

NEW, ENLARGED EDITION

# *Mozart* *The Wonder Boy*

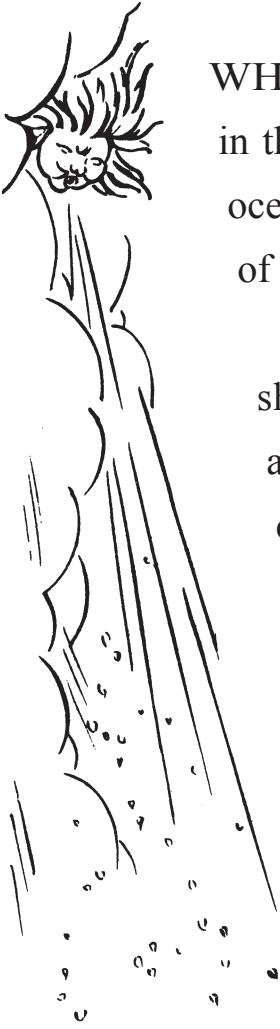
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WHAT A BITTERLY COLD NIGHT IT IS in the little town of Salzburg, far away across the ocean. The ground is covered with a fresh blanket of snow.

High on the mountainside the gray stone castle shines cold and silvery in the moonlight. All around, the great forests are deep and still. What queer shadows the tall pine trees make. Under their snow-covered branches the little wood creatures are hiding. How cozy and warm they are, safe from the biting wind.



Down in the valley below, the River Salzach winds through the quaint little Austrian town.

Over the narrow bridges and cobblestone streets the town folk are hurrying. They are happy thinking of their snug little homes and the good warm supper waiting.

Old Hans, the cobbler, bending over his work bench, sighs as he hammers the last nail into the heavy shoe.

“Guten Abend,” he calls to his friend Peter, the candle-maker, who stops a moment to chat over the news of the day.



Through the marketplace and on just around the corner comes Leopold Mozart. His strong step seems more eager than usual. He turns down the narrow little street, stamps the snow from his boots and begins to climb. Up three long dark flights of stairs he stumbles.

“Ah, home at last,” he cries, pushing open the door.

Nannerl runs to him on tiptoe. “Hush, Father, the little brother is sleeping. Do not wake him.”

But Leopold cannot wait. He eagerly gathers up the little soft bundle and looks for a long time at his new son.



“Oh, what shall we call him, what shall we call him, Father?”

“Be patient, Nannerl, for tomorrow you shall know.”

Nannerl, whose real name is Marianne, has wanted a little brother for a long time. Leopold and Mother Mozart are very proud as they watch their little son sleeping. At last Nannerl will have a playmate.



Of course every new baby must be christened at once, so early the next morning Father Mozart comes carefully down the long stairs, the wee baby held tightly in his arms.

Out they go into the bitter January day. The wind is blowing fiercely, and sends the snow whirling in their faces. Leopold pulls the blanket closer over the tiny head. Across to the great stone cathedral on the Domplatz he hurries with his precious bundle.

In the great church the people are busy with their prayers and do not even notice the baby being baptized in one corner of the big cathedral.

What a long name he is given.  
JOHANNES CHRYSOSTOMUS WOLFGANGUS  
THEOPHILUS MOZART. His parents call him just  
Wolfgang, or Wolferl.