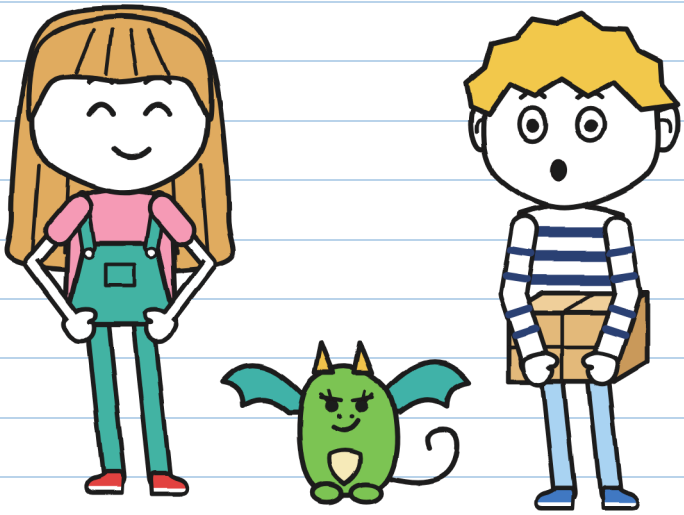
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 1

This Package Bites

Lui Eriksson



(Gus's notebook)

SIZE S
Starter level · 7+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 1
This Package Bites

Text and illustrations: Lui Eriksson

SIZE S · Starter level · 7+

English version: LinguAula

First edition: 2026

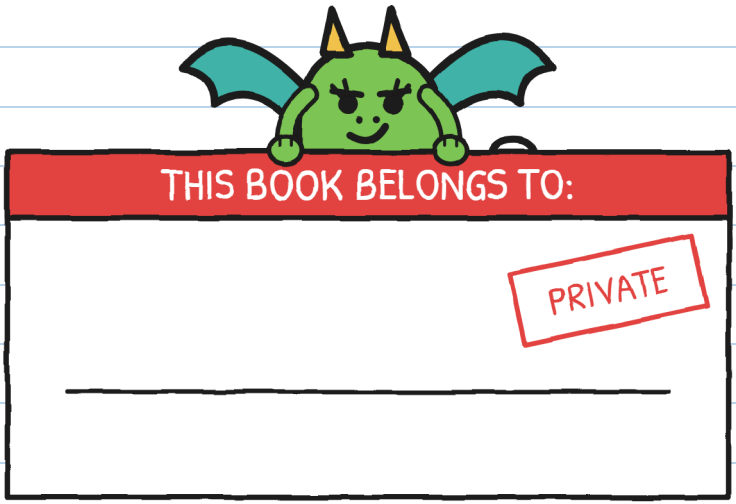
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No packages got hurt. Well, almost none. —J.

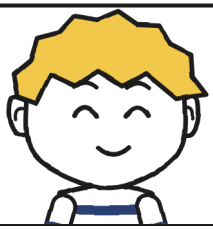


And nobody else. –J.

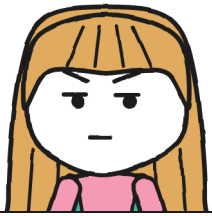
If you find it, return it before dawn.

Crumb bites because she lives in a story. With a real animal, look at page 76. –J.

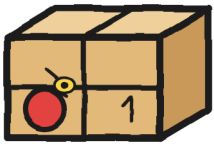
WHO'S WHO



Gus. New in the neighbourhood. Professional courier (more or less). This notebook is his.



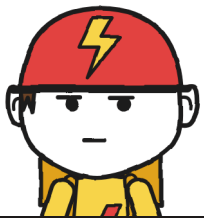
Julie. She writes in green, and what she writes in green doesn't come off.



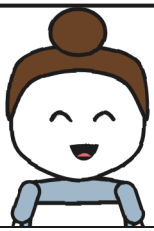
Package No. 1. Destination: the Dragon House. Instructions: keep warm.



