



Typical Stone House in Caldas de Monchique



Ügynök információ

Név:	Pera Premium Properties
Cégnév:	
Ország:	Portugal
Experience since:	
Szolgáltatás típusa:	Vásárlás vagy eladás
Specialties:	
Property Type:	Apartments, Houses
Telefon:	
Languages:	English, Portuguese
Weboldal:	https://www.perapremiumproperties.pt

Hirdetés részletei

Ingatlan:	Eladó
Ár:	EUR 285,000

Elhelyezkedés

Ország:	Portugal
Állam/Régió/Tartomány:	Faro
Város:	Monchique
Cím:	Monchique
Feladta:	2024. 03. 14.

Leírás:

Fantastic villa partially renovated (wooden structure with typical Algarve reed lining and all new roof with electric Velux windows) with a process taking place in the Municipality of Monchique, for an Agro tourist project of 5 bungalows Typologies 2 T2 and 3 T1 (in addition to the existing house).

Old house (170 m2) and farmhouse (4560 m2) to finish renovating. Composed of 3 bedrooms, 1 bathroom, with 2 water mines, 2 tanks, stream with fruit trees and land to cultivate. Located 5 mn from Caldas de Monchique, 2 mn from Monchique and 15 min from the sea with countryside view. Project study for renovation, Tourist possibility.

After renovation it can become a beautiful villa with good areas and well located (tarred road). Do not miss this unique opportunity, schedule your visit now.

Beauty also tires because of what it conveys to us in emotion. It is enough that the color is a scream, it is enough that the mutations clash. Let us flee from the blues, the reds, the yellows, let us comfort the weary



spirit a little. Only the green will serve us as a balm and Monchique will be the next point to reach.

The mountain, seen from afar, is nothing but a good photographic background, Stop looking at these salty grounds. They are sad and barren like death.

The Boia stream runs to the left and the ground begins to convulse. The mounds gradually take on 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 acacias flank the tarred, black rolling strip, and the small patches of pine forest descend to us.

Now, acacias, cedars and eucalyptus trees almost intertwine defying the sun's rays to pierce through their compact foliage. A branch of two tens of meters leads 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-eyed mark on the brown earth luminous circles. A bridge... A small waterfall... The cicadas sing and everything is green around us.

The water digs into the schist extracts, deepens more and more and the path tightens, strangles itself. Below a disjointed dam, beyond the arch of a bridge.

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

Some large stones, which stopped when they encountered any obstacle, resemble the poios sown in the valley of the Zêzere. On the way to Monchique, the terraced slopes sometimes have the appearance of Roman amphitheatres.

As we begin the ascent to the Foia, let's look around. In front the soft green flap of the soutos that rise on either side of the Serra stream; at our feet the steps of a monumental staircase that descends to the Pé da Cruz and to the north the village that seems to lie on the flap of a hill.

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

The low density trees as we climb, the sharp edges of the stone masses are daggers that seek to hurt us, the air becomes purer, the temperature drops and the mountain greets us contemptuously. A wide curve... The pyramid of the Foia...

We lose track of distances, we seem to be leaning on a map in relief. The Alentejo, in its vastness, as if stretching... The cutout of the coast appears to us sharp, sharp... Light stains from 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 pejudados bellies.

- REF: NF002 MO

Built:

1951

Gyakori



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