

MEGAN McDONALD

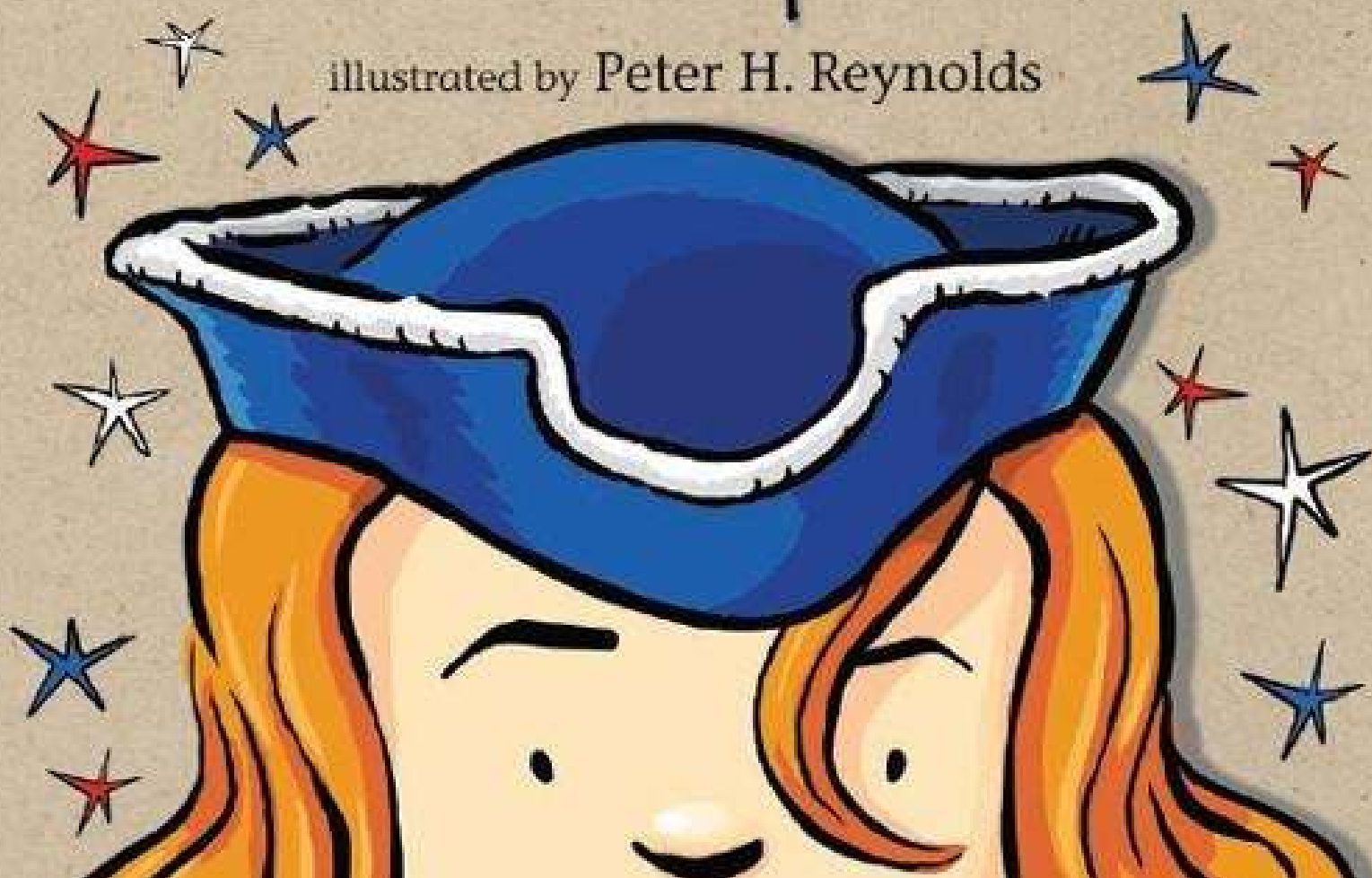
no. 6



JUDY MOODY

Declares Independence

illustrated by Peter H. Reynolds



Judy Moody Declares Independence



Megan McDonald

illustrated by
Peter H. Reynolds



CANDLEWICK PRESS



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In memory of
Jon and Mary Louise McDonald
M. M.

To Diana Gaikazova,
who declared independence
and is making history of her own
P. H. R.