Mara. Owner of Impossible Deliveries. She has one rule.



Tony. Rides for LIGHTNING. Delivers really boring stuff really fast.



Ellie. The baker. The hot air from her oven comes out through her grate.

DELIVERY NOTEBOOK
by Gus

PRIVATE.

"Private" means I read it first. –J.

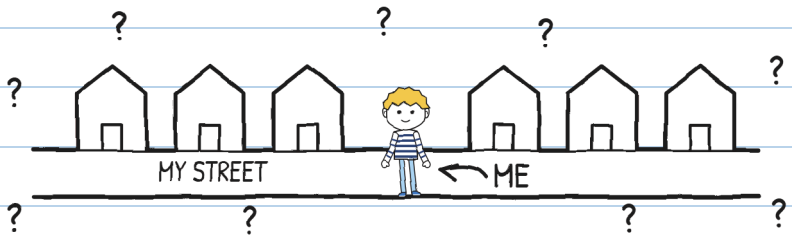


Moving box 14 said KITCHEN. No spoons inside. Just this notebook, one sock and a rubber frog. The frog belongs to nobody.

CHAPTER 1

The One That Can't Be Done

We moved here four days ago. I already know one whole street.

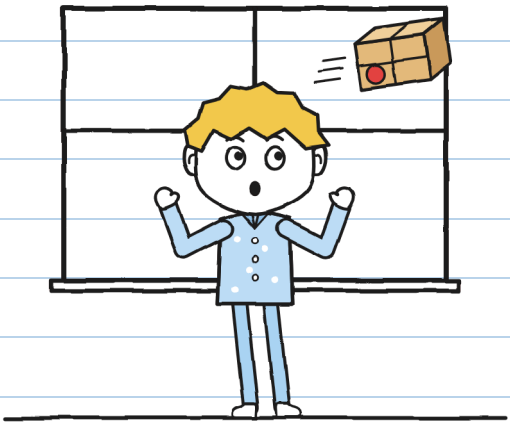


My plan to make a friend:

1. Say hello.
2. Say something interesting.
3. ???

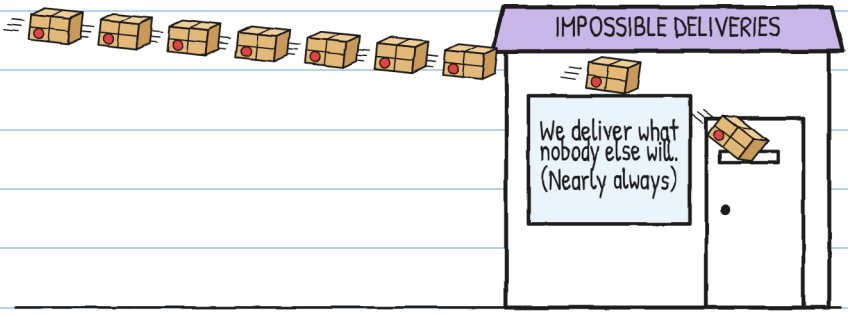
I got stuck on number 2. Number 3? No idea.

This morning something flew past my window. It woke me up.



It was a package.

Then another. And another. Nine in a line, like ducks. They crossed the street. Then they flew into the letterbox of the shop opposite. (The other eleven came back while I slept. I found that out later.)

