

ELENA KOYUNSEVEN OF MEDITERRANEAN LONGEVITY:

“I’d Stumbled Into My Own Fountain of Youth Without Even Going Looking for It... I Hadn’t Just Found a Nice Place to Live. I’d Found Something Worth Writing About.”



Of the many longevity newsletters I'm subscribed to, only one has truly touched me with the naturalness of its topics and writing: that of [Elena Koyunseven](#), founder of [Mediterranean Longevity](#). I longed to write like her, to be like her, on the beach in Palma de Mallorca, where she has lived for thirteen years.

Then I browsed through [The Mediterranean Lifestyle website](#) and her magazine, [Longevity LO2 Max](#), and because I dreamed of a similar magazine myself, I appreciated them even more, and my conviction that I could make one too grew stronger.

She's the first foreign interviewee I've ever had, because her story struck me as a perspective worth sharing and taking as an example. Elena and I exchanged a few messages, and the tone and the conversation were so natural and sincere that you'd have thought we'd known each other for a long time. Resonating with someone like that isn't a small thing, so my questions came from natural curiosity, and her answers were just as sincere, moving, inspiring, and as authentic as they come.

Elena is 59 and runs, together with her daughter, Melisa, an editorial project that started as a blog in 2018 and has since grown into three platforms: [The Mediterranean Lifestyle website](#), the quarterly magazine [Longevity LO2 Max](#), and a [Substack](#) launched in February 2026. In the interview, you'll find out the real story behind [Longevity LO2 Max](#) (her father's death, in 2024), her biological age (35, at 59 real years), and why she believes the wellness industry sells back to us, at a price, things other cultures have always given away for free.

Elena also told me a lot about how hard the move to Palma de Mallorca was at 46 (since she left behind family, friends, and a life she'd built), but also about the far better quality of life she has now. The Mediterranean diet, air, and rhythm are known to support healthspan and lifespan, but after listening to Elena, I'm left with the impression that in Mallorca, joyspan runs high too.



Who is Elena Koyunseven, for those who don't know her yet, and how many years have you had Mediterranean Longevity (Substack + magazine)?

I'm 59, and I've called Mallorca home for thirteen years now. Funny thing about my background: both my parents are Greek, but I was actually born and raised in a small town in Germany. So I grew up German on the outside and Greek at the family table, which probably explains why moving here felt less like starting over and more like finally arriving somewhere I already belonged.

"TML" (The Mediterranean Lifestyle), started back in 2018. My daughter and I just wanted to write about life on the island, honestly, nothing more ambitious than that. It was a blog. Then it grew, and grew fast, until we had guest writers sending us pieces from all over the Mediterranean and we turned it into a bimonthly magazine. I did the writing and the design myself; that part I loved completely, still do. For a stretch we even printed it, in English and German both. Then Covid hit and everything moved online.

"Longevity LO2 Max" came later, in 2024, after my father died. I won't pretend that wasn't the reason. We were already living this life here, eating well, moving, staying close to people; his death made me want to understand why it mattered, not just live it on instinct. So it felt less like a new direction and more like finally putting words to something I'd been doing for years without naming it.

Substack is the baby of the family, February 2026. I wanted more readers, sure, but mostly I just wanted to write more. That's the part that never gets old for me: writing, and hoping it nudges someone toward a happier life.



The Road to Mallorca

You've lived in Mallorca for thirteen years; you were born in Greece (where?) and grew up, were educated, and came of age in Germany. How did you come to want to leave? Why Mallorca (you said you didn't know anyone here...)? Did the idea of Mediterranean longevity come first, and you chose the place based on that, or did you start this project after you'd already settled here?

I was born and raised in Künzelsau, in Baden-Württemberg, so Germany through and through, even if my roots go back to Greece. After my divorce, I finally had the chance to do something I'd wanted for years: live near the sea. Spain wasn't even the plan at first, honestly. Italy was. I'd



already signed up for an Italian course, and had my whole picture in my head. Then, last minute, a job offer landed in my lap, real estate work, in Mallorca of all places. I remember thinking, why not, just for a few months. So I dropped the Italian, picked up Spanish instead, and showed up here knowing exactly no one.