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10 Things You May Not Know About Megan McDonald

10 Things You May Not Know About Peter H. Reynolds



Judy MOODY

Judy Moodington

Who's Who



MOM

Kate "Betsy Ross" Moody



DAD

Richard "John Hancock" Moody



John Hancock

Fancy first signer
of the Declaration of
Independence



TORI

Not a Tory; fab collector
of sugar packets



Paul Revere

Bell ringer,
false teeth maker,
midnight rider



Sybil Ludington

Sybil La-Dee-Da,
girl Paul Revere

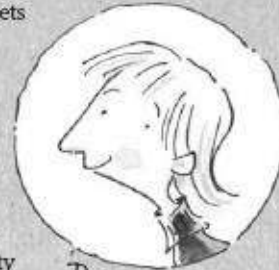


Stink

Town crier, fond
of musical toilets



Frank



Rocky

Partners in crime:
the Boston Tub Party

Bean Town,
MOO-sa-chu-setts

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

She, Judy Moody, was in Boston! Bean Town! As in Mas-sa-chu-setts. As in the Cradle of Liberty, Birthplace of Ben Famous Franklin and Paul Revere. Land of the Boston Tea Party and the Declaration of Independence.

“Boston rules,” said Judy.

Three best things about Boston so far were:

- 1. Freedom from two whole days of school (including one spelling test, two nights of homework and a three-page book report)*
- 2. Freedom from riding in the car next to Stink for ten million hours*
- 3. Freedom from brushing hair every day*

She, Judy Moody, Rider of the First Subway in America, was finally on her way to the real-and-actual Freedom Trail! The place where her country started. Where it all began.

The American Revolution! The Declaration of Independence! Freedom!

R A R E !

Judy and her family climbed up the stairs and out into the fresh air, heading for the information booth on Boston Common, where Dad bought a guide to the Freedom Trail.

“Did you know there used to be cows right here in this park?” asked Stink. “It says so on the sign.”

“Welcome to MOO-sa-chu-setts!” announced Judy. She cracked herself up. If Rocky or Fran or Pearl were here, they’d crack up, too.

“Just think,” Judy told Stink. “Right now, this very minute, while I am about to follow in the footsteps of freedom, Mr. Todd is probably giving Class 3T a spelling test back in Virginia. Nineteen number-two pencil erasers are being chewed right this very second.”

“You’re lucky. I had to miss Backwards Shirt Day today.”



“The trail starts right here at Boston Common,” Dad said.

“Can we go look at ducks?” asked Stink. “Or frogs? On the map there’s a frog pond.”

“Stink, we’re going on the *Freedom* Trail. Not the *Frog* Trail.”

“What should we do first?” asked Mom.

“Tea Party! Boston Tea Party Ship!” said Judy, jumping up and down.

“We came all the way to Boston for a *tea party*?” asked Stink.

“Not that kind of tea party,” Mom said.

“The people here first came over from England,” said Dad, “because they wanted to have freedom from the king telling them what to do.”

“Dad, is this another LBS? Long Boring Story?” asked Stink.

“It’s way NOT boring, Stink,” said Judy. “It’s the beginning of our whole country. This wouldn’t even be America if it weren’t for this giant tea party they had. See, the Americans wouldn’t drink tea from over there in England. No way.”

“Not just tea,” said Mom. “The British made them pay unfair taxes on lots of things, like paper and sugar. They called it the Stamp Act and the Sugar Act. But the Americans didn’t have any say about what all the tax money would be used for.”

“I don’t get it,” said Stink.

“We didn’t want some grumpy old king to be boss of us,” said Judy.

“America wanted to be grown-up and independent,” said Mom. “Free from England. Free make up its own rules and laws.”

“So Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence,” said Dad.

“And a lot of important people signed it real fancy,” said Judy, “like John Hancock, First Sign of the Declaration. Right, Mom?”

“Right,” said Mom.

“Before we hit the Freedom Trail, let’s go see the Liberty Tree,” said Dad. “That’s where people stood to make important speeches about freedom.”

“Like a town crier?” asked Judy.

“That’s right,” said Dad. “Here we are.”

“I don’t see any tree,” said Stink. “All I see is some old sign on some old building.”

“The British cut it down,” Dad said. “But that didn’t stop the Americans. They just called it the Liberty Stump and kept right on making speeches.”

“I don’t see any tree stump,” said Stink.

“Hello! Use your imagination, Stink,” said Judy.

“Kids, stand together in front of the sign so Dad can take your picture.”

“I still don’t see what’s so big about the American Revolution,” mumbled Stink.

“Some of us like the American Revolution, Stink,” said Judy. “Let freedom ring!” she shouted. Hair flew across her face.

