

## Wish Upon A Shooting Star

Our car pulls up to the lake, the headlights the only light in the coal - black night. My dad parks the car with a loud *beep!* filling up the air.

"Here we are!" my mom sings out, excitement shining in her chestnut eyes. I swing the car door open, and step out into the night, my dad on my right side, and my mother on my left. Together, we walk down the declining, black parking lot, which leads us to the musty, wooden boardwalk. It creaks and groans under the weight, disrupting the quietness.

We finally come across the inky, outstretched lake, the waves overlapping each other and splashing with a serene sound that calms me. Waiting for us are our family friends, Prashanth and Renuka. The full, gleaming moon glistens overhead as we exchange words. We catch up on whatever is new, and laugh and talk, making jokes. After a little, I make my way over to the edge of the path, and lean over the raised edge, taking in the sight of the lake as best as I can, for the darkness prevents me from spotting little details like fish and rocks under the water. My dad comes over, and stands with me for a minute. Then, he makes his way down the broadway, and stretches his legs onto the rocks with a daring grin on his face. I laugh, and start to come down.

"Wait, these rocks aren't stable. It's better you don't come down," he says, holding up his hand as a signal for me to stop. Even though I protest, all of the adults say no, and I finally give up and slump back to looking at the water and the midnight sky. A spark erupts in the air. I freeze in my spot, and my breath goes shallow. As I come back to life, I shout to all of the adults.

"I saw a shooting star! I saw a shooting star! Come quick, come quick!!" I gesture excitedly. The adults zip towards me, pulling out phones to take photos and pointing into the depths of the sky. The

chilly wind breezing past my tingling ears, and the inside of me bubbles with excitement. Renuka whips out two long blankets and spreads it out the damp sidewalk. I lay down on one of them, my long legs outstretched in front of me, seeing a panoramic view of the whole sky. We all lay in silence as we wait for the moment of joy of a shooting star to fly past.

I almost miss the next one, for it was so quick. It shoots across the sky in a millisecond time, yet I still catch a glimpse of it. But just that one dim-light star triggers another one, and another one, and another one. My mouth opens in a wide-O as I take in the sight of all the shooting stars flashing through the dark night, lighting up the world with a small flicker of light. It's like fireworks erupting through the still night. My eyes gaze over at one in particular, and I quickly make a wish, focusing on it with all my might. After a little, the shooting stars settle down, but still every now and then a flicker appears. My droopy eyelids sag, then jolt awake eruptly. I try to stay awake, but a rush of sleepiness and weariness washes over me, and my eyes close with a smile on my face, reminiscing about this memorable night, hoping my wish upon that shooting star comes true.