

huber

made for families!



MORITZ

Goes
Looking
for

Happiness

Renate Felderer

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Moritz has an idea

This story starts with somebody setting out in search of something. Lots of stories start that way. But this one is different, nevertheless. Why? You're about to find out...

Moritz the little alpaca lived on the Ritzailerhof farm in the lovely mountain village of Vals. He enjoyed life, along with his friend Max and the other animals on the farm. But one day, a thought crossed Moritz's mind.

"If I could find happiness, I could fasten it onto a chain and tie it round my neck. Then I would be happy every day of my life."

Moritz told Max about his idea. Puzzled, Max simply shook his head. "I don't think that happiness can be captured as easily as that." But Moritz was convinced that he could find happiness and so he set out in search of it. Only he did not know exactly where to begin.



Can you remember all of Moritz's friends? Perhaps you could paint a picture with all of the residents of the Ritzailerhof.

The nimble Squirrel

Just behind the farm was a forest. Moritz thought to himself, "Perhaps I will find somebody there who can help me."

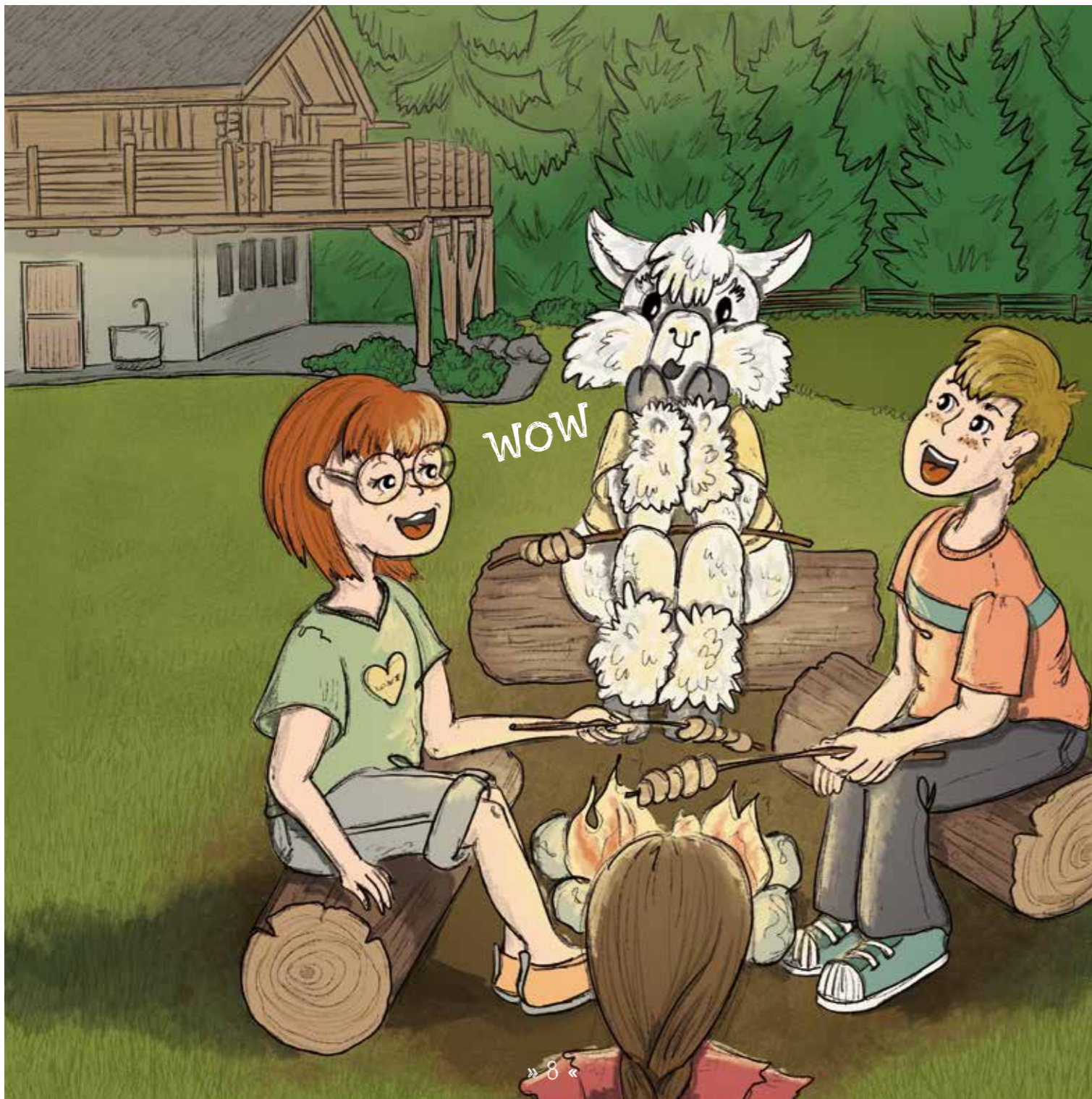
And, in fact, he did come upon someone who could help him in the forest, which was full of things to climb: a squirrel!

