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# Foreword

## **Love At First Bite**

THIS BOOK IS A RIVETING REVELATION. AND I THOUGHT I knew everything there was to know about Swati Snacks. After all, it is not just a restaurant; it's Mumbai's beloved landmark and a must-visit destination on every tourist's itinerary.

I've been eating at Swati Snacks since 1974, when I was studying journalism in Mumbai University. Twenty years later, I wrote the first major review for Swati Snacks in my column for *The Times of India*, and since then, we have presented it with the prestigious *Times Food Award* almost every year.

In the early days, Swati Snacks at Tardeo was a no-frills restaurant. A small and simple table and chair space. But ooh! That exuberant chaat hitting the entire range of authentic flavour notes, that hand-churned ice cream with the kiss of creaminess and fruitiness... Three decades ago, it was love at first bite. And over the years, as the menu grew, so did my list of favourites. It was pure bliss to gently peel off the glistening green banana leaf to reveal

the handkerchief thin, steamed rice flour panki clinging to it, to smear it with chutney, and to bite the masala mirchi. They've created several new dishes but the panki, dahi puri and freshly squeezed sugarcane juice remain its superb signatures.

Throughout the years I've known the soft-spoken Asha Jhaveri, I've requested her for many bookings in her restaurant for visiting Michelin-starred chefs, and gone to Swati several times myself to get my fix of panki and satisfy my addiction to chaat. Naturally, I was convinced that I knew all there was to know about this super popular, home-style, pure vegetarian eatery and its South Mumbai based owner; but I didn't.

## **Recipe For Joy**

This book is a treat to beat all other treats. Not only does it share some rare recipes but Asha is also disarmingly honest about all aspects of her life. Writer Tanushka Vaid recounts Asha's life story with great insight and empathy. It is fascinating to read about the genesis of the dishes that eventually find their way into her eatery's menu and explore her early tryst with food – from how Asha, as a little girl, made the menu for her doll's marriage celebration to how she loved the rose sharbat gola on Chowpatty beach.

Along with this, is her inspirational life story of facing hardship, starting with her feisty mother who opened Swati Snacks amid huge opposition from her conservative family. In those days only the roadside

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bhaiyyas made chaat; so not only did Asha's mother blaze a new path, but her decision to launch Swati Snacks also symbolised women's empowerment. Equally fascinating is the story of how Asha was forced to take up the running of the restaurant after her mother's demise. Asha had never cooked before joining Swati, but voila! She would go on to open three more branches of the restaurant.

The simplicity of Swati Snacks is deceptive. The restaurant finds transcendence in dishes that seduce as well as satisfy – just like this book that you are holding in your hands. Enjoy!

**Rashmi Uday Singh**

Food critic, author of 40 food books



# 1

## Hope And Joy

I WAS BORN IN 1945, TWO YEARS BEFORE THE INDEPENDENCE of India, in a small, close-knit family in Mumbai. My younger brother was born three years after me, in 1948. My parents decided to name me 'Asha' which means 'hope', and my younger brother was named 'Anand' which means 'joy'. If there were two words I could use to describe my childhood, it would be these – hope and joy. Our home was always filled with warmth, laughter, and love. Being born so close to India's independence, we were raised in a society steeped in traditional Indian values, with some elements of European influence seeping through, especially when it came to food and local cuisine.

Our home was in an area called Gowalia Tank, which was a hub of the Gujarati-Jain community in South Mumbai. Gowalia Tank had three lanes that met in a central circle. We lived on Alexandra road, while my *nana-nani* lived a five-minute walk away on Laburnum road. The area was always relaxed and peaceful – full of

greenery and the quiet murmur of life passing by. In those days, there were no loud horns blaring or tires screeching. The loud noises, if any, were of children's laughter and cheer when schools got over for the day.

The surrounding locality had a Jain temple, two schools, and small restaurants and shops nestled within it. It was like a world of its own, and for many years, my life revolved around the people and places within these three lanes.

In our childhood, Anand and I spent a lot of time at our nana and nani's place, which was like a second home for us. On weekends and holidays especially, we would go to their home in the morning and stay there till lunch. Though we loved both our grandparents, their personalities were poles apart. While our nana was strict and adamant about following rules, our nani was easy-going and had a more friendly relationship with us.

