

Manhattan

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Manhattan

by [Wanderlust_Skies](#)

Summary

In the wake of an experimental weapon test, England muses over America's rapid rise to power and wonders what happened to the wide-eyed child he cared for all those years ago.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The glow was unlike anything England had ever seen. In a bright, almost blinding flash—even with protective eyewear specifically designed for it—a great plume of smoke and fire erupted from the ground and created a mushroom-shaped cloud that soared hundreds of feet into the air. A tremor rocked the bunker coupled with an intense heat searing onto his skin and even through his clothes. It preceded the sound of a thunderous clap that left those who witnessed the explosion in awe. But as quickly as it happened, the sensation vanished.

Everything was silent.

When the dust settled and the orange glow no longer bathed the bunker, the island nation was the first to remove his goggles. He was at a loss for words. Never in his lifetime had he seen such power unleashed at the blink of an eye. His throat constricted and he gulped to settle the uneasy feeling that was tightening his chest. It was ironic; a stark contrast to the excitement and relief he felt before the test began. The repercussions of what he had just seen were far beyond anything he could imagine.

"It worked," one of the scientists breathed, his shoulders relaxed as he walked away from the post he was previously leaning on to take a closer look at the cloud. Several sighs of relief and exclams of triumph filled the bunker. But others—mirroring England—merely stared at the landscape before them, reeling and not quite understanding what to do next. Some cried and some vocalized their approval.

America, who stood next to him in a crisp khaki army air force uniform, smiled when he turned to the other nation. "This changes everything," he excitedly proclaimed, removing his goggles and placing it on his head. His sky blue eyes—England couldn't help but notice—harkened back to a time where they were filled with hope and happiness. The similarities between then and the present were not so apparent any longer. Hope was still there, but there was an underlying presence hidden behind it. A lust for power that will consume the young nation should it go unchecked. There was no doubt that he saw it.

"It will," England agreed, placing a hand on his shoulder and then squeezing it gently, "you've done it, my boy." He wasn't sure if he sounded accusatory or prideful. Frankly, it felt like both.

It would be a lie for the elder nation to say that he did not feel fear nor jealousy. Fear for the fact that the weapon could bring any nation to their knees; fear of the devastation that will surely follow with each time it would be used. A seething jealousy that out of all the nations, it would be America who would wield such a terrible and awesome power. It was unsettling.

To think that in merely two—almost three—centuries of existence, he achieved so much in so little time. *What was his right to gain almost godly powers? Had he bled as much as the others? Had he experienced even half of what the Old World had been through?* He was a child compared to those as old as England.

It was unfair to the nation's eyes.

But it wasn't in his place to say anything. At least not right now.

It was clear to the Englishman that there needed to be a breakthrough in technology. A break that will stop the fighting. The country was as tired as he was, having fought in the ongoing war in both the European and the Pacific theaters with tenacity and spirit that seemed to dwindle as the days trudged on.

So he fabricated a smile, a front that he knew that the younger man would want to see. He swallowed the unease and tried to dismiss the dread creeping into his thoughts. *The war would be over soon*, he reasoned in an attempt to think positively. Trinity guaranteed it. That, he was sure of.

America's smile grew wider and he went to congratulate the others in the bunker, leaving his former caretaker alone with his thoughts. England watched as the scientist, who broke the silence, swaggered out of the bunker; full of confidence and cockiness. His creation was finally made into reality. The nation drew a sharp breath and ran a hand through his hair.

At that moment, it was apparent that the world had entered a new age; a far more dangerous and devastating era. Operation Trinity proved that there was a new super weapon in the world stage. It was a new toy at the disposal of the Englishman's former ward.

The atomic age had begun.

End Notes

Hi all!

I hope you've enjoyed this small one-shot!

You can also find it on: <http://aph-face-family.tumblr.com/tagged/my-writing>

Historical Notes:

Manhattan Project: A U.S. led (Canadian and UK supported) research and development project that created the first nuclear bomb. It was under the supervision of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, Major General Leslie Groves. Physicist, J. Robert Oppenheimer, was in charge of the Los Alamos Laboratory that actually created the weapons.

Operation Trinity: A codename for the first nuclear weapon test in Trinity site, New Mexico on July 16, 1945.

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