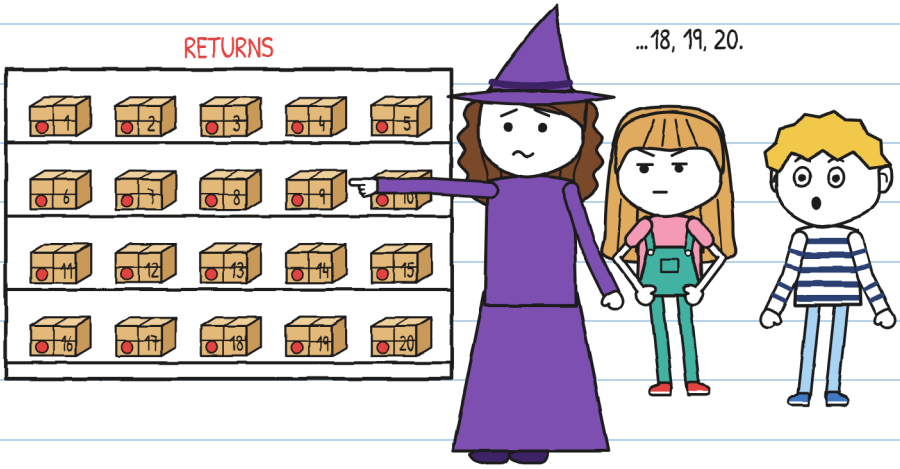


Now I had number 2: flying packages!

Not interesting. It happens all the time.

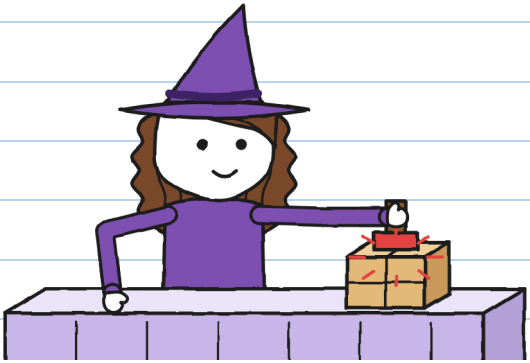
Julie wrote that note. I met her this morning, in the shop opposite. She writes in green. It doesn't come off. I tried to rub it off!

I put my stripy jumper over my pyjamas. Then I crossed the street.

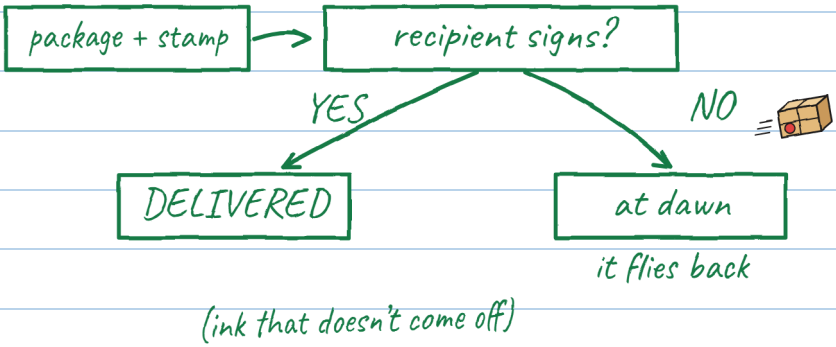


"They're all back," said the witch. "Again."

The witch is Mara. She has a shop for impossible deliveries. And a stamp that glows.



Julie explained how it works. In MY notebook. Without asking! (Recipient = the person who gets the package.)



That way no package ever gets lost. Or delivered.

The shelf is for returns: twenty packages nobody could deliver. One person sent them all.

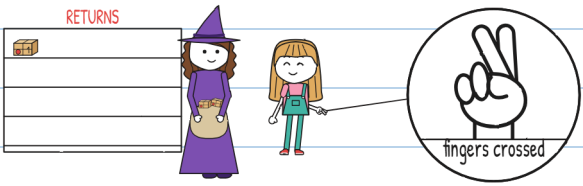
DESTINATION: …
SENDER: R.

"Who's R.?" I asked.
"Someone with awful handwriting," said Mara. That was all.

That night Mara was taking a piano to a lighthouse. She put nineteen in a sack to try again on the way. Back at dawn. One was left.

"That one can't be done," said Mara. "One rule: DON'T TOUCH THE SHELF."

