

This Christmas story introduces Maria Anna and her brother Wolfgang Mozart. We discover that Maria is as talented as Wolfgang. Hope you enjoy learning of their friendship and love of music.

Christmas With My Brother Wolfgang

By Suzanne Pollock

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With My Brother
Wolfgang**

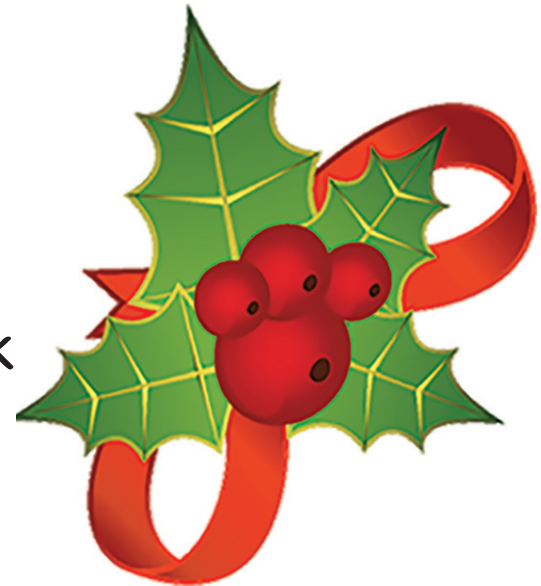
Written by Suzanne Pollock

Illustrated by
Laura Landet



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Author's Note

Composer Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and his sister, Maria Anna Mozart lived with their parents in a bright yellow house on Getreidgasse Nr.9 in Salzburg, Austria.

I use their nicknames, Wolfi and Nannerl, to represent their life-long love and respect for one another. As you will discover BOTH are talented musicians as was their father, Leopold, the first violinist in the orchestra. Why then do we only hear about Wolfgang?

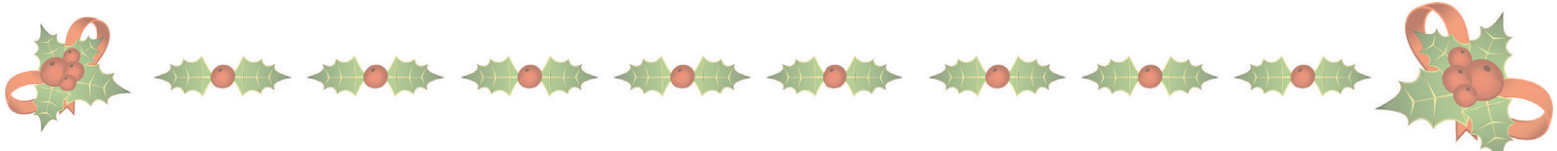
Women and girls had completely different roles in society than today. Neither were expected or encouraged to be public figures, so Nannerl only made one tour sharing her talent with Wolfi to the palaces of royalty.

As I read the preserved letters written between Wolfi and Nannerl, I grew to appreciate the wonderful talent of Nannerl. The music of Wolfgang is still universally accepted and performed, while hers no longer exists.

Perhaps this fiction story will help us be mindful that times, places, customs and society often erase the best of talents. This author assumes no liability for this fiction story, nor do I guarantee this information is complete.

I hope you enjoy reading about both talented Mozart children.

My sincere appreciation to artist, Laura Lander who captured the Mozart children in her fun and beautiful illustrations. Thanks also to my readers for sharing traditions of Christmas.



Much to my surprise, I discovered that Sir Bird mostly listened to my playing. However, later that afternoon as I played carols for Mother and Wolfi to sing, Sir Bird whistled his own little melody which blended with ours.

The afternoon flew by as we played with our new pet and decorated cookies. Soon our father Leopold came through the door carrying his violin case. He placed his hat on the hook by the front door and whistled for us as usual. To his surprise, Sir Bird whistled back.

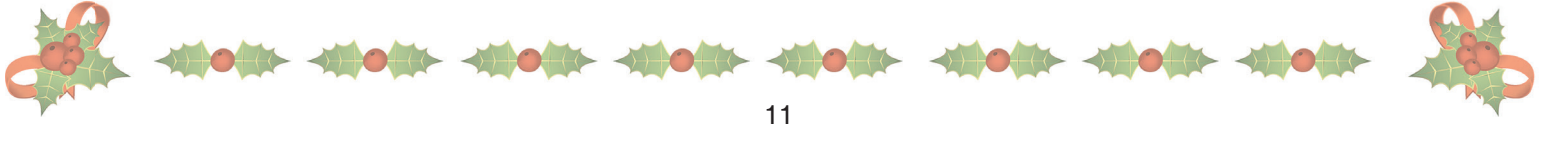
Wolfi ran to greet Father after his busy day with the Salzburg Symphony, but Father needed a little nap. He went to his favorite chair as Wolfi served him a small glass of juice and his favorite cookie – Vanillekipferl. Wolfi then sat at his feet waiting.

