

Cristina Guerrero

From: STP_COL
Sent: Thursday, February 21, 2008 12:35 PM
To: Laura Quinn
Subject: Fwd: Public Comment re EIS for South Texas Project, Unit 3 and 4, COLA
Attachments: Public Comment re EIS for South Texas Project.doc

>>> <bjrbay@sbcglobal.net> 02/07/2008 4:21 PM >>>
The text below is attached as a Word file as well.

Public Comment re EIS for South Texas Project, Unit 3 and 4, COLA

Public Open House February 5, 2008, Bay City, TX

Dear Sir:

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I attended the afternoon session of the public open house in Bay City, TX on February 7, 2008. Public comments were solicited, but I have been unable to find a preferred format. I hope this will suffice. I have only just now begun to collect my thoughts and I hope the following will help you to see how you are failing to carry out your charter of protecting the safety and health of US citizens.

I offer the following fable to help you understand my frustration. It is not a joke. It has a moral.

I am in a boat in the middle of the ocean. Along with me is Cap'n STP. (That's short for South Texas Project.) It's a small boat and we are very poor. Cap'n STP comes to me one day and says "I know how to get some money".

"That's great," I say.

"We just need to punch a small hole in the bottom of the boat to get the money," he says.

"Not so great," I say, suspiciously.

"Don't worry," he says, "the Nautical Regulatory Commission (NRC), which is in charge of ensuring your health and safety is giving us a bucket to bail the dirty bilge water out of the boat and put it where it will do no harm, back in the ocean."

"OK" says I, with not quite the enthusiasm as before.

Years pass. All is good. Then one day the NRC comes and snatches away my bucket.

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1 Add = C. Guerrero (ex93)
P. Kallan (pbk1)

"The government has decided that they don't want any more of your dirty water in our nice clean ocean," the NRC says. "But don't worry it will be many years before your boat fills up."

"OK," I say, nervously, "when can I have my bucket back?"

"We're working on that," they say.

Time passes. My feet get wet.

One day Cap'n STP rushes in and says "I have a great idea!"

"Thank God," I say, "I was beginning to worry about all the water in the boat."

"We're going to double the size of the hole in the boat to get more money!" he says with a wildness in his eyes that really scares me. But after thinking about it awhile, I calm down. I know that Cap'n STP needs the permission of the NRC to do this. Surely, the fine folks at NRC, who are in charge of mitigating risk to my health and safety, will see the folly of this plan.

Imagine my horror when I hear the NRC's response to Cap'n STP. "We don't see a problem," they say.

"Well, can I at least have my bucket back?" I ask.

"We're working on that," they say, "How did your shoes get so wet? You should be more careful. It's not good for your health."

Timothy Ryan

2920 Avenue I

Bay City, TX 77414