

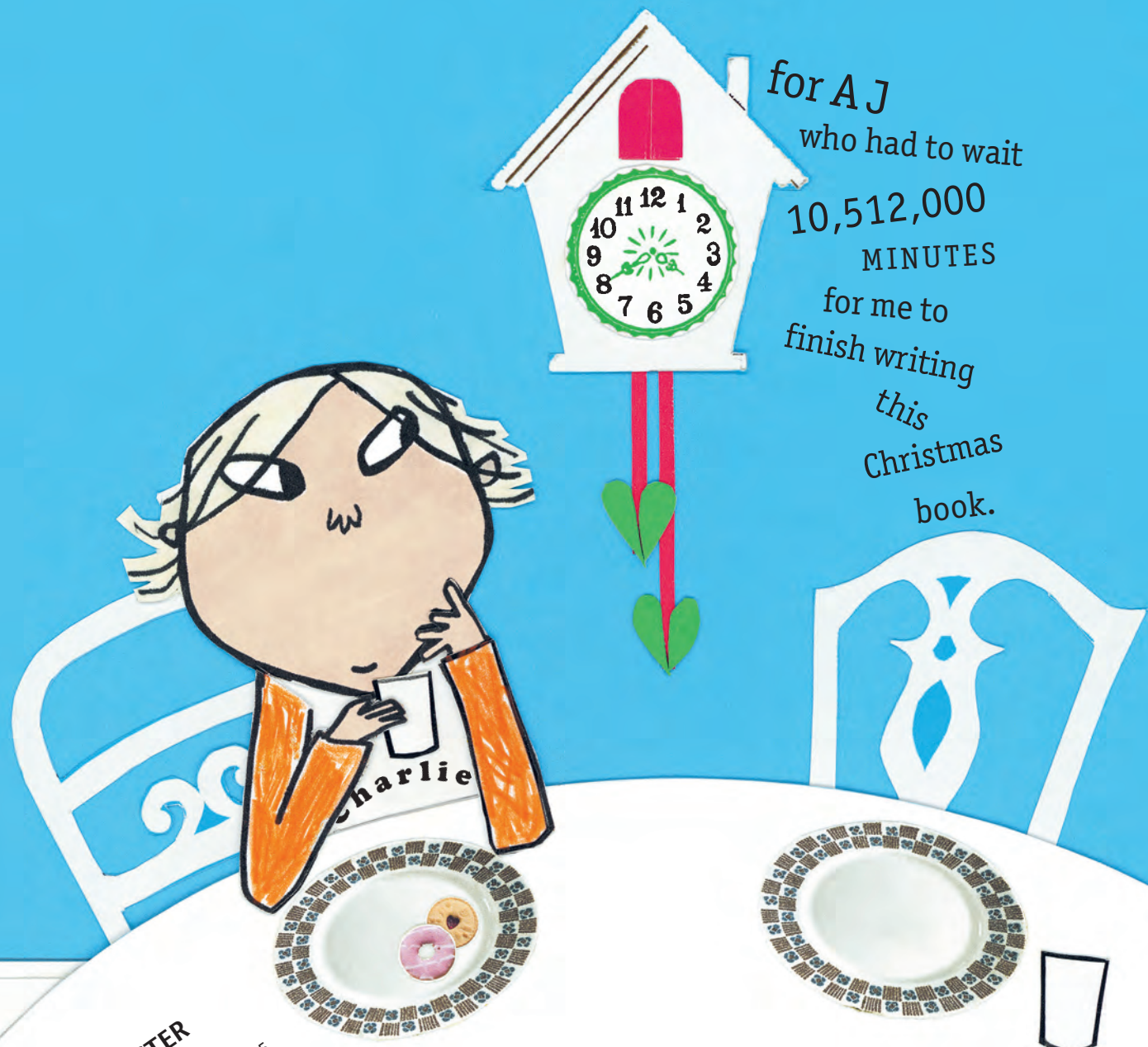
I am  
**Wishing**  
EVERY  
**MINUTE**  
for  
Christmas

Featuring **Charlie** and **Lola**

**Lauren Child**

SIMON & SCHUSTER

London New York Amsterdam /Antwerp Sydney/Melbourne Toronto New Delhi



I have this little sister Lola.  
She is small and very funny.  
If Lola even **thinks** about Christmas  
she can't sit still on her chair.

If you  
**B R E A T H E**  
the word Christmas  
she hops up  
and down.



If you say,  
"Christmas is coming,"  
she just runs round  
and round.

**SIMON & SCHUSTER**

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David Mackintosh



In September when  
the leaves start to fall,  
Lola says,  
"You know what is **SOON?**"

I say, "Autumn."

Lola says,

"NO,  
**Christmas**  
is soon!"

