

#POSSIBILITIES

From Struggle to Starbucks

Under Schultz's leadership, Starbucks grew from a modest regional business into a global phenomenon



The story of Howard Schultz is one of resilience, ambition, and an unshakable belief in possibility. Born into a working-class family in Brooklyn, Schultz grew up watching his father, a truck driver, struggle to make ends meet. His father held nearly thirty different jobs over his lifetime, none of which offered security, benefits, or dignity. These early experiences left a deep impression on Schultz, shaping his determination to build a different kind of future, not just for himself, but for others.

Driven by this vision, Schultz became the first in his family to attend college, eventually earning a scholarship to Northern Michigan University. Later, he also attended programs at Harvard University, further sharpening his business acumen and leadership skills.

But success did not come easily. When Schultz first envisioned transforming coffee culture in America, bringing the warmth and experience of Italian cafés to everyday life, he faced widespread skepticism. He approached around 250 investors with his idea, yet nearly 220 rejected him. Many simply didn't believe that people would pay a premium for coffee or see it as more than a basic commodity.

Undeterred, Schultz pushed forward. Inspired by a trip to Milan, where coffee bars served as vibrant community spaces, he opened his own coffee shop, introducing the concept of a café as a "third place" between home and work. His vision was not just about selling coffee, but about creating an experience.

Just two years later, Schultz made a bold move, he acquired a small coffee chain in Seattle for \$3.8 million. That company was Starbucks. What followed was one of the most remarkable business transformations in modern history.

Under Schultz's leadership, Starbucks grew from a modest regional business into a global phenomenon. Today, it boasts over 40,000 locations worldwide, redefining how people experience coffee and community. More importantly, Starbucks remained guided by the lessons of his childhood, introducing employee benefits like healthcare and stock options, even for part-time workers, ensuring that others would not face the hardships his father endured.

Howard Schultz's journey is not just about building a business empire; it is about perseverance in the face of rejection, the courage to think differently, and the determination to turn personal struggle into a vision that impacts millions.



Asif Ullah Khan
A veteran journalist who has written for *The Khaleej Times* and *The Brunei Times*

What does it mean when members of a community begin speaking less, hiding more, and thinking twice before expressing who they are? For a growing number of Indian Americans, that ques-

tion has become increasingly relevant during Donald Trump's second term. Some avoid political discussions online. Others are reluctant to display their political views publicly. Some think twice before wearing traditional Indian attire in public. Others have become more cautious about attending protests, rallies, and other public gatherings.

These are not dramatic acts of protest or resistance. They are quiet acts of self-preservation. Yet, taken together, they point to a troubling reality: concerns about discrimination, racial hostility, and online abuse are increasingly shaping how Indian Americans navigate public

life in the United States. The unease is not entirely unfounded. In recent years, even some of the most prominent Indian-origin figures in American politics have found themselves targets of racial attacks. Kash Patel, one of the most influential Indian Americans in the Trump administration, has frequently been subjected to racist abuse online. Former South Carolina governor Nikki Haley has long faced taunts about her Indian heritage and birth name, while Usha Vance, the wife of Vice President JD Vance, has been the target of xenophobic commentary on social media. Their prominence may have brought them national visibility, but it has not shielded them from questions about identity and belonging that many Indian Americans know all too well.



Usha Vance, Second Lady of the US.

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Indian Americans navigating Trump 2.0!!

Most Indian Americans are not packing their bags. Only a small minority say they frequently think about leaving, and among those who have considered it, many are not contemplating a return to India. More importantly, most continue to see the United States as a land of opportunity and have deep professional, financial, and family roots in the country. However, many are learning to navigate an America that feels less welcoming than before. They are adjusting their behaviour in ways both subtle and significant.



#THE CARNEGIE SURVEY



some of the highest offices and circles of power in the United States remain vulnerable to such attacks, it is hardly surprising that ordinary Indian Americans are reassessing how openly they express themselves in public.

