

#POLLUTION

EVs aren't the environmental silver bullet

Toyota argues that manufacturing 9 million EV batteries in Japan would actually increase carbon emissions rather than reduce them!



Toyota chairman Akio Toyoda claims that 27 million Toyota hybrids produce the same carbon emissions as just 9 million electric cars, a 3-to-1 ratio that suggests EVs aren't the environmental silver bullet everyone thinks they are. Toyoda's math centers on Japan's electricity grid, which still relies heavily on fossil fuel power plants. When you charge an electric car using coal or natural gas electricity, the environmental benefits shrink dramatically compared to regions with cleaner power sources. Toyota argues that manufacturing 9 million EV batteries in Japan would actually increase carbon emissions rather than reduce them, making their hybrid strategy more environmentally sound. The company backs this up with their '1:6:90 Rule,' revealing that the lithium needed for one electric vehicle battery could instead produce six plug-in hybrids or 90 regular hybrids. Toyota claims those 90 hybrids deliver 37 times more carbon reduction over their lifetime than a single electric vehicle, though this calculation assumes optimal hybrid usage and suboptimal EV charging conditions. Akio Toyoda's claims, and Toyota's broader argument, raise important points about the complexity of decarbonizing transportation, particularly in regions like Japan where the electricity grid remains heavily dependent on fossil fuels. Here's a breakdown of the key assertions and the context around them.

Toyota's Claim: 27M Hybrids = 9M EVs in Carbon Emissions

Core Idea: In Japan's current energy context, 27 million Toyota hybrids emit about the same amount of carbon as 9 million fully electric vehicles (EVs).

'1:6:90 Rule' - Lithium Allocation Argument

Toyota's Point: The lithium needed for 1 full EV battery could make 6 plug-in hybrid (PHEV) batteries, or 90 regular hybrid (HEV) batteries.

Toyota's Carbon Reduction Math

- Claim: 90 hybrids can reduce 37x more lifetime carbon emissions than 1 EV under current Japanese grid conditions.
- Assumptions
 - EVs are charged mostly with fossil-powered electricity.
- Criticisms and Caveats
 - Grid Decarbonization Is Accelerating: As Japan and other countries decarbonize their grids, EVs become dramatically more climate-friendly over time. This undermines Toyota's static comparison.
 - Use-Case Dependent: In regions with clean grids (e.g., Norway, parts of the U.S. and EU), EVs already outperform hybrids by a wide margin in lifecycle emissions.
 - Hybrid Efficiency Has Limits: Hybrids still burn gasoline, and long-term climate goals (e.g., net-zero by 2050) require eventually phasing out combustion engines entirely.

The Middle Ground

term, particularly as:

- Battery recycling improves.
- Grid decarbonization continues.
- EV technology becomes more efficient.

Bottom Line

Toyota's argument highlights an important transitional consideration: EVs aren't zero-emission if the grid isn't clean, and resource allocation matters. But their model also banks on today's conditions staying static, which underestimates how rapidly energy and charging infrastructure are changing.

THE WALL

“THE BEST WAY TO DESTROY AN ENEMY IS TO MAKE HIM A FRIEND.” -ABRAHAM LINCOLN



The Silent Vigil

“Sam! Rosie fell down from the stairs. I have spent the whole evening organising her admission to the hospital and the immediate care. She is unconscious but does not require an ICU care. The doctor says that she will have to be watched. She may need an operation later if there is internal bleeding, but at the moment, she is stable. He could not predict how long she will be unconscious. I have left Rita in the care of the neighbours. I need you to come and look after Rosie as I will not be able to care for Rita and go to work at the same time. Come immediately.”



Dr. Goutam Sen
CTVS Surgeon
Traveller
Storyteller

each other in an undecided manner. Prayer was their normal reaction. “Oh Lord! Why this disaster for us. Guide us and help us!” They clutched each other seeking support.

After a brief discussion, it was decided that Sam would go to help and assess the long term situation while Lydia would continue to run the small provision store which was the major supplement to Sam's meagre pension.

An expensive air ticket was booked for Chennai. When Sam walked into the private room, his eyes focused on the still body of Rosie on the hospital bed. A nurse was adjusting the IV fluid. A feeding tube was passing through her left nostril. He would later notice the urine bag and catheter.

