

Years 5 & 6

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Year 6, Aspiri Primary School

Bombed

Hiroshima, a beautiful city situated in the growing country of Japan. The streets are bustling with the delighted and peaceful people of Hiroshima. There was greenery all around the city and they were all rejoicing the wins of the ongoing war outside of the country. The sky was a magnificent opal blue with wisps of white clouds floating in the air. It was a gradually growing city in economy, population and size. The citizens did their day to day business and lives as they went around the crowded environment. Yet they did not know the horrors they were about to face later that day.

Akira sat at her desk at school. Her dark, long hair brushed across her pale face and she annoyingly blew it away. Eagerly in her seat as she counted down the never-ending minutes until the end of the day. Everyone was statue still. Almost falling asleep or heads in their hands. The teacher talked like a robot his voice stuck in a continuous drone. Akira could hear the scratches of the chalk against the board even the board sounded bored. Then the bell rang through the school drowning out the teacher's voice, eyes drooping he dismissed the class. Everyone else was slow and steady wanting to take their time, too tired to care yet Akira sprinted out. Out of the boring wrath of school. She was finally free and was allowed to enjoy the rest of the afternoon. Akira lazily dreamed of the multiple dishes her mother must have been cooking up in their kitchen, her mouth watered. The sweet, clean smell of her home which made it feel like the world was perfect. That there was no war going on right now and everyone was at peace. It was almost too good to be true. Sighing she quickened her pace.

Just then there was the loud, piercing sound of the annoying air raid alarm. It blared all ways as Akira clamped her hands against her ears. A tiny piece of fear stoke her heart. But it slowly subdued as she reassured herself that it was just another American airplane flying past. It was at such a high altitude and so small that who would even notice. That's when she heard it a growing buzzing sound, the plane was quite far away but as Akira squinted she could make out a tiny bullet like thing dropping into the sky. That was not a bomb no it was an atomic bomb. Otherwise known as the little boy. Akira didn't think of it as much until . . .

"Boom!"

A deafening thunder filled her ears. The sky turned a blinding white. She stared, eyes wide in horror and fear as a plume of black ash spewed into the atmosphere. Heated wind blasted at her face and she knelt down hands over her head. She watched appalled as the buildings toppled and crumbled like dominoes, flawed and imperfect. She could hear screams of agony all around her, a growing fire, hungry, which sprinted around the whole place engulfing in flames. The giant mushroom cloud went up into the atmosphere. People turned into ashes others were severely burned and injured. It was as if all hell was loose. Akira felt a scream rip through her throat as she grazed her knees and arms on the side of the road she was walking on. She clung to anything she could get her hands on. The earth rumbled and shook with unimaginable force. Akira was thrown against the ground, her throat burned from the ashes and smoke. Her eyes filled with water in pain and suffering. It was as if all Hope was lost. Then the world turned a nauseating dizziness the plunged into black.

Henry was energised for his first mission serving for his beloved country, America. The young air force commander was only 18 at the time. Driven by the ambitious need to support his country, Henry excelled all his coworkers in training. He eagerly stood beside the plane as several armed people came with scientist who pushed a large bullet like object into the plane. Henry was puzzled at the unusual item, but nevertheless he was told to not ask questions and only answer any. There was mixed expressions between the scientists and the armed guards. Some looked grave and guilty of the item, others had excitement twinkling in their eyes either way it was difficult to read their expressions and add it all up. Shrugging Henry stood tall and saluted in his smart army uniform. The people nodded in approval and a small smile was hidden beneath their mixed emotions. Then one of them said something very weird to him which made him doubt his whole mission and role in this mission.

“The lives of the people in Hiroshima lay in your hands. You decide whether they have hell or heaven.”

