



מה היה קורה אם...

אם הייתי עובר לעיר אחרת...

תוצאה מהיקום:

In the summer of '93, I remember the vibrant, humid days in our small coastal town. The sun would set, casting an orange glow on the water, and the sound of crickets would fill the air. Our family would gather on the porch of our wooden house, enjoying the cool breeze off the sea.

One evening, as the sky turned dark, I noticed a peculiar sight. A shooting star streaked across the sky, leaving a trail of glowing embers. I pointed it out to my younger siblings, their eyes wide with wonder. We made a wish, three of us in unison, hoping for something magical to happen.

The next morning I found a small

חזור

שתף תוצאה