spill your blood.

My ballroom partner,
Take care.
Broken legs would be bad.
You'll dance this last waltz with me?

HAGS

ey'll wait in the streets,
Mindless of heat waves,
Trying to save their curls.

Adolescents,
Sitting on the kitchen counter,
Digging knives into their skin.
"Oh woe! Oh woe!"

Miss Rain,
Will cry for us.
In heaving clouds,
As we make the same slips.

grabbed her coat. She didn't even mention what had happened or where she was going as she got into the car. I instinctively

Nissa Vaughn's Story

Legend has it that a married woman found out that her husband was having an affair with a local woman. The wife was jealous, so to get back at him she drowned their two children in the bathtub. When she realized what she had done, she jumped off Crybaby Bridge into her watery grave. A few months after her death, people started to turn up missing. All of them were men, either married or in a relationship. They say that the Lady in White stands along the side of the road waiting to be picked up by any man who passes by. When they get to her house (which has been left abandoned for years) she tests their relationship by seeing if the man will cheat, and if he does she kills him for breaking that girl's heart.

October 28

The town of Apple Bottom, Maine held a festival every year from October 29 to midnight on Halloween night. Everyone in town dressed up as the Lady in White. Anyone in a relationship held a rose and wore a sign around their neck saying, "I was killed by the Lady in White."

Most of the town folks believed in the Lady in White, but some thought that it was just a story parents told the kids to scare them from getting in cars with strangers. There was a group of friends who thought the whole festival was ridiculous, so every year on the first day of the festival they would pull a prank to make it more fun for them. This year's prank went wrong on all accounts.

It was the day before the Lady In White festival, and Malich and his friends Tyson, Gordy, and Ivy were sitting in Malich's basement putting the finishing touches on their prank. Their plan this year was to have Ivy dress up like the Lady in White, and Gordy would be one of her victims. Gordy would look like he was hung from Crybaby Bridge and Ivy was going to stand about 20 ft. from the bridge. That way, she was the first thing you saw before you saw Gordy's dead body hanging from the bridge.

On the T.V., the news reporter discussed another missing man. "Nathan Watson was last seen leaving the bar around 11:30 two days ago. His truck was found 10 miles from the Lady in White's old house. There was no sign of a struggle and the police have yet to find any leads that will close these missing persons cases."

"Do you really think that the Lady in White would go through that?"
A before yWit was just a story pareeat l0(elld the kidTd(scar)10(e them fr)6wasalich)Ø, tarom the bhite, and nsow b r
th, pegusnd ad aner tidges jusd(scar)nd asigi(20Mrhite.sy inV)15(W inn14(aalich)Ø(les jnydead mys agce hav

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Makayla Trotter

Macomb High School

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the moment I learned that Emily Vallillo had been hurt I was climbing over a fence, sneaking into my neighbor's horse

The next day after the last car of the funeral procession had pulled away I walked down my road to the cemetery, picking a handful of ditch daisies on the way.

When I sat down next to the mound of fresh flowers, flowers grander than mine, the silence pressed in all around me until I could not take it any longer and I started talking to Emily about nothing in particular. I talked and talked and talked. After a time I began to hear a tractor coming up the road somewhere behind me. I assumed it was my dad coming in from the fields but when I turned around I saw a small, unfamiliar tractor. I could scarcely believe it, but that tractor was pulling right in to Pennington Point Cemetery, just fitting under the arched gateway. I hurried to stand up and look for the flip-flops that I had kicked off somewhere. After parking the John Deere on the gravel roadway, a stranger stepped down from the open cab. He looked like he was my dad's age, was wearing a thin gray tee-shirt, and had little bits of alfalfa stuck all over his damp skin. I stood there like a dumb mute, one foot still padding the grass around me, looking for its sandal, as if it was important to not appear like the barefoot farm-girl that I was. The farmer looked me over once, looked at Emily's grave for a long moment, then back to me.

"You were her age, weren't you?" he asked me. I nodded. Suddenly he let loose a dry, choked sob and put a hand up to his eyes. The other dug into his hip and his broad shoulders became hunched. This man was crying.

"It's not natural, is it? Having to say goodbye. To someone. So young? Parents. Shouldn't have. To bury their babies. This isn't the way. It was supposed to be." He was barely making any noise, just standing there in front of me choking on his words and sweating in the summer heat, tears streaming down his face and watering the dry grass below. The man looked back at Emily's grave, wiped his face with his damp and dirty shirt, took a deep breath, and then squinted up at the sun.

