

"You're Logan, right?"

"Yeah. And you must be Mia."

The girl nodded. This was it... she had been waiting for this date to come for two weeks. Waiting or dreading? She had postponed it twice. The first time was because of the shock. The second time, because of the funeral.

"Sit down." Logan ushered her to the opposite side of the park bench.

"Rose told me that you're beautiful. I agree," he flirted. Rose was Mia's best friend, and she set them up.

"Thanks, but I'm really sorry. I'm sure you're a lovely guy, but I'm not in the right place emotionally for a relationship right now. I'm just here, really, because of Rose."

"I'm not ready to date yet either, to be honest." He looked into Mia's eyes. He had a very warm, alive presence. A charismatic way about him. "I'm still glad I met you, though," he continued. "The way that Rose talked about you... she made you seem perfect; and you probably are. It might have even worked out if it wasn't for..." He cut himself off. He didn't want to mention the car crash in case it upset Mia.

She looked towards the bus stop. "Dating wouldn't feel right for either of us right now. I'm going home."

"No. Stay, Mia. We shouldn't date. But I think we still have a shot at being friends." An indescribable sense of his calmness came over Mia as he said her name. She hadn't been this calm since before receiving the phone call about the crash. From then onwards, Mia has felt empty... but something about Logan filled that gap in her heart. "I mean, who wouldn't want to be friends with somebody who had to retake her driving test three times?" He said sarcastically.

"Geez - she told you about that! Damn, I hate her..." Mia joked.

"Well, I think it's cute." Logan checked around to see if they were alone. "Mia... I know that this is more of a thing to do on dates, but would you like to watch the stars with me? It sounds corny..." Mia laughed. "Sure."

They looked up at the sky- stars sprinkled sparingly, the half moon mocking a smile to celebrate the new-found friendship. A shooting star sped across the dark canvas.

"Make a wish," Logan whispered.

Mia closed her eyes. Wishing upon stars had always seemed so comical to her. She had done it once or twice when she was younger - preying for things like a kitten or a bicycle - but she had never, ever wanted something so much as she did right now.

Logan broke her trail of thought. "What was your wish?"

"For her to come back..."

Silence fell. The world around them seemed frozen in time. "Mia, 'you know how they say that a star appears for every person who isn't alive? Which one do you think belongs to Rose?"

"I don't think she'd want a star. She deserves the moon."