I say,  
"But Lola,

*the summer's*

only just gone –

*we have October,*

**November**

*and nearly*

all the days

**December ...**

of



**Christmas**

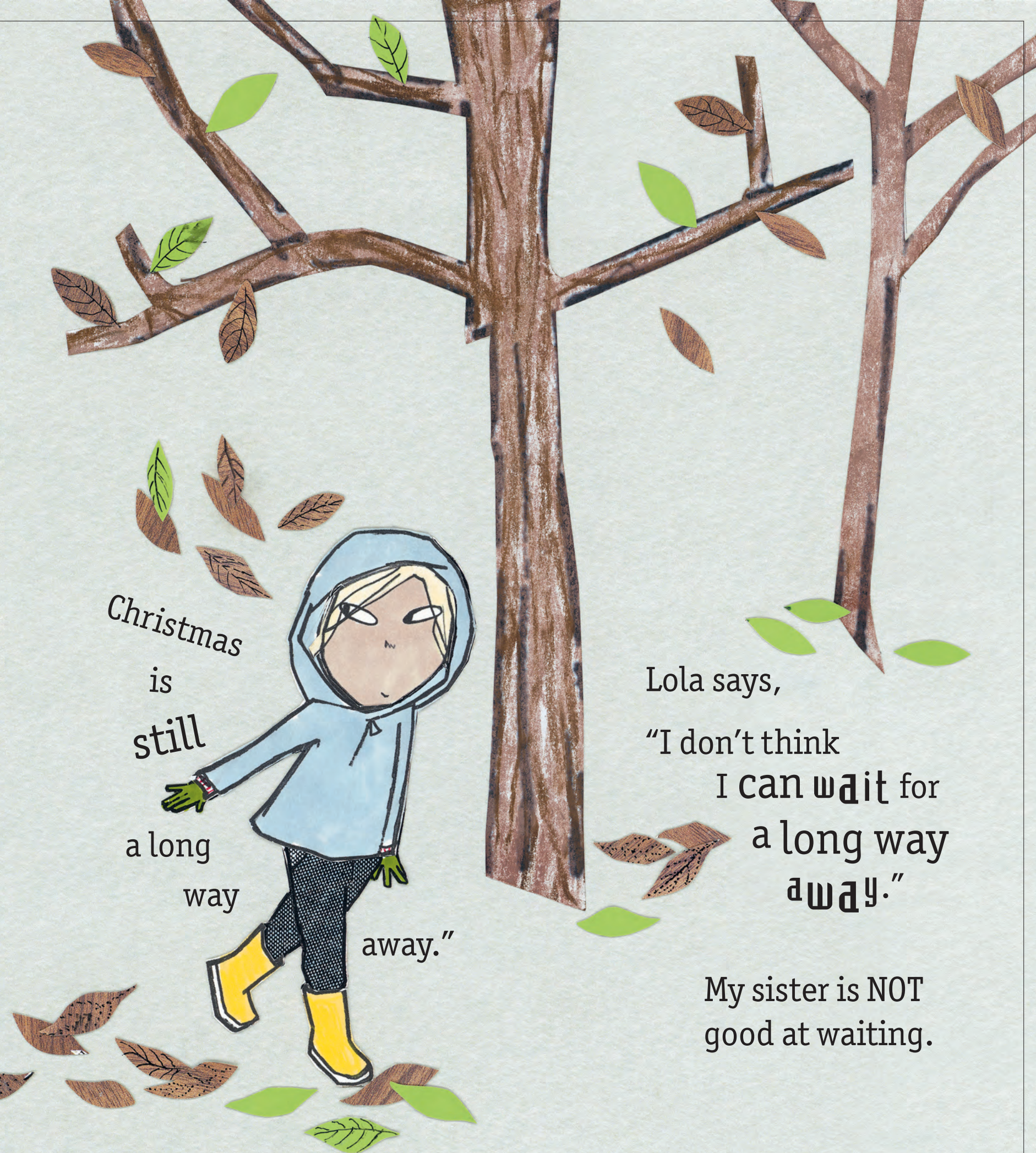
is

**still**

a long

way

away."



Lola says,

"I don't think

**I can wait** for  
a long way  
**away."**

My sister is **NOT**  
good at waiting.

Mum and Dad say,  
"Lola, you just have to be patient."

My sister doesn't know how.  
When the minute hand has been only  
once round the clock,



"Now I have  
BEEN Patient,  
I can't WAIT  
anymore."

I say,  
"Lola, waiting is easier  
when you forget you are waiting.

Let's make a list of Christmas to-dos."

Lola says,  
"Oh **yes**,  
I will write my list  
to Father Christmas.  
It won't take  
too long,  
all I want is  
a **toadstool**  
to sit on like  
the **elves**  
do."



I say,  
"Lola, it's not just  
presents for you, it's about  
things we must do to make  
Christmas more Christmas."

Lola says,  
"To make it  
come  
more  
**soonly?**"

"Sort of," I say.  
So we write a long  
list: of people and  
presents and things  
we can make.

I say, "There's decorating and singing and skating on ice."

Lola says, "And **snowflakes** to catch."



"Only if it  
snows," I say.

Lola says,  
"It has to snow,  
or the **elves** can't leave  
footprints and neither  
can I."



I say, "We will have to wait and see about that."

Lola says,  
"There's no  
**TIME** for  
**waiting**, there's too much to do."



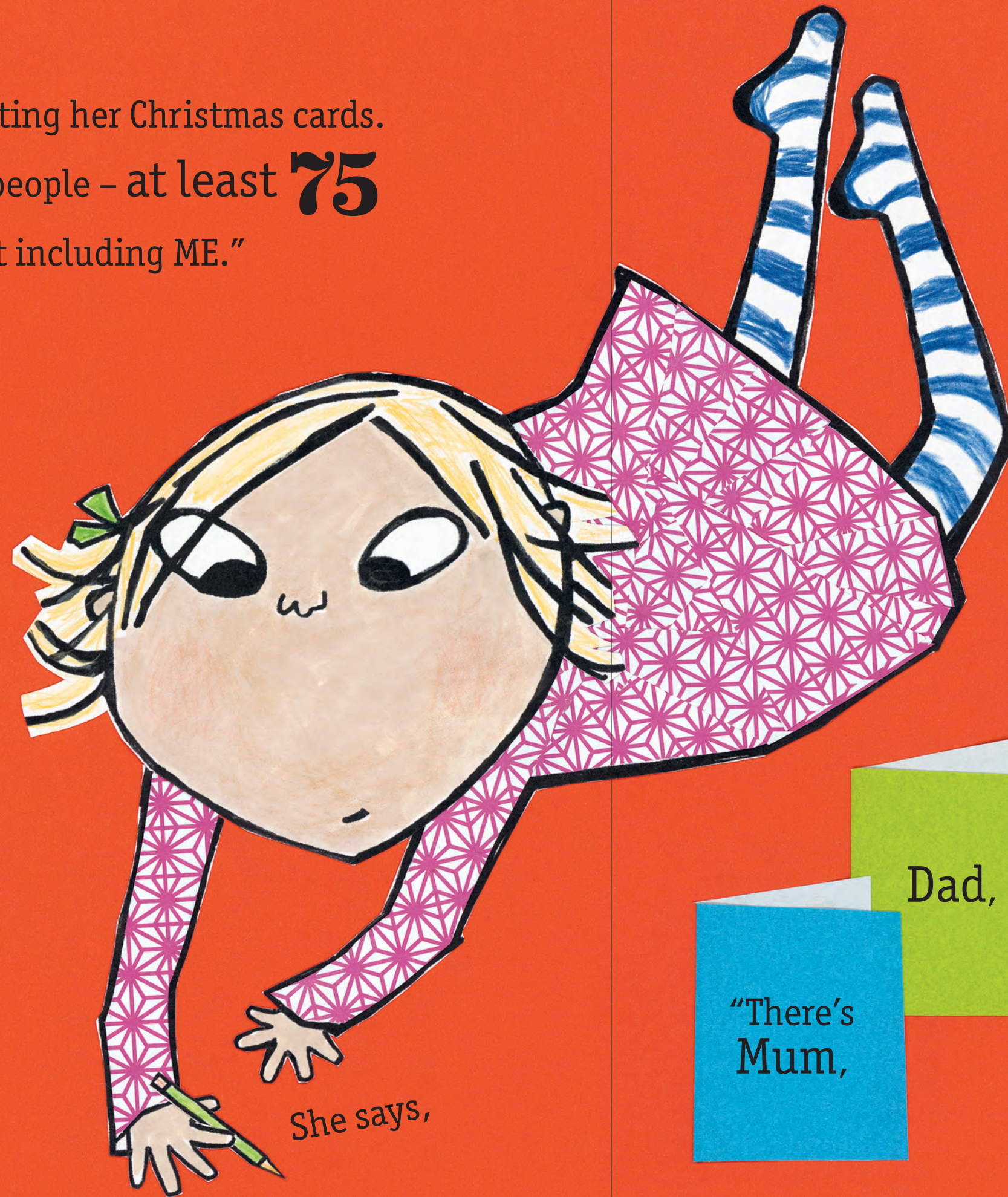
In October, Lola begins writing her Christmas cards. She says, "I know lots of people – at least **75** or maybe even **50** not including ME."

"Fifty?" I say.

She says,  
"There is Soren Lorensen,

that's  
**1**."

Soren Lorensen is Lola's imaginary friend, no one can see him but her.



She says,

"There's Mum,  
Dad,  
you,  
Lotta  
and Marv,  
that's **7**."  
"Six," I say.  
Lola says,  
"Plus **you** forgot ME."

I say,  
"You send yourself a card?"

"Of **course**," says Lola. "I  
**LOVE** getting  
**cards**."

I say,  
"So we'll make **SEVEN**."



She says,  
"You are  
**forgetting**  
the **elves**."



“Elves?” I say.

“Yes, you must **NEVER** forget the **elves**,” says Lola,  
“they get **very** fed up if you do.”



So we make **forty-four** cards for the elves,  
**six** for everyone else, plus **one** for Lola’s imaginary  
friend, Soren Lorensen.

Lola says,

“I’ll  
make it  
**invisible**  
like him  
or  
he won’t  
be able  
to **see** it.”

