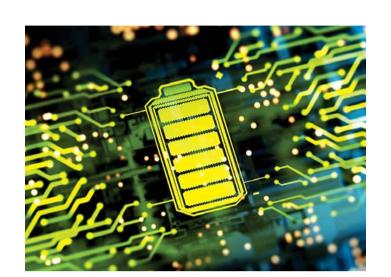
राष्ट्रदुत

#INNOVATION

The Battery **Revolution Begins**

Coin-sized Nuclear Battery enters Mass Production in China.



no bigger than a power vour device vears, no charging. no cables, no maintenance. It sounds like sci-

ence fiction, but Chinese startup Betavolt is making it a reality. The company has just begun mass production of the BV100, a nuclear-powered battery that could redefine how we think about energy.

tery that can run continu-

of nuclear that should raise

alarms. Betavolt stresses

that the BV100 is safe, stable,

and non-flammable. The iso-

And no, this isn't the kind

ously for five decades.

What Is the BV100?

he BV100 is Betavolt's that delivers 100 microwatts of power at 3 volts. While its energy output may be small for now, its potential is enormous. At its core is a radioactive isotope called nickel-63, encased in a laver of artificial diamond that converts decay energy into electricity. The result? A bat-

tope used decays into nontoxic copper, leaving behind zero environmental waste. It's a clean, contained system with no risk of leaks, explo-

H aving completed successful prototypes in 2023-24, Betavolt's move to industrial production in 2025 marks a huge leap from lab to reality. The company is initially targeting microelectronic devices such as sensors, pacemakers, and AI

modules. But that's just the beginning. A more powerful 1-watt version is already in development and expected by late 2025. Future iterations could be stacked together to power larger devices like mobile phones, drones, and even space satellites.

A Game-Changer in the Energy Race

W ith global interest in clean, long-lasting energy, Betavolt's nuclear battery could be a game-changer. Traditional lithium-ion batteries rely on finite resources. require frequent recharging. and pose disposal challenges. In contrast, the BV100 could dramatically reduce e-waste, eliminate charging infrastructure, and support remote or mission-critical systems where battery replacement is

"We are pioneering a new era where power is compact, sustainable, and incredibly long-lasting," Betavolt said in a statement, "Our batteries could operate in deep space. under the ocean, or inside the human body, anywhere reliable energy is needed."

Hurdles Ahead?

f course, challenges remain. Regulatory approvals, especially for nuclear technology, can be complex, particularly in export markets. Public perception of the word 'nuclear' may also pose branding issues, despite the battery's proven safety and eco-friendly credentials.

Still, Betavolt is optimistic The company is working with government bodies to ensure that all safety and quality standards are met. It's also in talks with potential partners in aerospace healthcare, defense, and IoT sectors to roll out use cases that push the limits of battery innovation

The Future is (Nuclear) Electric

W hether powering smart sensors in remote locations or enabling a pacemaker to run for a lifetime without surgery, the applications for the BV100 are as vast as they are visionary

In an era obsessed with charging speeds and battery

cycles, Betavolt is offering something radically different: a battery you might never have to touch again. And if it delivers on its promise, the BV100 won't just power devices, it could power a whole new way of thinking about energy.



C is described in Mazuchelli's book as an important colonial official, a 'burra sahib.' She credits him for making all the plans for the journey and engaging the helpers. She says that he wanted the Mazuchellis to feel like his 'guests' and even carried a map of Sikkim 'deep in his portmanteau.' What she does not say explicitly but can be deduced from her words is that C was on a secret, quasiofficial mission, to find a route to the Tibetan frontier via Sikkim.

The Friend Called C...

n November 1869, as the rains ended in Mazuchelli set out with her husband, a friend she called C and a team of nearly 90 coolies towards Himalayas, or as she called them, 'the Indian Alps.' It was an arduous journey that

took them through steep mountain crossings, narrow gorges and treacherous ravines. Uncertainty could stalk them anytime, any where. Halfway through the journey, at a camp close to Yangpoong, at a height of 14,500 feet, their promised food supplies did not turn up. In desperation, C dispatched messengers and began rationing the food they had. In the meantime, their guide, who, it turned out, had deliberately led them astray, disappeared. "Great and hourly increasing depression reigns in camp," said Mazuchelli. "The poor coolies have lost all their natural exuberance of spirits."