“Judy, I thought I asked you to use a brush this morning,” Mom said.

“I did use it,” said Judy. “On that pink fuzzy pillow in our hotel room!” Mom poked at Judy’s hair, trying to smooth out the bumps. Judy squeezed her eyes shut, making an Ouch Face. Dad snapped the picture.

“Hear ye! Hear ye!” called Judy. “I, Judy Moody, hereby declare freedom from brushing my hair!”

“Then I declare it from brushing my teeth!” said Stink.

“P.U.” said Judy, squinching up her nose.

Dad snapped another picture.

Three worst things about Boston so far were:

1. *Stink*
2. *Stink*
3. *Stink*



The Freedom (from Stink) Trail

“Time to hit the Freedom Trail!” said Dad.

“Let’s head up Park Street,” Mom said, pointing to a line of red bricks in the sidewalk. “Follow the red brick road!”

“Look!” Judy cried, running up the hill. “Look at that big fancy gold dome!”

“That’s the State House,” said Mom. “Where the governor works.”

“Judy!” Dad called. “No running ahead. Stick close to us.”

“Aw,” said Judy. “No fair. This is supposed to be the *Freedom* Trail.”

“Stay where Dad and I can keep an eye on you,” said Mom.

“Roar!” said Judy.

After the State House, Mom and Dad led them to Park Street Church, where the song “My Country ‘Tis of Thee” was sung for the very first time.

Stink looked for famous-people initials carved into a tree outside. PLOP! Something hit Stink on the head. “YEE-UCK! Bird poo!” said Stink. Judy cracked up. Mom wiped it off with a tissue.

Stink sang:

*“My country pooed on me
Right near the Pigeon Tree.
Of thee I sing. . . .”*

“Mom! Dad!” said Judy, covering her ears. “Make him stop!”

Judy ran ahead. “Hurry up, you guys! The church has an old graveyard!”

Mom read the plaque at the entrance: ““May the youth of today . . . be inspired with the patriotism of Paul Revere.””

“Paul Revere’s grave is here!” Judy shouted. “So is John Hancock’s, First Signer of the Declaration. For real!”

Judy saw gravestones with angel wings, skulls and bones, and a giant hand with one finger pointing to the sky.

““Here lies buried Samuel Adams, Signer of the Declaration of Independence,”” Dad read. “Do you know he also gave the secret signal at the Boston Tea Party?”

““Here lyes y body of Mary Goose,”” Stink read. “Boy, they sure did spell funny.”

“And I thought I was the world’s worst speller,” said Judy. She took out pencil and paper from her backpack and made a sketch of Mother Goose’s grave. Stink made drawings of a skull and bones, a leaf, and a sidewalk crack.



“Do we have to keep seeing stuff?” Stink asked when they got to the Ben Franklin statue. “So far it’s just a bunch of dead guys and some old stuff that isn’t even there anymore.”

“But what about the Boston Tea Party?” asked Judy.

“AW!” Stink whined. “I have to go to the bathroom.”

“Stink, don’t be the town crier,” said Judy. “I mean, the town *crybaby*!”

“Tell you what,” said Mom. “Dad, why don’t you and Judy go see the Paul Revere House. I’ll take Stink to the bathroom, and we’ll meet back here.”

“Great idea!” said Dad.

Judy and Dad walked and walked. At last they came to 19 North Square. “Did you know that Paul Revere made false teeth?” Dad asked. “And he made the first bells in America. He even drew cartoons.”



“Wow!” said Judy. “All that on top of riding his horse lightning-fast and warning everybody that the British were coming!”

“That’s right,” Dad said. “A friend of Paul Revere’s climbed out a window and over a rooftop to give the lantern signal from the Old North Church: one if by land, two if by sea . . .”

“Star-spangled bananas!” said Judy.

“And it says here he rode all the way to Philadelphia to tell them the news about the Boston Tea Party,” Dad said.

“Tea party? Did somebody say *tea party*?” asked Judy.

“Okay, okay. Let’s head back to meet Mom and Stink.”

Judy ran up to Stink. “You missed it, Stink!” She told him all about the guy climbing out the window and giving the secret signal.

“Who cares?” said Stink. “We saw something better!”

“What?” said Judy. “A two-hundred-year-old toilet?”

“No, a *musical* toilet!” said Stink. “You put a quarter in —”

“You have to pay to go to the bathroom?” Judy asked. “That stinks.”

“You go inside, and you’re in this round room, and it’s all white and clean — really, really clean — and it plays music!”