He whispered, "These things sure do happen fast don't they? One minute your little girl is riding her bike and then..." He motioned vaguely at Emily's oval, rose colored tombstone. He stood there like that for another minute or so, silently taking in Emily's grave as if trying to memorize every flower laid there. Finally, he looked back to me.

"Do you mind if I give you a hug?" he asked quietly.

For some reason, I was not afraid of this man. I realized that he was just another father standing before two daughters, only one of which he could hold. I nodded and stepped towards him. He smelled like hay and summer and sweat; he smelled like my own father. When I stepped away I smiled up at him and he said goodbye. That was all.

In the years that have followed I often would sit and visit with nd 3.270 2 ou mi noosewed I often would sit and visit with nd

I had reached a decision. I couldn't stand to put her through more pain. She deserved so much better than to fade into a robot on medication that she despised. I held her tightly in my arms as the vet reentered the room. Dad was out of town for work, but Mom, my grandma, and my (human) best friend were all there with me to say good-bye to her. I knew I wanted to hold her when they made the injection. I did not want her to die in the hands of a stranger. She seemed to know something was going to happen. I sat her on the cold, metal examination table and held her small head in my hands, rubbing her ears to soothe us both. I looked into her gentle eyes and saw a hint of fear. I repeated to her, "I love you, I love you..." It was the last thing she heard as the formidable needle poisoned her. Softly collapsing onto the table, she left me.

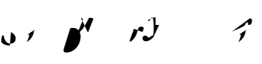
For one brief second, I denied my loss. Then it all hit me as I felt myself begin to sob harder than ever, falling to the floor and mourning the greatest loss of my life.

I didn't remember a day in my life that didn't include her. She was a constant, invariable and true. But now I faced an unimaginable reality: life without my best friend. I cried and cried over her small body, finally allowing Mom to drag me from the room, telling me that I had to let go. Arriving home was awful. I saw her all around me, smelled her, wrapped myself up in her blanket. I passed the couch in the living room that was concrete evidence of her life. An indentation was present on top of the back of the couch, showing where she laid (against Mom's wishes). We had tried so many times to fluff the couch back up, but it was impossible. Buttons had made her mark.

My life hasn't been the same since she left. Every day I face the memories of her, and I wonder if I could have, would have, done anything differently. It has taken so long to realize that prolonging her life would have just caused her pain, and that I gave her everything I could while she was alive. Her thirteen years were well-lived: full of car rides, spaghetti, and snuggles. Loving her was all I could do. She was not my hostage to hold; I was hers.



Amanda Axley
Macomb High School



When I think about myself in nature, I imagine myself as one of many, yet unique. A snowflake maybe, although I've heard that snowflakes actually do repeat, even though nobody will ever live long enough to see the twin of the snowflake they've examined.

Sometimes when it's nice outside, I'll go and find a place to read or write. I like walking down our road to the woods between our house and our neighbors', and depending on what shoes I happen to be wearing, I might slip through the gap in the fence and walk through the woods. There are bushes with needle-sharp thorns and flowers and trees with spikes as long as my hand. I see deer sometimes, but mostly it's just the forest, the creek, and me.

The creek is beautiful; its banks are tall and steep, held together by tree roots. The stream itself is tiny and no deeper than

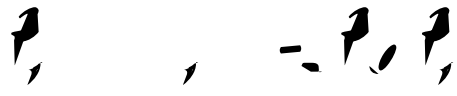
Colten Bradford
V.I.T. High School

1, 2, 3, 4

5, 6, 7



Autumn DePew
Keokuk High School



There is a place, tucked away in the corner of Maryland, which has always been an Eden for me. Outside the little town of Ridgley, lives my grandmother.

Her house is as square as a cereal box, and red like rust on metal. There is a barn with a sagging roof on to the right and a chicken pen that hasn't housed chickens since my mom was a teenager. There are several large trees in the front yard. One of them has a tire swing dangling from its lower branch and another is decorated with an array of wind chimes. Whenever the wind blows, a symphony plays.

Around the back there is a sun porch with an old fashioned, brick oven. Under the stone steps lives a dog named Butt Eye, who lost his tail fighting. On all sides there is corn, far as the eye can see. They stand tall and proud, as golden as the sun. Perfect for playing hide and go seek.

Inside, you can smell flour in the kitchen and musk in the living room. A parrot sits and talks about fish next to the TV. The windows don't have curtains, but welcome in the sunshine, pouring rainbow puddles on the couch and floor. There are pictures of Indian women all along the walls, as reminders of heritage, and figurines made of porcelain on the mantel above the fireplace.