Left with few options, the group turned back in the face of a dense mist. Mazuchelli lived to tell the tale. The Englishwoman's account of the journey, The Indian *Alps and How We Crossed Them*, is written in a rapturous style and is illustrated with her sketches. The book was authored under the pseudonym, 'A Lady Pioneer.' Like most women writers of the time. she remained anonymous, but decades after her death, it secured Mazuchelli a place among pioneering women adventurers such Fanny Workman and

Alexandra David-Neel. From its pages, it is evident that Mazuchelli had a deep fascination with the Himalayas. She says she felt a longing to get closer to the 'stupendous amphitheatre of snow-capped mountains' as soon as she moved to Darjeeling in 1868 with her army chaplain husband, Felix Francis. But once their friend C got involved, a new purpose got tacked on to the trip. C is described in Mazuchelli's

book as an important colonial official, a 'burra sahib.' She credits him for making all the plans for the journey and engaging the helpers. She says that he wanted the Mazuchellis to feel like his 'guests' and even carried a map of Sikkim 'deep in his portmanteau.' What she does not say explicitly but can be deduced from her words is that C was on a



Nina Mazuchelli and her husband Felix Frances.



Map from Mazuchelli's book.

secret, quasi-official mission, to find a route to the Tibetan frontier via Sikkim.

So, who was this C. the influ ential companion and fixer? Why was he never named in the book? And did he have a larger role in the geopolitical games playing out in Sikkim, British India and Tibet this mystery that I spent days digging through archival sources to ascertain C's identity. Cross-referencing Mazuchelli's book with administrative reports, accounts by peers and newspaper dispatches, I concluded with near certainty that C was Colonel John Colpoys Haughton, Commissioner of Cooch Behar, who held the additional charge of steering British India's political relations with Sikkim and Bhutan from 1865 to 1873.



J. C. Haughton.

#HISTORY

achieved a degree of success.

Sikkim aided them in the

Anglo-Nepalese War of 1816

and its ruler, called the

Chogyal, gave Darjeeling to

them in 1835. This acquies-

cence rankled many in the

Sikkim court who retained

familial links with Tibet and

resented British interference

Sikkim, Tokhang Donyer

Namgval, triggered a face-off

with the British when he

imprisoned Darieeling's med-

ical superintendent and an

English explorer. The British

won that confrontation and

wrested various concessions

from Sikkim. A second stand-

off between them in 1861 went

the same way, with the two

sides signing the Treaty of

Tomlung that gave the British

even more advantages, includ-

ing the permission to secure a

route to Tibet via Sikkim

This was vital for the British

since ongoing attempts to find

a route to Tibet from Ladakh

remained, at this stage, uncer-

tain and perilous. Anyone sus-

pected by Tibetans of spying

was arrested or, worse, killed.

The Treaty of Tomlung deep-

ened the simmering resent

ment in Sikkim. The diwan

went into exile in Tibet, even

though, he continued to enjoy

visible support, something the

Mazuchellis and C witnessed

during their journey.

In 1849, the diwan of

The Great Game

Haughton was a distinguished soldier. Before he came to Cooch Behar, he had served in the Chota Nagpur region, the Andamans, Burma. Assam and Afghanistan. In 1841, when he was a young 24-year-old officer in the Gurkha regiment, his forces were besieged by hostile Afghans at Charikar, 40 miles north of Kabul. Desperate, his soldiers parched for water. Haughton decided to move to Kabul, but was attacked by his own Afghan gunners. That he made it out alive was partly thanks to a fellow officer and a Gurkha soldier, although, he did suffer severe injuries to the neck and the arm, because of which his right hand had to be amputated. Mazuchelli describes C as six feet tall and mentions his military bearing. Other sources refer to Haughton's 'wiry and spare frame' and his 'great capacity for physical endurance Mazuchelli writes that he insisted on riding on a pony on their journey and hiked on foot when required. Meanwhile, she was carried by bearers on a 'Bareilly dandy,' an upright chair with poles, except on steep ascents, when she was carried on a

helper's back. This was the period of the Great Game, a time of intense rivalry between Britain and Czarist Russia for the control of Central Asia, Afghanistan, Persia and Tibet. Haughton had experienced this conflict first-hand during his service in Afghanistan, whose rulers and chieftains frequently sought to play the two big powers against each other. Two decades later, as a colonial official in India's east, Haughton was aware of British India's overtures to Tibet and its simultaneous moves to maintain influence in Nepal and Sikkim, which were independent kingdoms with historic links with Tibet.

