

From: Chiara Stuttard [REDACTED]
Sent: 05 May 2021 20:15
To: NI Enquiries <NIEnquiries@planninginspectorate.gov.uk>
Subject: Please Stop Sizewell C

Dear National Infrastructure Planning,

I am [REDACTED] and naturalist. Below, I have outlined my concerns with the Sizewell C Project.

- 500 million fish would be sucked into the cooling systems of the nuclear power station. This would damage ecosystems and affect terns and many other species.
- Sizewell C would be positioned on one of the fastest eroding coastlines in the UK. If the sea eroded the cliffs up to Sizewell C, the results would be catastrophic.
- Noise pollution and light pollution would affect the many endangered species which live at RSPB Minsmere, neighbouring the proposed power station.

I have attached two Word documents, both written by me, about my feelings about Sizewell C.

Yours Sincerely,
Chiara Stuttard

Sent from [Mail](#) for Windows 10



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They called it *her* place. Somewhere where she could be herself. Out on the marsh, everything was connected. The sky, the sea, the grasses, swaying dramatically from side to side as the North wind took revenge. The salt slashed at her brown bare legs as she emerged from the mud by the river, connected. She would return the next week, to 'normality' like the uniformed squares in her Maths book. And everyone would go home, to their houses where the sweet pink on the walls seeped in like a sickness. Because they all had their places. The ice-cream shop, the park where the cool kids smoked a cigarette and threw up as their lungs wept with poison. Her place was different. And every time when she left it, she took photos, to look at and dream about on her school laptop with one hundred different safety and security measures barring her. Then, on the last night, as the sunset was showered across the wide, wide fields, she would be tucked up in a Welsh blanket, having taken the last train out of 'normality'. Because out on the marsh, everything was connected. And she was connected with it.

But then things began to shift. The connections fell out of balance, out of harmony, out of synchronisation. Some said that all of those with their sugar pink walls and late-night discos needed power, and a lot of it. And they couldn't gain their power where they lived, within the interior of the grey lines. They didn't want to gain it there, they said that it would be ugly until it reached them. They wanted safety, but they also wanted power. And so they chose to exploit it in *her* place. She protested, but their greed grew and grew. Power was what they wanted, they could rule the world with it, they said. And once they did that, they would help her, give her pink walls of her own and a park to hang out in after dark. They didn't know she was different, that was not what she wanted. They couldn't have known, not with the filters they put between themselves, the rabbit ears and the rainbow tongues. They grew their power out on the marsh, where everything was no longer connected. It grew and grew, and the poison from their cigarettes leaked onto the marsh as they came to see it. The marsh harriers screeched as they soared when the power reached their ears. The sea stole some of the power and it came to far one time when the power put barricades up to stop it. The sky was grey, grey like the uniformed squares in her Maths book.

And then the power exploded.

The pink walls came crumbling down, like cupcake dust. They had tipped themselves, the marsh, everything over the edge. A boy, one of the survivors, his eyes hollow with shame, emerged from the rubble. He held out his hand to her.

"Sorry," he said.

All around them, power lay in the air like a twisted pink sickness.

You say that it will create more jobs for locals, more apprenticeships, more income. But I know that is just a cover-up from those behind platinum titles, those who have never been to RSPB Minsmere and felt the wind rushing past pink cheeks, who have never sat in the hides as peace descended over the reedbed, those who have never felt connected to something bigger than themselves.

And you, who have never done these things, will talk over those who shout for change. Maybe you will see an article, hidden away at the bottom of the news page, screaming 'Sizewell C sucks up over 500 million fish'. For we that scream can only scream for so long. But we will never stop fighting. Never will we let our grandchildren ask us:

"What became of Suffolk?"

Only for us to answer:

"Nuclear waste."

How many times will this happen before we can get through those platinum titles. How many times must we go through Windscale, Chernobyl and Fukushima, again and again, before you learn? Do we really think it is sensible to let China help build an encased nuclear bomb in England?

Of course not. But you need power, don't you? Power to keep the country running. More sustainable than coal or gas, you say. But why not wind, or solar? More efficient, you say. More sustainable and more efficient. But what about the otters and the rare natterjack toads, the terns, red-throated divers, marsh harriers, bitterns, water voles and so many more, all impacted by this because of light pollution, noise pollution, loss of habitat and loss of prey.

And the coastline is eroding. What will you do when the waves crash against the cliffs one too many times, and Sizewell C falls into the sea?

We signed a petition. We campaigned, again and again. What more do we have to do, to get the message through, to STOP SIZEWELL C!