Starting over at 46 with zero connections; looking back, that was a reckless thing to do. But **I'd stumbled into my own fountain of youth without even going looking for it.** The longevity piece came later, a few years in, once I noticed something odd: I felt steadier here, healthier, more like myself, than friends and family I'd left behind. That's the moment it clicked. I hadn't just found a nice place to live. I'd found something worth writing about.

What did you do for work, and what was your life like, before Mallorca - and what do you think prepared you best for a project built around Mediterranean longevity?

We ran several businesses back then; a transport company, an interior design shop, some dealings in automobiles. I was a full-time mother first, and I loved that part more than anything, but I was also carrying everything around the businesses too. Running a household and being a business owner at the

same time, that's its own full-time job, with battles built right in. There were real ups and downs, and none of them came free. Divorce was one price I paid. Finding a new home was the other, the better one.

What actually prepared me, looking back, was simpler than any of that: knowing how to get back on my feet. Resilience, and a stubborn kind of optimism that just won't quit, no matter what life throws at you. How you hold your own life, that's the real tool any of us has. It's what lets you actually enjoy it, and do whatever it takes to live it well.

Do you have long-lived people in your family? Are there elders you admire who made you want to learn more?

My father made it to 85; he was the oldest anyone in our family has gotten. So no centenarians in the bloodline, nothing dramatic like that. Though people have always told me I look younger than I am, so who knows, maybe I've got a head start. Maybe I'll be the first. And honestly, with everything medicine and technology are figuring out now, that's not as far-fetched as it would've sounded twenty years ago.

My father was my role model, plain and simple. I carry so much of him around with me: his calm,



Elena & Melisa Koyunseven

the way he stayed open to new things even late in life, that easy, friendly warmth, always quick with a smile. He's a big part of why I wanted to actually understand aging, not just live through it and hope for the best.

What's your life like in Palma de Mallorca, and above all: is it better than you expected? Or was the adjustment hard? Would you recommend that someone over 50 change countries, leave their friends behind, and have the courage for a new path? What are the advantages and disadvantages of moving at this stage of life? Did you already speak Spanish (you speak English, Greek, German, after all...)?

Life here has nothing in common with what I had in Germany, honestly, not much at all. Days start with sun already on your skin and a good mood already in place, no effort required. Everything moves slower, the people, the island, life itself, in the best possible way. The thinking is different too. Quality of life comes first, no question, no negotiating. Friends, good food, laughter, time by the sea or up in the mountains; none of that's a weekend treat here. It's just Tuesday. It's better than I imagined, and I'd imagined a lot going on.

So let me say this plainly: it's never too late to leave a place that isn't making you happy for

one that brings you back to life. Yes, moving gets harder the older you get, I won't pretend otherwise. But that can't be the reason you stay stuck. Isn't it better to end up somewhere you actually enjoy your life than to stay put, stressed, watching the years slide by unhappy? We forget how long "the rest of your life" can still be at 50, at 46, wherever you're standing. The adventure, the new friendships, maybe even a new love, that excitement doesn't have a price tag on it. It's worth the risk, every time.

As for the language: thirteen years in, I speak Spanish fluently now. That shift alone, being able to actually talk to people here, not just get by, changed how deep my roots could go.

Where do you draw your energy, resources, and ideas from these days? Is it just the place, or is it new friends, a new lifestyle? What was Elena like 15 years ago, and how do you see her now? What's changed in you?

Mostly the sea, if I'm honest. I couldn't go back to living far from it, not now. It's my source, plain and simple; everything else, the creativity, the ideas, goals I never would've reached for before, all of it flows out from that one thing.

And I've changed, a lot, in ways I'm glad about. I'm calmer these days, more patient with myself and



everyone else. Nothing has to be perfect anymore, the way it once did, when I thought it did. My priorities flipped completely. Fifteen years ago it was material things, status, keeping up appearances for people who weren't even paying that much attention. **Now it's inner peace, and a kind of happiness that doesn't need anyone watching to count.**

I saw that the magazine “Longevity LO2 Max” is something you make together with your daughter, Melisa. Was it your idea or hers for her to come with you to your new country and start this magazine together? Does it matter to you that your relationship with your daughter stays harmonious, as one of the pillars of longevity? Do you think good relationships and quality friendships shape a good life?

