



Milos Balac

Universal Desk | Photo Captioning

Cornell University



Milos Balac is an American Studies major in the College of Arts & Sciences at Cornell University. Born in Manhattan, bred in the Bronx, and matured in Bronxville, Milos is a media fanatic, who hopes that he can handle DC after a life spent in New York. He is the former Vice President of Slope Media Group, Cornell's only student-run online media powerhouse, consisting of internet radio, internet TV, and a digital magazine. As Vice President, Milos oversaw all student-produced content and helped expand Cornell's multimedia coverage of music, arts & entertainment, sports, and news. He even had the opportunity to meet and interview Ludacris, Billy Bragg, and Afrika

Bambaataa. Known to his loyal listeners and readers as "Losh," Milos also hosts two radio shows (The 12 Steps and Losh: The Musical Experience) and writes a biweekly column for the Cornell Daily Sun, 'The Master of Mixology.' He is also a member of the Cornell Ski Team. In his spare time, Milos enjoys photography, recording music, making movies, and searching for fresh kicks. He is currently studying abroad in Paris.

Jorge Castillo

Sports | Reporter

Yale University



I've been lucky.

Through the years I've heard my friends change their ideas — and in the past couple years panic — about what they exactly wanted to do with their lives. Not me. Since the age of 11 I've known what I wanted to be — a sports journalist.

My family thought I wasn't normal. I wouldn't watch cartoons like other kids my age. I would much rather watch the random college basketball game instead. I was a fanatic. Every Sunday I'd get up at 7 a.m., run outside to grab the Worcester Telegram

& Gazette and read it while watching Saturday's highlights.

It's not like I didn't share every kid's dream of becoming an athlete. Of course I did. I played baseball and basketball through high school, often playing on multiple teams at once, and even did a year of varsity golf — despite rarely ever playing the sport before. One day I wanted to be the next Derek Jeter making clutch plays to win the World Series and on another I envisioned pushing off Byron Russell and sinking a jumper to win the NBA title a la Michael Jordan. But I was also told the chances of that happening were not too high. My parents stressed education, and sports journalism, I hoped, could merge the two.

When I stepped onto campus in the fall of 2007 with zero journalism experience, the first place I went to was the Yale Daily News and that's been my second home ever since. Some friends may argue that in my past year as a Sports Editor that it has been my first home. That's tough to argue. To be honest, academics took a backseat to the YDN. But I don't regret it one bit. Journalism has allowed me to do what I love to do: learn and write.

Part of the reason that I decided to be a History major was that I find much of the same in being a journalist and a historian. Both craft stories based on facts for others to read and both offer the opportunity to learn about something you love on the job. After interning at the Telegram two years ago, my aspirations were cemented last summer as a Sports intern at the Philadelphia Inquirer. It was all I could ever ask for and more. I can only imagine what this summer and the future holds for me. Hopefully my luck doesn't run out.

Xiaomei Chen

Presentations Desk | Multimedia Editor

Ohio University



Compared to most Chinese, I am a successful failure because I have jumped too many times from one idea to another to taste life, sometimes like Jose Arcadio Buendia, sometimes like Don Quixote.

When I was a hungry little child in China, when rustles of plastic food bags would make me drool, I wanted to become a grocery shop assistant, so I could munch on snacks behind the counter all day long.

When I reached school age, I found homework a burden. For revenge, I decided to become a teacher. As a teacher, I wouldn't have any homework. I would watch TV every evening while my students would have to finish their homework and complain! Well, I did become a teacher, but I was a little disappointed to find that it was actually easier to be a student than a teacher.

As I grew older, my curiosity went beyond a grocery store or a school. I wanted to see a bigger world.

I figured journalism would take me to different parts of the world to satisfy my curiosity. I quit my teaching job to study journalism. However, when I got my degree in journalism, I was reluctant to be part of the Communist Party's "throat," a term for news media in China.