There was a bindi on her forehead and her parting was smeared with a streak of vermilion. She had started doing that after her marriage. Probably, in consideration of being in a Hindu family now, Shyam was to be seen nowhere. The nurse gave him a neutral professional smile with a questioning look.

“Father? We were expecting you. Her husband has gone home



Nothing has changed in the last 12 hour. The head scan shows contusion and edema. Thank your stars that she has no internal bleeding. She will need to be watched carefully for a few days. Let's hope she wakes up.” He was gone before Sam could open his mouth. Sam did not know whether to feel reassured or dismayed!

and work. He said you would take over!” It sounded so callous. He expected no less from Shyam. Although he loved Rosie, he was a pragmatic person. When Rosie introduced Shyam to them, Sam had an intuitive feeling about this hard and uncaring core within Shyam. He had quickly rejected the thought surmising it to be an over-protective parental reaction.

But the feeling lingered in the five years of the marriage. They were still distant. He sat down on the bedside

backpack he was carrying. There was a hustle and bustle. The nurse rushed in with the file and a young smart man in a scrub suit followed her. There were a few tag-alongs.

“Hello! I am Dr. Iyer. Neurosurgeon.” He was examining Rosie while he spoke. He flashed a pen torch and checked her pupils.

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He looked at Rosie hopelessly, expecting her to open her eyes.

#FATHERS



Tears welled up. He wiped them with the back of his hand and sagged into the nearby chair. So many things cluttered his mind. How long will this take? Can we afford this place? What shall I tell Lydia? Many more...

He hadn't eaten since he left Delhi. He wanted to ask the nurse about the cafeteria. He thought it would be better to go to a food stall outside the hospital to eat. He had no money to spare. A couple of idlis and a masala dosa sufficed.

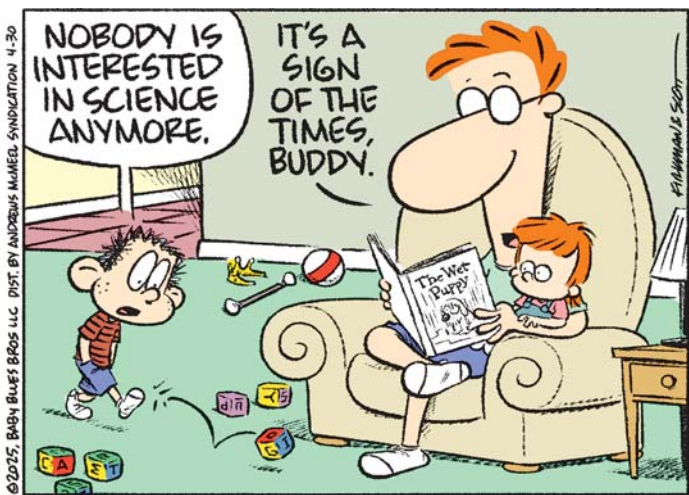
He came back in a rush as if he would miss something. All was just the same! Time was at a standstill!

As he resumed his place at the bedside, his mind, a well-worn tapestry of memories, unspooled. He saw Rosie as a toddler, small and warm, nestled against his chest, her soft breath lulling him to sleep. He remembered the tiny, white dress she wore, swirling and twirling in the garden. Her laughter echoing like wind chimes as she splashed in the inflatable pool. The vibrant red of her party frock seemed to shimmer in the memory. A stark contrast to the dull, grey sheets surrounding her now.

Then came the teenage years, a whirlwind of defiance and stubbornness. He saw her, a lanky figure with scraped knees and a defiant glint in his eyes, climbing the mango tree much higher than he dared safe.

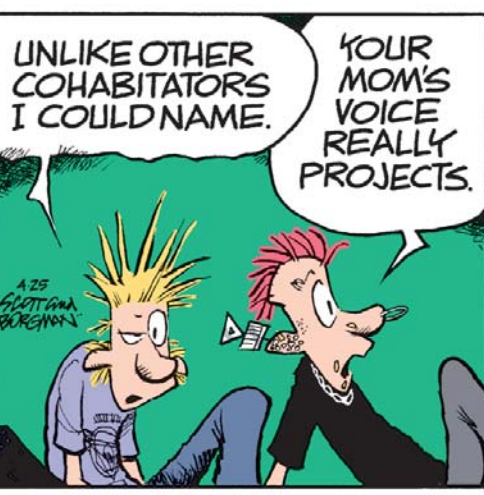
He remembered the day the car keys vanished. The frantic search and the eventual discovery of the empty garage. The phone call from the police came later. The late-night taxi drive to retrieve her. A mixture of anger

BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



bag with some fruits. As an afterthought, he stated:

“The medical insurance will take care of the next few days. I will bring Ria tomorrow.”

