

Nuclear Masterpiece by Ayush Kumar

The cascading emerald valleys soar high up into the clear azure sky, gently enveloping the landscape. Crystal clear streams flow down the valleys, greedily swallowing the bare landscape. Her vivid strokes on the canvas create the civilization and humanity that makes life itself seem black and white.

The girl's attention quickly diverts toward the commotion around her and she smiles, knowing that she has all the time in the world to complete her dream. A gust of wind whispers through the landscape, whirling high up into the air, disappearing into the shadowed clouds. No one notices the shadow of the roaring steel bird hidden above the white clouds: not the two siblings riding their bicycles racing each other, not the old lady weaving her basket concentrating solely on her intricate work, not the old man strolling with his grandchildren down the street to the market center. The girl continues with her masterpiece.

Just as she is about to finish her last stroke with her brush, a shadow looms across her unfulfilled masterpiece. Her eyes follow the source of the shadow to the horizon, and before she can react, she is incinerated. The atomic bomb unleashes its nuclear wrath, consuming everything in its path. The city, the people, the children are incinerated to ashes that smother the pure air. The atom bomb derived from the Hanford Nuclear Reservation illustrates how nuclear war can lead to such destruction of the landscape and the future with devastating power.

The bright crimson mushroom cloud ascends high up into the air, polluting the landscape with burnt corpses and radiation. Japan, a nation developing into a powerhouse, full of pride and prosperity, has been transformed into a barren wasteland.

A nuclear bomb with such immense power was able to annihilate Nagasaki, erasing its existence, until restoration occurred as time passed. Today, the city of Nagasaki is bustling with businesses, wealth, and tall skyscrapers that reach up to the horizon. One might never think that this city once had been a pile of debris and ashes caused by the destructive power of the nuclear bomb. The Hanford Nuclear Reservation is the reminder of how a war can dictate power to destroy the innocent lives of people and alter their future.

A large boom echoed as the thunderclouds slowly vanished in the washed-out turquoise sky. The wind whispered its way down the barren wasteland, whirling high up to the towering Hanford Nuclear Reservation. The Nuclear Reservation that once created the fate of many lives now lies dead across the vast landscape. The Hanford Nuclear Reservation was once valuable in carrying out a catastrophe during World War II, but in the twenty-first century it has become a symbol of hazard. The nuclear reservation in this era is polluting

the Columbia River and contaminating the natural wonders of Washington's natural environment. The nuclear site built to consume cities with its fiery wrath is now poisoning our homeland, Washington. The antidote to cure this poison can be discovered if people see the severe mutilation that is being initiated in our sacred landscape.

The sunlight pierces through the clouds, creating shadows of nature on her painting; she attentively starts to finish her masterpiece. The shadow on her painting slowly vanishes as she finishes her portrait of a peaceful, pure society.

Even though the atomic bomb did consume and transform the lives of many, giving up never seemed possible. The Hanford Nuclear Reservation has had significance by helping humans understand that cataclysmic events can be overcome and avoided diligently with unity and hope for a better tomorrow.