

Wishing Star

One evening, as my mom tucked me into bed, I glanced out the window. The pale moonlight shone brightly. My eyes fluttered at the sight of the shiny glare on the glass as a lucent, shooting star soared across the sky. I closed my eyes and silently made a wish that I truly hoped would come true. Months later, around spring time, I was waiting outside. I peered into the window of my parents' bedroom, wondering where my mom was because she had said she would play with me. I tiptoed into the room and saw her lying on the bed in an uncomfortable position, her stomach swollen. I knew she was pregnant, but they told me that when I was at pre-kindergarten they had gone to the doctor's office. My heart raced as I listened with ease. They said that she would give birth to a healthy baby girl. My reaction was very excited at first, but I started to think my parents would be far too busy with the upcoming baby to give me any attention.

"Mommy, can you play with me?" I hollered from upstairs one evening. My mom always played with me and read me a story before going to sleep. "Sorry, honey I'm way too tired." With the pregnancy, my mom was always exhausted and trying to make room for the new baby. They didn't spend as much time with me anymore. My stomach was in knots. Was this how my life was going to be with the arrival of my sister? Was I going to be left with no attention and my sister always in the spotlight?

In mathematical terms of a circle, the point is the center of everything that is revolved around and the chord is on the outer part where no one really notices. My sister was like the point with me being the chord. Whenever we tried going for a walk like we used to, my mom lagged behind because of the baby. I felt so alone and confused about everything that was happening because everyone was tired and didn't have time for me. But I didn't want to upset my mom because I knew she was really tired with the baby and plenty of matters on her hands.

When the big day arrived, I was excited but uneasy. My uncle was driving me to the hospital and I couldn't sit still in my car seat. My palms were sweating by just thinking about everything and my mind whirled with a million questions. I walked to the hospital as my uncle parked and then sprinted up to the room where my mom and family were in. It smelled of rubbing alcohol and all around us were busy

nurses hurrying to different rooms to tend to everyone. My uncle and aunt patted my arm as I nervously waited outside the room.

One hour ticked by, and soon enough my dad opened the door. He was beaming proudly as he ushered me into the room. My grandmother smiled at me as she wiped a tear off of her face and whispered my baby sister's name. "Nikitha," she said, " It means our peaceful Earth." My mom held out the baby. She had rosy cheeks and tiny tufts of dark hair just like mine. But the most amazing thing about her was that her twinkling dark brown eyes were always open. And as I lovingly held her for the very first time, I saw my mom happily smiling. And I finally realized that there is no quantity of love. It is infinite. This moment would hold my heart forever because my wish had finally come true.

By- Anika R