He was gone before Sam could say anything. He sat down again besides his daughter, a stranger in her own body. He wanted to scream at Shyam. To shake him, to demand an explanation, but the words caught in his throat. Choked by a wave of grief and helplessness, he sat numb and motionless.

Yet, even in this despair, his faith held firm. He continued to pray, his beads a constant companion, a tangible link to the divine. A couple of days passed. There was not much to say or remember. All that had to be said or remembered had been done. He wanted to weep but was adamant that he would not do it at Rosie's bedside.



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he could do with the warmth of his hand and silently echo a father's love. The sterile scent of disinfectant hung heavy in the air, a stark contrast to the gardenia perfume his Rosie used to wear. He, a man weathered by seventy years and a lifetime of unwavering faith, sat beside her bed, his hand resting lightly on her forehead. His other hand clutched his worn prayer beads, the smooth sandalwood warm against his skin. Seeking a plea for divine intervention, a prayer flowed silently from his lips. He slipped a medallion blessed by the Cardinal under her pillow. Her eyes, once bright and full of mischief, were now vacant, staring at a point beyond the pale wall.

Her silence was a stark contrast to her guileless laughter he remembered. It was much later in the evening that Shyam came looking exhausted and forlorn.

No greetings or salutations! “I have found cheap lodging for you nearby. You can stay till we can shift her to a government hospital. It will be much cheaper. A friend who knows some higher ups has promised to get her admitted.” He proffered a small plastic

faith held firm. He continued to pray, his beads a constant companion, a tangible link to the divine. A couple of days passed. There was not much to say or remember. All that had to be said or remembered had been done. He wanted to weep but was adamant that he would not do it at Rosie's bedside. He strongly believed that negative thoughts and actions would affect her recovery.

He went to the window and shed his tears there with his back to Rosie.

He'd read scriptures to her, his voice a soothing balm against the harsh reality of her condition. He never lost hope, his belief in the Almighty a beacon in the darkness.

Then, one morning, as he sat beside her, his hand on her forehead, a flicker of recognition sparked in Rosie's eyes. Her fingers twitched. A sound, not a scream, but a soft, almost imperceptible whisper escaped her lips. Sam froze, his heart pounding in his chest. He leaned closer, his breath held captive.

“Papa?” The word, a fragile, hesitant thing, hung in the air like a prayer unanswered. Tears of relief streamed down Sam's face. They were tears of joy and of profound gratitude. He grasped her hand, his own trembling. He began to chant, a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. His voice was choked with emotion.

The recovery was slow, arduous, but it was a recovery Rosie began to respond to commands and to speak in halting sentences. The quiet faded, replaced by whispers and then garbled words. Much later, a conversation! Shyam remained distant, but Rita started visiting, drawn by the miracle unfolding before her eyes.

Sam knew, in his heart, that it was his faith, his unwavering belief in the power of prayer that had brought Rosie back. A true miracle! Soon, it was time for him to return home and to his dear Lydia.

#FREDERICK FORSYTH

‘The Day Of The Jackal’... Is A Memory

“I was skint, in debt, no flat, no car, no nothing and I just thought, ‘How do I get myself out of this hole?’ - The zaniest solution - write a novel.” - Frederick

Best-selling author Frederick Forsyth, known for thriller novels including *The Day Of The Jackal*, has died at the age of 86, his agent has said. “We mourn the passing of one of the world's greatest thriller writers,” Jonathan Lloyd said in a statement. Forsyth published more than 25 books, also including *The Odessa File* and *The Dogs of War*, and sold 75 million books around the world, he said.

His publisher Bill Scott-Kerr said: “Still read by millions across the world, Freddie's thrillers define the genre and are still the benchmark to which contemporary writers aspire. He leaves behind a peerless legacy which will continue to excite and entertain for years to come.”