I came here two years ahead of her, completely alone. Melisa followed once she'd finished her studies, and the magazine idea took shape another three years after that, so it wasn't some plan we hatched together on day one. It grew. She and I have always been close, not just mother and daughter but genuinely friends, so working side by side was never really a question we sat down and debated. It just worked, the way some things do when the foundation's already there. I honestly believe bonds like that are one of the real pillars of longevity, not

a nice extra. And **quality relationships matter more than most people give them credit for.** We're social creatures, wired to need somewhere to belong. Close friends matter even more, in a way, because they're the first people we run to, with what's worrying us, with what's making us happy, with all the parts of life we want someone else to actually witness alongside us, not just hear about later.

A Working Day in Mallorca

What's the publishing schedule for the magazine(s) in the mediaseven portfolio? How long does it take to put one issue together, and who takes the beautiful photography you use? How big is your team of collaborators?

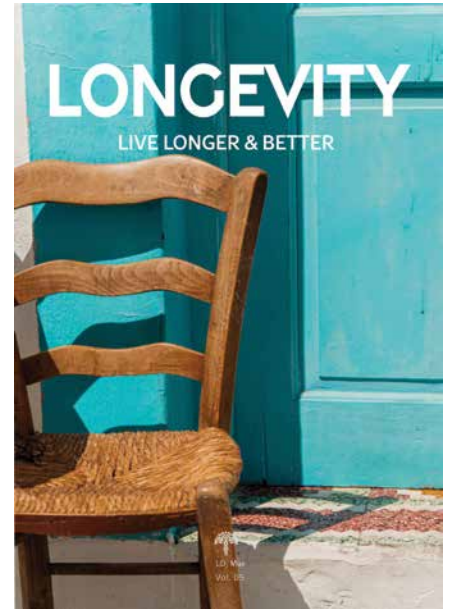
“Longevity LO2 Max” comes out quarterly, every three months, and it takes about a month and a half to actually put together. We could rush it, I'm sure, but we don't want to; we like to take our time with it. As for the photography, some of it's mine, I love it, it's a real passion alongside everything else, but honestly, most of what you see is stock. And the team is small, small on purpose really: just three other collaborators alongside Melisa and me right now.

Most weekdays look pretty similar, and I like it that way, no surprises needed. I get up, take my coffee out onto the balcony, and just watch the sun come up while I ease into the day. No rush, no emails first thing, nothing. Just the quiet before the city stirs. A couple times a week we walk up to Bellver Park, a hill covered in forest, great for a slow jog or just moving the body a bit. Breakfast after: Greek yogurt, chia and linseeds, blueberries or whatever fruit looks good that day, a little cinnamon on top, a drop of honey.

lucky, our neighborhood's full of life, bars, energy, people out. Winter it's a long walk instead, along the harbor or through the city, an hour or two, just moving and looking at things. Weekends loosen up completely. Later breakfast, then straight to the beach for the day, food and drinks running right into the evening, no clock watching.

Germany was nothing like this, not even close. Life there runs on a stricter clock; everything scheduled, everything organized, and pleasure has to fight for whatever scraps of time are left over. **Slowing down here didn't just change my days. It changed how I see time itself, less like something you're constantly trying to fill, more like something you actually get to live inside.**

Honestly, the juggling comes down to planning ahead of time instead of scrambling under pressure. I know my deadlines well in advance, and



organizing my own work has become something I'm genuinely good at now, a skill I built over the last few years, not something I was born with. My mind's always running quietly in the background, tracking what's coming next, but I don't let it take over the front seat. That's the real shift, if I'm honest. It's not that I have less to do. It's that I have a completely different relationship with doing it.

And city life, I think it's only as stressful as you let it be. I actually love being around people, around possibility; I grew up rural, so the pull of city life fascinated me from the start and honestly still does. Palma just has a rhythm most cities don't. Some days it feels small enough to be a village. Other days alive enough to feel like a real city. Somewhere in between, the stress never quite catches up with you the way it does everywhere else.

Do you support yourself entirely from the magazines you publish, your mentoring sessions, and your Substack subscribers? Do you do anything else alongside all of that?