o Haughton, the journey had

Nina Mazuchelli.

one overarching purpose, to find a route to facilitate trade to Tibet through Sikkim, especially in tea. The very year he had taken charge in Cooch Behar. British India had won a battle against Bhutan, seizing territory and privileges related to trade and tea cultivation. Haughton had shared his idea

with his superiors, but they were circumspect, advising him instead to relay it to Tibet via the Chogyal of Sikkim and the British minister at Peking. Other administrators were wary that his plan might antagonise powerful people in Nepal, which had controlled Sikkim till 1816 and still wielded considerable influ-

Knowing that his superiors would not give official permission for his mission, Haughton tagged along with the Mazuchellis. Their expedition was an ideal cover for him. It saved him from antagonising his bosses and, besides, he was deeply aware of Tibet's insistence on isolation and its suspicion of outsiders. An attempt by the explorer Thomas Thornville Cooper to seek a route to Tibet via Sadiva and Tawang had ignominiously failed after Cooper was turned back, soon after crossing into Tibet territory at

The initial weeks of C and Mazuchellis' journey were delightful. The travelling party crossed the Dumgongla Pass camped in pine forests and dined in style. Soon enough, though, problems started arising.

On their journey, Mazuchelli could not help but notice the suspicious looks she got. Whenever she went on a sketching sojourn. some of her helpers assumed she was surveying the land for 'possible annexation.' As the large group moved northwards along the Singalila Range, and towards Kanglanamo Pass, the Kazi of Yamting reneged on his promise to deliver supplies and the guide led them off track, making the group go back. Mazuchelli sug-

Mission Unaccomplished gests in her book that the Kazi

was the exiled diwan himself, but it is more likely that he was a sympathiser of the diwan, just like the guide. Despite his aborted trip. Haughton continued his efforts to open up Sikkim, and to increase British influence in the kingdom. He retired in 1873 and spent his last years in Ramsgate, Kent. Of his four children, one was a tea planter in the Duars and another, his namesake John,

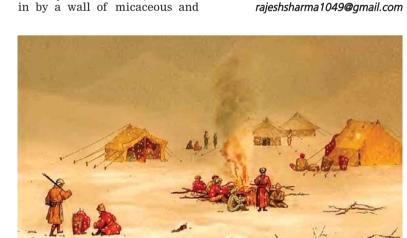
served in Afghanistan. The Mazuchellis returned to England in 1874. In the late 1870s, they made a journey to the Carpathian mountains in eastern Europe and Mazuchelli wrote about this visit in a book published in 1881. Bram Stoker, the writer of *Count Dracula*, is believed to have drawn on her work, among others, when creating the mysterious region of Transylvania. Mazuchelli justifiably won acclaim in later decades for her books. Peter Bishop, in The Myth of Shangri-La (1989), described her 'as the first western woman to have

its Tibetan name, Deodunga, the Abode of God. "Beneath, at my very feet, lies a valley of desolation, hemmed in by a wall of micaceous and

glimpsed Mt. Everest,' a moun-

tain she wrote about evocatively,

and that she preferred calling by



The Indian Alps and how we crossed them, Nina Mazuchelli.

#TRIED & TASTED

Scoop Dreams

Irresistible Homemade Ice Cream recipes to beat the Summer Heat!



here's something about summer that stirs up the sweetest cravings, mangoes, watermelon, chilled falooda, and most of all. ice cream. But not the kind vou grab from the store freezer aisle. We're talking about the kind that drips down your fingers while you laugh with your cousins, made in your own kitchen with love, real ingredients, and just the right dash of nostalgia Yes, homemade ice cream is hav-

ing a moment, and it's not just for the gourmet-inclined. So, pull out that blender, grab your kulfi moulds or mason jars, and prepare to churn up joy, one creamy scoop at a time.



efore we dive into flavour fan-D tasies, let's get the basics straight. No-churn ice cream is the hero we didn't know we needed. All you need is:

malai if you're going old school)

Vanilla extract (optional)

Whip the cream until soft peaks form, fold in condensed milk, add your flavorings, and freeze overnight. That's it. No ice cream maker, no drama, no

1. Mango Lassi Ice Cream (The Desi Showstopper)

7 ou knew this was coming, didn't you? Mango season without mango ice cream is basically summer sacrilege.

