

RABI

FREE Community Edition

*One man's journey from surviving to inspiring-
through business, purpose and power.*

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**REAL STORIES. BOLD STRATEGIES.
GET CONNECTED WITH INVESTORS
UNLOCK POWERFUL IDEAS.
REVEAL BUSINESS SECRETS.
ENHANCE YOUR BUSINESS.
MENTORSHIP. GROWTH. RESULTS.**



Unlock the Secret

What if I told you the biggest moves in life often start with the smallest steps—like a flyer, a closed-down store, or a late-night idea scribbled on a napkin?

My name is Sam Rabi, and this magazine is not just a publication—it's a movement. I created RABI: The Community Edition because I've walked the same streets as many of you. I've felt what it's like to be overlooked. To work from five in the morning until ten at night. To be seen as "just" a store owner, when inside, I was carrying billion-dollar ideas, untold stories, and a fire to help others rise with me.

This magazine is for those who dream, who hustle, who struggle, and who rise again. You'll find powerful strategies, business secrets I've never shared before, and real opportunities to connect with investors, mentors, and a community that has your back.

This is the place where ideas spark. Where closed doors get reopened. Where someone like you discovers the path to something greater.

Welcome to the first edition of something that's never been done before.

Let's unlock it together.

— Sam Rabi



The Arrival: Thrown Into Adulthood at 16

In 1997, I stepped off a plane into the unknown. I was just 16 years old—full of dreams but drowning in uncertainty. I didn't speak the language. I had never worked a day in my life. But life doesn't always wait for you to catch up.

Almost overnight, childhood disappeared. I was thrown into the world of survival. No time for high school dances, no movie nights, no teenage hang-outs. While others my age were studying for exams or dreaming of college, I was working from 5 AM to 10 PM in a small grocery store owned by my brother-in-law. I had my first day off after a full year of nonstop work.

I didn't go out. I didn't explore. I barely looked up. Every dollar mattered, and every second counted. But deep inside, I had a love for education. I wanted to finish school. I wanted more. But dreams were pushed aside so I could help carry the weight of my family.

Still, I kept going.

By the time I turned 21, I had saved up \$50,000. I borrowed another \$15,000 from my brother, Moe Rabi, and opened my first convenience store in Winter Haven, Florida. I didn't know what I was doing. I had no blueprint—only grit, responsibility, and an overwhelming desire to make something of myself.

That store changed my life—not because it made me rich, but because it made me believe.

But the road ahead wasn't smooth. In fact, it was brutal. The lease expired after four years, and I couldn't afford to buy the building. So I shut it down and went after a new opportunity with Moe as my business partner.

I put everything on the line—even my home—to buy another store in Lakeland, Florida. But what we didn't know was that the seller had set us up. He owned two stores. To trick us during the testing period, he shut down his more successful store so all the traffic funneled into the one he planned to sell to us. Right after closing the deal, he reopened his other location and pulled all the business back.



We were crushed. Financially. Emotionally. Personally.

The overhead, the bills, the pressure—it was all swallowing us whole. It felt like everything we built was slipping away. We were drowning.

Then came the moment that changed everything.

One afternoon, while working at the office, Moe walked in with a local magazine. On the cover was an advertisement. A full-color page by the very same man who had deceived us. Moe handed it to me, and we just stared at it.

That was the spark.

I didn't get angry—I got inspired.

I looked at the ad, looked at Moe, and said,

“If he can do this... so can we.”



The Flyer That Changed Everything

That one moment sparked something in me.

I didn't get angry—I got focused.

That night, I stayed up designing my first flyer. No graphics. No images. Just bold words, prices, and our store name. I studied the mailing process, learned how to target local addresses, and pushed out our first batch.

The result?

Quiet. Too quiet.

It wasn't what I expected, but it wasn't the end. It was just the first test.

On the second round, I went all in—colorful designs, eye-catching graphics, and jaw-dropping prices that no competitor could touch. Psychedelic colors, massive deals, and real value. I mailed out 5,000 flyers, and this time, it wasn't quiet.

Sales exploded overnight. In just weeks, the business had picked up tremendously.