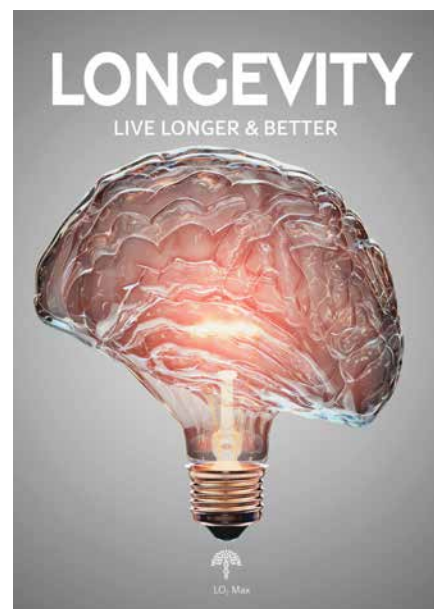
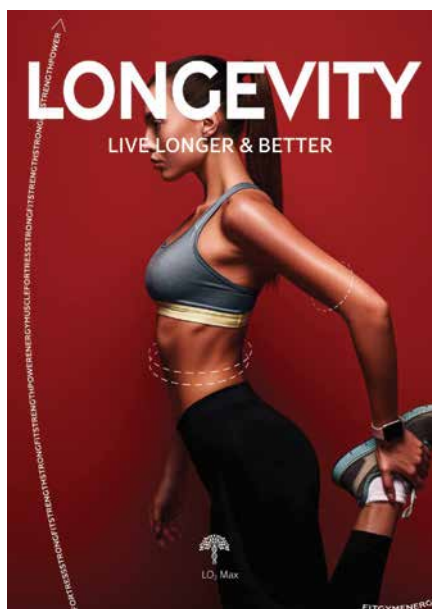
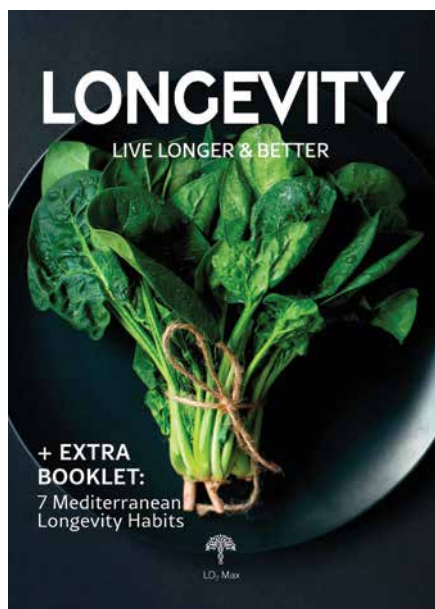
Yes, they do, and honestly, it takes every hour I've got. But I also know I've got more to give than what's already on my plate, which is why I'm in the planning stages of something new right now (more soon!). I've already started building the connections it'll take to make it real.

I can tell from your guides that you're also a very good cook in your own kitchen. Which part is more meticulous - the cooking, finding a recipe that's always new, the photography, or editing the final product? What do you enjoy most out of everything you do?

Oh, I absolutely love to cook, that part's true. With Greek roots in the family, it's just something you grow up doing; I was always trying new recipes, throwing things together, and people were kind enough to tell me they turned out well. Jokes aside though, eating well really is essential to a long, happy life, and here in the Mediterranean it's not some separate wellness effort, it's just woven into the day, no different from breathing.

I love Spanish food as much as Italian, Middle Eastern, Greek, all of it; there's so much to draw from when you've got that many traditions sitting right next to each other. We use a lot of herbs, my favorite ingredients by a mile, and olive oil for everything, and I mean everything, don't get me started. These days though, I don't have the time or the headspace to keep chasing new recipes the way I once did. That part belongs to Melisa now. She's the one in the kitchen experimenting, and honestly, I love watching her take it further than I ever did.

You've put out a lot of guides so far - The Mediterranean Breakfast, The Mediterranean Pantry, Olive, The Forever Diet, Mastering Emotional Balance, City



Ready - and I wonder, beyond the topic itself, what the process behind them looks like: is it months of research and rewriting, or do some of them come more easily, almost straight out of what you're already living? Do you consult nutritionists or researchers when you write about food and aging, or do you rely mainly on your own reading and experience?