"Hello Squirrel! Could you perhaps tell me where I might be able to find happiness?" asked Moritz politely of the little forest dweller. The latter grinned and nodded. But instead of answering, he ran nimbly to a stairway and climbed up onto a platform.

"Stop! Please wait!" cried Moritz, but it was no use, he had to run after the squirrel. With a little difficulty, he scaled the platform. Just as he had finally made it up to the top, the squirrel laughed and zoomed down a slide. And hey presto, it was gone again.

Moritz was starting to be annoyed, but it was no use. Bravely he slid after the squirrel. As he slid down the slide, Moritz suddenly felt a strange, jittery feeling in his stomach, and his nose turned quite pink with excitement. He didn't feel cross any more. He looked around him. The squirrel had disappeared again. Just in time he saw it as it ran into the play barn. Of course Moritz ran after it. The squirrel leapt down from a balcony and into the hay. So Moritz jumped too. And just as before on the slide, he again felt that fluttery feeling in his tummy. And not only that, but it smelt wonderfully of newly mown hay here. As he dug himself out of the hay, he had to laugh because the stalks were really tickling his nose. When he looked around him, the squirrel had disappeared. "Well great!" thought Moritz to himself. "I know just as much now as I did before." And so there was nothing else for it but to keep looking.





On the mountain pasture

Moritz wandered through the forest to a mountain chalet. Two children were sitting there in front of a camp fire holding twist bread in the flames. Bravely, Moritz trotted up to the children. Perhaps they knew where happiness could be found. But he did not get a chance to ask his question. The children chattered away excitedly. Then one of them pushed a stick into Moritz's hand and showed him how to hold it in the fire. At first Moritz felt a bit grumpy. These children simply wouldn't let him get a word in. But he couldn't help listening to the stories that they told one another.

They were funny and exciting. It was very special, what with the warmth and crackle of the fire, the laughing children and last, but not least, the delicious bread. Only when the

children had already left for home did Moritz realise that he had completely forgotten to ask where he might find happiness. So, he would have to search on alone.

Recipe for Twist Bread:
400 g flour, 1 packet dried yeast, 2 tsp salt,
½ tsp sugar, 3 tbsp olive oil,
230 ml lukewarm water

Mix together the flour, dried yeast, salt and sugar. Add the olive oil and lukewarm water to the dough. Cover and leave to rest for approx. 30 min. Divide the dough into 8 portions. Form 20 cm long strands of dough and wind them round a wooden stick. Leave to rest again for approx. 15 min. Carefully bake on all sides over the hot embers of a camp fire.



