



Self-sufficient Rustic Farm in Alferce - Monchique



Information de l'agent

Nom:	Pera Premium Properties
Nom de compagnie:	
Pays:	Portugal
Experience since:	
Type de service:	Selling a Property
Specialties:	
Property Type:	Apartments, Houses
Téléphone:	
Languages:	English, Portuguese
Site web:	https://www.perapremiumproperties.pt

Détails de l'annonce

Propriété à:	Vendre
Prix:	USD 440,369.68

Location

Pays:	Portugal
État/Région/Province:	Faro
Ville:	Monchique
Adresse:	Alferce
Soumis:	10/07/2026

Description:

Rural property with 22840 m2 and house with 210 m2 totally self-sufficient with energy and water independence.

It has a water spring in the mountain with a permanent flow throughout the year, complemented by 1 rainwater collection cistern.

The spring water is pumped into a tank near the house and the system has a double-stage filtration (a 50-micron filter at the tank outlet and a 20-micron filter at the kitchen inlet), ensuring high quality water.

It has an independent photovoltaic system with storage in its own batteries, which cancels out fixed electricity costs, raising the ecological profile of the property.

It has a prefabricated swimming pool with mountain views.

It has a secluded location, without visual or acoustic pollution, ideal for those looking for a haven of serenity or a rural tourism project focused on well-being.



The entire property has plenty of privacy.

Take advantage of the opportunity to live in the middle of nature with your own natural resources.

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... Lagos... The sands of Meia Praia... Farther away, Sagres and S. Vicente... And to the sides of Aljezur the hills look like full bellies.

- REF: NG047 AL

Nouveau:	Non
Année:	1970

Commun

Chambres:	4
Salle de bains:	2
Pied carré fini:	203 m ²
Dimesions du lot:	22840 m ²

Lease terms

Date Available:

Contact information

IMLIX ID: NG047 AL

