



WASTL WANDERSCHUH

The secret of the mountains

High in the Tyrolean Alps, where the meadows smell of wild herbs and the mountain peaks seem to touch the sky, lived a very special hiking boot named Wastl Wanderschuh.

Wastl was quite old. His leather had grown soft, and his sole knew almost every stone along the mountain paths. He wore cool sunglasses and bright, colorful shoelaces.

Most days, Wastl stood outside a little wooden hut, looking down into the valley. From there, he could see the summit cross high on the mountain. When the sun shone on it, it sparkled across the whole valley.

Long ago, Wastl had been on countless adventures. He had walked through sunshine and wind, through mist and sometimes even rain. He knew every path in the mountains—the narrow trails through the forest, the rocky paths to the peaks, the tracks across the flower-filled meadows, and even the little paths that were easy to miss. Sometimes Wastl remembered standing at the very top of a mountain. From there, he could see far across the Tyrolean Alps. Those had been wonderful days.

Nowadays Wastl preferred to stay beside his little hut. But even though he no longer went hiking, he still noticed everything. He felt the wind on his leather, watched the clouds drift across the sky, and listened to the sounds of the mountains. And whenever hikers stopped at a fork in the path and wondered which way to go, Wastl had to smile. Of course, he knew the right way.

Every day, people passed by the hut. Some walked slowly, enjoying every step. Others hurried along without looking left or right. Wastl listened carefully. He could tell who was coming just by the sound of their footsteps. Wastl especially loved watching the children. Children noticed things grown-ups often missed. They stopped to admire bright flowers, counted butterflies, hopped from stone to stone, and searched for tiny creatures in the grass. They pointed out things – a beetle, a beautiful stone or a bird high in the sky, whilst the grown ups were looking for the next signpost along the path. Wastl liked that very much.

His many years in the mountains had taught him an important lesson: If you look closely, there is always something wonderful to discover.

One sunny morning, a group of children arrived at the hut with their parents. They immediately noticed Wastl with his sunglasses and colorful shoelaces. They sat down beside him to rest. At first, everyone talked and laughed. But little by little, the voices became quieter. The wind whispered through the grass. Cowbells rang softly in the distance. Sunlight moved slowly across the alpine meadow, making the flowers glow. The children began to listen. They heard bees buzzing and watched the clouds change shape. They noticed tiny flowers and little insects they had not seen before. They constantly pointed out



new things to their parents. In fact, the grown-ups started looking more closely too and noticed things they hadn't observed before. Then Wastl noticed something special. A gentle breeze lifted one of his colorful shoelace loops. His sunglasses caught a ray of sunlight and sent it dancing onto the grass beside the hut. The children followed the light. They became very still. And then they saw it.

A tiny treasure of the forest. A beautiful little snail with a red-and-orange-striped shell was bravely climbing over the sharp edge of a stone. Behind it, a silvery trail sparkled in the sunlight. The children looked at each other with wide, excited eyes. They leaned closer to watch the tiny adventure. Wastl stood quietly beside them, smiling behind his cool sunglasses. He already knew that the mountains were full of little wonders.

When the family finally continued their journey home, the children walked more carefully than before. They helped each other over the rocky paths, waited for one another, and stopped to look at the world around them. They were no longer in a hurry. They were enjoying the journey. Before they disappeared around the bend, one child turned around and waved to Wastl. Wastl watched them go with a happy smile.

Perhaps new hikers would come to his hut tomorrow. Perhaps they would discover something wonderful too. Wastl would be there waiting. Because his many years of hiking had given him something precious: the ability to see the beauty hidden in the smallest things. A flower moving in the breeze. A bird singing in the trees. Sunlight dancing on the grass. A tiny snail crossing a stone.

These were treasures of the Tyrolean mountains that could never be packed into a backpack. They were treasures to carry in your heart.

And Wastl knew one very important secret: You don't have to hike far to find a wonderful adventure. Sometimes, the most beautiful adventures are waiting right beneath your feet.

Short Summary

WASTL WANDERSCHUH – The secret of the mountains

Wastl Wanderschuh is an old hiking boot who lives high up in the Tyrolean Alps in front of a small mountain hut. He used to go hiking a lot and knows the mountains like the sole of his shoe. These days, he stays in his favorite spot and carefully observes everything that happens around him.



Wastl especially enjoys watching the children. They discover flowers, bugs, stones, birds, clouds, and many other little things that adults often overlook. One day, Wastl shows some children, in his very own special way, how wonderful it can be to look closely and pay attention. The children become more observant and begin to see their surroundings with different eyes. The adults are inspired by them, too. As they continue on their way, the children pay more attention to nature, to one another, and to all the little special things along the path.