“I thought he’d never come out,” Mom said.

~~“C’mon. We can quick hop the subway over to the Tea Party Ship,” said Dad.~~

“Finally!” said Judy.

“More old stuff? I declare NO FAIR!” Stink shouted. The shout heard ’round the world.



Sugar and Spies

She, Judy Moody, declared independence from Stink. She ran up the planks ahead of him. She climbed aboard the *Beaver*. The Boston Tea Party Ship!

“Is this a real ship?” Stink asked.

“It’s a real ship,” said a guy wearing a wig and dressed like Paul Revere. “But it’s not old, like the real *Beaver*. We built it to show what the Tea Party ship looked like.”

“Finally! Something NOT old!” said Stink.

Judy climbed some ropes. So did Stink. She tried out a hammock. So did Stink. She went down the ladder into the dark cargo hold. So did Stink.

“Stink! How can I declare independence from you if you keep following me everywhere?”

Judy went back on deck. The Wig Guy was explaining about the guys who wore disguises and sneaked aboard ship after dark, and threw a million dollars worth of tea overboard.

“Who’d like to try throwing tea into Boston Harbor?”

Judy rushed to the front. Stink followed (of course!). They picked up bales tied with rope. Judy heaved a bale of tea over the side. “I won’t drink tea! Taxes are NO FAIR!”

“Take that, King George!” said Stink as he tossed a bale off the ship.

“Who else wants to try?” Wig Guy pointed to a girl wearing bunny ears and carrying a purse that said **BONJOUR BUNNY**.

“C’mon, now. Wouldn’t you like to give ’er the old heave-ho?”

“No,” said the girl. “I quite like tea.” She had a funny accent.

“From England, are you?” asked the man. The girl nodded.



“How exciting. This lass has come all the way from *across the pond*, as they say, just to see our ship!” The girl beamed.

“Glad to have you aboard, lassie!” Wig Guy shook her hand. “The Revolution was a long time ago. Let’s be mates!”

The girl with the freckles and the funny voice was from England! Where they drank tea and had a queen. Judy had never met a real-live person from a whole other country before. Rare!

“I’m going to talk to her,” Judy told Stink.

“You can’t! She’s a Redcoat! One of the Bad Guys!”

Judy looked around, but the Girl from Across the Pond was nowhere in sight. Just then, Mr. Moore called for Judy and Stink to go to the gift shop.

Judy wandered up and down the aisles. Boxes of tea, bags of tea, tins of tea. Teapots and teacups and teaspoons. Stink followed her.

“Look! A tricorn hat!” She tried it on. “Stink, can I borrow some money? I want to get this hat.”

“It’s my money,” said Stink. “From my allowance. Use your own.”

“But I already spent mine at the Old North Church gift shop. On a Declaration of Independence and a *Paul Revere’s Ride* flip book. I should get more allowance because I’m older than you. C’mo on, Stink. You always have money.”

“No way,” said Stink.

“Redcoat!” Judy said.

“Yankee Doodle!” Stink said.

“Lobsterback!” said Judy.

“Chowder Head!” said Stink.

“Red Belly!” said Judy.

“Blue Belly!” said Stink.

“Kids! Keep it down,” said Dad.

“Stink, stop following me around and stop getting me in trouble. Don’t forget, I’m independent of you now.” Judy walked away, past the drums and pennywhistles.

There she was! The tea drinker girl from England was not even looking at tea. She was looking at snow globes. Of Boston. Judy liked snow globes, too!

“Are you really a Red — I mean, from England?”

“Of course,” said the girl. Her voice sounded snooty, as if the queen herself made the girl’s bed.

“Does the queen make your bed?” asked Judy.

“WHAT?”

“Never mind. I was just wondering. What’s your name?” Judy asked.

“Victoria. But you can call me Tori.”



Stink popped up from behind a spinner rack. “Tory! Tories were the Bad Guys in the Revolution!” he said.

“Stink, stop spying on us!” said Judy. She turned back to Tori. “Um . . . what’s that rabbit on your purse?” she blurted.

“It’s Bonjour Bunny. I’m freaky for Bonjour Bunny! I have the backpack, jimjams, and sleeping bag. I even have my own Bonjour Bunny alarm clock! I just got the phone for my birthday. And the flannel, I mean washcloth, for my bathroom in our flat.”

“Flat? You have a tire in your house?”

“No, it’s our apartment. Mum has her bathroom, and I have mine.”