The formula was born:

Powerful Visuals +

Aggressive Pricing +

Targeted Flyers +

Undeniable Traffic

This wasn't just about one store. It was a turning point. The beginning of a model I'd later scale and flip across dozens of businesses.

And the inspiration, ironically, came from the very same person who had once deceived us.



The Store Everyone Gave Up On— Except Me

There are moments in life when everyone around you says, “Don’t do it.”

When friends warn you.

When salespeople shake their heads.

When even your own family—your brother, your relatives, even your own parents—tell you to walk away.

But sometimes, the most powerful move you’ll ever make is the one no one else sees coming.

That moment came in late 2009, when I spotted a shut-down convenience store in Auburndale, Florida.

On paper, it was a nightmare. Three different owners had already failed at that same location. The store was completely closed—lifeless. Everyone I knew, including my brother Moe, my family, and industry professionals, told me not to touch it.

“You’re risking your reputation,” they said.

And they were right. I had never taken over a closed-down store before. I had no blueprint. No guarantee. No support.

But what I did have... was a vision.

While others were focused on the store’s past, I was studying its future. I conducted a full-scale analysis—counted the traffic flow on the main road, surveyed the number of homes and businesses nearby, and dissected the local competition. Every detail mattered. And the more I studied, the more I believed this could work.

So I made a decision that, to this day, remains one of the boldest of my career. We invested a considerable amount into renovations—breathing new life into a location everyone had abandoned. The inside was gutted, redesigned, and transformed. What was once a ghost town began to look like the heartbeat of a neighborhood.

When we finally opened the doors, our first day brought in just \$70 in sales. That stung—but I wasn’t surprised. I knew it would take more.

So I unleashed a marketing storm. I created one of the most visually aggressive flyers the area had ever seen—psychedelic colors, irresistible pricing, and a promise to beat the competition. I mailed 5,000 flyers to homes and businesses in the area.

The result?

We jumped from \$70 a day to \$1,400 overnight. And within two months, we were averaging \$4,000 a day in sales. A store that was once seen as cursed... became the hottest destination in town.

And that’s when I realized something truly powerful:

With the right renovation, the right vision, the right marketing and a deep connection to the community—you can resurrect what others have left for dead.

But I still didn’t know that what I had just done was more than a success story. I was about to stumble into a strategy... that would change everything.



The Day the Competition Advertised for Me

After the impossible comeback in Auburndale, something changed in me.

It was more than just a store revival.

It felt like I had discovered a hidden key—one that could unlock life in places everyone else had abandoned. That key led me to Lakeland, Florida. Another shut-down convenience store, sitting quietly in the shadows. Two different owners had already failed there. The lights were out. The shelves were empty. The locals had forgotten it even existed.

And once again... everyone told me not to touch it. But just like before, I ignored the noise and listened to the numbers. The traffic was solid. The density was strong. And I knew exactly what to do.

I invested a considerable amount of time, energy, and capital into renovating the store—top to bottom. Every square foot was reimagined, refreshed, and brought back to life. It no longer looked like a failed business—it looked like a destination. But I wasn't just renovating a building. I was preparing the community for something exciting.

I mailed out a powerful, jaw-dropping flyer to thousands of homes and businesses nearby—filled with electric colors, outrageous deals, and an energy that screamed, “We’re back—and we’re better than ever.”

And then came a twist I’ll never forget...

Four nearby businesses—my direct competitors—copied me. Not just the style. They literally duplicated my flyer—same colors, same layout, same prices.

But they didn’t stop there. They teamed up. All four businesses joined forces and printed one flyer—listing all their stores at the bottom.

It was a full-on alliance—just to take me down.

But here’s the thing... My flyer got there first.

So when customers received the copycat version, they thought it was mine. They came rushing to my store—holding the competitor’s flyer—asking for the deals. And I smiled and said:

“Absolutely. I’ll honor every price.”

That moment was wild. Four businesses had just spent their own money... to advertise for me. It was funny—but also powerful. Because in their effort to compete, they accidentally validated everything I had done.

That’s when it hit me: “This is no longer just about reviving stores. This is about building a model... that scales.” I turned to my brother Moe and said: “What if we don’t just run these places? What if we flip them?”

We could take what everyone else gave up on—renovate it, revive it, reintroduce it to the community—and then move on to the next one. Leaving behind jobs. Stability. Life.