A racing heart

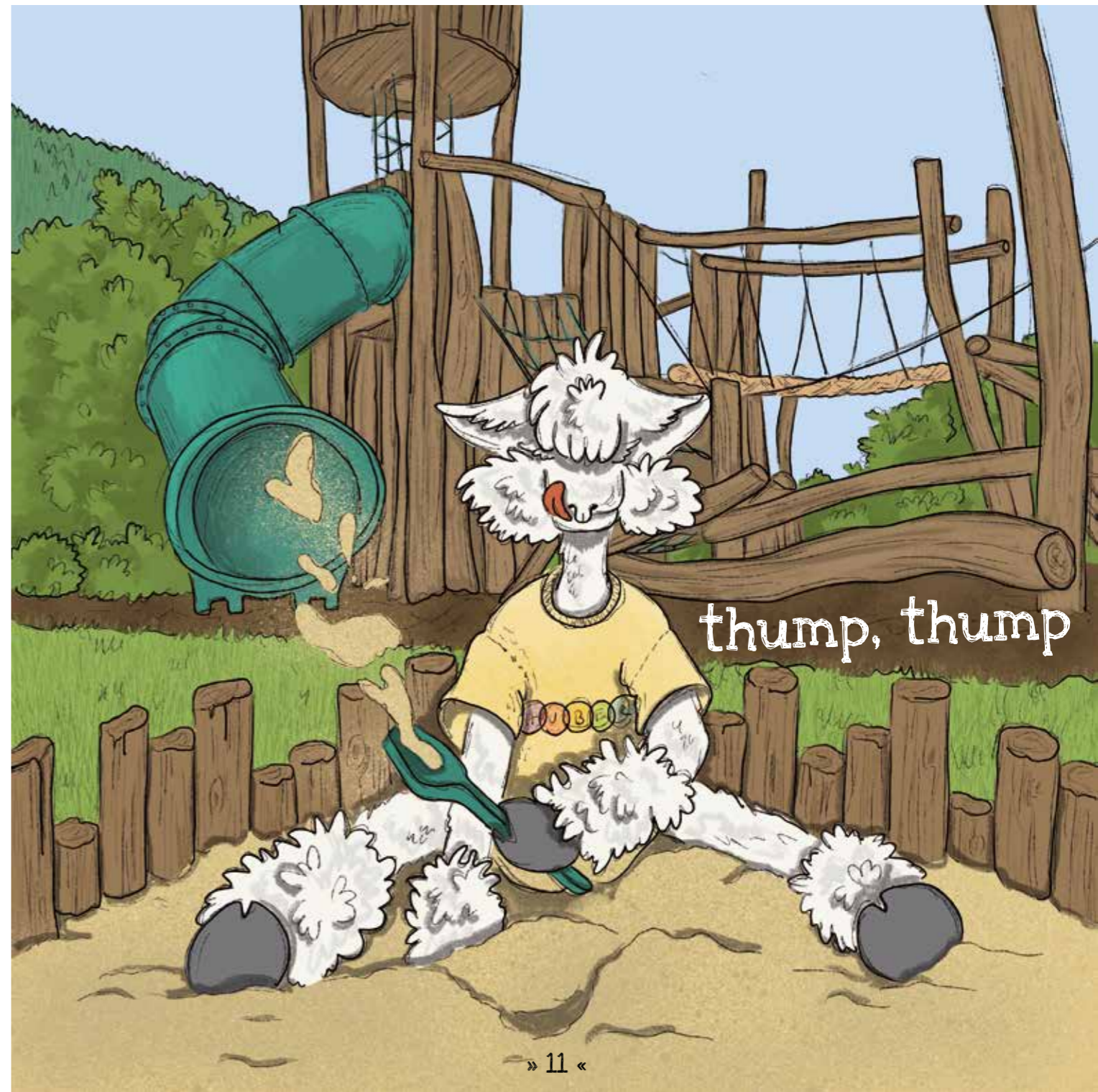
Moritz knew that the Huber Children's Hotel was nearby. He thought to himself, "If so many children have fun there, then it might be a good place to look for happiness."

When he arrived at the hotel the next morning, he saw an old man in the playground raking up the grass.

"Hello! Do you know where I might be able to find happiness? I would so like to catch it," Moritz said to the man.

The man looked at him in bewilderment. "Hmmm..., I never

heard such a thing before! But perhaps you could try here in the playground. I have often heard the children say how happy they are to be here." Well, that sounded good. Moritz looked around the playground. And since he couldn't resist it, he tried everything out at once. He played on the swings, climbed, drove the little cars around and even played in the sand pit. In the end his heart was beating like mad and he had to smile. But he still hadn't found happiness.