Our nani was a staunch follower of Jainism, and from a young age she tried to inculcate in me the importance of prayer and rituals. Every Sunday morning, I used to go to her home dressed in my finest, and we would walk together to the local Jain temple, a short five-minute walk away in a nearby lane. I have many fond memories of those walks; it was a time when I used to feel that there was no one else in the world except the two of us and I had her undivided attention.

On the other hand, even as a little boy, Anand was not religiously inclined, seemingly taking after our mother in that regard. He never accompanied us on these visits and

though our nani tried hard to persuade him, he never relented.

Our nani taught me many *shlokas*, some of which I continued to recite for many years even after my marriage. One of the first shlokas I learnt was the *Navkar Mantra* and I have a distinct memory of my nani and I praying together with our hands clasped, and eyes squeezed shut, convinced that the Gods were listening to our every word.

### **Is School Over, Yet?**

If there was one dent in my otherwise happy, peaceful life, it was school. To say I disliked school as much as the school disliked me would not be an exaggeration.

Until Class 6, Anand and I went to a Gujarati-medium school called Sahkari Vidya Mandir at Tardeo, a 15-minute drive from home. When I failed my Class 6 examinations in mathematics and science, and was told to repeat the year, my mother refused, and transferred us to different schools.

Anand started attending New Era School and I went to Fellowship School, both of which were just a five-minute walk from our home. Though they were both co-education schools, we were separated intentionally. Since I was evidently not good at studies, my mother was worried that I would keep failing, and a day might come that Anand and I end up in the same class, though I was three years older than him. To avoid this embarrassment

and the repercussions it could have, she set us out on different paths.

To add to my misery, the new school was a combination of both English and Gujarati mediums. The introduction of English as not only a subject, but also the medium of instruction for other subjects, seemed like an impossible challenge for me. I found it very difficult to keep up with what was happening in class and I spent a lot of time staring fixatedly at my book, willing myself not to cry.

My weakest subject was mathematics. I couldn't calculate in my head or recite the times tables from memory. The numbers would swarm around on the page in front of me while I helplessly tried to make sense of them.

Some of my worst memories and fears stem from those days in the classroom. I was constantly yelled at by my teachers for being slow; they would think that I was stupid and would never amount to anything. I would often be made to stand on the bench for getting the answers wrong – head hanging in shame, and cheeks burning with embarrassment.

I used to stare at the clock, day after day, praying that the school bell would ring and I could run away to the safety of my home. I remember being scared and feeling that no matter what I did, I was just not good enough.

The only respite I got from the long hours at school was that during every recess and lunch break I could walk back home to eat before returning back for the remainder of the lessons, and my brother would do the same. Back

in the comfort of my home, I was able to take some deep breaths and relax.

Whenever we went to our nani's home, and I told her that my teachers didn't think I would amount to anything in life, she would shake her head and smile lovingly. Brushing my hair gently, she would say, "Don't worry Asha. It's okay. You will be all right." Her simple words filled with love and support meant the whole world to me and gave me the courage to return to school day after day.

### **Children Of The World**

I had a small but close group of friends with whom I spent most of my time either in the school canteen or the compound of my building. Our school canteen was famous for its sandwiches, *samosas* and *ragda patties*. I would get twenty rupees per month as pocket money and used it sparingly to make sure that I never fell short of it and could go for outings with my friends.

My friends would get similar amounts of pocket money and in an effort to save it, they would often accompany me home instead of going out, and we would spend many hours together laughing, talking, and playing games. If Anand and his friends joined us, we would become a large, boisterous group, running around the house until we were sent down to the building compound where we would play games like kho-kho, saakli, hide-n-seek and catch-n-cook.

At any given evening, the sound of laughter and

screaming children always penetrated the walls of neighbouring houses, filling our community with love, joy, and the occasional shout to ‘tone it down!’

One of my fondest memories is when my friend and I decided to get our dolls married. I had a girl doll and she had a boy doll. Together we planned an elaborate wedding ceremony replete with traditional customs and a fancy menu.

The ceremony was held at my house and was a lavish affair for us. The wedding had a large guest list, and all of our friends from school were invited. After the wedding rituals were performed by us, looking like very serious, naïve little girls, we served the food.