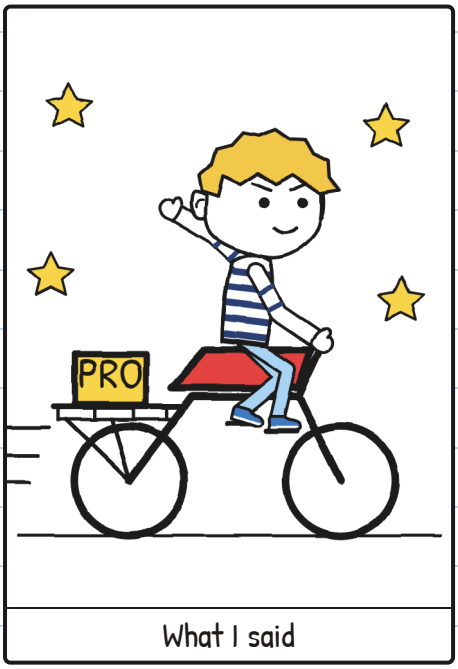
"Of course," said Julie.



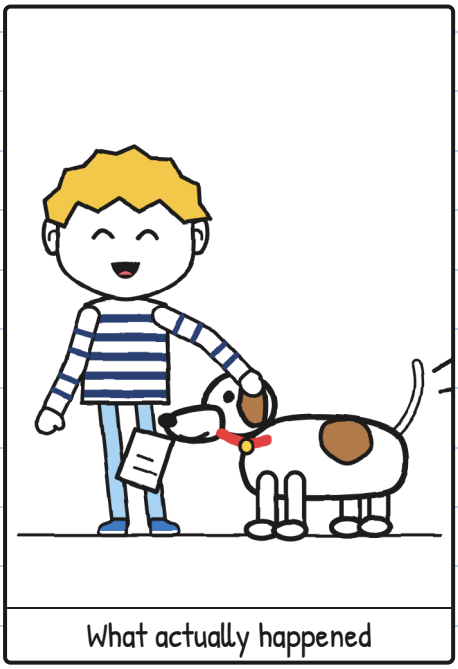
The door closed. Julie looked me up and down. "Can you do deliveries?"

And I said what you say to make a friend:

"Yes. In my old neighbourhood I was a professional courier."



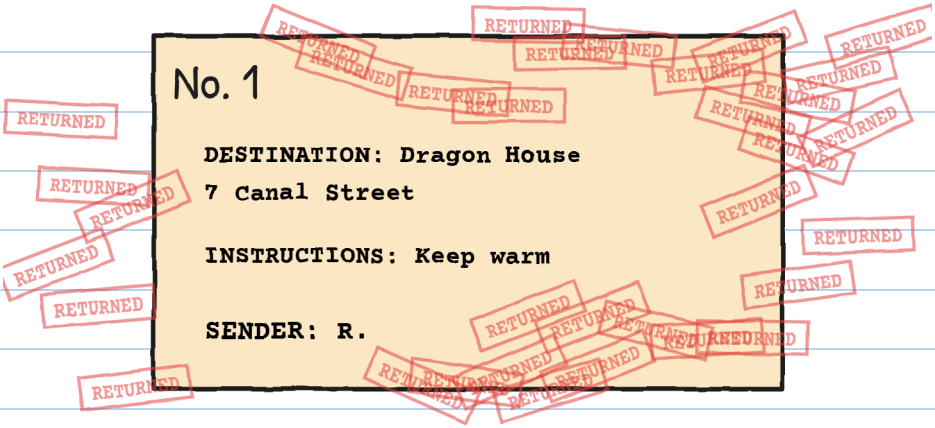
What I said



What actually happened

Professional. For dogs.

Julie took out the last package: number 1. It was the one that can't be done. Her hands shook. Mine too, but I hid it better. Well, almost: my jumper was on back to front!