A new nationally representative survey of 1,000 Indian Americans conducted by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace suggests that this reassessment is already underway. Nearly one-third of respondents say that they avoid political discussions on social media for fear of becoming targets. Around one-fifth report avoiding

public displays of their political beliefs, limiting participation in political events, being more cau-

tious about travel, or thinking twice before wearing Indian attire in public. The survey reveals a community

grappling not only with discrimination but also with its psychological consequences. Nearly half of Indian Americans say they frequently encounter racist content targeting Indians or Indian Americans online. About half report feeling angry when exposed to such content. One-third experience anxiety or fear. Roughly one-quarter report feelings of hopelessness.

These emotions do not remain confined to digital spaces. They shape behaviour, influence participation in public life, and affect an individual's sense of belonging. The

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significant. In that sense, the survey's most consequential finding is not about physical departure but psychological retreat. The question is not whether Indian Americans are leaving the United States. It is whether they are beginning to feel less at home within it.

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tion than before. That may be the most important warning contained in the Carnegie survey. The erosion of belonging rarely announces itself dramatically. It reveals itself gradually through countless small acts of self-censorship and self-preservation. For a community that has spent decades building deep roots in American society, the more pressing question is no longer whether opportunity exists. It is whether success alone can guarantee a sense of security, dignity, and belonging in an increasingly polarised America.

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most important finding of the survey is four in 10 Indian Americans have at some point considered that leaving the United States deserves closer scrutiny. On its own, the statistic suggests a community contemplating an exodus. But the survey tells a more nuanced story.

Most Indian Americans are not packing their bags. Only a small minority say they frequently think about leaving, and among those who have considered it, many are not contemplating a return to India. More importantly, most continue to see the United States as a land of opportunity and have deep professional, financial, and family roots in the country. However, many are learning to navigate an America that feels less welcoming than before. They are adjusting their behaviour in ways both subtle and



Nikki Haley.

#FRIENDSHIP

When Guests Cook

...Since then, I ask unassuming guests the same question: "Would you cook one dish from where you come from?" Most say yes



Chandpole Bazaar, Spices, Cumin, Coriander, Mirchi and Cardamom.

It began in 1994. Hassan and Trudy checked in, he from Bangladesh, she from Scotland, and asked for "authentic Rajasthani." I suggested our family haunts. Hassan paused and said, "Could I cook?" My first response: no. A guest in our kitchen felt wrong, against the grain of the hospitality I'd grown up with.



Pushendra Bhargava
(Owner of Jaipur Inn)

Such an iconic TITTLE from a very popular SRK Bollywood cult film. Whenever New Delhi speaks and Rome (read Italian PM Ms. Giorgia Meloni) listens *Kuch Kuch Hota hai*...

The courtyard smells of tomatoes and olive oil. Seven Italians lean over a blue pot, debating basil in three accents. Someone hums an SRK tune 'ladki badi anjani hai' and poses with a cardboard cut out of 'Jawan.' A SRK blockbuster which won him the Best Actor III a leading role at the '71st National Film Awards. Plates clink. Chairs scrape. The city falls away.

This is what we do at Jaipur Inn: ask guests to cook one dish from home and feed everyone who signs up. The food is simple. The rule is simpler; if you cook, you cook for all. Somewhere between the knife and the ladle, strangers become friends. *Kuch kuch hota hai*. It began in 1994. Hassan and Trudy checked in, he from Bangladesh,



One table, one evening, many homes.



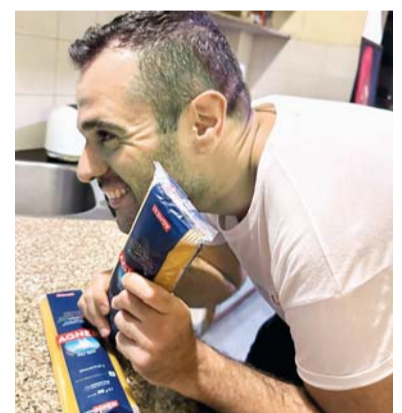
Kuch kuch hota hai.



"Hands meet." "Names travel." "Pages remember."



Guests from Italy cooking spaghetti al pomodoro in the courtyard at Jaipur Inn, Jaipur.



she from Scotland, and asked for "authentic Rajasthani." I suggested our family haunts. Hassan paused and said, "Could I cook?" My first response: no. A guest in our kitchen felt wrong, against the grain of the hospitality I'd grown up with.