Regardless of this he was told to shout “Drop” as they flew over Hiroshima. Being told what to do he hopped into the plane along with several others including two pilots, a scientist, some army men, and himself. The plane ride was awfully silent, this troubled Henry an awful lot. He asked himself whether they were supposed to be talking and joking around. Instead Henry stared through the window to see a bustling, bright city with a promising future. As soon as they were just above the target, Henry yelled “Drop”. The bullet thing escaped from the plane and Henry was thrown forward as the plane speedily flew forward at the speed of light. When they slowed down enough to get the view of Hiroshima everyone held their breath. The bomb approached closer and closer to the city of Hiroshima. Then in a few seconds, a mighty blast could be seen. Henry could even feel the plane bristle even at such a distance.

He stared at horror as plumes of smoke rose into the atmosphere. It grew and was fluffy like cotton candy. He watched as buildings and people fell like dominoes. Almost the whole city erupted into tall fierce flames. He imagined the horrible scenes of Hiroshima. The burnt people exposed to hundreds of ounces of radiation choking and coughing on toxic smoke. He had decided to do this. The awful realization hit him like a bullet, he decided whether they would die or live. The fate of the whole city. He had done this and he would never forgive himself. The scientist’s words came back into his crowded head. “The lives of the people in Hiroshima lay in your hands. You decide whether they have hell or heaven.”

He decided for them to have hell. Henry felt sick, he put a hand to his head as a nauseating dizziness overcame him. Then the world went totally black.

Robert was in his classic white lab coat. His tight goggles around his dark brown eyes. He stood, simply gazing at his project. The Manhattan Project, was his mission. Something he would be recognized for, praised for but scrutinized for and disgusted for. It was all so confusing the recognition he would get. Right now, he just worked on finishing touches. He had been a part of this project for months now, originally created for the ending of World War 2, now it was supposed to end the war with Japan. His warm fingers felt the cold metal on the bomb. The energy this holds was massive, never-ending. A bomb which contained all hell. In just a few minutes the military would come and escort it into the plane and then it would be over. Quicker than the speed of light. He wondered, was this worth it? Couldn’t there be a different way to end this war? But he did as he was told. Standing back

he looked at his creation. He observed it as if waiting for something to explode or pop out of it, but all he could hear was his ears ringing in the silence.

That's when it struck him. The idea of making an imperfection in the bomb to make it not explode. To give mercy to those people and to tell everyone else that it was a mistake and that they were not ready to launch the A-bomb yet. It was somehow a reasonable idea. No one would suspect anything because this was the first time. He felt his hands slowly moving to touch the bomb, he opened the main system and was about to detach the important, explosive material when the sounds of footsteps filled his ears. Regretfully he shut the main system and looked around as if nothing had happened. A dozen armed men entered and immediately took the bomb out. It happened so quickly that they were out in a blur. Yet one man stayed behind for a second and peered back from the door.

"Nice . . ." he whispered then fled away after the men.

Nice, there was so much more behind that one simple word which annoyed Robert so much but there was nothing he could do about it. Sighing in his chair, a dizzy feeling came over him then the world went black.

President Truman sat behind his desk. The constant whirring of the fan above his head filled his head and blocked his important thoughts. The nuclear bomb. This was what he anticipated for so long. He was sick of the stupid none for good war with Japan. It was losing America's resources, time and money. He kicked the desk in frustration, there were these thoughts of remorse and regret filling his mind. Do they really deserve this? Is there another way? He shook his head angrily reminding himself that he was doing this for the good of America and the world. He wanted to call it off, to not see or hear anyone suffer but there was no choice it was already made. Sighing he rested his hands on his head, he could not wait for the war to end. He could even help the Japanese people with financial assistance when the war was over, but he knew that would change nothing. He thought that this should be a lesson for the Japanese for their confidence. This somehow comforted him. All he could do now was sit back and let it all happen.

Why on earth did he agree to this? He questioned himself. He wanted to show the world that he was tough on those who oppose America. All he wanted to do was scare them, but he did not think it would end up to this. Oh, well. He wearily stood up but a dizzying feeling overcame him and the world went black.

These four people are so different in many ways. Each unique and more independent than the others. They all are in different situations, different stages in life. They may seem to have the same ending in this story, a whirlpool of darkness but they will wake up to a whole different story. All I know is that they are all victims of the Atomic Bomb in some way.