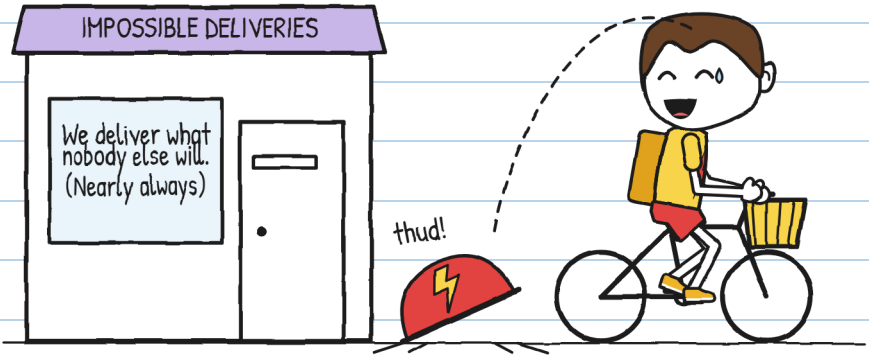


"Let's deliver it before dawn," said Julie. "Then Mara will see I can do the returns."

"And if we don't?"
"It flies back by itself. As if nothing happened."

It sounded like a great plan to me. I didn't know what was inside yet.

Ring, ring! A boy on a bike appeared outside the shop window. He had a helmet and a yellow backpack. The backpack said: LIGHTNING DELIVERIES. TEN MINUTES OR IT'S FREE.

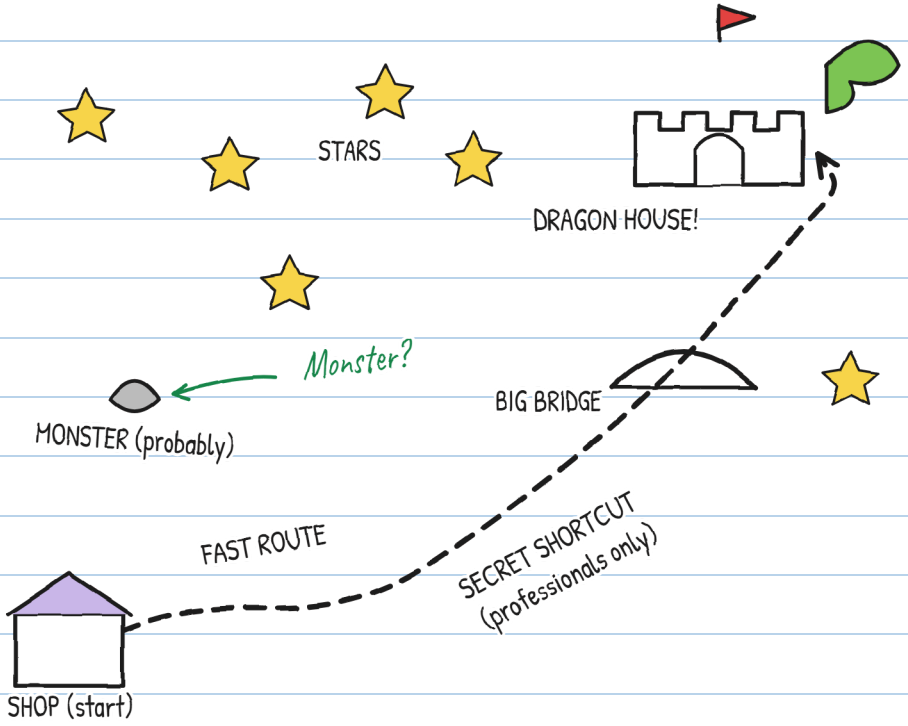


"Impossible Deliveries? Impossible!" he said. "You never deliver anything."

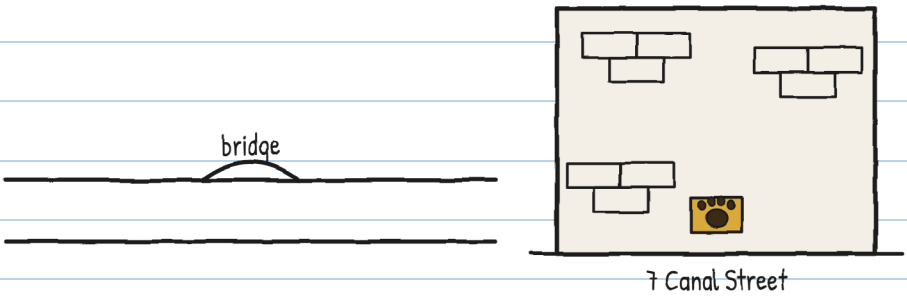
Tony. Delivers really boring stuff really fast.

