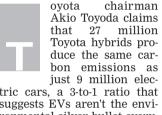
ARBITit happens here...

#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!





bon 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

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 Tovota's broader argument, raise important points about

strategy more environmental

ly sound. The company backs

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.

ly (i.e., mostly in stop-and-

go city traffic where

regenerative braking and

engine cutoff save the

decarbonization in the

No drastic changes in grid

EU), EVs already outperform

hvbrids by a wide margin in

Limits: Hybrids still burn

gasoline, and long-term cli-

mate goals (e.g., net-zero by

2050) require eventually phas-

ing out combustion engines

Battery recycling improves.

• Grid decarbonization con-

• EV technology becomes

Hybrid Efficiency Has

most fuel).

near term.

lifecycle emission

term, particularly as:

more efficient.

entirely.

Toyoda'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 mil- lion fully electric vehicles (EVs).	Why? Japan's electricity grid is still ~75% reliant on fossil fuels, so charging EVs results in significant upstream emissions.
'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 regu- lar hybrid (HEV) batteries.	Implication: From a resource efficiency standpoint, you get much more CO2 reduction per unit of lithium, by spreading it across many hybrids.
Toyota's Carbon Reduction Math	
Claim: 90 hybrids can reduce	• Hybrids are used efficient-

Claim: 90 hybrids can reduce 37× 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-friendy over time. This undermines Tovota's static comparison. Use-Case Dependent: In regions with clean grids (e.g.,

Norway, parts of the U.S. and The Middle Ground

Toyota's hybrid strategy may be pragmatic in the short term and in regions with dirty grids, but it's not a permanent climate solution. EVs are more sustainable in the long

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 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."



he incessant and

shrill ringtone of the

mobile woke the old

couple up. While Sam

groped for his glasses on the bedside table.

Lydia switched on the

table lamp on the

other side. She had

that querulous look

as if to say who is calling at this

odd hour. The mobile flashed the

name of Shyam. Sam switched on

the speaker. Shyam was their son-

in-law. His calls were rare and usu-

ally portended something omi-

nous, a subconscious reminder of

the monsoon clouds, dark and

He heard Shyam say in an anx-

"Sam! Rosie fell down from the

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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 immedi-

in one breath.

discussion.

find the earliest flight."

THE WALL

This was all said in haste and

"OK, let me see when we can

The call was abruptly cut off

as if there was no need for further

Sam searched for his praver

beads on the counter in front of

the picture of the Virgin Mary

while Lvdia looked on in conster-

nation. They were a pious couple.

Their first reaction was to look at

thunderous

ious and harried tone:

ner. Praver 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.

each other in an undecided man-

An expensive air ticket was booked for Chennai. When Sam walked into the pri-

vate room, his eves 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 vou. Her husband has gone home

II 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!

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

die

'THE BEST WAY TO

DESTROY AN ENEMY IS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

TO MAKE HIM A FRIEND

and work. He said you would take stool. He placed one hand on her cool forehead while he tucked the

> prayer beads into her open palms with the other. "Oh Rosie! What were you thinking? As usual in a hurry. Doing one thing while being dis tracted with another. The fall was

inevitable. Now Darling, what do we do?' His mind went blank. It was nearly sixteen hours that he had been on the move. Fatigue was

catching up He took a sip of water from the 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 ag-alongs

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

"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 dismaved He looked at Rosie hopelessly,

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 tap-

estry 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 her eves. climbing the mango tree much higher than he deemed safe

expecting her to open her eyes.



THOSE IT TAKES MORE PLANTS STILL THAN LOOK PRETTY



Say No to Child Labour

t's hard to imagine in the modern world that, instead of going to school or being cared for by their families, children are sent to work every day in factories, mines, or other harsh environments. World Day Against Child Labor (12th June) works to shed light on and increase public awareness about the plight of these children, with the purpose of ending different forms of child abuse and neglect. The hope behind this day is to bring together governments, civil society, local authorities, employee and worker organizations and other interest groups to help define guidelines for child labour and also work towards putting an end to it.