I turned to anthropology. Anthropology would really take me to the remotest places with exotic cultures, I thought. I accepted a Ph.D. scholarship for anthropology and my parents were relieved that I was to become a professor. "She is finally settled," they thought, or so they hoped. Alas, I changed my mind again because my mentor and friend Kevin Moloney convinced me that I'd better be a photographer.

So here I am, a photo intern - while my former students have become teachers. This is quite a shame to my parents, but they have learned to accept it. "If there were a hell, I know you would just run to find out what a hell looks like," my mother once said. She didn't add, "don't go there."

Keith Collins

Universal Desk | Web Producer

Temple University



At the age of 30, I may be the oldest undergraduate ever to enter the illustrious summer internship program at The Washington Post. As I'm sure you can imagine the story of a 30-year-old college senior would be, mine is one of many twists and turns, stints in corporate jobs, and of course the occasional change of major. Today, I'm both a staff member and a student at Temple University in Philadelphia. I work in web development at Temple's College of Education and concurrently study journalism at Temple's School of Communication, routinely making a solid effort to reconcile my extensive background in web technology with my relentless desire to write.

Until now, that reconciliation attempt has typically resulted in little more than writing articles about technology for the school paper and writing my own blog software. This summer, however, I'll be

working with The Post's Interactivity Team in what will undoubtedly be the most significant combination of my interests in web and journalism to date.

Although I did recently work in an internship with the web team at Philadelphia's Fox affiliate, it wasn't quite as significant an endeavor as I expect my summer with The Post will be. I think the chief problem with my internship at Fox was that it was an internship at Fox. It did, however, give me the opportunity to work in a newsroom with some smart producers and talented writers, and my hope is that the experience will serve as a helpful stepping stone.

My overall goal is to use my experience in web production and my passion for writing to develop new, useful ways to tell engaging stories. I do my best to not be discouraged by my advanced age (or the looming threat of dementia it brings), and I work hard every day to remain fully engaged both in my studies and in my work. I hope to contribute a lot to The Post over the summer, and I'm very excited to join the team.

Shannon Epps

Universal Desk | Multiplatform Editor

Hampton University



When Shannon Epps began college at Hampton University in Hampton, Va., four years ago, she was a pharmacy major. It didn't take long for her to realize it wasn't the right route for her. Just halfway through her freshman year she changed her major to journalism, and she hasn't looked back. Epps graduated May 9, 2010, with a BA in print journalism, with a minor in marketing. The Smithfield, Va., native's first internship was as a reporter at the Herald-Mail in Hagerstown, Md., after her freshman year. The following summer, she was a Dow Jones News Fund business reporting intern at the Naples (Fla.) Daily News, and in the summer of 2009 she completed a second DJNF internship as a copy editor at the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times. She is the first person in the 51-year history of the news fund to receive three consecutive internships, as she will participate in the Fund's multimedia editing program this summer at The Washington Post. Epps also participated in the Chips Quinn Scholars program in Nashville, Tenn., this summer. She is the 2009 recipient of the Peggy M. Peterman scholarship through the St. Petersburg Times, and she was recently awarded the American Copy Editors Society's top annual scholarship, the Merv Aubespain award.

Allison Ghaman

Presentations Desk | Features Designer

University of Michigan



As I left The Michigan Daily newsroom for the last time in April, I gathered up pages I had designed from the archive of PDFs. There were several that I hadn't seen in years — inside pages that I had struggled to squeeze together, my fledgling attempts at illustration. Flipping through them once I was done, the effect was akin to reading an old diary from childhood: awkward and a little embarrassing. At first, I wanted to close the files and leave them to gather dust in a tucked-away corner of my external hard drive. But as I continued to look through them, the embarrassment waned.

There were my first pages, illogical and faulty. They were succeeded by a slow progress through my first two years of school, then quick growth spurts of style and restraint after my internships at the San Francisco Chronicle in 2008 and The Washington Post in 2009. By the end, I had reached products of which I could be proud. Not only did these pages convey messages about the copy and photographs they contained, they told a story about me too.