"Today we're delivering this," said Julie.
Tony read "Dragon House". He laughed so hard his helmet fell off.

I made a delivery map. Professionals make maps.



The stars aren't on the way.



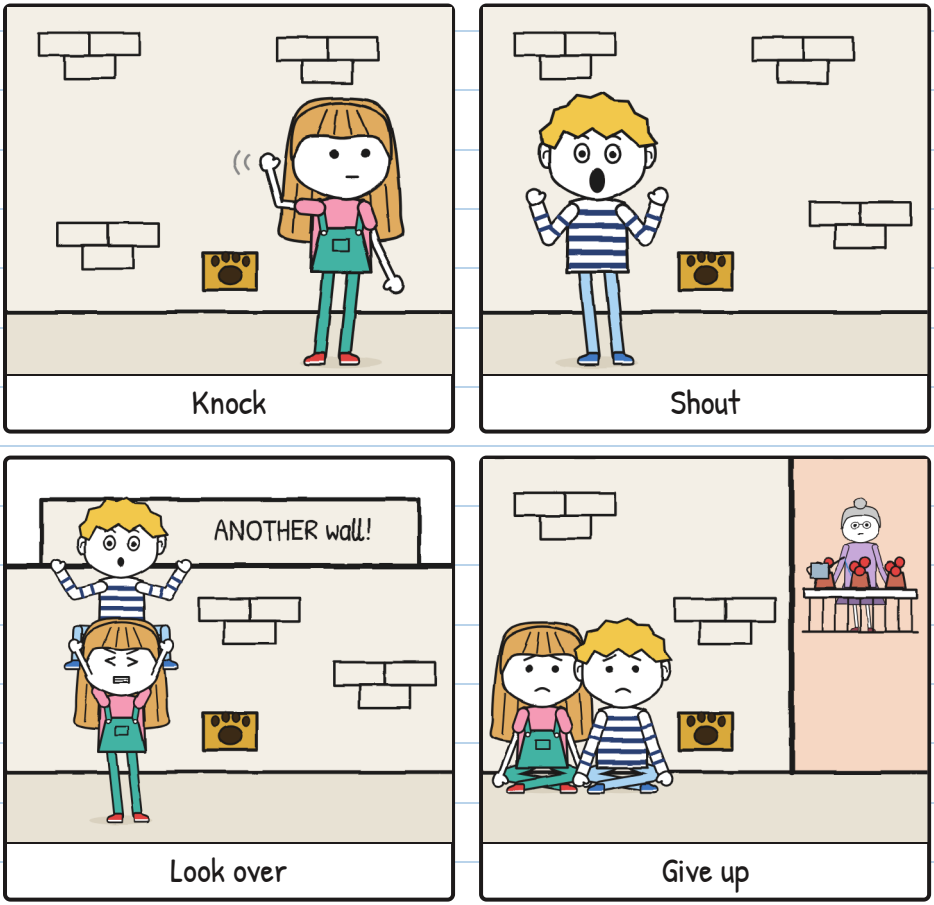
7 Canal Street wasn't a house. It was a wall.

It was smooth. No doors, no windows. Just a brass plate with a funny-shaped hole. The plate was very low. It almost touched the ground.


brass plate

"A letterbox?" I said. The package didn't fit.