And that’s how the flipping model was born. We went on to flip 14 businesses. Some were struggling. Most were completely shut down. But all of them shared the same DNA: They were forgotten—until we gave them a future.

This was no longer just about business.

It was about believing in what others don’t.

It was about turning “closed” signs into open doors—for families, for communities, and for people like me who came to this country with nothing but a dream.



Buried by Tragedy. Raised by Purpose.

In the middle of flipping businesses...
In the middle of giving life to forgotten places...
While helping communities save thousands, creating jobs, and restoring hope—Time stopped.

It was August 19, 2017—a day carved into my soul forever.

My wife, my brother Moe's wife, our five children... all packed into a family SUV, heading home. Seven souls. One vehicle. A regular day... until it wasn't.

Without warning, a car from the opposite lane—driven by someone under the influence—crossed into their path and slammed into the SUV head-on. The impact was thunderous. The metal twisted like paper. Our family car was destroyed beyond recognition. Emergency helicopters sliced through the sky, rushing to airlift everyone to Tampa General Hospital. Screams. Sirens. Shattered glass.

A scene no parent, no husband, no human being should ever be told about—let alone live through. Some of them were bruised. Some were broken. Some were nearly lost.

But the deepest pain came with the smallest body. My son, Adam Rabi—just a year and a half old—was rushed to the ICU. He would remain there for nearly three months. His tiny body was surrounded by machines...tubes, monitors, wires—keeping him stable. Keeping him alive. Machines breathed for him, watched over him, fought for him.

And when the news came in...
He would never walk. My son was now paraplegic. It was a devastation no words could ever capture. Not just for me, but for everyone who loved him—especially his mother, and his big sister, Sumaya. It was like the entire world went dark.

If I could show you a photo of the car... you'd understand. But I can't. Even looking at that photo would shatter my family all over again.

At one point, I felt like the entire universe had collapsed on top of me. It was the kind of pain you don't cry about. It's the kind that sits in your chest... heavy... silent... and endless.

But in the middle of that darkness, I realized something: If I collapse, I make others collapse with me.

So I chose to rise. I chose to fight.

I chose to build a new future—for Adam. For Sumaya. For Amir. For all of us. That decision changed everything.

The businesses I flipped. The risks I took. The movement I'm building today. All of it was born from the ashes of that one terrible day.

This isn't just a page in my story—it's the turning point. Because when life tries to bury you alive, you have two choices:

Stay buried...

Or rise—and rebuild what was stolen.



The Risk That Built a Brand

Nearly three years after the accident that changed my life forever, I stood at the edge of another decision—one that would redefine everything I knew about business.

In 2020, I came across a shut-down gas station in Cleveland Heights, Lakeland, Florida. Not one. Not two. But five different owners had tried and failed at that exact location. Every one of them went out of business. One after the other.

Most people saw a graveyard for failed dreams.

I saw potential.



Even though I had successfully flipped 14 businesses before this one, most of them were either shut down or severely underperforming. But this time, it was a gas station—something I had never operated before. It came with a steep learning curve. New systems. New responsibilities.

And no owner to guide me—just a cold, empty building that had already defeated five people before me.

A realtor I once worked with told me bluntly: “Gas stations are a different animal. Don’t get into this mess.” But I trusted the process. I dove deep.

I conducted a full-scale analysis—traffic flow, fuel demand, local density, community habits—and despite the nerves, despite the weight of the unknown, despite my hands literally shaking... I signed the contract.

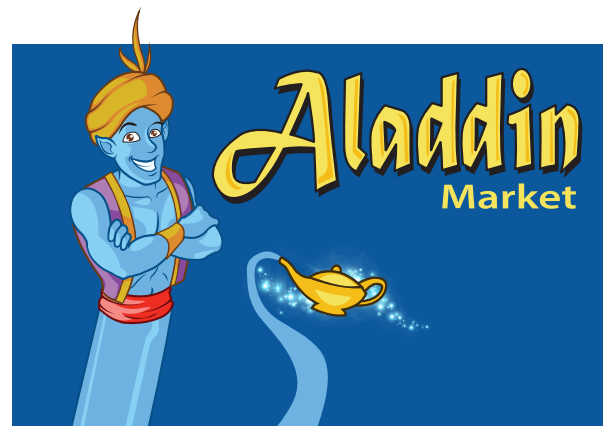
We spent seven and a half months transforming the location. From inside to out, floor to ceiling, it was reborn. By the time we were done, the store looked like it belonged to a billion-dollar franchise.