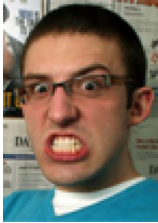
At age 18, I hadn't heard of news design at all. Four years later, I am gleefully returning from the University of Michigan for my second internship at The Washington Post. I was fortunate to have

contributed to the Post's roster of Society for News Design awards in 2009. But those old PDFs on my hard drive prove one thing: the chance for growth and learning is an endless pursuit.

Adam Griffiths

Presentations Desk | Web Producer

Kent State University



Admittedly, the only owner's manual I think I've ever read cover to cover was the redesign guide Jon Wile sent me two months after my first Post internship. (I was most excited to see the gap closed in the Metro flag, which I tried to fix for one late Saturday night edition, but Ken Smith hadn't gone home yet and caught me.) I spent the last year back at Kent State working toward a visual journalism degree and spending my last of two years editing Fusion, the LGBT student magazine. I'm not quite done with school yet – I have an online class and a paper to write for a minor. I'll walk in December, but my move to the District this summer is permanent. Between

last summer and the various positions I held throughout student media, I've realized what I want to end up doing is something between editing and designing. Art directing, maybe? I really want to start my own magazine for gay teens. But for now, I'm looking forward to catching up with old friends, meeting new ones — and a new class of fellow interns — and getting up to speed on the new newsroom and everything that's changed. I still share stories about last summer, from the Post and otherwise, notably one about a certain vertical headline that ran on the Metro front. But that's really what I'm sure of as I head back – that life and everything we do here as journalists is just about the stories we tell in whatever form they may come. I just really like doing my part to make sure we do them all justice.

Emily Ingram

Universal Desk | Web Producer

University of Nebraska - Lincoln



Emily Ingram grew up in rural Nebraska, a land of dirt roads, county fairs and family farms. Now a senior news-editorial and advertising major at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, Ingram has worked for print, Web and broadcast news outlets for the past four years.

Last year, she worked as UNL's campus bureau chief for ABC News On Campus, covering Midwest issues for ABC's broadcast and digital platforms. Her summers have included copy editing internships at the Atlanta Journal-Constitution and the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette, and she spent a year and a half as a copy editing and design intern at the Lincoln (Neb.) Journal Star. When not at internships, Ingram worked her way up at the Daily Nebraskan, UNL's independent student newspaper, where she served as Web director.

Ingram also has served as online manager for Redwire, a publication of UNL's journalism college, and hosted newscasts for KRNU, the campus radio station. Ingram is a member of the Online News Association and is active in the American Copy Editors Society, serving as Webmaster and a past president of UNL's chapter. Last spring, UWIRE named her among the top 100 student journalists in the nation.

Stephanie Lee

Local News | First Responders / Reporter

UC Berkeley



Chasing stories can take you strange places. Not many get stranger than Berkeley, where building occupations, tree-sitters and budget cuts are nearly as routine as sunshine. It's an interesting place to be a student, but a downright fantastic place to be a journalist.

I witnessed all of the above—and then some—as a reporter, an assistant news editor and the managing editor at The Daily Californian, UC Berkeley's student-run newspaper. In the summers between, I wrote and produced multimedia at the Pasadena (Calif.) Star-News, The Virginian-Pilot and Inside Higher Ed. Along the way, I've stood on a Coast Guard cutter at dawn, attended a motorcycle-club leader's funeral and interviewed Japanese students sent to internment camps in 1942. I also bought a Honda Accord without windshield wipers and consumed an unhealthy amount of coffee. Such are the perks of journalism.

Last summer at Inside Higher Ed, I wrote an investigative article that questioned the validity of the U.S. News & World Report's college rankings. The story helped win a National Award for Education Reporting. My short time as a reporter has been quite a ride, and to report for The Washington Post is an honor.

I grew up in Southern California, yet still don't understand its freeways. At UC Berkeley, I majored in comparative literature, studied Spanish in Madrid, lived in a student-run cooperative and wrote my senior thesis about Theodore Dreiser, who's been called one of the worst great writers in the history of literature. With all due respect to Mr. Dreiser, I hope not to follow in his footsteps. I love art postcards, films, cities, American history, traveling and, of course, stories. I'm looking forward to chasing some good ones this summer.