PHONE! BATHROOM! WASHCLOTH! Judy’s mom and dad would never let her have a phone or her own bathroom. At home, Judy had to use any old washcloth. Even ones with Stink cooties.

“I collect stuff, too,” said Judy. “Mostly Barbie-doll heads and pizza tables. My newest collection is ABC gum. I stick it on the lamp in my room.”

“ABC gum?” asked the girl.

“Already Been Chewed — I label each piece, like a rock collection.”

“Fab!” said Tori. “I never heard of that.”

“And I collect pencils,” said Judy. “And Band-Aids.”

“Brilliant!” said Tori. “We call them plasters, not Band-Aids.”

“Do you collect tea?” asked Judy.

“No. But I do collect sugar packets with pictures on them.” Tori opened her coin purse. It was filled with sugar packets! She, Judy Moody, Collector of the World, had never even *thought* of collecting sugar packets.

“I have American presidents and flags of the world,” said Tori. “Famous paintings. Hotel names . . . boring! Famous women, too. See? Here’s one of Susan B. Anthony.”

“Do you have Amelia Bloomer? She gave a speech on Boston Common in her undies,” said Judy.

“In her knickers?” asked Tori.

“Really they were bloomers. Some people call them pant-a-loons. Because they’re *loons* if they think girls can’t wear pants,” said Judy.

“At least it wasn’t in her nuddy pants,” Tori whispered. “That means *bare naked!*” Judy and Tori cracked up.

“I did get some at the snack bar with Ben Franklin sayings!” Tori added. “See?”



Judy read the sugar packets. “‘Don’t cry over spilled milk.’ ‘If your head is made of wax, don’t stand out in the sun.’” She cracked up some more. “Brilliant!” said Judy. “My little brother will be so jealous!” She looked around. She didn’t see Stink anywhere.

“The short one? Been spying on us? Maybe he’s gone to the loo.”

“The what?” Judy asked.

“You know.” Tori pointed to the bathroom.

“The loo! That’s cuckoo!” Judy didn’t see her mom and dad either. “Well, I better go find my family,” she said. “We’re supposed to eat lunch at the snack bar.”

“Me too! I’ll go and fetch my mum.”

“See you there,” said Judy.

“Cheers!” said Tori. “Wait — what’s your name?”

“Judy. Judy Moody.”

“Brilliant!” said Tori.

In a Nark



Judy found her mom, dad, and Stink in the checkout line. Dad was getting a ship-in-the-bottle kit to make a model of the *Beaver*. Mom was buying stuff to sew a cross-stitch pillow of the Paul Revere statue with the Old North Church in the background. Stink was holding a tin of Boston Harbor tea and waving a flag with a snake on it that said, *DON'T TREAD ON ME*.

Judy paid for her hat (with Stink's money), and they walked to the snack bar.

"You owe me four dollars and ninety-seven cents plus tax," said Stink.

"Tax! Mom! Dad! Stink's going all British on me. I need a raise in my allowance so I can pay Stink back."

"We'll talk about more allowance when we get home," said Mom.

"Time for lunch," said Dad. "I need a coffee."

"Not tea?" asked Mom.

"Just being loyal to my country," Dad said.

"Can I try coffee?" asked Judy. "I want to be loyal to my country, too."

"Dream on," said Dad.

"How about tea?"

"How about chocolate milk," said Dad.

"The Boston Chocolate Milk Party. How UN-Revolutionary."

Judy ordered a Ben Franklin (grilled cheese with French fries). In the middle of bite three of her Ben Franklin, she said, "Hey, there's Tori!"

"Tori the Tory," said Stink.

Tori and her mom came over. While everybody met, Tori showed Judy all the new Bonjourn Bunny stuff in her bag.

"You have all the luck!" said Judy. "I need more allowance. For sure and absolute positive."

"Mum gives me two pounds a week," said Tori.

"Star-spangled bananas!" said Judy. Tori got *pounds* of allowance! All Judy got was a few stink ounces.

"C'mon," said Tori. "Let's collect more Ben Franklin sugar packets." While the grownups talked and Stink blew bubbles in his un-Revolutionary chocolate milk, Judy and Tori sat at an empty table and spread out all the sugar packets.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

Don't cry over spilled milk.

Fish and visitors stink after three days.

“Let’s make up our own!” said Judy. She wrote on the backs of the packets:

*A penny saved is never as much as stink has.
Fish and little brothers stink after three days.*



“Crikey! That’s jolly good!” said Tori. She made one up, too:

Don't cry over spilled chocolate milk.

