Lova Sings for Majken



Mum and Dad

This book belongs to

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Welcome to this sample book! It is made just like your own will be, from the photos and choices shown alongside, and shows what a story from Saga to you can look like. Turn the pages, read and imagine your child as the hero of their very own story.

It is the evening before Lucia. Tomorrow, Lova will lead the Lucia procession at home, wearing the crown of candles on her head. Now she stands on the living-room rug in a white dress and red sash. Majken sits in front of her on her yellow cushion. Only the cat is listening.

Lova takes a breath. She knows the song. But her voice still comes out as a tiny, tiny whisper. “I’m singing for Majken,” she thinks. At her feet, a long strand of silver tinsel from the crown glitters. Majken’s whiskers twitch.





Lova puts the crown of candles on her head. Five little electric lights shine with a soft glow. A strand of silver tinsel is caught on the edge, and Lova tries to pick it loose.

Majken sees the strand quiver. It twinkles. It swishes almost like a mouse’s tail. Lova tries the first line again, even more quietly than before. “I’m singing for Majken,” she thinks. Then a striped paw shoots out. And the next moment—whoosh!

Majken has caught the tinsel. The crown of candles comes with her, all the way across the rug. The cat races so fast that the five little lights bounce and blink.

“My crown!” cries Lova. She runs after her. Majken darts into the bedroom and disappears under the bed. Lova stops at the doorway. Perhaps Majken ran away so she would not have to hear that teeny-tiny song? Two green eyes shine beneath the bed. And five little lights blink further in.





Under the bed, it smells of dust, wooden blocks and a lost sock. Lova lies on her tummy and reaches her hand underneath. “Majken, come on. That isn’t a cat hat.”

Majken taps the silver strand. Paw. Paw. Paw. Then she backs further in with the crown of candles. Lova hears a rustle, sees a tail disappear and murmurs, “I’m singing for Majken.” She wants to shout. But she doesn’t. Not yet.

Suddenly, Majken shoots out from under the bed and races up onto the bookcase. She lands right among the picture books and the woven basket.

“Not the bookcase too!” says Lova. She fetches her little stool and climbs up. The crown of candles sits crookedly over Majken’s ears. The cat catches the tinsel again, paw-paw-paw, as if she has a very important job to do. Lova almost reaches her. Then Majken jumps down on the other side and races towards the wardrobe.





Inside the wardrobe, it smells of wool, raincoat and Lova’s bobble hat. Majken sits on top of the scarves. The crown of candles has slipped down over her shoulders, and the tinsel is the perfect toy.

“It’s my turn to wear the crown of candles,” says Lova. She carefully chases around the hangers. Majken slips between her feet. Without thinking, Lova sings, “Majken, Majken, come out now!” Her voice bounces between the winter clothes. The cat stops, but only for a blink. Then she skips out into the hallway.

The front door is ajar. Outside, the little steps are white with fresh snow. Majken skips out with the tinsel and the crown of candles.

“Wait!” says Lova. Dad stands right by the door as she stamps her feet into her little boots. Then she goes out onto the top step. Majken sits there with her tail wrapped around her paws. Lova sings loudly into the cold air: “Majken, wait for me!”





Then everything becomes completely still. Majken stays right in the middle of the steps. Her ears point forwards. The crown of candles lies in the snow beside her.

Lova stands with her mouth open. She sang loudly. Really loudly. She tries another line, slowly this time. Majken does not blink. She listens. Lova picks the crown of candles up from the snow and holds it close against her tummy. Then she begins to sing all the way back inside.

Back indoors, Lova wipes snowflakes from the crown of candles with a tea towel. She carefully loosens the tinsel. Majken sits beside the chair and watches, without moving a single paw.

On the table, the Lucia buns smell warm and the ginger biscuits smell spicy. Lova takes a bun and looks at the cat. “When my tummy starts fluttering tomorrow,” she whispers, “I’ll sing for Majken. Inside my head first.” Majken blinks slowly.





On Lucia morning, the windows are dark blue, even though morning will soon come. Lova pulls the white dress over her head and ties the red sash. Then she puts the crown of candles in place. Five little lights shine.

Majken sits on the bench in the hallway, following every movement. Lova does not practise with her mouth. She only thinks the words, calmly and slowly: I’m singing for Majken. In the kitchen, the Lucia buns are already laid out. The Lucia procession is waiting there.

The house is quiet, almost as if the floor and the doors are listening too. Lova walks through the hallway. The little lights in her crown shine ahead of her. From the kitchen comes the smell of hot coffee, saffron and ginger biscuits.

At the doorway, Lova’s feet would much rather stay still. She remembers two green eyes beneath the bed. She remembers the paw on the bookcase, the scarves in the wardrobe and the snow on the steps. I’m singing for Majken, she says quietly inside her head. Then she goes in.





Lova opens her mouth. First comes one note. Then another. Then come the words, clear and warm, filling the kitchen all the way to the window.

Majken sits on the windowsill. There is no tinsel in her paws now. Only ears pointing forwards and eyes fixed on Lova. Outside, the snow sparkles faintly. Inside, it smells of saffron buns, and the five little lights shine above Lova’s hair. The song goes on, line after line.

When the final note lingers, it is quiet for a little while. Lova looks towards the window. Majken tilts her head to one side, just as she did on the snowy steps.

Lova smiles at her very best audience. “One more time?” Majken lifts her paw and gently taps the window. The crown of candles’ five little lights glimmer beside them in the glass.



Lova Sings for Majken

Lova is going to lead the Lucia procession at home, but her song is only a whisper. When Majken runs off with the crown of candles, Lova finds a song that can follow her from the bedroom to the frosty window.

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