Lova Sings for Majken



Mum and Dad

This book belongs to

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Welcome to this sample book! It’s made just like your own will be, using the photos and choices shown alongside, and shows what a story from Saga to you can look like. Have a browse, 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, with the crown of lights on her head. Now she stands on the sitting-room rug in a white dress and red sash. In front of her, Majken sits on her yellow cushion. Only the cat is listening.

Lova takes a breath. She knows the song. Still, her voice 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 of lights glimmers. Majken’s whiskers twitch.





Lova puts the crown of lights on her head. Five little electric lights glow softly. A strand of silver tinsel is caught on the edge, and Lova tries to pick it free.

Majken sees the strand trembling. It flashes. It sways 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 darts out. And the next moment—whoosh!

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

“My crown of lights!” cries Lova. She runs after her. Majken darts into the bedroom and disappears under the bed. Lova stops at the door. Maybe Majken ran away so she would not have to hear that teeny-tiny song? Under the bed, two green eyes shine. 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 in her hand. “Majken, come out now. That isn’t a cat hat.”

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

All of a sudden, Majken shoots out from under the bed and leaps up onto the bookcase. She lands right in among the picture books and the woven basket.

“Not the bookcase as well!” says Lova. She fetches her little stool and climbs up. The crown of lights is sitting 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 nearly 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 lights has slipped down over her shoulders, and the tinsel is the perfect toy.

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

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

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





Then everything becomes perfectly still. Majken stays sitting in the middle of the steps. Her ears are pointing forwards. The crown of lights lies in the snow beside her.

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

Back inside, Lova wipes snowflakes from the crown of lights with a tea towel. She gently frees the tinsel. Majken sits beside the chair and watches, without moving a single paw.

On the table, the saffron 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, though morning will soon come. Lova pulls the white dress over her head and ties the red sash. Then she puts the crown of lights in place. Five little lights come on.

Majken sits on the bench in the hall and follows 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 saffron 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 hall. 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 really rather stay still. She remembers two green eyes under 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 to herself. Then she walks 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. She has no tinsel in her paws now. Only her ears pointing forwards and her eyes on Lova. Outside, the snow glitters faintly. Inside, it smells of saffron bun, and the five little lights shine over Lova’s hair. The song goes on, line after line.

When the last 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 windowpane. The crown of lights’ five little lights glimmer beside them in the glass.



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

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