Phillip Lucas

Local News / First Responders | Reporter

Howard University



I was in the advising office of Seattle's Franklin High School when journalism found me in 2004. Back then I was a scrawny, quiet "four-eyes," whose answer to most of life's questions was a shrug accompanied by an occasional yawn. I needed a fifth-period elective and it came down to journalism or ceramics. The prospect of spending hours wrist deep in clay just didn't appeal to me, so I enrolled in my first journalism course. I walked into our first class unsure of what exactly I was getting myself into. I walked out the last day motivated, preparing for a two-week workshop with the Dow Jones Newspaper Fund, and working as an intern at the South Seattle Star — a

biweekly community newspaper. Choosing journalism as an elective in 2004 was probably one of the best decisions I've ever made, and it completely changed the course of my life

As the youngest of six in a middle class family, I hadn't planned on going straight to college. However, once I took a closer look at journalism as a career, opportunities for me opened where I thought none existed. I came to Washington D.C. in August of 2006 scared and unsure of what to expect. Then I worked toward ensuring that my family's investment in my education and career wouldn't be in vain. My freshman year I worked as a copy editor and reporter for the Howard University Hilltop, and as a campus correspondent for CNN.com. Since then, I've worked as a Washington Bureau intern for the Buffalo News, the Washington Informer, the Seattle Times and ABC News, Washington.

I'm still amazed with the places journalism has taken me, and how fast it's all happened. As an intern for the Buffalo News, I quietly conducted interviews in a weaving line of people waiting to see the body of Tim Russert in St. Albans Cathedral. Months later, I found myself shivering in the press section at President Barack Obama's inauguration ceremony. Last summer I dove headfirst into crime and metro coverage at The Seattle Times, and left with a renewed understanding of how journalists could give a voice to the voiceless. I'm still that scrawny and quiet "four-eyes" I was when journalism found me in high school. However, I've pursued a career in journalism with passion I never knew existed in me, and I've learned about myself in ways I never expected. I spend free time catching up with friends, trying new recipes, exploring Washington D.C. and at home trying to make the perfect cup of coffee. (I am

from Seattle, after all.)

Naomi Nix

Universal Desk | Web Producer

Princeton University



I sometimes tell people that I became journalist before I learned to multiply. I was a third grader home on a rainy day, and I made my own newspaper called, “The Naomi Nix News” or as I would say “Triple N” for short. The paper didn’t have a long lifespan, but I never fell out of love with journalism. Even though I have been telling stories for the past eight years, the idea that you can make a living talking to strangers never ceases to amaze me. And why wouldn’t it? A press pass has given me access to everything from a sitdown with General David Petraeus to murder scenes in Philly to local celebrities in Buenos Aires. My experience as a reporter has allowed me to cover things like the Democratic National Convention, the struggles of New Jersey churches, and Cuban American politics in South Florida. For me it doesn’t matter if I am reporting the story for print, video, or podcast. As long as it’s a form of journalism I am happy. I have spent my summers working for media outlets such as The News Journal, an NPR member station, and most recently The Philadelphia Inquirer. During the school year I have regularly covered local politics for The Trenton Times. The best times I have spent as a student have not been in the classroom, but busy working in the newsrooms of the campus newspaper, The Daily Princetonian and the campus radio station, WPRB. As a graduating senior at Princeton University, I am really excited to begin the next chapter of my life at The Washington Post. This summer I plan to master the metro, find a spoken- word event, and perhaps pick up my knitting hobby again.

Alexandra Petri

Editorial Dept | Writer

Harvard University



I have always had an affinity for newspapers. They are like people, but they mind less if you put them down and wander off to eat something. I grew up poring through the contents of The Post, from the front page to the automotive ads. The stories became ingrained in my memory, to the point that I still sometimes confuse things I have read in the Metro section with events from my personal life.

