









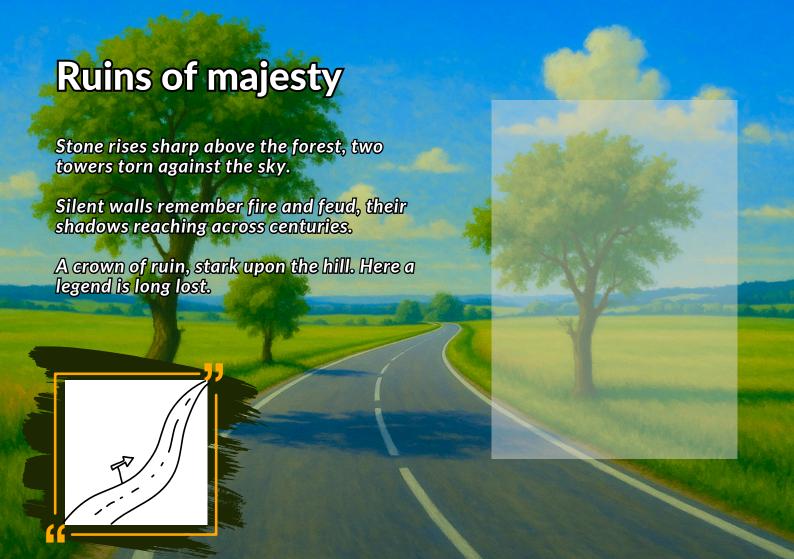


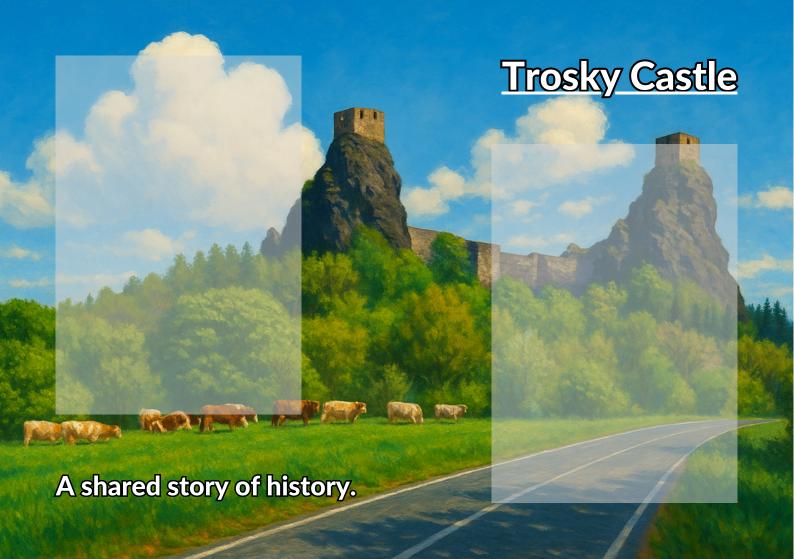


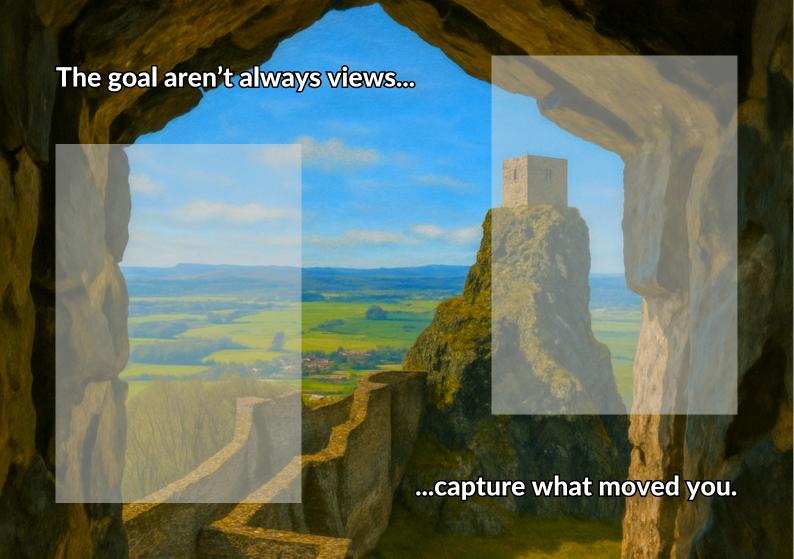


Bozkov Caves Your memories belong here.











The wheels stop beside clipped hedges and quiet fountains.

You lay out the picnic, unwrap something sweet.

Time slows in the garden's shade, stories trade hands like pastries.

And just before the sky turns gold, you find a reason to stay a little longer.





