

I was inspired to do this short story by thinking about other genres I wanted to write. First it was gonna be a gritty reality on how superstars are made and forgotten, then an Australian gothic mainly set in horror, but then I decided to merge the two ideas; dark yet real.

The story is very brief yet I utilised tons of personification and metaphors to give the invention of the nuclear bomb to life. In the story many allegories to angels and grace is tied to the death machine as a way to give the reader the perspective of the American ideal during that time as well as to show off the invention itself as an innocent entity that only does what it was made to do, similar to how Andy's toys behave in Toy Story.

My twisted and grim tale of a real event is read as an epic and tragic story seen in ancient Greek plays or Biblical passages as a way to execute hyperbolized perspectives on America's involvement and attitude during world war two. The title is obviously a nod to the Lord's prayer and showcases how the nuke left the stain of America on Japa