



THE HIDDEN COVE SABRAGE



Marta and Javier held hands as they started down the dusty goat path. The sea sparkled far below.



At the bottom of the path, they found a secret cove. It was beautiful and quiet, just for them.



They spread a little picnic on the warm rocks. The cava bottle was cold from the basket.



Javier gave a dramatic swing. POP! The cork flew into the air. He had opened the bottle like a true sommelier.



He poured the bubbly drink into two glasses. 'To us,' they said, and clinked.



They sat together, watching the sunset. 'This is perfect,'
Marta whispered.



Javier kissed Marta's forehead. Their love was as sparkling
as the Mediterranean Sea.