This was the first time in my life I had ever designed a menu and I left no stone unturned. My friend and I had asked our mothers to cook us some food, and now it lay spread out for everyone to share. We had homemade hot *jalebis*, Gujarati *meethi dal* with white rice, *aloo ki sukhi sabzi*, *dahi vadas*, white *dhoklas* and potato chips. Later that evening, everyone left our home feeling very impressed with the food they had eaten and the wedding they had witnessed.

As children we made up many such events and our parents always indulged us. In those days, we didn’t have technology to distract us, or rash drivers to endanger us. We had space and time and freedom.

Our parents didn’t worry about our safety or pressure us about the future – they simply didn’t have to. Our parents didn’t raise us to be scared of the world; they raised us as if we were children of the world.

## Oh, Brother!

As children, Anand and I had a maid called Radhabai, who would accompany us everywhere. One of the places she frequently took us to was Chowpatty beach, one of the largest beaches in South Mumbai, and a 15-minute drive from our home.

Amongst the many hawkers, there was a *golawala* who would come there and sell *golas* of different colours. Anand and I weren't allowed to eat food from outside very often, and especially not *golas*, which were considered very questionable in terms of hygiene. The vendor would garnish each *gola* with a few *masalas* like *chaat masala* that would add a salty, tangy flavour. I used to love licking the *masala* off the *gola* and frequently asked him to add some extra *masala* to it. My favourite flavour was the 'kala khatta *gola*' that got its name from the *kala khatta sharbat* that was used. It had a combination of sweet and sour taste, and was perfect for hot summer days. The *golas* would make my lips look coloured too and after eating them I could pretend as if I was a grown-up woman with lipstick on. So whenever I wanted my lips to look red, I would have the 'rose *sharbat gola*' or the 'orange *sharbat gola*'.

Radhabai knew about this and would secretly buy them for me against my mother's wishes. Anand, on the other hand, never bought a *gola* or ate anything from outside unless he was allowed. He was a quiet boy who always listened to what he was told. This was just one of the differences between us.

Anand and I were poles apart at almost everything, from the food we liked, to the way we spoke or dressed. Nothing in us seemed to match. The biggest difference, however, was that while I barely managed to pass in school, my brother was a genius. He was intelligent, hardworking and cleared his exams with flying colours. Growing up, this filled me with a lot of insecurity and I always thought my mother loved him better. This made me feel quite jealous and I often took it out on him.

Taking advantage of my position as a big sister, I would often bully him into doing what I wanted. Whenever we had disagreements, I would fight and sometimes even hit him. Though he held his own in all fights, being older than him, I would usually win.

When we entered our teens, however, our relationship started to change. We stopped fighting over little things and grew closer, the way most siblings eventually do.

One of the incidents that showed how deeply Anand cared about me was when I was around thirteen years old. Anand, Viralalji (who was officially our cook, though he was almost like family to us) and I had gone cycling to Worli (a suburb of Mumbai). On our way back, we were cycling on Peddar Road (around half-way between our home and Worli)—and this was when the flyover connecting Peddar Road to Hughes Road hadn't been built yet—so there was just one steep slope of around 500m between Peddar Road and Worli. I don't know what came over me, but I decided to cycle down the slope at breakneck speed just to see how fast I could go. The problem, I soon realised, was that I didn't know how to

use the breaks properly and so lost control over my cycle as I sped down the road. I could hear Anand and Viralalji screaming behind me, saying, “Asha press the break!” but I was frozen to my seat. Fortunately, when the road straightened out, my cycle slowed down automatically and as soon as I got off, Anand came running from behind, screaming, “You could have been hurt! Why don’t you take care of yourself?” Though I didn’t say anything to him back then, I secretly thought that it was worth it, since now I knew that Anand cared much more about me than he would ever admit.

Though we didn’t have long, heart-to-heart talks, or share secrets with each other, I always knew I could count on him to be my pillar of strength whenever I needed it. Over time, I stopped viewing him as my ‘annoying little brother’ and started to recognise him as my equal and as my friend through life.

## 2

### The Touch Of Love

FOOD WAS ALWAYS A CENTRAL PART OF MY LIFE WHILE growing up, and a prominent feature at all family events and festivals. We would traditionally have specific combinations of Gujarati sweets, *namkeens* and main courses that worked well together and we rarely changed them. For example, *undhiya* was eaten with *puris*, *val ni dal*, and jalebi, *shrikhand* or *shiro* as dessert. Another combination was *chola* and *sambhariya potatoes* eaten with puris and a dessert called *lapsi*. The food was usually prepared at home with the women of the household lovingly preparing it for the rest of the family. My mother was an exceptional cook and famous among her friends for the dishes she would make.