What was your favourite activity in the Happy Club? Perhaps you could do it again when you get home.

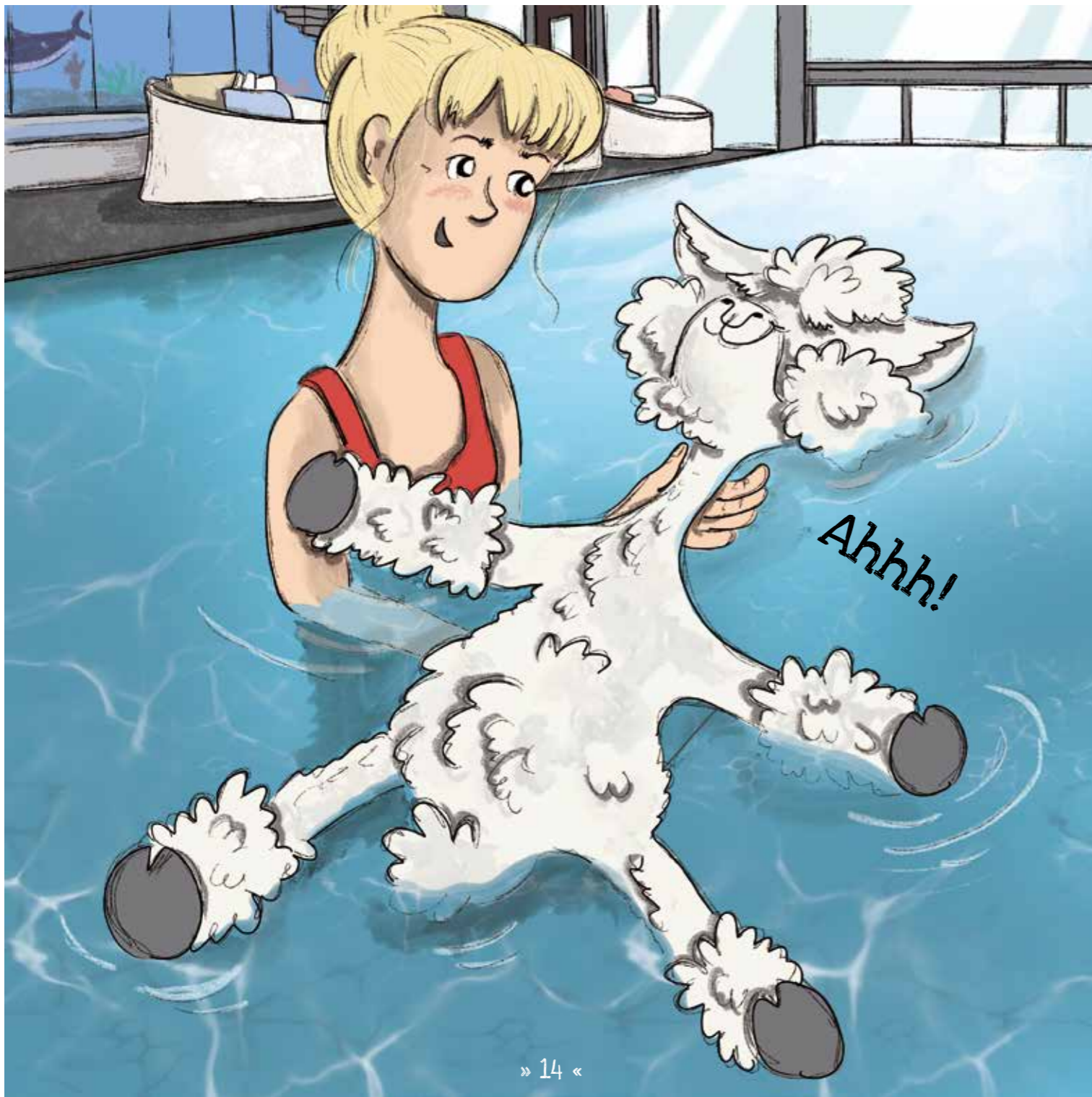


An alpaca in face paint

Inside the hotel, Moritz discovered the Happy Club. Well this ought to be a good place to look! If he couldn't find happiness here, then he didn't know where else he could try. There was lots going on in the club. Children were doing crafts, baking, putting on face paints or just running round letting off steam. Moritz had no idea where he should look first. In the end he joined in with everything.

