

OPTIMISTIC OLI

Not all heroes have recognition. Some are behind the scenes, creating impact. Their role is much beyond what one can imagine. Let us dive into the story of one such sidekick, the 'OPTIMISTIC OLI.'

The nation of Hoomba Poomba was a black and white country with dull vegetation. Everything, ranging from the trees to the lakes, were in the shades of grey. However, in this dull place there was a distinguished area:- A magnificent 'Diversity Town' with all shades of the rainbow, a surreal lake with gradient shades of blue and pink, trees and fruits of a massive variety, and birds chirrups. This castle was nonetheless a visual treat, a dreamland, a fairy tale. This was the home of the mighty, famous RS Hero Diversity Dani. Diversity Dani, one of the heroes of discovery, spent years to inculcate inclusivity and make Hoomba Poomba an inhabitant for people who are different and unique". Dani decided to meet the people at the festival of 'EMBRACING INDIVIDUALS.' The people were elated to see their favourite RS hero. There were kids who were eager to get her autograph and asked her about her remarkable journey. "How did you decide to embark on this journey?" Asked a kid. Dani replied, we are all born different; how boring would the world be if we all looked the same?" We have to love and embrace diversities in our life journey because that is what makes us who we are— unique, independent individuals with our own spark, strengths, and weaknesses." The people clapped and hooted for their leader. Another kid asked, Diversity Dani, who or what inspired you the most to take this path? There was a moment of silence. Dani said, I have never been asked this question before. To answer this, I would have to take you to the past, to the Batch of 1920 RS School, where I met Optimistic Oli.

I joined the world-famous RS School, A dream school of every individual. At that time, I was a multi-coloured insecure person in a crowd of normal people. I was a loner; I had friends but only for name. I was always alone in a room full of people. I just hoped for my school years to pass in a jiffy until I met Oli. Oli was a new kid enrolled at our school. The moment he entered for the first class, there was a strange silence; everyone stared at him. Nobody had seen something of that sort before. He had a tail. He was met with eyes full of disgust, but he kept smiling. I found him eccentric. I, for the first time in my life, thought that I was blessed to at least not have a dog's tail like that odd creature. He was treated indifferently. People pretended not to see him and laughed at his face, but he always had a smile on his face; I wouldn't have survived even a second if I were him. Weeks passed by. During my second year I got Oli as my new roommate. With his smile and gentle nature, we became friends. I told him about the miseries of my life, and what it's like to be a multi-coloured. He told me to be positive, as life had so much to offer, and that there was no limit to what I could achieve if I were determined. We shared meals, helped each other with lessons, and went to hang out. He knew me like no one else. One day I saw Oli crying. I tried to console him and saw a letter on his side. His mother was no more. Oli revealed that his mother had given up her special powers and died to fulfill the king's wish. He shared his story; he came from a family of the palayas, a rare, blessed family with magical powers, and each member with some different power. His father could talk to animals, his mother could cure people, and his grandmother could change weather. Oli explained that if any of the gifted palayas were to use their power in excess, they would have to bear consequences. His mother was forced by the king to revive his dead son, resulting in his mother's death. Oli's grief broke him.

Oli's magic was in his tail, but he did not know what his power was. He spent hours working on himself to find out his magical powers. He wished he had the power to speak to the dead so that he could talk to his mother again. At last, after months of trying, he realized that he could do something spectacular: give colour to objects. Oli worked day and night honing his magical abilities. He was the greatest magician, I had ever seen. He had something in his eyes that shined like a bright star. His ability to play with colours was beyond imagination.

Then came the exclusion period. Yes, the time when the mayor's union had declared the differently coloured like me, to be sent to Hoopa Poopa, the scariest place known to mankind without colours. Oli was shattered as he did not want to see me leaving. That was the most horrific time of my life, but Oli stood with me throughout, and gave me hope and tried hard to make me smile. Oli volunteered to come along with me inspite of my resistance. He called me his only family, and so was he for me, my only family. The mayors were also happy with the 'half animal,' as they ruthlessly called him, parting ways without even being asked to. I was unsure about his decision, but he smiled like he always did. I felt extremely sad for him. Finally, the day of our dispersal came when we were made to sit in a big cart and were sent to the most deserted place on earth.

Throughout our journey, I felt, he had something big in his mind. The moment we reached that place of nightmare, Oli hugged me and stormed into the place. He used all his powers to create DIVERSITY TOWN by giving colours to the black and white area. He saved us all. He fell down extremely frail. I held him up and with tears in my eyes and asked him why? Why did u use all your energy Oli? He said, He wanted to add colours to the lives of every being living there including me, his best friend. He wanted all of us to live life to its fullest because we deserved a good life and not any punishment. Unfortunately, his magic took a toll on his life and he quietly died the next day. His lifeless body had a big contented smile that I have not forgotten till date. Before his final adieu, he hugged me and asked me to take care of people, as he saw a leader in me. He was a ray of light in my life. He showed me the path to self-love, which encouraged me to make an impact on others life. He was a true hero!

THE OPTIMISTIC OLI, always positive, always looking at the brighter side of life and always determined to fight for good. I saw everything in him: courage, grit, empathy and compassion. He will always be my hero, my inspiration. Dani smiled, "May his soul rest in peace." The people were inspired by the story of the great, optimistic Oli. They realized that their home was made by an unknown superhero, who sacrificed his life to make theirs better. This story changed the perception of life for all those who were present there. The people decided to create a small memorial statue for OPTIMISTIC OLI in the center of the most beautiful garden there. On the day of inauguration, all the children were seen wearing fake tails to look like him.

There are always people behind heroes. These people may not be celebrated as a known personality and may not have a recognition, but that does not deter their spirits from doing well. These hidden heroes truly deserve our salute.

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