When my mother got married, they had a house help called Viralal Raval. Gradually she started to teach him how to cook, and soon he had taken over the cooking for the entire household. After that, my mother would only cook on special occasions or for trying out new

recipes, and as children, we were always taught to refer to Viralalji as our *maharaj*.

In our home, the social barriers between the working class and us were blurred, and we were taught to treat everyone with respect and dignity. Our staff was never considered to be beneath us, but instead, treated as members of the family. This enriched our interactions with them and proved beneficial for all of us; while they would get a home away from home, we would get support and loyalty for life.

I loved eating Punjabi cuisine and my favourite dishes were *vegetable do pyaza*, *kali dal*, *onion kulcha* or *pudina paratha* and vegetable biryani with *raita*. I also had a sweet tooth for vanilla ice cream with hot chocolate sauce, and caramel custard that we would get from a local restaurant. Anand, on the other hand, enjoyed a more traditional palate. His favourite dish was a combination of steamed white rice, *Gujarati toor dal* with *ghee*, green coriander chutney and *papads*. Surprisingly, neither of us was too fond of *chaats*, though our mother was famous for making them.

Since we had a maharaj who would cook up delicacies for us daily, we were always taught the value of hot, home-cooked meals, and how to appreciate the people who were cooking them. Another habit stressed upon at home was to eat everything, and not be picky about our food habits. We always had a sufficient helping of green vegetables, pulses, and curd with every meal.

While occasionally, at our home, we could bully our way into getting food we wanted, this was not the case

at our nana's home. My nana was very strict. In order to help us learn how to eat all kinds of food, he would serve us different vegetables every time we went there and foods like *karela*, *doodhi* and *gunda* were staples at his house.

As young children, my brother and I were not too fond of those vegetables, but being scared of our nana, we couldn't say anything, and quietly ate whatever was placed before us. This strict upbringing had the desired effect on our food habits, and till today I can eat almost all vegetables with perfect equanimity.

There was a belief in ancient India that the taste of the food depended not only on the ingredients and recipe used, but also on the emotions that the chef prepared it with. By treating our staff with respect and in raising us to believe in equality of labour, my mother ensured that everyone who came in contact with our food did so with love and goodness in their hearts.

Though my mother never expressly said anything, I believe that this 'touch of love' was the secret to the special taste of our homemade food, and the reason why everyone got up from the dining table feeling satisfied and blessed.

## **The Flower Blooms**

My mother always made sure that my brother and I were well exposed to the world outside, and so, we often went for holidays to different places in India. When I was 11 years old, we made a trip to Ooty, a hill station

in Southern India, during the summer of 1956. It was Anand, my mother, her friends with their children, and me. There were nine of us, and we went for two weeks.

We travelled by an overnight train since planes were not as popular yet, and found the journey almost as exciting as the destination. We loved seeing the landscapes pass outside our window, running around in the train compartments or striking up spontaneous friendships with other children during the long hours.

On that trip, we went not just to Ooty but also to surrounding cities such as Mysore, Chennai, and Bangalore.

To say that the natural beauty in Ooty was astounding would be an understatement. Everywhere we looked, there was Mother Nature at Her finest. The hills were covered in a carpet of green and wild flowers sprang from the bushes in the ground. The sky was covered in streaks of white and blue, and the view of the rising sun from our hotel window added vibrant splashes of orange and red to the sky, as if God Himself had picked up His brush and decided to paint. During that idyllic trip, we would wake up with the call of the birds and sleep to the lullaby of the insects hovering around the Ratran flowers. I had thought my home in Mumbai to be peaceful, but it was nothing compared to this.

We would try out some local cuisine in every city, and since we were in South India, *dosa* was the staple everywhere. In Ooty, I had a *dosa* for the first time and immediately fell in love with it. It was also the first time I saw how one dish was reimagined in so many

different ways. While the dosa was thicker in Chennai, it was thinner in Bangalore. The taste of the chutney and *sambhar* also varied in flavour and consistency. We would eagerly wait to try out this dish in different places so that we could compare our thoughts on it and rate the food accordingly — this had become our little holiday game.