His Life as a thriller writer, fighter pilot, journalist and spy

Born in Kent in 1938, Forsyth joined the RAF at the age of 18 before becoming a war correspondent for the BBC and Reuters. He revealed in 2015 that he also worked for British intelligence agency MI6 for more than 20 years. Many of his fictional plots drew on his real-life experiences around the world. He made his name with his first novel, 1971's *The Day Of The Jackal*, which he wrote when he was out of work.

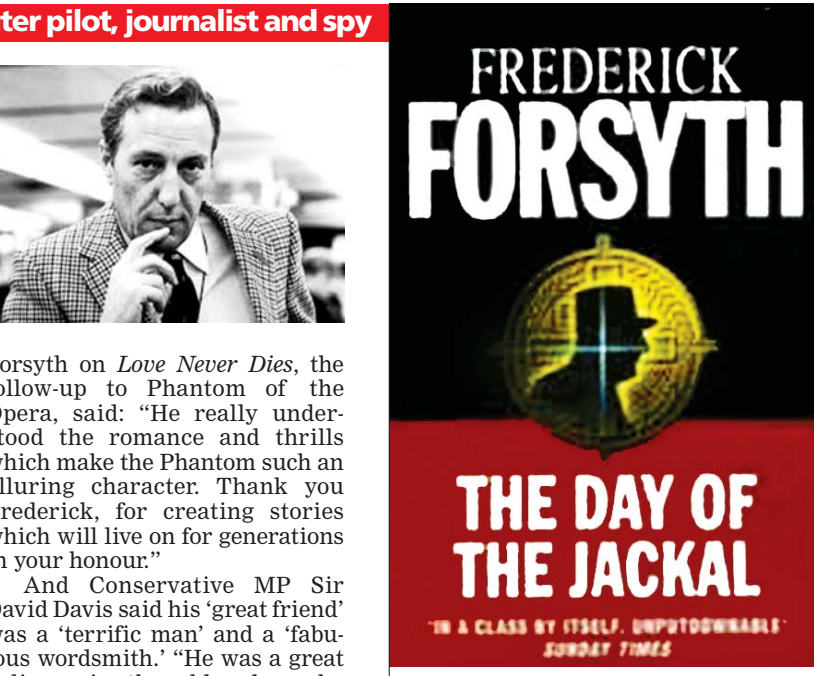
“I was skint, in debt, no flat, no car, no nothing and I just thought, ‘How do I get myself out of this hole?’ And I came up with probably the zaniest solution - write a novel,” he said.

It is a gripping tale, set in 1963, about an Englishman hired to assassinate the French president at the time, Charles de Gaulle. The Day Of The Jackal was turned into a 1973 film, starring Edward Fox as the Jackal, and then became a TV drama starring Eddie Redmayne last year. Forsyth died on Monday after a brief illness, a statement said.

“After serving as one of the youngest ever RAF pilots, he turned to journalism, using his gift for languages in German, French and Russian to become a foreign correspondent in Beirut,” Mr. Scott-Kerr said that working with Forsyth had been “one of the great pleasures of my professional life.” “The flow of brilliant plots and ideas aside, he was the most professional writer an editor could hope for,” he said. “His journalistic background brought a rigour and a metronomic efficiency to his working practice and his nose for and understanding of a great story kept his novels both thrillingly contemporary and fresh. It was a joy and an education to watch him at work.”

Singer Elaine Paige, a friend of Forsyth, said she felt “total sadness” at the news of his death. “His academic knowledge of places, palaces and geography was bar none,” she wrote on X. “He'll be much missed for so many reasons.”

English composer Andrew Lloyd Webber, who worked with



Forsyth's Indian Resonance: More Than a Western Hit

Indian writers and readers credit Forsyth with more than entertainment. Shiv Kumar, writing in Books Charming (a Mumbai literary blog), reflects: “My favourite book is The Day of the Jackal by Frederick Forsyth. Even after forty years, this book gives more thrills than any of the thrillers these days.” Across India's major bookstores, Forsyth's works stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Agatha Christie, John le Carré, and Tom Clancy. Kitab Khana, a revered Mumbai bookstore, places Forsyth alongside such names, highlighting his ability to cross genre divides and capture audiences beyond pure crime fiction. He's remembered as a storyteller whose books didn't just thrill, they informed.

His legacy in India echoes in classrooms, libraries, and writing classes, where writers laud his precision and pacing. One local publisher's note: “Forsyth's books were briefing documents disguised as fiction,” perfectly summing up why his style struck the Indian literary imagination.

By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman