Lova Sings for Majken



Mom and Dad

This book belongs to

_____

Welcome to this sample book! It is made just like your own book will be, using the photos and choices shown alongside it, and it 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 tale.

It is the evening before Lucia. Tomorrow, Lova will lead the Lucia procession at home, wearing a crown of lights on her head. Now she stands on the living room rug in a white dress with a 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 the tiniest, tiniest whisper. “I’m singing for Majken,” she thinks. At her feet, a long silver tinsel strand from the crown of lights sparkles. Majken’s whiskers twitch.





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

Majken sees the strand tremble. It twinkles. 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 goes 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!” Lova cries. She runs after her. Majken turns into the bedroom and disappears under the bed. Lova stops in the doorway. Maybe Majken ran away so she wouldn’t have to hear that teeny-tiny song? Under the bed, two green eyes shine. And five little lights blink farther back.





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

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

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

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





In the closet, it smells like wool, raincoats, and Lova's pom-pom hat. Majken sits on top of the scarves. The crown of lights has slipped down over her shoulders, and the tinsel makes the perfect toy.

"It's my turn to wear the crown of lights," says Lova. She carefully chases her 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 hops out into the hallway.

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

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





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

Lova stands with her mouth open. She has sung loudly. Really loudly. She tries one more line, slowly this time. Majken doesn’t blink. She is listening. 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 indoors, Lova wipes snowflakes from the crown of lights with a kitchen towel. She carefully pulls off the tinsel. Majken sits beside the chair and watches, without moving a single paw.

On the table, warm saffron buns smell delicious, and gingerbread cookies smell spicy. Lova takes a bun and looks at the cat. “When my tummy starts fluttering tomorrow,” she whispers, “then 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 turn on.

Majken sits on the bench in the hallway, following Lova’s every move. Lova doesn’t practice with her mouth. She only thinks the words, calmly and slowly: I’m singing for Majken. In the kitchen, the saffron buns are already set out. The Lucia procession is waiting there.

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

At the doorway, Lova’s feet want to stand perfectly still. She remembers two green eyes under the bed. She remembers the paw on the bookcase, the scarves in the closet, and the snow on the steps. I’m singing for Majken, she says quietly inside her head. 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. Just her ears forward and her eyes on Lova. Outside, the snow sparkles softly. Inside, it smells of saffron buns, and the five little lights shine over Lova’s hair. The song continues, line after line.

When the last note lingers, it is quiet for a little while. Lova looks toward 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 pats the windowpane. The crown of lights’ five little lights shimmer 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 lights, Lova finds a song that can follow her from the bedroom to the frosty window.

en-us.sagatilldig.se