



2 Bedroom Farm with Panoramic and Stunning Views of the mountains in Monchique



Ügynök információ

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| 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

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| Ingatlan: | Eladó |
| Ár: | USD 292,892.57 |

Elhelyezkedés

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|------------------------|---------------|
| Ország: | Portugal |
| Állam/Régió/Tartomány: | Faro |
| Város: | Monchique |
| Cím: | Monchique |
| Feladta: | 2025. 04. 22. |
| Leírás: | |

Don't miss the opportunity to transform this space into your ideal refuge. It has water and electricity on site with an excellent location in a forest area.

We present a small farm with a total area: 17480m², offering an excellent opportunity for those who want to invest in a recovery project.

This small farm is perfect for those who want to invest in a recovery project and enjoy the tranquility of the countryside with the advantage of being close to several locations with stunning views of the mountains.

Don't waste any more time, pay us a visit, we are waiting for you.

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: CS018 MO

Új:

No



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| Állapot: | Must be reformed |
| Built: | 1951 |

Gyakori

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| Hálósobák: | 2 |
| Fürdőszobák: | 1 |
| Kész négyzetméter: | 59 nm |
| Telekméret: | 17480 nm |

Lease terms

Date Available:

Contact information

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| IMLIX ID: | CS018 MO |
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