The carpet is shag and tangles around your toes like coarse hair. A handmade rug lies in the hall, expanding the entire length, and leads up the stairs. The railing is old and the paint is curling and chipping. The walls have hundreds of pictures of family I have never even met.

On the second floor, my favorite room is on the left across from the bathroom. The bed is small but the shelves of books make it worth it. There are copies of novels that date back to WWI and beautiful portraits of sunsets in far away places. The smell is a mixture of dust and perfume, which I spray a couple times before going to bed. The windows are small but have a good view of the front yard. The button eyes of stuffed animals peer at you from the hammock they have been resting in since my uncle grew too old for them. His awards are tacked to the walls, mostly for 4H. I see his old prom picture on the nightstand with a girl I don't know, and only Grandma can remember her name. On the third floor there is a maze of rooms that are filled with decaying cardboard boxes of school papers and photo albums. The stairs leading upwards are narrow and steep. The windows are boarded up and there is a thick layer of dust on the floor that is not friendly to white socks. The air is filled with the scent of mothballs and urine, from all the cats that like to pee up there, marking their territory.

My second favorite room is the room my grandmother takes her naps in. There is a TV with all kinds of movies to choose from; movies like Casablanca and My Other Wife. There is a dress hanging in the corner that my grandmother wore on her wedding day. Its fabric is yellowed and the lace is rough, but I love to try it on nonetheless. Bumblebees seem to like sneaking in through the windows and burying in the carpet, making a walk across the room dangerous, but my grandmother never complains when one pokes her with its stinger.

I like to sit on the tire swing in the front, watching my family gather around the old picnic table, arguing over platters of seafood, and soak up the warm sun. Here in a little bit, we'll be leaving for the beach, and I can't wait to swim my little heart out. I know it will be years before I get to see this place again, so I take my time and try to memorize every little detail of this place. In my dreams, I will return to this little slice of heaven.

Here, I have felt the safest.



Leah Maerz
Keokuk High School



Unlike what I originally expected, comparing my generation to my dad's is like comparing night to day. I mean, let's get real! It sometimes seems as though the generation gap between us is so great, it is as though we are living a hundred years apart.

For example, I ask my dad if he has any CDs or special "pics" from his days at high school and he gives me this "are you kidding" kind of glare. "First of all," he retorts, in a matter of fact attitude, "CDs weren't even dreamed of back then, and by the way, the music I used to listen to doesn't even compare to the 'music' you listen to with your little MPV player, or whatever you call it," he finishes while giving me a glance that seems to say 'I'm better than you.'

I try not to giggle as I pull out my ear buds and prepare myself to really listen up to the 'back in my day...' speech that was already burned into my brain from hearing it a thousand times before.

"Back in my day," he says in a tone that is almost patronizing, "we didn't have computers, calculators, CDs or DDDs. We had pencil and paper and a brain!"

At this time I couldn't control my laughter and let out a good laugh at my father's ill use of acronyms. I had to respond, "So, you think we don't have brains now because we have better technology than you had when you were in school?"

He was really quick to posit, "You have a brain, but you just don't have to use it anymore!" I really felt like getting defensive and mocking everything that he has said at this point, including his misuse of technologic jargon, but I figured I might not get the rest of this paper done without my dad's cooperation, so I calmed down and tried a different approach.

I asked about sports and surprisingly got the same kind of enthusiasm and school spirit feelings from him that is so consistent with our current athletic programs now. I was just beginning to almost feel a connection with generations past when my dad, out of nowhere, began to play the 'deprived' card. The conversation went from 'going' to a football game to 'walking' to a football game. "Why is it that everyone expects a ride everywhere they go, or a car to get them there?" he asked. "Back in my day," he went on again, "we actually knew how to walk or get a job so that we could afford a car!"

Talking about transportation and cars, of course, led to the price of gas and how ridiculous the prices are now. Our idiev ae evco



Sarah Ritter
V.I.T. High School



It was a typical Monday filled with mistakes and unaccomplished tasks. The entire day flew by like an eight-wheeler on an interstate, with no purposeful direction or occurrences worth mentioning. I had agreed to accompany my Mom to her appointment at the salon after an agonizing day as a typical high school student. She was scheduled for a highlight and an all-over color, which would amount up to about three hours of painting on color and bending foil. I had planned on spending the duration of the appointment sitting in a rock-hard chair, delaying my responsibilities for the evening. I began to examine my already familiar surroundings when it occurred to me that I must rescue myself from the ordinary and mundane.