Then came the spark that changed everything.

One evening, Moe and I took our families to the movies. We sat together, watching a magical tale unfold on the big screen.

The movie? You guessed it—Aladdin.

As we left the theater, everyone was laughing and talking about how amazing the movie was... But I was silent. Moe looked at me and asked, “Why are you so quiet?” I looked him straight in the eye and said: “Let’s name our new store Aladdin Market.” He stopped. Thought for a second. Then smiled. “Let’s do it,” he said. And that’s when the brand was born.



It wasn't just a name. It was a story. A culture. A connection. When we opened our doors in early 2021, we didn't just launch a business— We launched a mission. We created a bold social media presence, connected with the community, and supported the people around us. We ran specials with real meaning. We gave to schools. We stood with single mothers. We built a business that cared.

And then... something even more unexpected happened. Community leaders started showing up. Officials. Influencers. Respected voices. They walked in, shook my hand, and said: "Thank you for what you're doing for the people."

But the truth is—I was the one who was thankful. Thankful for the support. For the love. For the belief. Aladdin Market became the most recognized

non-corporate gas station in Lakeland. We were featured in local TV interviews. Our story spread like wildfire. People weren't just customers—they were part of something bigger. From a forgotten shell to a local legend... From five failures to one unforgettable comeback... And that brand, born from a silent moment after a movie night, Would eventually outperform a worldwide brand like 7-Eleven in one location— Not because of the name... but because of the heart.

Because when you lead with strategy, soul, and service—

You don't just open a store.

You build a legacy.



They Had 7-Eleven. I Had a Plan.

Some flips are big. Some are bold. But this one? This was both—and more.

In 2022, I spotted a 7-Eleven for sale in Melbourne, Florida. This wasn't just a store—it came with the property... and a price tag that would sink me deep into debt.

Most people would've walked away. But I didn't. Because while they saw a famous brand, I saw an opportunity to test everything I believed in.

Taking over a global powerhouse like 7-Eleven—and replacing it with an unknown name like Aladdin Market—wasn't just risky.

It was unheard of.

And to make things harder? 7-Eleven ran that store 24 hours a day. I was only planning to open from 6 AM to 10 PM. I knew what would happen. I ran the numbers. I planned for the worst.



And I told my team this upfront: “The moment we take down the 7-Eleven sign, we’re going to lose 70% of the business.” And that’s exactly what happened. The day we rebranded, sales crashed—just like I predicted.

Nobody in Melbourne knew who I was. Nobody knew what Aladdin Market stood for. We were just a no-name gas station in a market full of giants.

But that’s when we turned on the magic. I redirected what I would’ve spent on renovations into the community. I launched one of the most daring strategies this industry had ever seen. Each day, I tracked inside store sales. I calculated our profit margin. And then I allocated 70% of that profit to drop gas prices the very next day. That’s right—the community literally helped lower their own fuel prices. We posted about it daily.



We told them: “Buy something inside, and you’re helping your neighbors pay less at the pump tomorrow.” People didn’t just shop. They joined a mission.

And the result?

In just two months... Fuel sales jumped from 30,000–35,000 gallons a month to 200,000 gallons a month. Inside store sales exploded from \$50,000 to \$90,000 a month. Aladdin Market, the no-name underdog, was now beating 7-Eleven—in their own former location.

And the buzz wasn’t just online. One day, three months after we opened, my family came to visit me. We sat at a restaurant five miles away from the store. I was wearing an Aladdin Market shirt. A waitress walked up and asked, “Do you work at Aladdin Market?” I smiled. “I own it.” Her eyes widened. “Wait... are you Sam?” She was so excited, she asked to take a picture. She thanked me for what I was doing for the community.

And in that moment—with my wife and kids watching—I felt something money could never buy:

Pride. Purpose. Proof.



Scan for PDF
version of this
publication.