One of the highlights of the trip was a visit to the flower show at the Ooty Government Botanical Gardens. The annual event was often referred to as the ‘Showstopper of the South’ and having witnessed it, I can definitely vouch for it.

Rows upon rows of flowers were lined up in a vibrant display of colours. Flowers of every colour, shape and size, including local plants and exotic variants were grown throughout the year especially for this occasion. It would take us a few hours to walk through the entire garden, but we hardly realised it because it was like walking through the gardens of heaven. While we children ran ahead, marvelling at the diverse colours, the adults lingered behind, to appreciate the delicate intricacies of the flora.

That day I saw the Dahlia flower in all its glory; its pinkish-purple majestic wonder etched in my memory for years to come. And one day, several years later, when I decided to try my hand at sketching, the same Dahlia would come to mind.

For a long time, my mother had been trying to figure out what I could do after I completed school. Since I was not good at studies, pursuing a typical higher education degree didn’t make sense for someone like me. When she saw my sketch of the Dahlia flower, she discovered that I

had a hidden aptitude for art and she enrolled me in the JJ School of Arts.

My journey through college began in 1962 – six years after my first glimpse of the Dahlia flower. And unlike in school, where I felt like a seed desperately trying to push its way through the soil to reach the sun and air; in college, I would find the perfect environment to finally bloom.

### 3

## Prepare For Take Off

AROUND THE SAME TIME, MY MOTHER'S CHAATS HAD BEEN steadily rising in popularity with relatives and friends. She would make them during special occasions or when we had guests come over. More and more people started encouraging her to start selling her chaats commercially. They believed that this was just the item Mumbai had been waiting for, and that people would come in droves to get their share of tasty home-cooked chaats at good rates. The idea started to take root in my mother's mind and she decided to test it out.

If her friends had thought that getting my mother to agree to this idea was hard, they didn't know what lay ahead. My parents had separated when I was six years old, so the decision to start a new venture should have been entirely hers. But instead, she faced strong opposition from her family every step of the way. While a few relatives had been open to and supportive of the idea, most of them were against it.

Her family was aghast at her decision to start selling chaats and didn't spare any opportunity to remind her of the implications. We were from a conventional Jain family and this idea came as a shock for all.

In those days, the notion of a working woman was highly unusual in our community. Most women would stay at home, look after the household, and have their cooking limited to serving the members of the family. This was the image of a traditional daughter-in-law in people's minds. Usually, it was only a male member like the husband or father who could be the breadwinner, and if a woman decided to work, it signified that the men were not able to earn enough to provide for the family. In such circumstances, many opposed my mother's desire to work, fearful of the message that it would send out.

The greater point of contention, however, was that my mother was planning to sell chaat. In those days, no restaurant served chaat, which was seen as street food. Selling chaat was associated with the image of *bhaiyyas* carrying food and stands on their heads, moving from place to place in the hope of earning enough money to send back home to their native place. Our family was financially stable, and they didn't understand why my mother would want to portray an image so different from ours. They thought that it would harm the reputation of the family, to be seen doing something considered very 'lowly' in our society.

As children, we often heard all these criticisms being hurled at our mother, but we weren't very concerned. Every time they said something, we would look at our

mother to see if she was taking it well. We knew that as long she seemed all right, we would be all right too – that there was nothing to be worried or scared about. And she always did take it well.

Though my mother was respectful of their concerns, she did not pay any heed to them. She was a determined, strong woman, and once she had taken a decision, there was no backing down. She fought against all the negativity and pessimism that was directed at her; not with words or pain, but with her actions.

My mother never thought that it was anyone else's right to tell her what to do or how to live her life. Even in a conservative society where there was so much emphasis on conforming to perceptions of the perfect daughter or daughter-in-law, she never let go of herself and of who she was, beyond the boundaries of the roles she had to play.

While people tried to pull her down, she started to work silently, resolutely, to build herself up, accumulating all the strength and power she knew she had, much like how the engine of a plane gears up before hitting the runway. And then, she took off, taking all of us with her.

## **Swati Is Born**

When my nana and nani realised that my mother was not going to change her mind, they decided to help her, as this way they could be a part of her journey and make it easier for her. My nani gave my mother the initial investment of Rs.35,000 with which she could purchase a small place of around 250 square feet at Tardeo. Though this space

could accommodate only four tables seating 12 people at one time, it was chosen because of the convenience of its location. Tardeo was only a 15-minute drive away from our home, and hence, easily accessible at all times.

