



## 2 bedroom villa located in Meia Viana - Monchique



### Info Agente

Nombre:	Pera Premium Properties
Nombre empresa:	
País:	Portugal
Experience since:	
Tipo de servicio:	Selling a Property
Specialties:	
Property Type:	Apartments, Houses
Teléfono:	
Languages:	English, Portuguese
Sitio web:	<a href="https://www.perapremiumproperties.pt">https://www.perapremiumproperties.pt</a>

### Detalles del anuncio

Propiedad para:	Venta
Precio:	USD 202,523.82

### Ubicación

País:	Portugal
Estado/Región/Provincia:	Faro
Ciudad:	Monchique
Dirección:	Monchique
Publicado:	22/04/2025

#### Descripción:

This property is perfect for those who want to create a unique home, vacation property or invest in a rehabilitation project for tourism.

We present an excellent opportunity for those looking for a property to remodel and enhance to their liking.

This property, located in Monchique, is set on a plot of 254m<sup>2</sup>, offering a gross private area of 112m<sup>2</sup> and a total construction area of 192m<sup>2</sup>.

Although registered as a T2 in the land registry, the property has 7 rooms, a bathroom and a kitchen, providing several possibilities for using the space.

Spread over two floors (basement and ground floor)

The attic and a pleasant patio at the rear can also be used, this property is perfect for those who want to create a unique home, vacation property or invest in a rehabilitation project for tourism.



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- \* Proximity to Foia (Highest point in the Algarve)
  - \* Caldas de Monchique Thermal Baths

Book your visit now!

Don't miss the opportunity to visit and learn about the potential of this property.

Beauty is also tiring because of what it conveys to us in emotion. It is enough for the color to be a scream, it is enough for the mutations to clash with each other. Let us therefore flee from the blues, the reds, the yellows, let us comfort our tired spirits a little. Only green will serve as a balm and Monchique will be the next point to reach.

The mountains, seen from afar, are nothing more than a good photographic background, Stop looking at these salty lands. They are sad and barren like death.

The Boia stream runs to the left and the ground begins to convulse. The hills gradually take height, join each other in deep folds and the road winds between shale barriers like a reptile buffeted by the sun.

The vegetation thickens. Profiled acacia trees flank the black tarmac strip, and the small patches of pine forest descend to us.

Now, acacias, cedars and eucalyptus almost intertwine defying the sun's rays to pass through their compact foliage. A two-dozen meter branch takes us to the hot springs.

Let us descend into Paradise. A vault of foliage protects us and the clear stream runs softly surrounding pebbles sometimes black, sometimes reddish. Small sun eyes mark luminous circles on the brown earth. A bridge... A small waterfall... The cicadas sing and everything is green around us.

The water digs up the schist extracts, it gets deeper and deeper and the path tightens, it strangles. Below is a disjointed dam, beyond the arch of a bridge.

A small note. Blue hydrangeas... A snob pond garden... Three eucalyptus trees in whose trunks romantic girls carved hearts and wrote verses... A stone table... A source... The source of Love.

Some large stones, which stopped when they encountered any obstacle, resemble the wells sown in the Zêzere valley. On the way to Monchique, the terraced slopes sometimes look like Roman amphitheatres.

Once the climb to Foia began, let's look around. In front, the soft green patch of chestnut groves that rise on both sides of the Serra stream; at our feet the steps of a monumental staircase that descends to the Foot of the Cross and to the north the village that seems to lie on the edge of a hill.

Where he found an inch of arable land, man erected walls of defense against erosion and planted gardens. How painful his effort... Water runs everywhere. It makes us want to fall on our backs in a prayer to the earth...

The afforestation decreases in density as we climb, the sharp edges of the masses of stone are daggers that try to hurt us, the air becomes purer, the temperature drops and the mountain welcomes us contemptuously.

A wide curve... The pyramid of Foia...



We lose track of distances, it seems that we are leaning over a map in relief. The Alentejo, in its vastness, as if stretching... The cut of the coast appears clear, creased... Clear stains of many houses together. Portimão... Dawn... Lakes... The sands of Meia Praia... Farther away, Sagres and S. Vicente... And to the sides of Aljezur the hills look like full bellies.

- REF: CS017 MO

Nuevo:	No
Condición:	Must be reformed

## Común

Dormitorios:	2
Baños:	1
Pies cuadrados terminados:	112 m2
Tamaño del lote:	254 m2

## Lease terms

Date Available:

## Contact information

IMLIX ID:	CS017 MO
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