I began to pace around the salon with anxiety. The monotonous schedule that I had been forced to follow throughout the day was really taking a toll on my patience. My mind had finally arrived at an intersection where I could do something, anything at all, or declare myself temporarily insane. It was at that moment when a flashing, neon sign advertising acrylic finger nails became my salvation. Well, it wasn't bungee jumping or sky diving but for the time being it would have to do.

I walked into the portion of the salon that I typically avoided as a symbol of oppression against peer pressure and excessive 'prissy' behavior. I had arrived at the conclusion some time ago, that fake fingernails were a shameful tool used to trick innocent and unsuspecting females into paying a lot of money for something that would only hinder their ability to execute everyday activities with ease. I thought out the situation and came to the conclusion that I was being rather capricious in my judgments, and that I was far too young to be dismissing something I had never experienced. I then forced myself to throw my inhibitions to the wind and try something new; as soon as I recovered from the overpowering stench of conformism I sat down and began the process.

The eccentric Asian man named Andy who worked in the salon sat down at the counter and asked to see my hands. I was already hesitant and asking myself what I had gotten into when Andy informed me that my fingernails were horrible. He stared at my nails with an expression of horror and disbelief.

"Oh my, you bite your nails," Andy said.

"Mmm----yes," I replied. In my mind I was screaming, "Could you have said that any louder!?"

Andy exclaimed, "You decide to get acrylics in nick of time---otherwise no man ever want to marry you. No man in right mind will marry girl with bad nails."

WOW, as if I hadn't had a bad enough day already! A perfect stranger is sitting here telling me that I not only need to worry about college applications, completing excessive amounts of homework, finding stylish clothing, and having fashionable hair, but now I also have to worry about what my fingernails look like! My new, outspoken friend then began to grind away the surface of my fingernails along with what was left of my dignity.

Before I blinked, my natural nails were ground to a thin layer of adhesive for the piece of plastic that would soon be another obstacle for me to overcome. The acrylics were glued on one at a time; with each added nail I felt my hands gradually become more awkward and uncomfortable. I then proceeded to soak my nails in some strong-smelling liquid that would create a permanent 'bond' between me and my new burden. The task of applying the acrylics was coming to an end just in time for the most difficult decision of all....the color. I approached a wall of shiny glass bottles filled with every color imaginable. Should I choose school bus yellow? No way! As if these giant, Dracula-like nails won't draw enough attention on their own. Maybe I should go with something darker and more seasonal...yes, that is definitely the way to go. I have already conformed to society; I might as well go all the way and conform to the seasons.


As I sat at a wooden counter with my hands resting under a group of small fans, I began to think about the decision that I had made so suddenly. Was I really conforming, or just acting on an idea that was truly appealing to me? So what if I had conformed? I came to the conclusion that it is O.K. to give in to the temptations of peer pressure, as long as you do not abandon your original self. Following the cool new trends and dressing for the times is all part of interacting with society, not conforming to it. People change with each new hairstyle and fashion trend; it is natural to take a little part of every experience with you as well as leaving something behind. I fought my negative, predetermined opinions of something I knew nothing about and in turn, I had some rather good-looking results. I looked down at my new appendages and realized that I hadn't made a colossal, life-altering decision; I acted on an impulse and was given shiny new nails as my reward. Nothing more, nothing less.




Major Programs

The department offers majors in English (literature and language) and English Education. Students in both options can take a variety of courses in areas reflecting the major approaches that define the study of language and literature today. The study of Forms provides students precise language and concepts to understand how the structures of literature inform its meaning. The study of Traditions emphasizes the historical development of literature, particularly in terms of British and American literatures. Language and Theory courses give students the tools to precisely understand language and reflect on how texts come to have meaning in a variety of discourses, cultural contexts, and philosophical perspectives. Social Justice courses encourage students to explore how literary studies address issues of cultural power and politics. Examples would include the role of literature in responding to racism, gender identities, class conflict, and disability.

Literature and language majors take an additional professional development course. English education majors additionally take courses in the teaching of language, literature, and writing. All majors complete their training in English with a senior seminar.



The journalism major requires core courses in basic newswriting and reporting, communications law, and research methods. Students complete their journalism coursework by selecting news-editorial courses, such as editing, magazine writing, and editorial writing; public relations courses, including public relations writing and campaign strategy, and techniques and style; or advertising courses, such as advertising copy and layout, media planning, and creative strategy in advertising.