Judy taught Tori how to play Concentration with sugar packets. Tori showed Judy how to build a sugar-packet castle. When it came time to go, Judy did not want to leave her new friend.

“Mom? Dad? Can Tori come back to the hotel with us?” Judy asked.

“Or can Judy go swimming at our hotel with us?” Tori asked her mom.

“Can Tori come to Chinatown with us tonight?”

“Can Judy sleep over at our hotel? We can sleep on the floor like we do in our flat at home.”

Mom looked at Dad. Dad looked at Mom. “I don’t think so, honey.”

“AW! Why not?” asked Judy.

“We’ve only just met Tori,” said Mom.

~~“Yes, that’s right, girls,” said Tori’s mom.~~

“Please, Mum,” said Tori. “Judy’s ever so fun.”

“Judy and her family have got their own plans,” said Tori’s mom. “And we have tickets for the Duck Tour later this afternoon.”

“Besides, we have to get an early start in the morning, Judy. It’s back home to Virginia tomorrow,” Dad said.

“Please-please-pretty-please with sugar packets on top?” Judy begged. “This is our one and only chance. We might never see each other again ever. Please? It would be brilliant!”

Mom shook her head no.

“Not even on account of the Revolution? I’m American and she’s British and it’s really good we’re friends. We could change history!”

“We said no, honey,” Dad said.

“Well,” said Tori’s mom, “it’s been lovely meeting you and your family, Judy. Hasn’t it, Tori?”

“Crumb cakes!” said Tori. She hung her head. She kicked at a stone.

“Now, don’t get in a nark,” said Tori’s mom.

“Who’s going in an ark?” asked Stink.

“A nark,” said Tori’s mom. “It means a bad mood.”

“Ohh. My sister has narks ALL the time,” said Stink.

“Maybe when Tori gets back to London and we get home,” said Mom, “you two can write to each other. Like pen pals!”

“That would be lovely,” said Tori’s mom. “Wouldn’t it, Tori?” Tori didn’t answer. “Well, we’d better nip off,” said her mother.

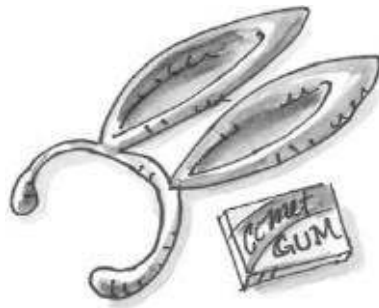
“Here, you can have these,” Tori told Judy. “To remember me by.” She gave Judy her Bonjour Bunny ears.

Judy gave Tori a whole pack of gum. “You can start your own ABC collection,” said Judy.

Tori wrote down her address in London. Judy gave Tori her address in Virginia. “We can send each other sugar packets!” Tori whispered. “It’ll be the bee’s knees!”

Judy did not feel like the bee’s knees.

She, Judy Moody, was in a nark. Not a good nark. A bad nark.



The Purse of Happiness

Judy was in a nark for four hundred forty-four miles. She was in a nark all the way through Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania. (She slept through Maryland.) She was even in a nark through Home of the Presidents, Washington, D.C.

Judy Moody was in a nark for seven hours and nineteen minutes. A Give-Me-Liberty nark.

“Mom! Judy won’t play car games with me.”

Stink wanted to count cows. Stink wanted to play the license plate game. Stink wanted to play Scrabble Junior.

“Judy,” said Mom. “Play Scrabble with your brother.”

“It’s *baby* Scrabble!” said Judy. “I know. Let’s play the silent game. Where you see how long you can go without talking.”

“Hardee-har-har,” said Stink.

“I win!” said Judy.

“Hey, you two,” said Mom.

“It’s her fault,” said Stink.

“Judy, you’re not still in a mood about Tori, are you?” asked Mom.



“You never let me do stuff,” said Judy. “You should hear all the stuff Tori gets to do in England. She has tons of sleepovers. She even has her own phone. And her own bathroom! And she gets pounds of allowance. You think I’m still a baby or something.”

“Or something,” said Stink.

“Judy, if you want us to treat you like you’re more grown-up, and if you want a raise in your allowance, then you’ll have to show us that you can be more responsible.”

“And not always get in a mood about everything,” said Dad.

“I’ve never even had a sleepover before!” said Judy.

“Maybe when we get home, you can have a sleepover with Jessica Finch,” said Mom.

“When cows read,” said Judy. She, Judy Moody, was moving to England. She chewed two pieces of ABC gum, loud as a cow. She blew bubbles. *Pop! Pop! Pop-pop-pop!*

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