Words are the kaleidoscope through which I glimpse the world, and I can’t conceive of a life not refracted through language. Except for a two-week period in second grade when I decided to be a composer, I have always felt most at home within the confines of a ruled sheet of paper, and the word “writer” has become a more and more permanent companion. When I applied to college, I had to scrounge for other careers. “Civil servant?” I wrote. “Sanitation worker?” I was going to put “international diamond thief,” but my family became terrified that the admissions department would take this literally and, instead of accepting my application, would send someone over to arrest me.

Words have taken me in directions I would never have imagined. I penned a bi-weekly opinion column for the Harvard Crimson and found myself deluged in comments from professors, classmates, and strangers with odd names like JerseyRepublicanBikerChick. Working on the Post’s editorial page last summer, I became versed in topics I’d never dreamed of—from Chinese internet censorship to the number of speed bumps in Washington, DC (one every 1.5 miles). I am delighted to be returning to my post (and Post) this summer and hope to avoid any more bad puns.

Rick Roias

Texas A&M University

It's a rookie mistake, I know: I let a story get to me.

While spending an afternoon reporting the obituary for the "dean of ufology" (that would be the study of UFOs), another expert in the field explained how aliens could have a hand in everything from the careers and friendships to the minutiae in the life of "experiencers" (the politically correct term for abductees, as she would later explain). Any tiny moment, she said, might be part of the aliens' often unclear manifest.

So, naturally, it was troubling when I turned on the TV after work and there was a "Primetime" special coincidentally repeating everything I'd learned that day. I have to confess: I locked the door and closed the curtains, as though a sliding glass door would keep out E.T.'s yenta cousin.

Last year, with the help of my Post colleagues on obits and in Montgomery County, I had a summer of learning that such things as ufology existed, and covered the burgeoning civil rights issues of flashing headlights and fortune telling. I discovered a dynamic place that made every day as a reporter the kind of adventure that left a little knot of nervousness in my stomach and a ridiculous grin on my face.

I came to the Post by way of the Courier-Journal in Louisville, Ky., where I was a Chips Quinn Scholar intern for summer 2008. I've also worked as a stringer on campus for the Dallas Morning News, for the national desk at the New York Times and for The Post covering the shootings at Fort Hood last fall. I took part in the Times Student Journalism Institute in 2008 at the University of Arizona. And I have been an editor and reporter for the campus daily and yearbook at Texas A&M University, which I will have (hopefully) graduated from with a political science degree by the time you read this.

I'm a bingo-playing, bayou-fishing, reality-TV-watching native son of Beaumont, Tex., whose vast career experience also includes collecting the high school football scores for my hometown TV station in middle school and hawking fried onions and crawfish etouffee at a flea market concession stand.

I still can't believe I get to come back to the Post for a second round. It's almost like the will of some supernatural power is involved in this. Oh, no, the aliens...

Sonja RystNational Econ & Business | Reporter

Temple University

When I was living in Quito, opponents of then-president Abdala Bucaram held a meeting to organize protests against him. I went, and as soon as I walked into the room, the men around the table fell into silence. I was probably twenty years younger than the youngest of them. Finally someone looked in my direction and asked why I'd come.

I'd studied literature at Stanford and devoted myself to fiction, so I wanted a writing job. "I'm a journalist," I said. It was the first time I referred to myself that way and the Spanish words rolled on my tongue, validating my right to exist. I don't think the men felt the same because they showed me the door, but for me, it was a turning point.

Later when I moved to Queens, I got a call from David Schutt, the editor of a financial trade publication at Thomson Media (now SourceMedia.) "Which do you think is more interesting," he said. "High yield or insurance?"

"High yield," I said. I had no idea what that was, but anything had to be more interesting than insurance.

Schutt ended up offering me a job writing about high-risk bonds. I thought finance was for people who

wanted nothing more from life than Corvettes, but I liked Schutt, a writerly guy in black leather. More to the point, I only had \$300 and my bills loomed.