I gave in, with one condition: he could cook if everyone who signed up could eat. We took the scooter to Chandpole Bazaar for spices. He bought everything my kitchen avoided back then; we kept the food light for travelers. That night, twenty plates returned empty. Only then did I learn that he ran an Indian takeaway in Edinburgh called India Today. We didn't taste a bite. Our

guests finished every spoonful. That dinner began a long friendship. In 1996, I rode the coast-hugging train to Edinburgh; Hassan and Trudy hosted me like family. In 1997, their wedding gift reached ours. I also began a handwritten recipe book, menus, notes, and small oil stains that still carry a scent.

Since then, I ask unassuming guests the same question: "Would you cook one dish from where you come from?" Most say yes.

Tonight's Italians chose the simplest thing they knew: Spaghetti al Pomodoro Fresco, no drama, no secrets. Recipe card

(Jaipur Inn style): 1 kg spaghetti, 2 kg ripe tomatoes, 6-8 cloves garlic, basil, olive oil, salt.

Optional: Plain rice for gluten-free guests. Blanch, peel, crush tomatoes. Warm oil; let garlic whisper. Add tomatoes, basil, salt. Simmer soft. Toss with pasta. Eat hot. Talk long.

They cooked. We set one long table in CAFE JAI. Someone brought rice for the gluten-intolerant guest. Someone queued a Sicilian playlist. By "dessert" (there wasn't any), people were trading stories as if they'd known each other for years, teaching hand gestures, mispronouncing names, promising

to write. It always takes me back to that first buffet night, the scooter, the spice shop, the way a dining room can feel like a junction where journeys cross for an hour. The recipe book is full now; smudged entries from Turkey, Japan, Brazil, Bangladesh, Italy. Each page is a map. Each dish is a ticket.

How it works, and why it works

- I cover ingredients. The guest-chef leads.
- A sign-up sheet goes up by noon; one table, one sitting.
- We cook light, adjust for allergies, keep it home-style.
- The point isn't perfection. It's participation.

Food is a time machine. A dish opens a door, and language follows. I've seen a bowl of tomato sauce do what small talk never can, lift the room into a softer place. It's why Jaipur Inn is more special than exclusive. You don't buy this feeling; you make it together.

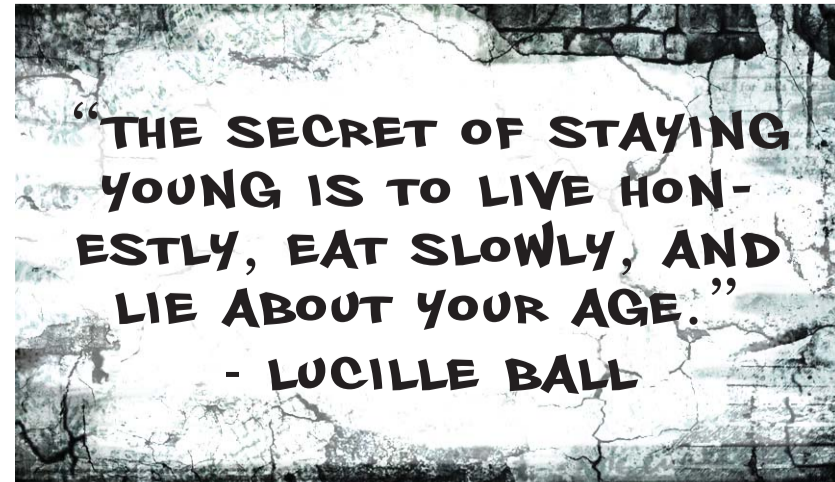
People often say photographs will do more justice than writing. Maybe. But I write these nights down anyway, the ingredients, the jokes, the names, because kitchens teach us how to be with one another. You don't need to agree. You just

need to season and stir. As the plates are stacked, someone asks about the title. *Kuch kuch hota hai*. It isn't nostalgia for me. It's a field note. A way to name that small, good thing that happens when we move from service to sharing. The courtyard is quiet again. The basil is finished. The song 'ladki badi anjani hai' still plays in the mind. Tomorrow, there will be toast, tea, and plans for fairs and bazaars. Tonight, I'll add one more page to the recipe book and sleep to the echo of seven voices saying the same word differently: "Grazie."

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THE WALL



BABY BLUES



ZITS



ZITS



ZITS



ZITS