We tried everything:

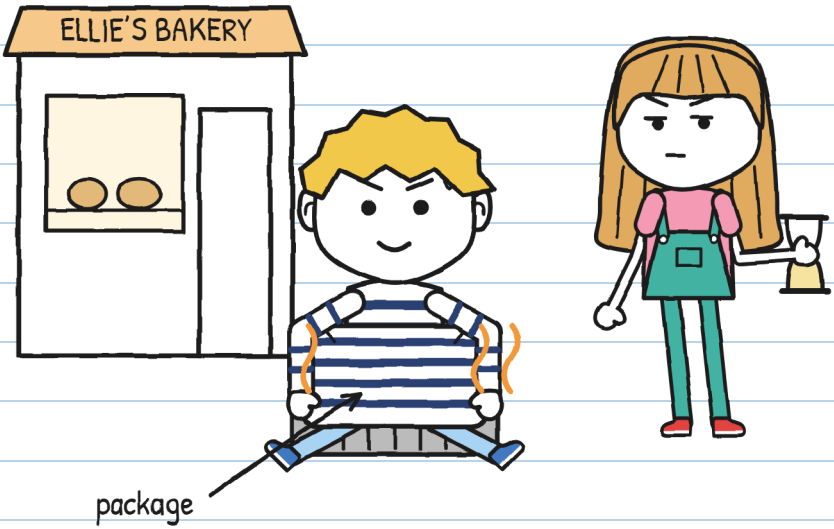


A lady watched us from the balcony next door. She was watering her geraniums. "That package always comes here," she said. "For years now. And it always leaves the same way it came."

It was cold. Julie read the label again. "'Keep warm'? It sat on a freezing shelf for years!"

I'm new. If it says "keep warm", I keep it warm.

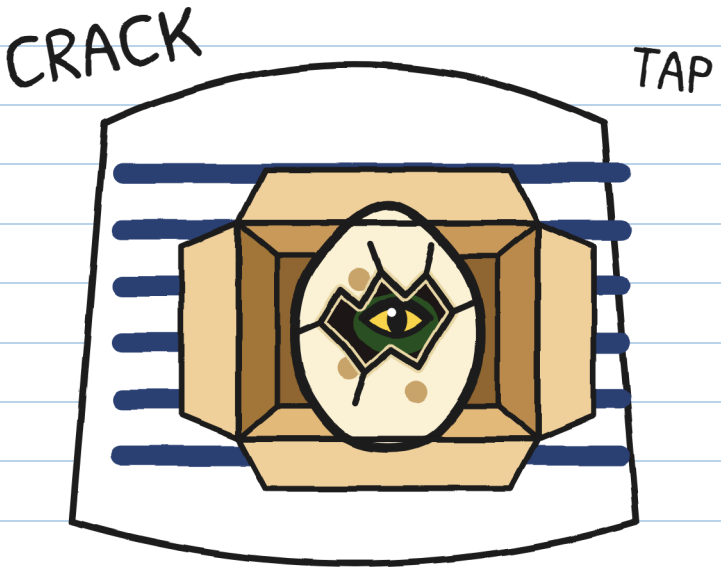
I put the package under my jumper. We went back over the Big Bridge. I sat on the grate outside Ellie's bakery. Hot air from the oven comes up through the holes.



You look like a pregnant postbox.

We waited a long time. It smelt of bread. I started to sweat. Then something tapped my belly. TAP.

"Was that your tummy?" asked Julie.
"My tummy doesn't go TAP."



And the package looked at me.

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I sneezed a normal sneeze. She sneezed a tiny flame. It burnt a corner of the label.

SIZE S · A2
I sneezed. A normal sneeze. She sneezed a tiny flame! It burnt a corner of the label. Then she ate the burnt corner.

SIZE M · B1
I sneezed a normal sneeze, but she sneezed a tiny flame that burnt the corner of the label. Then she ate the burnt corner.

SIZE L · B2
I sneezed a perfectly ordinary sneeze. She sneezed a tiny jet of flame, which scorched the corner of the label, and then, looking thoroughly pleased with herself, she ate the scorched corner.

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Everyone in their own size. Same story. —J.

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