

A hike in the mountains above Fornes just south of Granada.

Actually started our trip with a visit to Ahlma de Granada, but I've already written about in a previous newsletter. From Ahlma we continue east towards the village of Fornes and Parque Natural Sierras de Ahlma, Tejeda y Almirajara. One of all these white villages with narrow streets and whitewashed houses with one or another flower on the facades. At the square sits a few old men in caps and with a cane on a bench and looking curiously at the tourists who pass by. The village is situated on a mountain side and we are looking towards the village's highest point where the trail begins. Already here we have a view of the Sierra Nevada with its snow-capped mountains. In the other direction lies Lake Los Bermejales quite blue. We passed the lake on the way to Fornes. Here we could have stayed and had a bath, coffee or rented bicycles for a ride around the lake. After having parked the cars we walk up a staircase with planted trees up to a memorial. With us we have a black-clad widow. Is she also going hiking? It's not possible? Quite rightly, she is just up to the monument to leave a flower and make the sign of the cross. Perhaps she was honoring the memory of her late husband. We stop a few minutes to once again enjoy a spectacular view.



We continue straight ahead along the path that will lead us to the top of the mountain. According to the hike map will it take us two hours and twenty minutes to walk around the mountain and return to the parking lot. We go clockwise to take the hardest way first. The trail climbs up the mountain to Mesa de Fornes. The mountain top looks just like a giant dining room table. Periodically, we stop and enjoy the scenery and nature. Now and then share the trail up to it is not difficult to see which one is right for us. In the mountains it is cooler

than on the coast, but water bottles are cool anyway.

Once up on the flat top we have a fantastic view over the blue-green lakes, valleys covered with olive trees and the snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountains. It took an hour to reach the top. From here it is downhill almost the rest of the walk. We hike along a winding dirt road down the mountain. We pass an area with a special Piña wood from which it is well into the twentieth century was extracting sap by cutting incisions in the bark and then pick up the resin in a container. After an hour or so scream our stomachs after a good lunch.





We stop and serve our packed picnic in a dry riverbed. Rarely tastes food as good as when you made an a little extra effort. As we will later take us across the river, we will get to balance on outsourced rocks to keep from getting wet. Probably we could have taken a dip but it seemed too cold. We pass a large picnic area with grills. Perhaps we should have begun the trek here to finish with a barbecue dinner. The trail crosses a small wooden bridge where a sign informs

you that, among other things is a kind of trout in the river. Here next is the old resin factory, completely dilapidated. Fifty years ago, it had three hundred employees.

The last bit to the car we shortcut over a deserted farm and escape at the side of a locked gate. As usual, here in Spain you will be reviled, the farm dogs barks loudly. So was this adventurous trip over and we go home filled with lots of good memories and happy with a light and pleasant hike in the mountains.

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