The Department of English and Journalism in conjunction with the College of Education and Human Services offers a degree in English Education leading to certification that enables WIU graduates to teach in high schools and middle schools. The program is designed to provide our students with substantial content and pedagogical knowledge—knowledge that will prepare them for a life-long career in teaching. Our goal is to help students develop habits of critical, reflective, and creative thinking.

Students take a series of courses that cover a variety of genres and historical periods, as well as a diverse range of ethnicities and culture. Our program also gives students opportunities to become confident and skilled writers in traditional and non-traditional modes, and promotes a comprehensive language arts curriculum, which includes technology, visual arts, drama, and film. This progressive program also promotes the teaching and learning of 21st Century literacies.

English Department faculty are committed to establishing close relationships with teacher education candidates throughout the program. Candidates are paired with caring and knowledgeable faculty members who assist them regularly throughout their teacher preparation experience.

Minors



The Creative Writing minor allows students the opportunity to explore the craft of fiction, poetry, and nonfiction in an intensive manner—through a series of writing workshops in each of these genres. This is very much a hands-on minor. The emphasis is upon practice and critique. Students will write a great deal and have that work read by the workshop participants and teachers. In previous years, Creative Writing minors have gone on

Film plays an increasingly important role in many disciplines. The Interdisciplinary Film Minor at Western Illinois University gives students the opportunity to explore multiple ways films can be viewed and the skills they need as they find themselves living in a world more and more defined by visual literacy.

The Interdisciplinary Film Minor combines aspects of critical and theoretical approaches to film with opportunities for production and performance experience. The Minor offers a broad range of courses including international cinemas, film theory and criticism, documentary, women in film and television, and production and acting techniques. Students will be taught by experienced faculty who are members of the Society for Media and Cinema Studies, have participated in national film festivals and conferences and have widely published in the field of film studies.

The Interdisciplinary Film Minor makes a valuable complement to a range of undergraduate majors. The Minor provides critical skills in visual literacy, and it prepares students for careers in film review, production, and performance, broadcasting, education, advertising, and graphic arts.

In addition to course work, Western Illinois University provides opportunities for students to participate in a number of film-related activities, including an International Film Series, the University Union Board's Cinema Showcase, and a Summer Film Series, as well as numerous screenings, workshops, and lectures by guest speakers throughout the academic year.

WIU offers an interdisciplinary minor in Professional Writing that is designed to provide training, experience, theoretical background, and credentialing for careers in editing, technical writing, or professional writing, as well as for positions in business and industry which require writing expertise. The minor offers advanced writing courses in a number of genres and a variety of practical writing and design skills. Since so many current job opportunities require evidence of writing ability, the minor in Professional Writing will enhance any major offered at WIU.

The department offers twelve scholarships for English majors and two journalism scholarships limited to students from designated geographical areas in west-central Illinois. The Department of English and Journalism "Scholar of the Year Award" honors the outstanding junior or senior in the department. Detailed information on scholarships is available from the department advising office (309/298-2189), Western's Scholarship office (309/298-2001), or on the web at www.wiu.edu/Scholarship.

The department offers two student societies for its English majors: (1) the Western chapter of Sigma Tau Delta is our national honorary society, and (2) the student chapter of the National Council of Teachers of English is for those English majors who are planning careers in teaching. Our majors are also active in publishing our annual literary magazine, *Elements*, featuring works of fiction, poetry, and nonfiction written by our students.

The journalism program provides three student organizations: (1) a chapter of the Public Relations Student Society of America (PRSSA), (2) a chapter of the American Advertising Federation called the Western Advertising Federation (WAF), and (3) a chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists (SPJ). Journalism students are encouraged to join the staff of the campus newspaper, the *Western Courier*, or to submit work to it. Students also have the opportunity to write for the University new service.

A wide variety of student activities and organizations are available to all Western students. Learn more at <http://osa.wiu.edu>.

The core values that are at the heart of the University are academic excellence, educational opportunity, personal growth, and social responsibility. Western's GradTrac and Cost programs guarantee that students can achieve their degrees within four years while paying a fixed rate for tuition, room, and board.

Dr. David Boocker, Chair • JD-Boocker@wiu.edu
124 Simpkins Hall • 309/298-1103

Ellen Poulter, Academic Advisor • E-Poulter@wiu.edu
130 Simpkins Hall • 309/298-2189