My mother decided to call the place ‘Swati Snacks’, which was surprising since neither my mother (whose name was Minakshi) nor anyone else in the family was called Swati. The menu had different chaat items such as *pani puri*, *dahi puri* made with fresh curd, *sev puri* and *ragda patties* served with a side of green chutney. Swati was officially launched on 31 December 1962, a symbolic day for us because it marked the end of age-old ideals regarding a woman’s role in our family, and ushered in the start of many new adventures.

The initial customers were friends and relatives of the family, but word soon spread and many people from the local Jain-Gujarati community started pouring in. Swati was a pure vegetarian restaurant and provided a common place for families to gather since they knew there would be something to everyone’s liking.

What made Swati different was that my mother started it as a hobby and not as a business. Though she used to sell chaats and generate income the way a business does, her motive was not to make profit but to serve the food she loved, to the people she loved. She always used the choicest ingredients and added her special ‘touch of love’ to all the dishes.

She started to become famous because people knew that here was a woman from a reputed family who was creating exceptional quality of food for family and

friends with no desire to cheat them. They started to view Swati as a place that would serve food similar to their home-cooked food in terms of hygiene, but with much better taste. This was her trademark.

My mother and Viralal maharaj would start preparing all the chaat items at home in the morning. Everything, from the *puris* of pani puri to the *sev* of sev puri — all of which were bought ready-made by most restaurants because of the sheer effort it took to make them — were handmade from scratch, and what was more, the leftovers from the previous day were given away and never reused. This level of attention to detail and quality was very unusual and it reflected in the food. Customers always remarked that even if there were similar chaats on offer by other vendors in Mumbai, you could tell if a dish was from Swati simply by looking at it.

After the preparations were made each morning, our house help, Devji, would take the food in a taxi and head over to the restaurant by 1:00 p.m. He would arrange the tables neatly, clean the place, and perform small tasks until my mother and maharaj would open the restaurant and join him. Swati used to be open to customers from 3:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. on all days.

In the evening, maharaj would come back home to cook dinner for Anand and me, and then we would wrap up the dinner in a tiffin box and take it to my mother at Swati. We would often stay back with her till closing time and come home together.

One of the unique items she started serving in Swati was hand-churned ice cream. The churner was a wooden

container with an aluminium jar in the centre. She would boil fresh milk and put it in the aluminium jar and fill the sides of the jar with ice and rock salt. Once the milk was cooled, she would add the fresh or dry fruits (such as *sithaphal*, *kesar pista*, strawberries or oranges) and sugar, and start churning the machine by hand.

In the process of churning, the milk would become thick like ice cream, but would remain soft, have the freshness of fruits, and not the frozen taste of regular ice creams. The introduction of this hand-churned ice cream was seen as a sophisticated alternative to regular frozen treats. Word spread quickly about the delicious hand-churned ice creams and it wasn't long before we realised that the four tables at Swati could no longer accommodate the large crowds.

Since there weren't enough funds for expansion, my mother decided to start serving people in their cars. This turned out to be immensely popular as people could come, pick up the food and eat to their heart's content, without leaving the comfort of their cars.

Swati was the first non-roadside place to serve what was traditionally considered as street food, and what her family had felt would be an embarrassment, turned out to be her greatest strength.

The lack of formal, organised places to eat chaat, made Swati stand out as a diamond amongst rocks, and people started to come from far and near. Since the matter of hygiene and quality were taken care of, families with young and old members alike could eat the food without worrying about falling ill, which would usually

happen by eating roadside chaat that used poor quality ingredients and water.

Before long, my mother's friends and extended family started to heap praises on what a good job she was doing, and how her business was growing well. Slowly but surely, the family that had questioned her ability to be successful, started to realise that in a matter of a few months, she already was. And those who said she would bring shame to the family, now turned proudly to friends and family alike, to boast about how well she was doing.

For my mother, it wasn't so much the money or the praise that affected her – neither had been the objective for starting the business. She never fell into the trap of taking shortcuts with quality or quantity after she had made a name for herself and instead, continued to provide the best on a platter.

Even once the money started to flow in, she never once let the fruits of her success blindside her from her goals. What mattered most to her was that she could share her joy of cooking and provide people a place like home to eat. This was her only mission and this was what helped Swati to continue rising in popularity.