#FATHERS



Vet, even in this despair, his faith held firm. He continued to pray, his

and relief that churned within him. He saw her face then, a mask of rebellion, as she stood, unrepentant, in the harsh glare of the porch light. He recalled the day she

announced her engagement to Shyam, a handsome man, but with a sharp edge, a restlessness that made Sam uneasy. He voiced his concerns. The subtle warnings of a

father's intuition, but Rosie, headstrong as ever dismissed them with a wave of her hand. With a radiant, if somewhat defiant smile. "You don't understand Papa." The words were echoing now, hollow and meaningless.

The years that followed were a blur of strained visits and polite conversations, a slow drift away that left a hollow ache in his heart. He watched his granddaughter, little Rita grow. She was a sweet child with Rosie's twinkling eyes but the connection felt tenuous. strained by the distance and apathy. He gently stroked Rosie's hair, now no more glossy and wavy. What could be do? He could

not take her home. He was too old. He remembered the day the The nursing home was not a place car keys vanished. The frantic he would choose for a long term search and the eventual discovery stay. He could not force Shyam to of the empty garage. The phone care for her. He could not bring call from the police came later. back the Rosie he knew. He could The late-night taxi drive to only sit and pray, a silent sentinel retrieve her. A mixture of anger He could only offer comfort. That

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 praver flowed silently from his lips. He slipped a medallion blessed by the Cardinal under her nillow. Her eves, once bright and full of mischief, were now vacant, staring at a point beyond the pale wall.

he could do with the warmth of

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 vou 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

bag with some fruits. As an after-

take care of the next few days. I

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 helpless-

ness, he sat numb and motionless.

Yet, even in this despair, his

will bring Ria tomorrow."

"The medical insurance will

He was gone before Sam could

thought, he stated:

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

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 recov 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 dark-

Then, one morning, as he sat beside her, his hand on her foreead, 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 answered. 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! Shvam 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 Lvdia.

rajeshsharma1049@gmail.com



#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

est-selling 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

B orn 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 solutionwrite a novel," he said.

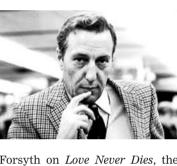
It is a gripping tale, set in 1963. about an Englishman hired to assassinate the French president at the time. Charles de Gaulle. The Day Of The Jackal was turned into a 1973 film, starring Edward Fox as the Jackal, and then became a TV drama starring Eddie Redmayne last year. Forsyth died on Monday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

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 educa-

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

Llovd Webber, who worked with



ollow-up to Phantom of the Opera, said: "He really understood the romance and thrills which make the Phantom such an alluring character. Thank you Frederick, for creating stories which will live on for generations in vour honour.³

And Conservative MP Sir David Davis said his 'great friend' was a 'terrific man' and a 'fabulous wordsmith.' "He was a great believer in the old values, he believed in honour and patriot ism and courage and directness and straightforwardness and was a big defender of our armed forces," he told.

Forsyth followed The Day Of The Jackal with The Odessa File in 1972, which was adapted for the big screen in a film starring Jon Voight two years later. The author had written a follow-up. Revenge of Odessa, with fellow thriller writer Tony Kent. which will be published this August. His other best-selling works included 1984's The Fourth Protocol, which became a film starring Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan. He was made a CBE for services to literature in 1997. He had two sons with first wife. Carole Cunningham. His second wife, Sandy Molloy, died last October.

Frederick Forsyth's pen was sharper than a stiletto, and his prose moved with the precision of a covert operation. His novels weren't mere fiction; they read like classified documents exposing the darker arteries of power, espionage, and global intrigue With his trademark blend of documentary realism and relentless pacing. Forsyth didn't just thrill readers; he redefined what a political thriller could be.

By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman



NOBODY 15 IT'S A SIGN INTERESTED IN SCIENCE ANYMORE. TIMES BUDDY

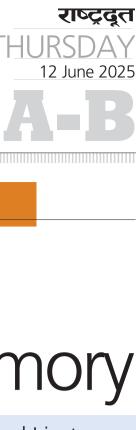
By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott



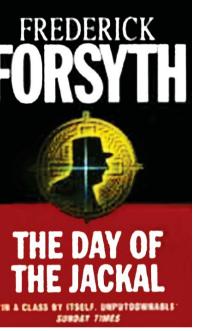




tion to watch him at work.







Forsyth's Indian **Resonance: More Than a** Western Hit

ndian writers and readers credit Forsyth with more than entertainment. Shiv Kumar, writing in Books Chharming (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 storvteller 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.