I wasn’t just flipping stores anymore. I was flipping narratives. Flipping neighborhoods. Flipping lives.

And this store? It gave me more than just numbers. It gave me the attention of someone powerful. The previous landlord, a jobber and hard lender, was watching from afar. He didn’t have to be involved—but I kept sending him updates. Monthly reports. Before-and-after data. Performance charts. I wanted to show him what I could do with trust and strategy.

And guess what? He started investing in my future locations. And so did others. Because when you deliver on what you believe in—Investors notice. Communities rally. And your story becomes undeniable.

This store may have started as my boldest flip... But it ended up being my loudest message.



This Is Your Invitation

What you just read isn't just my journey. It's a mirror. A reflection of something inside you. Because maybe you've had an idea burning in your mind... Maybe you've dreamed of starting your own business... Or maybe, you're stuck in a job that's draining your spirit.

*Whatever your story is—
you're not alone.*

This magazine wasn't built to brag. It was built for the community.

To empower, to guide, to connect.

If you've ever been overlooked... dismissed... doubted... If you've ever felt like you had something to offer but no one took you seriously—

I hear you. Because I've been you.

I know what it's like to start from the ground up. To be broke. To be overwhelmed. To wonder if it's all even worth it.

But I'm here to tell you: You can rise. Whether you're dreaming of a small business... Trying to keep one alive... Or just looking for a way to make your voice matter—

Here's your first step:

Email me directly at:

Samrabi0423@gmail.com

Tell me your vision. Your struggles. Your idea.
Or just ask a question.

I've built something rare—a network of mentors and investors who believe in second chances and bold ideas.

While I can't promise anything, I may be able to connect you with someone who can help bring your vision to life.

And by the way—The gas stations and stores you read about in this magazine? They're only a few of the pivotal moments in my journey. I didn't share every single store or flip—I focused on the chapters that changed everything.

There are more stories... still untold.

And maybe next time, yours will be one of them.

In future editions, we'll be highlighting real people from our communities:

- Single moms starting fresh
- First responders launching side businesses
- Immigrants with a dream
- Students with a vision

If you're trying... If you're building... If you just need someone to believe in you—

I will read your email.
Because this isn't just a magazine.
It's a movement.

And this... is your invitation to rise.

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“The Story Doesn’t End Here”

If you’ve made it this far, I want to thank you—
from the deepest part of my heart.

This first edition wasn’t created to impress. It was created to awaken. To remind you that success is still possible. That dreams still matter. That one person—when they refuse to quit—can spark a movement that lifts thousands.

What you’ve read isn’t fiction. Every store, every flip, every risk... was real. Every setback, every battle, every breakthrough... lived.

But the most exciting part? This is just the beginning. Because in one of my future editions, I’ll be revealing a concept that’s bigger than anything I’ve ever done.

A billion-dollar idea.

Something that doesn’t exist anywhere else in the world. A concept so disruptive... it will shake the commercial industry at its foundation. Not a brand. Not a product. But something far more powerful.

A platform. A blueprint. A revolution.

And when the time comes... You’ll get the first opportunity to invest—before the world even knows what hit it.

Until then, this magazine will continue doing what it was built for: Empowering voices. Revealing untold truths. And showcasing the heroes of our communities—

The single moms fighting to build something from nothing. The everyday workers with extraordinary dreams. The silent strivers who just need to be heard.

So stay tuned. Stay inspired.

And if you’re ready to be part of something that could change your life... Keep reading. Keep rising. And welcome to the movement.

With all my heart, I want to thank:

My wife, Haneen, and our three beautiful children—Adam, Sumaya, and Amir—you are my reason, my peace, and my strength.

To my brother, Moe Rabi, thank you for standing with me through every challenge and every milestone. You believed when it was just an idea—and you helped turn vision into reality.

To my parents, your prayers, sacrifices, and values have carried me through every step of this journey. Everything I build stands on the foundation you gave me.

To Noor Masri, your trust and partnership have meant more than you know.

To the investors and the jobber who believed in me when nothing was guaranteed—thank you for walking this journey with me.

To my community—thank you for putting your faith in me. For giving me the space to serve, grow, and give back.

And finally... to you—the reader of this magazine:

Thank you for your time, your belief and your heart.