

CHARLIE ALICE RAYA

Planet 1: The roots of war

The  
end  
of  
all  
**wars**

Views from around the universe

CHARLIE ALICE RAYA

**The end of all wars**, planet one, the roots of war

This book is part of the collection: The end of all wars  
which is part of the collection: Views from around the universe

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There is no sense  
in destruction.

There is no sense  
in dominance.

Dominance  
is a form of destruction.

# The end of all wars

Planet one: The roots of war

The past of my planet is painful one, but maybe our story will be of use to those who are still entangled in wars.

Thirty-four years have passed since we ended all wars, but when I close my eyes, I can still see the devastations our nations inflicted upon each other.

I lived in a progressive city, a haven in a small neutral country — until the night when my country declared war, too.

Apparently the declaration had been expected. My city got bombed within a few hours and much of it was turned to rubble. This is how advanced we had become in warfare.

I lost twelve friends in the first days of the assaults, and I was trapped in the city, hiding in something that used to be a cellar but was little more than a hole by then.

For days, or maybe weeks, I felt like I was dead: unable to move, unable to think, unable to weep.

The bombing and shooting— always present, sometimes closer, sometimes farther away. The sleepless nights. The dreadful days. The hunger. The thirst. The rats. The smells — the reeking smells of blood, decay, urine— penetrating everything.

I was found by two people who brought me to an underground factory, which served as an open plain emergency hospital.

As I recovered some strength and sense, I watched the nurses and patients, and a resolution took shape in my mind: *These wars have to end, and I need to do my bit to accomplish this goal.*

There were whispers about thinkers who researched how to end all wars. These thinkers were said to have roots in different countries, but no one knew where they were.

One of the few known statements by this group was that all wars are the result of a failure. A failure to communicate, a failure to cooperate, a failure to be rational, a failure to create, a failure to explore, a failure to empower. But the initial failure had been that we had never tried to end all wars — even though it is obvious that the only way to end one war is to end them all.

The thinkers added: Curiosity is a key to end all wars because curiosity will allow us to explore instead of walling ourselves in, to open to the other instead of killing them, to evolve as a species instead of destroying ourselves.

It was well known that anyone who was so much as suspected of searching for the famous thinkers would be killed. Ten-thousands were already dead.

But I didn't care. I knew I had a good mind. I knew I could be useful in a group of thinkers. I had to try and find them.

While the wars raged on across the planet, I used the following two years to secretly learn three languages and seven crafts. I acquired forged papers for various countries, sewed some of them into my clothes, others into my packs.

A crucial preparation was to build two robust pairs of walking boots. Travelling by car was too expensive and with many roadblocks in place, too dangerous. Trains and planes were mostly used by the military, and also expensive. Bicycles were often stopped and horses

unavailable. In short, the safest way to travel was on foot, and robust but old looking boots were indispensable.

A wounded ally left me their tools so I could pose as a repair person during my search. By then, I knew that it would be near impossible to find the famed group of thinkers. But I was certain that there were others like me and if we found each other, we could set up a group of thinkers ourselves.

A sick friend helped me to choose what to pack so that nothing I carried would give me away, and I could travel the planet inconspicuously. This also meant that I couldn't risk carrying any notebooks, pens, books or digital devices because those were regarded as the possessions of deserters and traitors.

Then I died.

It was necessary to fake my own death to ensure that no authority would come looking for me. No friend would either, but that couldn't be helped.

After my death, I hid in a cave.

Death bothered me more than I had expected, and for some weeks I was prone to panic attacks and paranoia.

It was the unlikely friendship with a mountain bluebird which began to sooth and strengthen me.

As I unburdened myself in the presence of the bird, I realised how important it is to be listened to, and I wondered whether we resort to war because we feel ignored and see no other way to make ourselves heard.

After three months I left the cave.



[www.the-end-of-all-wars.net](http://www.the-end-of-all-wars.net)

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