To my surprise, I loved the job. My sources spoke a new English that had its own jargon vocabulary. Reporting taught me that bankers decide who can put bread on the table, and I felt like one of the few liberals watching Peter steal to pay Paul. After a year and a half, I became a Latin America finance reporter at Dow Jones Newswires, where I wrote about shady tycoons, haggling creditors, and topsy-turvy markets. I e-mailed editors at The Wall Street Journal and discovered to my satisfaction that they usually answered; one of them let me work with him on two features.

I moved on to cover personal finance at BusinessWeek.com, where I found mentors who had worked for decades at the magazine. After that I freelanced often for TheStreet.com and wrote an article every week for American Banker. To avoid staying home alone all day, I worked at a writing center called Paragraph, alongside people who thought self-made business cards were normal. Then I won a merit-based, full-tuition waiver and \$14,000 per year stipend to pursue an M.A. in Creative Writing, and I took the chance to improve my narrative skills at Temple University from fall 2008 to spring 2010.

In summer 2009 I got an internship at The Philadelphia Inquirer, where I felt extraordinarily privileged. The senior managers encouraged us to visit, my editor sent me out to report stories in person, and I got to ask Craig McCoy how his team uncovered former Senator Vincent Fumo's corruption. Now I look forward to working at The Washington Post. Thanks for the opportunity.

Kevin Sieff

Local News / Enterprise | Reporter

John Hopkins SAIS



A few weeks after graduating from Brown, I started work as a deckhand on a commercial salmon fishing boat off the coast of Alaska. The days were grinding--we worked through the night, barely slept, grew gnarly fisherman beards. I spent my free time contemplating the other deckhands, scrawling notes on pieces of scrap paper. From those notes, I put together a few stories for the Anchorage Daily News, and later watched as my clips were used to wrap salmon.

Still, I found journalism immensely satisfying. When sockeye season ended, I threw away my waders and started to look for a reporting job. From Alaska, I moved to the U.S.-Mexico border, where for two years I reported on immigration, border security and drug trafficking. I spent time with illegal shark fishermen in northern Mexico. Saw my share of high-speed chases from the backseat of a Border Patrol truck. Watched mass exorcisms from atop the Sierra Madre mountains.

I broke a few stories that prompted coverage in The Post, and learned quickly that the most important news is often found on the political and geographic periphery.

For the last year, I've been studying international relations and economics at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies in Washington. I've also been working as a reporting trainee for the Financial Times, covering domestic policy and international affairs from Washington and India.

Machiko Yasuda

Universal Desk | Web Producer

University of California



For me, journalism was a way out of the house. At age 14, I begged my parents to trudge through gridlock and drive me to meetings at a teen newspaper, L.A. Youth. For an immigrant family unfamiliar with the city, it was asking a lot. Once a week, I left the polished lawns of suburbia for the Los Angeles I had read and seen in newspapers all of my life, yet never truly experienced.

In a small, unassuming office somewhere between Koreatown and Hollywood, I learned about more than just inverted pyramids, f-stops and the occasional journalism jargon. I found faces behind the city's notorious school drop-out rates, campus violence and foster care loopholes. But there were also the faces behind the yet-untold adventures of exploring the often-ignored subways and underground music scene of the city. And I found the need for storytelling.

Since then, I've learned the bus lines and streets by heart. Beyond the views of the city from car passenger seats, I've immersed myself into the city, as a student journalist, as a bus patron, as a Spanish language learner. Commuting to an editorial internship at a start-up magazine and then later at a news blog, I found stories on sidewalks and bus seats. Whether they've been the tattoos of professors or the mysterious late-night recyclable scavengers on my street, these stories - in text, photos, multimedia - continue to be my excuse to get out of the house, out of the cars and out of comfort zones.

For the past four years as a comparative literature student and an online editor for the school paper, I've adjusted into a completely different biorhythm: uploading stories late at night, practicing both the language of the city and the language of computers, and constantly on the lookout for that next story.

I am honored to have a chance to work at The Post this summer, and explore the city along the way.

Designed by Madia Brown, Presentation Desk. Edited by Peter Perl.