Honestly, the ideas come out of nowhere, in the best way. I'll be cooking, out shopping, sitting at the beach doing something completely ordinary, and suddenly I notice I'm turning some thought over more than I should be. That's usually the tell. A thought I can't quite put down, and it needs to become something real, something I write and put out into the world. I can't fully explain how it works, I don't force any of it, it just shows up when it wants to.

Most of what ends up on the page comes straight from my own life, my own experience living this out. But I'm not working in a vacuum either; I stay in touch with a few contributors from past projects who trained as nutritionists, and I read constantly, following people in the longevity space, nutrition science, whatever the latest research is turning up. I just don't lead with the research. I lead with what I'm actually living, and let the research back it up.

I noticed that the "Longevity Self-Tests" appears both as a standalone guide and as a bonus for paid

subscribers, and that the seasonal fruit-and-vegetable calendar comes out monthly. How did you decide to offer them that way, and how much of your time does keeping them updated take?

The self-test was always meant to be a starting point, something simple enough to hand to literally anyone. That's why subscribers get it as their first step in, but if someone doesn't want to commit to a subscription at all, they can still grab it on its own, no strings, no pressure. I wanted it open either way, not locked behind a wall just for the sake of it.

The seasonal calendar actually goes back further than people realize, it's something from our earlier TML days. People loved it back then, genuinely loved it; we even did a high-quality printed version at one point. Reviving it as a subscriber bonus just felt right, like picking up something that already worked. The whole year gets mapped out once, in January, all in one sitting, and then it's just sent out on the first of every month after that. Low maintenance, once the groundwork's actually done.

Do you ever go back to your older guides, or to "Permission Slip," to rewrite them as you change your mind or learn something new - or do they stay as they were first conceived, like a snapshot of the Elena of that moment?

I used to go back to every single guide, weeks later, months later, always something nagging at



me. And there's always something to find, always: the design, a line that could land better, a photo that could be sharper. I could keep finding things forever if I let myself, genuinely forever. So these days I try not to look back too often. I trust the work I did in the moment I did it, and let it stand as what it was.

Do you feel like each guide found the right readers, or were there some you worked hard on that went more unnoticed? Do readers ever send you stories about how they actually use them, and has a message like that ever changed how you think about your next project?

I want to believe everything finds the right reader eventually, at the right time. But my own sense of it doesn't always match reality. Something I poured real effort into can land quietly, barely a ripple, while a piece I wrote without overthinking it suddenly hits a nerve, and suddenly I've got replies, collaboration offers, messages I never saw coming. You never really know who's going to read a thing, or when it's going to matter.

What I do get, often, are notes from people telling me they felt truly seen, or that something arrived at exactly the right moment in their life, like it was waiting for them. I've built real, personal contacts this way, people who write in through the newsletter, just a quick line sometimes, but it

means everything to me. It always makes my day. It's proof we're all looking for the same thing, whether we say it out loud or not.

In one Substack piece you say you trust daily rhythms, human connection, emotional honesty, the imperfection of a real life, and the quiet intelligence of a culture that's been doing this longer than the wellness industry has existed. Could you unpack what all of that means to you?

It means learning to live with wisdom our ancestors already had, wisdom we now pay strangers to teach back to us, which is a little absurd if you think about it. They knew things instinctively that we've since turned into courses, apps, twelve-step protocols; knowledge that used to just be lived, not studied under a spreadsheet. Modern life pushed aside behaviors that had been anchored in humanity for thousands of years, all so we could move faster and call it progress. And I'm not against progress, I want to be clear about that. I'm against the assumption that something's outdated just because it's old.

Here's what I actually think the wellness industry does, if I'm being blunt: it takes something a culture gave away for free, a long lunch with neighbors, an afternoon nap, bread with good olive oil, and sells it back to us as a system, with a name attached and a price tag. You cannot subscribe to

human connection. You cannot buy your way into a slow morning. And you can't optimize yourself into peace with your own imperfections, you can only stop fighting them, which is a very different thing. That's not giving up. That, to me, is exactly where the beauty of a life actually lives, in the parts nobody ever meant to measure in the first place.

How demanding is it to keep up the weekly rhythm of writing to your subscribers? Does it get easier over time, something that comes naturally after a while? Is it something you're thinking about all week, starting the moment you hit send on the last piece? What does your process for sending the weekly newsletter actually look like?