Father leaned back on the straight chair, folded his hands in his lap and closed his eyes to rest a few minutes. Wolfi stared at him. However, Father was pretending to sleep. When Wolfi least expected it, Father jumped up from his chair startling my five-year-old brother who ran down the hallway with father in pursuit. Wolfi screamed pretending to be scared, while I called to him, “Run Wolfi. He’s going to get you.” I loved watching them play this silly game nearly every day.

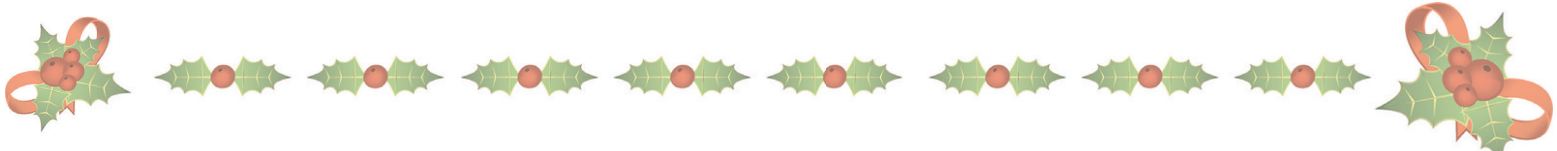
After their chase, Wolfi climbed onto Father’s lap to thank him for Sir Bird. “You’re welcome,” he replied. “You and Maria Anna, or Nannerl as you call her, have been very good this year.”

Wolfi agreed but asked, “Will ChristKind still visit our house, Father?”

Father hugged him adding, “Yes, she will come. But Wolfi, remember we celebrate Christmas to remember the birth of Jesus. On Christmas Eve our







family will go to church to honor him by singing beautiful songs about his birth. And this year will be very special because our own, Maria Anna, is playing the organ at the close of the mass this year.”

Wolfi jumped off his lap to run across the room to hug me, then ran back to Father. “Before the midnight mass, remember your cousins will be here to exchange gifts and Christkind will stop by too. It will be a happy time for our family.”

“Does Christkind visit poor children too?” Wolfi asked.

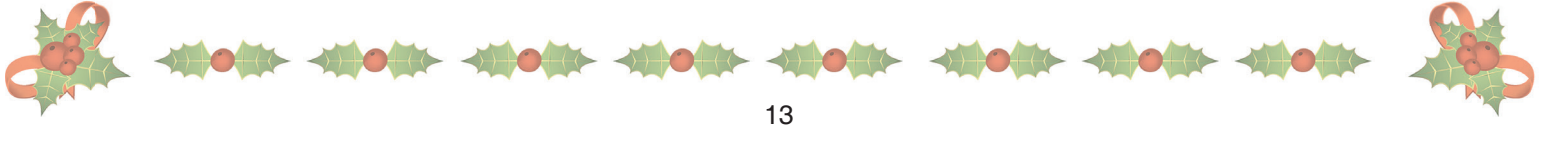
Father replied, “Yes, she brings them warm clothes for the winter and lots of food. Now, run along. It’s time for Maria Anna’s piano lesson.”

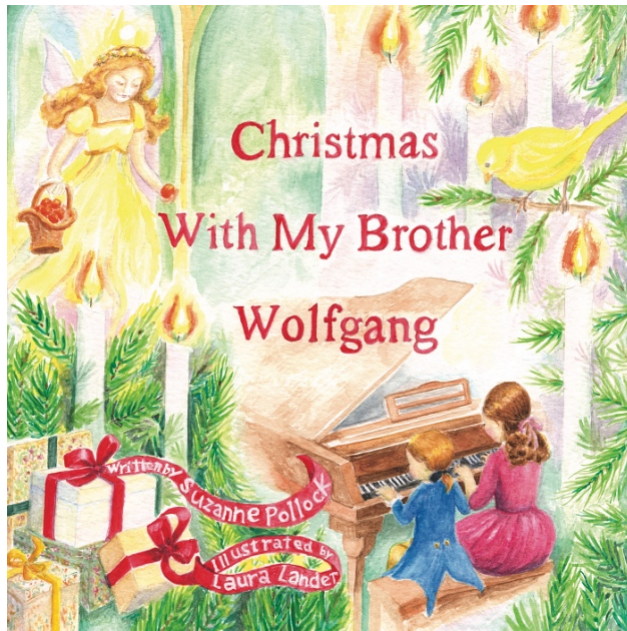
As usual, Wolfi sat on the floor close by listening to my lesson as he played with his wooden blocks.

When I finished playing my new composition called Prelude and Fugue in C for Father, he commented, “Maria Anna, I am very proud that you have mastered the keyboard technique quickly. I love that you are composing songs for the fortepiano as well as for the orchestra. If you keep working hard, you may be invited to play concerts. I know you are young, but do you think you would like that Nannerl?”

I looked at him surprised but quickly replied, “In a few weeks I’ll be eleven years old Father. Even though I will be quite scared Father, yes indeed, I would like to play my music for people.” He smiled.

Then I had an idea. “Father, did you know Wolfi helps me write down my music including this Fugue?” Father looked at Wolfi, who quickly stood up as Father turned back to me.





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