He made himself a crown, baked delicious-smelling biscuits and even had his face painted. The children had a wonderful time with the jolly alpaca. But Moritz had to come to his senses. He had been having so much fun that he had completely forgotten his mission. Now it was time to get searching again.





First attempts at swimming

From a distance, Moritz could hear a lot of splashing sounds. A sure sign that the swimming pool could not be far away. Once he had reached the side of the pool, Moritz thought to himself: "What if happiness is hiding under the water?" That would be a problem, as Moritz could not swim nor even dive. "Should I show you how to do it?" Moritz jumped in surprise. He hadn't noticed a woman coming up to him. "I'm not actually a swimming teacher, but I can show you how nice it is to float in the water," said the woman kindly. That really did sound like a plan. And so Moritz got into the water with the helpful woman. The weightless feeling was a completely new experience for the little alpaca. With a little support, Moritz glided smoothly through the water. He had never felt so relaxed before. To say it

was his first lesson, Moritz really didn't do too badly at all. But he wasn't quite ready for diving properly yet. Eventually the alpaca had to give up and continue his search elsewhere.





Mmmm!

In the dining room

Swimming had made Moritz hungry. And so he decided to go and look for happiness in the dining room. It smelled wonderful there. At once the alpaca's mouth began to water. Moritz ordered a large portion of hay and grass, and, of course, a bucket of water. When one is as terribly hungry as Moritz was, there is nothing nicer

than being able to polish off one's favourite food. Moritz found that he had a nice, warm feeling in his tummy. A boy sat down curiously next to him. "Hello you! What is an alpaca doing here in the dining room?" "Eating, of course!" answered Moritz. "But I am looking for happiness. Do you know where I can find it?"





Fantastic feelings

The boy thought for a moment: "Have you already looked everywhere for it?"

Moritz nodded. "At all different times too? During the day time? At night? In summer and in winter?"

"No, only today," answered Moritz. The boy thought some more. "What do you like doing best in winter?"

Moritz had an answer for him immediately. "I love skiing and tobogganing, but best of all I like making snow alpacas."

The boy nodded. "I like doing all those things too. How do you feel when you do them?"

Moritz thought about it. "It's fun, it's exciting and sometimes it gives me



lovely butterflies in my tummy." Then it occurred to him that he had often had those feelings today. And suddenly a light went on inside his head. He said goodbye to the boy and ran quickly back to Max at the Ritzailerhof.



Why not try building an extra special snowman. Perhaps an alpaca or a hare or even a tractor?



Happiness found

“Max!” called Moritz while he was still some distance away. “I have found happiness!”

Max looked at him in amazement. “But I can’t see anything hanging round your neck.”

Moritz laughed: “I got it wrong. You can’t take hold of happiness or hang it round your neck. Happiness is a very special feeling. It is a feeling of

butterflies in your tummy, the smell of bread and hay, an exciting story, a relaxing moment or a belly laugh.”

Max nodded; that sounded logical.

“Then aren’t you looking for happiness anymore?”

Moritz shook his head. “No, I don’t need to look for it, because when I do the things that I love, I find that happiness comes to me all by itself.”

The End !





Find the words...

MORITZ
 MAX
 FRIENDS
 HAPPINESS
 HUBER
 RELAXATION
 FUN
 BUTTERFLIES
 HAY
 SLIDE
 PASTURE
 TWIST BREAD
 PLAYGROUND
 HAPPY CLUB
 SWIMMING
 WEIGHTLESS
 DELICIOUS
 WINTER
 SKIING
 TOBOGGANING
 LAUGHTER
 JOY

F	R	I	E	N	D	S	A	D	E	I	G	O	C	A	I
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