Not demanding at all, if I'm being honest with myself about it. I've got so many ideas floating around that some weeks I end up publishing twice, just because I can't hold it in. There's always more to say than there's room for on the page; I keep a long running list of prepared content, sitting there ready whenever I need it. And when something touches me deeply enough, I don't wait around for the "right" week to arrive. I want it out in the world right away, while it's still alive in me, still warm.

What brings you joy right now, what motivates you, what makes you want to keep going? You wrote somewhere that you're a naturally cheerful person - is that part of living a better life, always smiling?

I've always leaned optimistic, that part's true, but I don't think it's just luck of temperament. It's something you keep choosing, over and over, until one day it's just who you are, not who you decided to be that morning. **Writing brings me joy, and so does sharing something I believe might actually help someone; that's been true for as long as I can remember, long before any of this had a name.** Laughing, smiling, sure, that's part of my personality now, though I built more of it than people probably assume. It didn't just arrive fully formed.

Maybe it comes from choosing to see the good in people, and in whatever happens, even the hard stuff. Some people might call that too romantic





for their taste. I'd call it being in love with life, the whole thing, the good parts and the messy ones both. That doesn't mean every day is easy for me, or that I don't have mornings where getting up feels like a negotiation. It just means I don't let a hard morning talk me into believing it's a hard life.

What have been the biggest challenges of your life, and how did you get through them? What saved you?

Leaving everyone I knew, friends, family, the language I could think in without translating first in my head, that was the hardest thing I've ever done. I wanted it and I was terrified of it, at the exact same time, no contradiction there, just both at once. Maybe some part of me needed to prove 46 wasn't too late to start over. Maybe another part just needed permission to leave, so I told myself I could always turn around and come back if it fell apart.

What nobody warns you about is that the growth happens without asking your permission first. You don't wake up one morning having

decided not to give up; you just keep going, one more month, one more year, until you realize somewhere along the way you'd stopped counting altogether. Mine stopped counting at three. I didn't get through it with some grand act of courage, nothing that dramatic. I got through it by refusing, quietly, stubbornly, to let it win. That stubbornness never really left me. I still lean on it more than I'd probably admit.

Longevity Habits in Mallorca

What does longevity mean to you, since I know you see it as something beyond supplements and treatments? Where do you get your information about longevity from - do you follow or talk to a lot of specialists? What do you actually do to increase your healthspan, not just your lifespan?

For me, longevity was never really about the number of years; it's about what fills them. Physical health and mental health don't sit in separate boxes, they hold each other up, always have. **What I actually want, when I strip it all down, is simple: more time with my children, watching them build lives that are truly theirs, and being there for it, present, still useful, never something they have to carry.**

I read widely rather than follow anyone blindly, that's important to me. Dr. Sinclair, Dr. Attia, Dr. Valter Longo, even Bryan Johnson out of pure curiosity more than agreement, I pay attention to all of them, but I don't hand my life over to a single protocol just because someone with a lab coat says so. Their research gives me something to sit with, turn over. If it earns its place in how I actually live, I let it in. If it doesn't, I leave it on the page where I found it. I've been to a handful of events over the years, mostly because staying current matters more to me than staying comfortable. Malaga in October, I haven't decided yet, but I'd like it to happen.

What's your actual age, and what's your biological age (if you've ever taken that kind of test)? What were your VO2 Max results?



I turned 59 this June. My biological age came back at 35 last year, and I'm not going to pretend that number didn't make me grin like an idiot for the rest of the day. VO₂ max, though, I've never actually had it tested; just never chased that particular number. **I walk most days, I'm at the gym three times a week**, and sure, I know I could push harder if I wanted to. But "more" was never really the point for me. I'd rather move steadily toward what I actually want than turn my own body into a project with metrics to hit. That tension, between doing enough and doing more, is exactly the thing I try to help other people put down too.

What habits have you dropped, and what new ones have you adopted for a healthier life? When did that shift begin?

