



We
need
trust

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September 2024

We need trust

The end of all wars, planet fifty-three, we need trust, incomplete, intro
This story snippet is part of the collection: The end of all wars
which is part of the collection: Views from around the universe

First published as e-book in Berlin, September, 2024 by Charlie Alice Raya
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Cover & layout

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The end of all wars

We need

trust

Planet fifty-tree

Without trust we are lost

Without trust we ere

Without trust we lash out
needlessly

Without trust we destroy

Without trust we die

These are the famous words
inscribed on a gravestone
of an unknown person.

A hurting soul rediscovered them,
soaking them up
as if they were
a call
to the inevitable.

But as the words wandered
through the hurting souls mind,
a question slowly took shape.

What if?

What if we trusted?

Would we be found?

Would we

Would we know
how
not to
lash out
needlessly?

Would we build?

Would we live?

As these questions grew in strength,
the soul saw something else.

Not hope.

It was too early for hope.

But-

was it defiance?

was it determination?

was it anger?

It was something that made the soul unfold itself, eyes narrowed, lips pressed together tightly.

But the chest was open.

Maybe the chest was determined.

If trust was what it took to-

to everything,

then this soul would find out what it took to trust.

It was clear that it had to be more than a word,
more than a thought,
more than a wish.

It needed to be something real,
something that could be trusted.

This is the story of a soul who set out to explore what it would take a human to trust.

Still sore, the soul stepped on the track
across the ragged mountains.

What is trust?
The soul asked.

But there was no answer,
just a vague sensation of
warmth,
safety,
ease
and certainty.

The certainty to be safe
in someone else's company.

But then
what does it mean to trust?
The soul asked

and stumbled.

No answer wanted to appear.

What does it mean
to trust?

It's impossible!
The soul cried out.

I cannot make myself
be safe
in someone else's company.
This kind of safety
isn't mine to give.

Unless I wander the worlds as a soul apart from souls.

But if I do.
I am still lost
because I have no trust
in others.

But trust I need
to live.

What does it mean to trust?
The soul cried out
to a darkening cloud.

Hurting badly again
the soul slumped down
on the ground.

What does it mean?

And it began to rain.

A million drops
falling and rolling
blown by the wind
lashing and trashing

cold

It can't be done!

Except, it can

if we are not like rain.

Rain is not its own master.

The wind pushes it here,

The storm slashes it there.

But we don't have to be like rain.

Trust is not some magical thing. Trust is not something to trust. Trust does not happen. Trust does not exist.

Unless,

unless

there are people

who decide

to become worthy of trust.

That's why the brother killed the brother.

Neither became worthy of trust.

Because if the killed brother had been worthy of his murdering brother's trust,

why would the murderer have slain his own blood?

What is a god or thousands
to two souls who are worthy of trust
and safe in each other's souls?

The soul felt a small smile form on their face.

A gentle smile
not a triumph, yet.
But something.

Trust is not a magical thing.
It needs
like any creature
well defined features
so that a human can decide
that yes,
this is what I will be
a person that is trustworthy.

The soul
narrowed their eyes
and suddenly smiled.

This is how to trust.
It is a decision
a codex
a way
that allows two people
when they meet

to recognise
that trust will not be in vain.

The soul frowned.

Building trust.

The patient reassurance that: Yes, you are safe!

The gentle words repeated: I have you. You will not fall,
not crash, nor hurt.

And should you fail, I'll have your back.

Trust might be a fragile creature.

One that needs to be reassured
maybe even nurtured,

the soul thought and reached a town.

This is also the story of us who had hurt so many, who had been hurt by more.

Us
who had no reason to trust.

But we were lost
and we knew it.

We were lost
and with us everything
that was still dear to us.
Little enough.

And our planet suffered
coughed
spat fire
flooded
died.

We were lost
and so we decided to learn to trust.

Not that we believed. We were far too far gone for that.
We were desperate and we were hurting.

We, too, wanted, needed to unfold.

This is the story of how we decided to live
and for that we were willing to find the keys,
to find what it takes a person to be worthy of trust,
to find out how a person can trust.

We were willing
to accept
that if we wanted to live

we needed trust
because we needed each other
to heal
to learn
to rebuild our world.

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Author's note

Co-writers for the actual story for planet fifty-three are welcome.

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