• 1 cup Alphonso mango pulp

• 1/2 cup yogurt 1 tsp cardamom powder

 Basic no-churn base Preparation:

Mix mango pulp, yogurt, and cardamom powder until smooth. Fold into the no-churn base, pour into a container, and freeze for 6-8 hours. Scoop and serve!



2. Filter Coffee Ice Cream (For the Caffeine Devotees)



offee lovers, meet your soulmate. This one's a tribute to south Indian filter coffee, intense, aromatic, and soul-stirring.

Ingredients: 1/2 cup strong decoction or

2. 1 tsp chicory powder (optional, for authenticity) 3. Basic no-churn base

Add the decoction and chicory to your cream mixture and fold in. Freeze it, and brace yourself for a bold, bittersweet kick that's perfect post-dinner. Bonus: add caramel swirls or chocolate chips if you're feel-

nspired by Chennai's famous Kalathi Rose Milk and our collective love for falooda.

Ingredients: 1. 2 tbsp rose syrup (Rooh Afza works)

2. 1 thsp soaked basil seeds (sabja) 3. Cooked vermicelli (optional but authentic) 4. Basic no-churn base

Preparation:

Add rose syrup and sabja seeds to the cream mixture. For drama, layer it with falooda sev and jelly before freezing. It's floral crunchy, creamy.







A pinch of salt

1. 2 cups heavy cream (or fresh 2. 1 can of condensed milk

Coconut Jaggery Vegan Ice Cream (No Moo, No Problem)



airy-free can still be delicious This one's for the vegan crowd or the lactose-sensitive looking to

Ingredients:

1 can coconut cream 1/2 cup jaggery syrup

A pinch of sea salt

Toasted coconut flakes for gar

Preparation: Whisk everything together and freeze. The result? Rich, nutty slightly caramel, a kulfi-meets-tropical-holiday kind of vibe.

5. Chai Biscuit Ice Cream



Chai until it almost dissolved: This flavour is a throwback to that beautiful mess.

Ingredients: 1. 1/2 cup strong masala chai

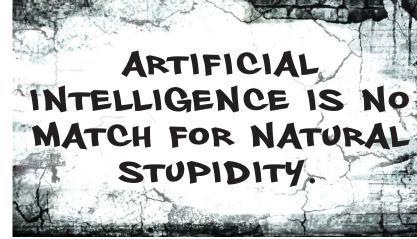
2. Crushed Marie or Parle-G biscuits 3. Cinnamon and ginger powder

Preparation:

4. Basic no-churn base

Add reduced chai and spices to the mix, fold in biscuit bits and freeze. Every bite is creamy, spicy, and comfortingly familiar.

THE WALL



BABY BLUES

AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

WE'LL JUST LASSO THE GAPBAGE TRUCK AND LET IT TOW US



ZITS

empest-shattered peaks, and

beetling crags, and above these

an undulating sweep of crystal,

the snowy range of Nepaul, look

that terrible beauty of death, like

repose, which precedes sunrise.

as it follows upon sunset. Whilst I

stand alone amidst this infini-

tude of Nature, the sun, begin-

ning to ascend on his triumphal

car of crimson cloud, tips the

highest pinnacle with an aerial

glory. In an instant, it dawned

upon me that I was at last gazing

on Mount Everest, the highest

mountain in the world. I could

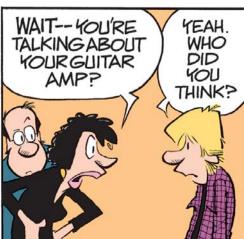
not be mistaken. There it stood,

like a stupendous barrier, shut-

ting out the west, with austere

sublimity, till the glorious sun

ing marvellously near, and with







By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman



