



OUR BUMBLE

EXPLORING EUROPE IN OUR MOTORHOME.

BY JOANNE & CRAIG.



UP "N" DOWN!

in the Pyrenees that is. We have a new place for our top 10 destinations this year, the town of Alvor is sadly out and replaced by... well read on to find out, that's me sat right there. A total of 354km this week with an average spend of €23.79 per day.

Cover piccy this week is the town of Ainsa.





TORLA TO AINSA

Craig admiring the view of
Valley Voi

SATURDAY 11 JULY

Excited today we are going on an off road adventure...in a Motorhome.

Saturday's in resort areas are notoriously busy and Torla is no exception. We'd parked on the lower car park with no one around until this morning. We couldn't believe how busy it soon became, so glad we chose to set off today.

About 6km out of Torla is a small single track road. It had no restrictions but you can tell it is not really designed for larger vehicles. However, it's a road that Craig wants to go down as he believes it will be a good drive and when Craig wants to go...he goes. We wound up and up in to tree line pass and what stunning views but it didn't stop there. The whole road just continued to either hug a mountain, balance on a ridge or meander through glazier valley, it was one of the most dramatic drives this year. Craig got plenty kicks watching me scream and squirm as Vins tread clung to the edge of the road. At one point he said "what would you do if I had an heart attack now?" What a blinking question to ask 2000m up with nothing but sheer drops



Photos of our drive through the Valle Voi and Pena Montanesa range, Parking options were small, here's Vin tucked in on a not particularly flat hairpin bend.

on either side of the Motorhome. My reply...well I might as well join you and have one too.

We found out we were in the Valle de Vio at the mouth of the Añisclo canyon. And boy did the canyon demand a stunning view! This deserted valley offers nothing but scorched grasslands to the north and fir forests to the south. Only a handful of hardy farmers stay in the region in small, traditional stone shacks. It is remote, unspoiled and raw, it is stunning. The narrow dirt road offers the odd occasional lay-by that we fully utilised at every opportunity. Jumping out of Vin to savour the tremendous views. By the time we reached Ainsa I was a hardened hairpin bend pavilion with no more slamming on the passenger brakes!



Parking spit in Ainsa with great village view



We pulled in to the main car park and stepped outside for a toot. It is here the river Ara and the river Cinca meet to form extreme Rapids but not today. The river beds are nearly dry and offer just a trickle in comparison to normal. The parking spot was fine but it had a certain feel about it that made us feel a little uneasy. We couldn't quite put our finger on it but none the less, when we are uneasy, we move. Across the road and down a little dirt track to find the perfect spot. Small, loose stone space behind the municipal sports facility with panoramic views of the hilltop village. Despite being in the Pyrenees the weather is still extremely hot at 40 plus, so we closed all the blinds in an attempt to keep the sun out and the van cool.

For our evening meal, a BBQ with slat n pepper chicken, prawns, potato wedges, and garlic pork. . We love BBQ but it can be difficult to use the BBQ when wild camping, so we seize every opportunity. All swilled down with a cheeky cold beer and a cracking view.

Our bumble verdict - belting drive (best drive of 2015) but not for the faint hearted.



AINSA TO GUARA NATIONAL PARK

Above: Joanne on Ainsa fort wall with the Pyrenees behind.

Below: Traditional fertility door knocker, We wonder what it resembles?



SUNDAY 12 JULY

We spent the morning finishing of our latest bumble before heading in to the town of Ainsa. The new town is not pretty at all with concrete square buildings and soulless streets. We wound our way up to the old town or the medieval town as after referred to. The castle wall runs around the perimeter of the town and you enter through quaint archways. As soon as you enter it feels completely different to the rest of the place. Nice, quaint and unusual. The cobbled streets and stone buildings had a rather rustic feel to them. We noticed the door handles...eeek men's willies, which we later discovered are a traditional fertility blessings. Well lots of blessings going on in this village. At the top, the plaza mayor is a large square surrounded by archways. Inside, tables and chairs full of Spanish families enjoying some Sunday chomp and vino. After the square the remains of the medieval castle dating back to 2nd century, which offer stunning views of the village and the surrounding area. Back in the square and just to the left a tiny church, which was very unusual dating back to 1181. Inside you were guided to a little archway, which led you to a quaint and charming little courtyard full of naves.



Photos Clockwise:

- ❖ The main plaza.
- ❖ Views from castle wall overlooking Ainsa.
- ❖ Old fort / castle wall.
- ❖ Puppet looking down church street.
- ❖ Church crypt.

Don't think we've ever seen anything like this before. Back inside and down in to a small and rather pungent crypt. A quick stop at the bank before we headed back to Vin.

Our bumble verdict - skip the new town and head straight for the old village.

Back in Vin and we battened down the hatches before heading to our next point. The fuel in this region is a lot cheaper than we expected at €1.13 compare to €1.21 on the coast. We really don't need any fuel but thought it better to top up given Craig has his adventure head on. Rather than follow the main road, yet you guessed it, we took the beaten track through farm land. Once again, brilliant views but this time more low key, with lots of grazing land. In fact, at one point Craig had to slam on the brakes at one point due to a massive herd of sheep. After several mountain passes, we entered the Guara national park. Lots of trees and bushes and quite a let down after Ordesa and Voi. Gosh, we felt bad, we are getting too picky for our own good. But then we turned a corner and wow. A wonderful gauge with a balcony car park. Craig hurled on the brakes and spun Vin straight in to the spot. What a view to end the day!

Halt!

Sheep Storm ahead!





GUARA NATIONAL PARK TO CAPILLA VIA ALQUEZAR AND GRAUS

Above: Lucky pigs trotters.

Below: Guara Canyon.



MONDAY 13 JULY

5 in the morning...Whats that beeping noise. Oh bloodiel , it's the fridge and freezer. My heart sank as I jumped up to shut the door. I got there and the door was fine but the red alarm was flashing. It couldn't get any gas? Craig went outside and checked the cylinders, which were fine. We checked the gas cooker etc, to make sure gas was still coming through...yip that's fine. We turned on the heating...that always uses loads of gas. Craig checked everything and then decided to switch everything off, flush the system and see what happens. 10 minutes later the fridge and freezer were back on track and starting to chill. Phew, don't fancy a broken fridge and freezer in this heat.

I went back to noddy land whilst Craig went canyon walking in his 4x4 gripper crocs. Apparently, only a trickle of water left in the river but he did see an abandoned stone hut and a few good views of the canyon.

By 9am cars were arriving and folk were starting to descend to the river. This is so called France's best kept secret, so no surprises to hear lots of French people. The men's attire was



Top left: View over Alquezar from the top.



Top Right: The collegiate towering above the town.

Bottom: View of Alquezar from our parking spot.



simple... swimming trunks, socks and shoes but have to say, they looked pretty darn stupid in socks and trunks!

After a scrambled eggs on toast we set off to Alquezar. This moorish village is a little out of our way but it is meant to be stunning, so worth the detour. The drive through the Guara national park was good but not great. You need to get out your vehicle and peel back the trees to see the great bits...hidden canyons and rock formations and in winter, the rapids. If you didn't know any better, you would think you were just driving through a forest. We arrived in Alquezar and parked on a terraced car park just outside the village. We positioned Vin to get the most out of the breeze albeit rather warm. We got the cameras and walked to the town, it was painfully hot and within minutes sweat was dripping off both of us. We wound down to the Main Street...not a lot of people around? A wander in to the little Romanesque church, which was only basic inside (fine) but what we didn't like was the dirt. This place hasn't been cleaned in a long time, it was horrid. We wound around the outside of the village until we arrived at the grand collegiate church and alcazar. About half a dozen people were lingering outside the

entrance looking perplexed. The signs says open but the door is closed? That's the Spanish for ya. We had a toot around the outside, which was ok but disappointing to see poor restoration to a wonderful historic building. The views however were spectacular. Back in the village and we did spot a few nice bits but not many. This place has so much potential but no soul. It is fabricated beyond belief. It looks like many years ago the village attracted some tourists and in an attempt to attract more, they knocked down and rebuilt, which spoiled the village. Now in a second attempt they are building apartment blocks and making it even less attractive. A wonderful setting completely destroyed through greed.

Our bumble verdict - passed its heyday, don't bother.

Back in Vin and we felt rather deflated. I had a dozen showers to try and cool down whilst Craig did the plan. Inside Vin is was only 41 degrees compared to 50+ outside and it got so hot, I melted and got a visual migraine. It the humidity that cripples. Craig could tell the heat was too much, so we packed up and set off with air-con on whack. Thank god for air-con!

Half an hour later, we arrived in a rather large but nice town. Craig spotted a Mercadona with his beady eyes! Supermarkets work well for us, I get to cool down in super air-con and Craig gets to

shop, perfect. We tried the local drink (not to our taste buds) €60 lighter and we were heading to Grous.



Wow look at that! Right in front of Vin the shadow of a vulture, it was massive. We looked up and boy they were big. No idea how big but we are guess a wing span of around 10ft? Put it this way, don't fancy getting in to a fight with one of those rascals. The road to Graus was very scenic with 5km of tunnels, gauges and rock pinnacles. It's about the only time we both go quiet! After the tunnels an inviting lake. We drove around the waters edge in hope we could find somewhere to park but when we spotted a sign informing everyone the area was infested with insects we opted to drive on. The village of Graus was dirty and dodgie, so we ploughed on, again. Eventually we found a decent spot in San Martin, Capella. A small village with only 300 inhabitants but it has a lovely feels to the place with a river, a nice bridge and a small park/picnic area. The village gardener, an retired gentleman was watering the lawns when we arrived. He had a right old conversation with Craig and completely ignored the fact that Craig couldn't understand a word he was saying. A great spot to tend the day including a nice lullaby from our friendly river frogs.



Home for the night, at Capella's bridge.



CAPELLA TO RODA DE ISABENA

Above: View over the countryside from Roda de Isabena.

Below: Picnic area in Capella.



TUESDAY 14 JULY

The gardener was back early doors to turn on the hosepipe and tend to his lawn. A few of his buddies decided to join him and before long they were all having a right old chin wag. We had a little walk around and then over to the municipal sports facility which included an lovely out door pool. A shed serving refreshments including a 10p mix for the kiddies. Gosh it brought back memories of our visits to the sweet shop. Tell you what though, the Spanish provide fantastic shared facilities for the town. All over Spain, you find parks, sports grounds, pools etc and all well maintained and at an affordable price.

Our bumble verdict - Capella, it's a lovely, welcoming place and worth a stop over if you are looking for somewhere to wild camp.

Not long and we arrived at our destination of the Roda de Isabena. Perched on a pinnacle of a hill, we wound up and up until we reached the municipal car park. What a wonderful view of the valleys and mountains, think we will stop here for the day.



The charming and quaint streets of Roda de Isabena. All the buildings are built from stone.

On top of the view we had a little shade and plenty breeze...and you can't have too much breeze.

After a good gawk at our view, we sauntered up to the top of the village. It felt like you were stepping back in time. Cobbled streets, stone houses, timber balconies and a real untouched but loved feel about the place. Nothing fancy just simple and basic but very beautiful. At the top, a

small plaza with one taverna, a church and a raised area with table and chairs (which we later discovered is for the daily cards tournament). The church was closed, so we just continued walking around the village. At the back of the church some old wooden beams with a sort of pulley system. We walked around trying to suss out what it could have been but the puzzle was just too big and broken. At the side of the church



The ruins and unsolved puzzle at the back of the church.

a small palace with a beautiful balcony, which is now converted in to someone house. Then we wandering in to an archway and found the most beautiful garden, which used to be the cloisters. We walked around and around the village and whilst nothing much here, it just felt so different, so authentic, it captured our attention.

That evening, we celebrated our little find with a fine steak done to perfection on the BBQ. No iPad tunes tonight just the sound of El Don the donkey and the Yap the owd dawg.



Every archway has an inscription. Some are coloured, other not.



The Cathedral's cloister gardens & arches.



RODA DE ISABENA TO NAUT ARUN

Above: The altar in Saint
Vincent Cathedral.

WEDNESDAY 15 JULY

Two walks around the village this morning. One for a general toot and the second for a scheduled visit to the church. Well, I say church it turns out to be Spain's smallest cathedral. We arrived promptly at 11.10 and purchased a ticket for €3 for our 11.15 tour. At 11.15 precisely the guide opened the huge Saint Vincent cathedral doors and we along with half a dozen other people stepped inside. Next minute the doors were shut tight! No messing with this guide! She turned on the lights to the central altar, it was nice but then she pointed downstairs to the crypt. Wow, it was amazing. The guide turned out to be really good, she couldn't speak any English but her passion for the cathedral just oozed out of her. She took each section of the cathedral, turned on the lights and then pointed out all the different elements. The cathedral was like a mini museum that dated back to 10th century but it didn't really have any defined religion, it felt very pagan. You would see over time now the different eras had added their stamp on the church but yet, it still remained simple and elegant. This place clearly isn't on the mass tourist trail but



Photos Clockwise: All Saint Vincent Cathedral

- ❖ Main Cathedral nave with arches leading to underground chapel.
- ❖ Painted roof details
- ❖ One of the many paintings.
- ❖ Another painting, could it be the Chalice?.
- ❖ Choir & organ room.

you get a feeling this hidden gem could quite easily become a national treasure, it is spectacular.

Our bumble verdict - definitely worth a visit, a top 10

After our cathedral visit, we headed back to Vin and prepared for take off. I plonked my feet on the dash and sang a bit sweetly to my dear husband, who didn't quite appreciate my Ed Sheeran singalong. At the bottom of the hill we took a swift left and followed Rio Isabena. Along route we picked up a crusty cob and a chocolate florentine, which will do nicely for lunch. We passed through loads of small tunnels and wonderful countryside with amazing views. STOP! We hit our first road work in months...it felt weird to be held up but at least the traffic light timer counted down the remaining minutes, how cool. Ten minutes later and we were back on track until we spotted a waterfall and a dirt patch...HALT! Vins breaks jammed on and Craig spun the Motorhome in to an awesome lunch spot where we enjoyed some grub, whilst watching the waterfall.

We arrived at Vielha and it was rather a large town. The stone and wooden chalets surrounded by fir trees gave the town a rather alpine feel but the large decathlon and large department store sort of spoiled the alpine retreat feel, so Bumbled on a bit further. We drove through an extremely long tunnel, which felt bazaar as we didn't expect it to be so long and so downhill! What's going on? We just drove 1000's feet up and now we are going back down. We want high ground to get cool! About half an hour after the tunnel we spotted a nice place at the side of the river in a place called Naut Aran. After parking

up, we took a stroll in to the village. It was nice but a rather purpose built feel about it, which was more geared up for the ski season rather than summer hikers. But none the less, it was a nice place. We personally enjoyed dunking our tootsies in the river albeit bloody freezing water.

That night, the temperature dropped to 19 degrees and it was just wonderful. The cool air filled Vin, it was heaven to not be hot and sweaty! Craig watched one of his films and I listened to some tunes. A totally blissful evening.

Our bumble verdict - good wild camping spot but that's it.



Two roasted pigs in Naut Aran.



NAUT ARUN TO LLAVORSI VIA ESCALO

Above: The village of Naut Arun.

Next page Clockwise:

- ❖ Good view to go with a brew.
- ❖ Where we parked for said brew/view.
- ❖ GPS showing just part of the snaking road.
- ❖ How cool, traffic lights counting down to GO!

THURSDAY 16 JULY

Last night the temperature dropped to 19 degrees and it was heaven. A great nights sleep without any huffing, puffing and sticking to the bed sheets. We got dressed and rather than have breakfast here we set off up the mountain road. At about 1800m we spotted a wonderful Lay-by, so we pulled over. The views down the valley were stunning, what a place to have yogurt and muesli next minute, we noticed a lady having a dump in the bushes! Some how the view didn't seem quite as appealing. Next minute, she was shouting and wafting her arms at us telling us to move the Motorhome. Clearly we'd put her off her moment and she wasn't impressed. Oops but we weren't to know!

Next minute, Vin was off, he was all for doing the ski run at El Pillars Sobrena. At 2076m above sea level he broke the record for his highest point to date. To celebrate, he kicked in a little turbo and did a wheel spin just before he began his descent. A few meters down the road and we pulled in at La Vall de Gerber. Craig admired the views whilst I admired the wild horses. Where is everyone? The Pyrenees are meant to be a haven for walkers this time of year but for some reason it dead as a dodo.



We pulled in at lake for brunch and watched a couple of chaps fly fishing before setting off to Escalo for today's final stop. Once in Eacalo we walked around the deserted ski resort. Admired the lift, pondered over the ski run before sorting out the best parking space on the huge car park. After moving 500 times Craig decided he couldn't get comfortable, so we moved on, well maybe not our final spot of the day! Escalo wasn't doing it for him. We wound all the way down the mountain side and after about 20 minutes pulled over by the river. A wonderful little spot right beside the river. Not a soul around, so peaceful.

That evening the heavens opened and we experienced a dramatic thunder and lightening show. Craig watched the lightening bolts land all around us, it was pretty scary. Beside the river and under the trees is not a place you really want to be when a storm breaks out, but we couldn't really move. I got severe stomach ache that lasted all night. Poor Craig spent half the night with one eye on me and one eye on the lightening... wondering which one would strike first!

Our bumble verdict - stunning drive day.



LLAVORSI TO ???

Today, we spent time by the river albeit the water level is a good 2 feet higher than when we first arrived.

As you can see in the picture to the left, Vin is well hidden under the trees, wonder if anyone spots us?



I still didn't feel great, so we finished our bumble early (sorry if it feels a bit half baked, a bit like I feel at the moment), which ties in with visiting Andorra, as we won't have any internet access. Or so we think! Anyway, we are off to Andorra now folks, not sure where or for how long, so will see you in a few days or weeks!

A flowing river means wash everything before we set off including Vin. Time to get the buckets out again.



Above is me cooking entracoté and roasties on the Cadac BBQ I recommended last week. Another couple of minutes and the steak was cooked to a "T" as Joanne requested.

Olah!

NON SLIP, WASH'N'GO PLUS AN ODD USE FOR A RUBBER DIAPHRAGM!

Well, hello again, another quiet week on the repairs front, very boring. I did think of something though.

NON SLIP SURFACES.

Our current vans cab area is lower than the rest and a ramp/storage area is installed to create two footwells and level the floor, also the rear bed has two steps/storage areas to allow easier access getting in and out. Well, I didn't fancy slipping on any of these so I installed some of that non slip tape (It's like sandpaper) that they



Non slip tape makes a great safety idea, it's cheap and is very easy to fit.



The tape is stuck onto the steps above and the floor below.



fit on commercial stairways, etc. Costs about £5 a roll from either “ToolStation” or “ScrewFix” I also got some from the Pound shop and it seems just as good. Just peel off the backing and stick it on whatever you want. You can even get a waterproof version that could be used in shower areas, etc. (Less like sandpaper and semi transparent.

WASHING ON THE GO.

Joanne has mentioned our washing clothes regime but I thought I'd explain as lots of people seem impressed by it.

We never use launderettes (too expensive to use, pain in the arse to find and time consuming to

boot), we wash everything ourselves very easily. Socks & knickers no problem, jeans & jumpers no problem, towels and bedding, no problem, you've guessed it, it isn't a problem.

Items required are quite simple, one or two stackable boxes with good clip on lids (35L are ideal, we have the brand “Really Useful Boxes” available from B&Q, Staples & others), one folding stool (makes a great work platform), water for the wash, more for the rinse. washing detergent (Lidl's Maxi Trats is very good, it's cheap, it smells nice and it works), bicarbonate of soda for whites & some fabric softer (again Lidl's talcum power smelling one is good and also cheap.)

1. Pour about 10L of water into one of the boxes, add between half and a full cap of detergent.



The spinner on the left isn't moved to use it, the water goes straight outside into one of my beloved buckets, Wash boxes on the right, JML type mat upside down on the bottom & the folding stool doubles up as a great little washing platform.

Drop in the dirty clothing etc, pummel the lot for a minute and leave for a couple of hours and pop the lid back on, next step is optional but gives the clothes a super clean, simply drive from where you are to where your going, it agitates the water a bit like a washing machine.

2. Pummel the dirty items again for a minute or two.
3. Wring out the dirty clothes. We use a domestic household spinner (via an inverter) to remove all that dirty water and debris. (Makes a world of difference if you have sensitive skin too.) Wringing out by hand works but the spinner makes life very easy :-).
4. Ditch the dirty water (see the last bit for alternate uses).
5. Put the now clean clothes in another 10L water, add preferred fabric softer. Pummel again and wring out/spin the clothing again.
6. Hang up your clothing wherever you can, we use the dashboard area as we've mentioned before or hang a line off the canopy if we can put it out. Sunny day = clothes dry in no time, (small things about 15 minutes, bedding takes about 30 minutes, wet dismal day they take a little longer but are dry in a couple of hours.

Your clothes really do come up clean and I mean at least as clean as using your washing machine at home, because the clothing soaks in the detergent it gets right into the fibers, unlike a washing machine that uses brute water force to clean your clothes and if you drive mid wash it agitates the water and gets a little more out too.

20L of water may seem a lot but that's the

maximum amount you need, you can get away with less depending of how much washing there is. Plus washing stuff in the shower or bowl uses a lot more water than you think.

You soon get back the cost of the spinner too by not using launderettes and not burning the diesel to find them.



The garage doors lip was too heigh so the spinners feet height was boosted with a door stop screwed to the existing feet and a garden kneel pad was cut into discs and pushed round it to absorb the vibrations and increase stability.

TOP TIPS.

Use a small amount of detergent. The soaking bit does a lot and if you add too much it just makes the rinsing side harder.

For whites and a small amount of bicarbonate of soda to the wash water (basically "Oxyclean" on the cheap but just as good)

If it's hot and you leave the wash cycle soaking for more than about 12 hours it will start to smell a bit like a launderette. (Not good.)

Use the dirty washing water to clean the grey tank. Pour into your empty grey tank and again

drive from A to B, The washing detergent breaks a lot of the smelly stuff that accumulates in there down which ironically is mostly soapy residue.

Use the rinse water to wash the next lot or to simply wash the van, It has softener in it so it helps not leave limescale marks on the paintwork as it dries (especially in hot weather).

Never throw the washing water near the van, just like your grey water, it attracts flies and mosquitoes as it evaporates.

If you have a caravan/motorhome then throw out some other stuff (maybe the kids for example, just kidding) and get a spinner, space permitting obviously, the amount of energy they use is minimal, the amount of water and thus excess detergent they extract is maximum. You can get portable 12v spinners and even twin tubs, I looked into these but the load capacity is a joke and they don't spin fast enough to do a proper job. When we went away last year we used the same method but with no spinner, It makes a world of difference now, clothes dry incredibly

Spinner electrical usage is surprisingly low.

300 watts @ 240v for about five minutes is only about 3 amps @ 12v)

quick, the van doesn't smell of launderette when you dry inside all because there is hardly any water or detergent left in your cloths.

As you can see in one of the photos the whole lot is held in place with one bungie and sits on a JML type door mat. (Our mats were from Sainsburys when they were only £2 each.) I have found that if you put rubber mats on the floor in the garage area, (even when not used as a wash area) water forms between it and the floor itself

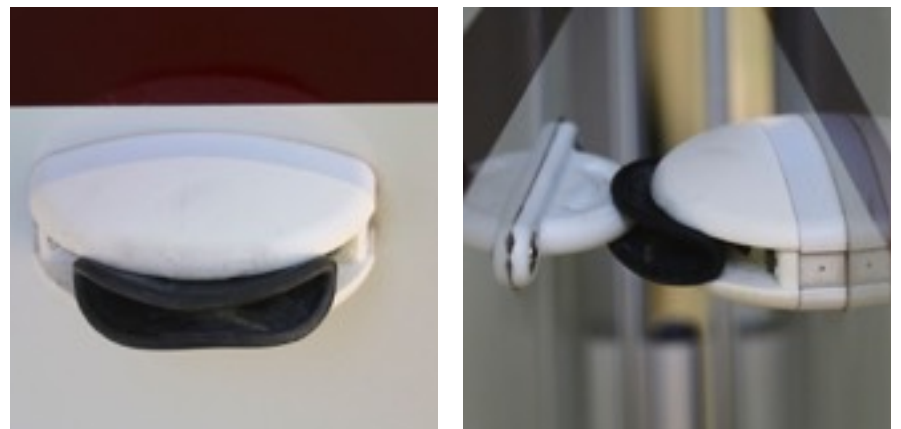
so put your mats upside down to stop it. Not a problem in summer but who wants a damp garage in winter and the mold that goes with it.

Now that we've cleaned that up it's time for a little...

UPDATE.

My balls haven't dropped this week, by that I mean the aluminium strips I installed under the tabletop to keep the foam balls from falling out that stop it sliding about work like a charm. I'll fit the proper item when we get home or drive past a Hymer dealer.

That door clip Joanne broke a couple of months ago has also been sort of fixed with the aid of a rubber diaphragm. I was walking down the street and spotted it on the floor and that stupid light bulb went off in my head. I just folded it in half and pushed it in the busted opening and it grips the door enough to stop it flapping away, I must admit though, I have no idea what it's off.



A mystery rubber diaphragm comes to the rescue for the time being. The actual proper fitting in less than €2 but I ain't got one.

Well, that's it this week Amigo's and possibly the end of OLAH!

OUR TOP 10 DESTINATIONS THIS TRIP



1. SEVILLE

Not just oranges! A fantastic atmosphere in an ancient and charming city.



2. EL CHORRO

A pathway carved out of a sheer cliff for the King of Spain. Just brilliant



3. MORRELA

Hilltop village with stunning castle and views with loads of charm.



4. SALAMANCA

The pink Spanish City full of old charm and character. Like going back in time



5. EL ROCIO

Enter the wild west in this town where everyone still rides on horseback.

6. BELEM, LISBON

A borough of Portugal's capital, blessed with tradition and monuments.



7. RODA DE ISABINA

Home to Spain's smallest Cathedral, some stunning views and a great little village.



8. MAFRA

This palace doesn't look much from outside but inside, it just breathtaking.



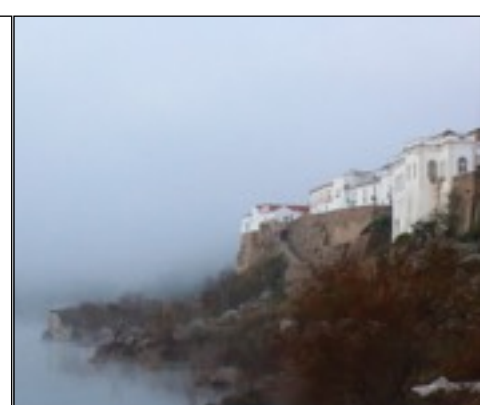
9. EVORA

Lovely, old, cobbled streets steeped in history. The bone chapel is amazing



10. MERTOLA

Quaint hill top village with stunning countryside views.



OUR TOP 10 HIDDEN GEMS THIS TRIP



1. PRAIA DO MARINAH

Mini coastal garden right on the headland with stunning views

6. PRAIA DO ALMARGEM

Quaint old Portuguese town with a great beach and feel.

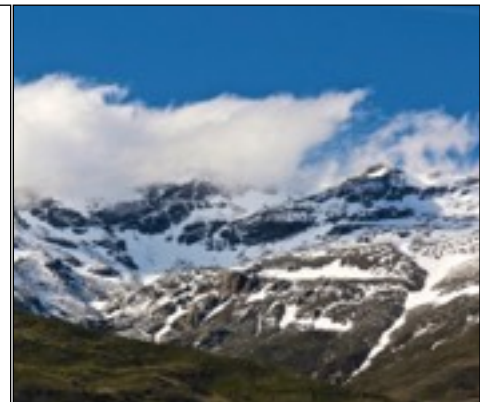


2. PRAIA DO ARRIFES

Perched on the edge of a cliff with stunning views across the coast

7. CAPIEIRA

Small village high in the Andalusia Sierras. Stunning views.



3. CALA CORTINA

Most spectacular bay with crystal clear waters surrounded by WW2 shelters

8. LA HIGUERA

Unspoiled part of the Spanish coast line with lovely beaches and cave formations



4. LA AZOHÌA

Authentic and simple fishing village in undeveloped pa

9. PRAIA DO AMADO

A head land with lots of bays, all offering something slightly different.



5. PRAIA DO CARVELHO

Amazing cliff garden with your own beach and rock caves

10. ISLA DE FARO

Very small slither of land with beach on both side. Relaxing and simple.