The new one is walking, everywhere, all year round, no exceptions really. Palma makes it almost effortless: small enough to cross entirely on foot, and if my legs give out before my plans do, a bus is never more than a few minutes off anyway. That safety net is honestly half the reason I trust myself to just go somewhere without overthinking the logistics first. And that word, overthinking, that's exactly what I dropped. The need for everything to

be perfect, every plan, every outcome, every version of myself I thought I was supposed to be. Both changes started the same day, really, the day I drove off the ferry with everything I owned in the car. I don't think it was Mallorca itself that did it, not entirely. I think leaving everything familiar behind forced me to loosen my grip on how things were supposed to look. And once that grip loosened on my old life, I found I couldn't really tighten it back up again, on anything.

How important is sleep to you, and what do you do to sleep well? How many hours do you sleep a night, and what has your relationship with sleep been like over the years? Do you have any wisdom to share with readers?

Sleep has never been a fight for me, and I say that fully aware of how lucky that makes me sound. Head touches the pillow and I'm gone within minutes, even on nights I've watched TV right up until bed or scrolled too long on my phone, knowing better. Seven to eight hours, most nights, no negotiating with myself over it. I don't take that for granted, not for a second. I've watched too many people around me struggle for what comes to me almost embarrassingly easy, and that's exactly why

I guard it as carefully as I do. You don't get to skip recovery and still expect your body to keep showing up for you, day after day, no complaints.

If someone asked me for one rule, just one, it wouldn't be about the hours. It'd be about the clock: **go to bed around the same time every night, close enough that your body stops guessing.** That consistency does more than any extra hour ever could, in my own experience anyway. I eat three or four hours before bed, and I leave alcohol out of the evening completely. The one or two times I haven't, dinner too late, a glass of wine I told myself was harmless, my sleep just fell apart, and I felt every bit of it the next morning, no mercy. Some nights deserve a toast anyway, and I let them happen, I'm not a monk about it. But the body keeps its own records, and it never once hesitates to remind you what you did wrong. Every single time, I promise myself: not again, not for a while.

How do you take care of your mental and emotional health (meditation, relationships, hobbies, etc.)? What places or communities do you turn to for peace and comfort?

Reading is my escape hatch of choice, spiritual books, science, an occasional crime novel that has nothing whatsoever to do with anything I write about, and honestly I like it that way. Whatever pulls me in, I just follow it, no guilt attached. But if you pinned me down and asked for the one thing that actually resets me, it's the beach, no contest. Hours there, watching the horizon, doing genuinely nothing, that's my real medicine, more than anything else I could name. I go quiet in a way I don't anywhere else, and somewhere inside that silence I end up talking to myself through whatever's still unresolved. I couldn't tell you how it works. Only that it does, almost every single time.

Friends, I've never needed many, and I stopped apologizing for that a while ago. What I have is small and hard-won: a handful of people I actually trust with the real stuff. I think that's something you only learn with age, honestly, that it was never about how many people surround you at a party.

It's about whether the few you've kept would still show up on the one day you actually need them.

What role does food and nutrition play for you? Do you follow a specific eating plan, or personal rules?

Mediterranean, mostly, though calling it a "diet" makes it sound way more deliberate than it actually is for me. It's just how I eat, without a second thought anymore, hasn't been a decision in years. What guides me more than any rule is listening, genuinely listening, to what my body actually wants and what it quietly pushes back against. Takes practice to hear that, but it becomes second nature once you stop overriding it out of habit. I've never had much of a sweet tooth, if I'm honest; give me something salty or spicy over dessert any day of the week, and I count myself lucky for that. Beyond that, I eat what I like, just not too much of it, ever. Bread, though, I can't resist, that's a Greek thing straight through; dipping bread into everything is basically a reflex passed down in my family, not a choice. And I stop the moment I sense I could still manage a little more. That's my only real rule, if you can even call it one.

How much do you move in a typical week, and what kinds of exercise do you prefer? Do you have a personal trainer, or a support group you train with?

A few times a week, my daughter and I head into the forest together, no schedule about it, just whenever we can make it work. Then I'm at the gym three times a week too, nothing dramatic, just consistent. And almost every evening, I walk along the coast; Palma spoils us that way, this long coastline stretching in both directions from where I live. One way takes me toward the famous Arenal beach, the other follows the south coast, always with the water right there beside me.

That closeness, walking with the sea close enough to hear it, is worth more to me than any structured workout ever could be, gym included. **Honestly, between the forest, the gym, and those evening walks, what more could I really ask for?**