

# Wish Upon a Star

By [Bek](#) <[superbek1984@gmail.com](mailto:superbek1984@gmail.com)>

Rating: PG

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Summary: Lois and her son Jon make their annual Christmas wish. Will they finally receive the Christmas miracle they've been hoping for?

Story Size: 1,163 words (6Kb as text)

*Author's Notes:* Thank you to KSaraSara for a quick read-through for me! Hope you enjoy. I did love writing this one. This is the first of three stories in my *Wishes* series.

This is a response to Advent Challenge #4: A Star (as well as Advent Challenges #5: Singing and #6: A Family Get-Together) (<https://www.lcficmbs.com/ubb/ubbthreads.php/topics/294102/advent-challenge#Post294102>).

Stories in this series:

1. [Wish Upon A Star](#)
2. [Wish Heard From Afar](#)
3. [Wish Straight From the Heart](#)

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*"Twinkle, twinkle little star...how I wonder what you are...up above the world so high...like a diamond in the sky... Twinkle, twinkle little star...how I wonder what you are."*

Their soft voices faded as the lyrics to the familiar song ended, and the boy and his mother sat quietly for several minutes, staring out into the dark night.

"Mommy, show me again. Which star is Daddy's?"

"Right there, buddy. The bright one there."

"I miss him. I know I never met him, but I still miss him. How can I miss him if I've never met him, Mommy?"

Lois didn't answer. She just tightened her arms around Jon and pulled him in closer as she dropped a kiss on top of his head. She wouldn't cry. Her tears had dried up long ago.

And although her tears had dried up, her hope had not. She still knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Clark would return to her, to them. There was no question in her mind.

Every night, she still looked up to find his star. The bright one just to the left of Polaris. And every Christmas Eve since Jon had turned two years old, she and Jon would snuggle up in the treehouse — Clark's Fortress of Solitude — and sing their song together and make the same wish.

"I wish Daddy would come home," Jon whispered. He tilted his head to rest against Lois's chest and hugged her tighter as he continued staring out the window of the treehouse, out into the dark sky.

"Me too, sweetie. Me too."

Lois sighed again and gazed back out toward Clark's star. It twinkled innocently, reliably. She'd never had trouble finding it. Not in the six years since he'd first pointed it out to her the night before he'd left. The night that Jon had been conceived. The only night they'd ever shared together.

Jon moved out of her arms and crawled closer to the window, his eyes still trained on the star.

"Merry Christmas, Daddy. Someday, we'll meet. I know we will. Until then, I love you."

Lois pursed her lips and swallowed back tears. She wouldn't cry. No, she wouldn't cry. But it wasn't fair.

"Jon, sweetie, how about we go back inside now? Grandma should be finished with dinner. And you know she made apple pie for dessert, just for you."

He turned toward her and smiled. It was a tame smile, not his usual huge toothy grin.

"Okay, Mommy," he said. "Let's just —"

They both twisted back toward the window and gasped as two bright white dots streaked across the black sky, one after the other, and then faded rapidly.

"Mommy, did you see that? Two shooting stars! We get two more wishes, now! Right, Mommy?"

"I think so, sweetie," Lois murmured, her eyes searching off in the direction of the shooting stars. "Do you know what you're going to wish for?"

"Of course. The same thing I always do," he said matter-of-factly. "Extra wishes mean extra hope. And Daddy will feel it and come home."

Lois couldn't stop the tears anymore. She pulled Jon back into her arms, and together, they murmured their wishes.

"I wish Daddy would come home to us. I wish Daddy would come home to us."

They sat there for one more long moment, hugging again, and then carefully climbed down the treehouse ladder and made their way inside.

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Christmas morning came slowly, inching into the farmhouse as rays of bright sunlight through the open curtains. Lois was up before the Sun that morning. She sat on the couch in front of the Christmas tree, sipping her coffee, and watched as the sunlight hit the small star they'd placed at the top of the tree.

The small star had been one of the first gifts he'd given her, and she smiled at the memory. It seemed like a lifetime ago.

Quiet footsteps padded out from the hallway behind her, and Lois turned and smiled at Jon. He shuffled toward her, his head hanging low, and then climbed up into her lap and buried his head into her, sniffing.

“Hey, what’s wrong, sweetie? It’s Christmas morning. You should be happy.”

Lois kissed the top of his head and wrapped her arms around his tiny body, pulling him closer.

“I keep hoping. I’ll never stop hoping, Mommy, just like you said. But I’m...sad.”

“Oh, sweetie.”

She rocked him gently as he cried into her chest, and she closed her eyes, once again fighting her own tears.

Several minutes later, Jon pulled back out of the embrace and wiped the tears from his cheeks. His dark hair fell haphazardly over his eyes, and Lois gave him a small smile as she reached up and brushed his hair back.

“Santa came. Did you see?”

The boy nodded and turned toward the heaps of presents under the tree, his face lighting up.

“Can I wake up Grandma and Grandpa so we can —”

A soft knock at the door interrupted him, and Jon immediately jumped out of her arms with an enthusiastic, “I’ll get it!”

He hopped around the edge of the couch toward the front door, and Lois picked her coffee up and took a small sip, grimacing at the cold liquid. If only Clark were here, her coffee would never —

“D-daddy?”

Lois shot to her feet as she turned towards the front door and raised her eyes to the doorway, where a very familiar man stood staring wide-eyed at her son. At their son.

He knelt down next to the child and started to reach out but hesitated.

“You made a wish last night, didn’t you? I heard you.” His eyes drifted up to Lois’s briefly, and he added, “I heard both of you.”

“And you came, you really came!” Jon leapt forward, his short arms wrapping tightly around Clark’s neck. “I knew you’d come home. Mommy said never to lose hope.”

Lois watched several emotions flicker across Clark’s face, but he finally closed his eyes, enveloped Jon in his arms, and sighed deeply.

There would be time later to talk. For now, she joined them in the doorway and didn’t even try to hold back her tears as Clark reached one arm toward her and pulled her into the embrace.

For now, she would just recognize this for what it was — a Christmas miracle, borne out of love and a wish upon a star.

THE END