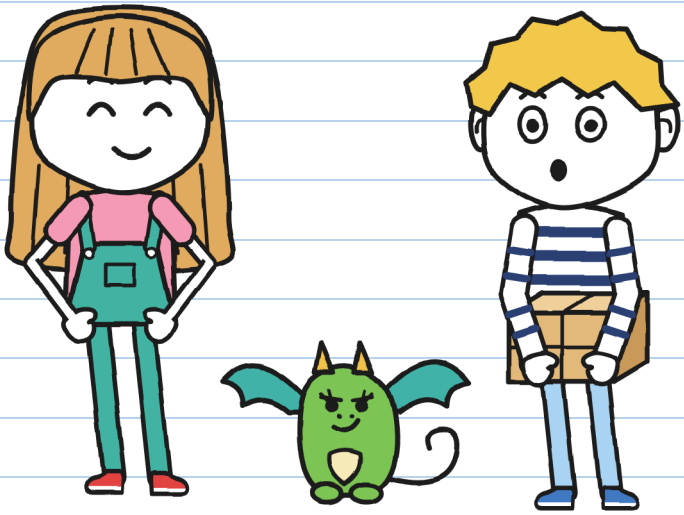
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 1

This Package Bites

Lui Eriksson



(Gus's notebook)

SIZE M
Intermediate level · 9+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 1

This Package Bites

Text and illustrations: Lui Eriksson

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US English version: LinguAula

First edition: 2026

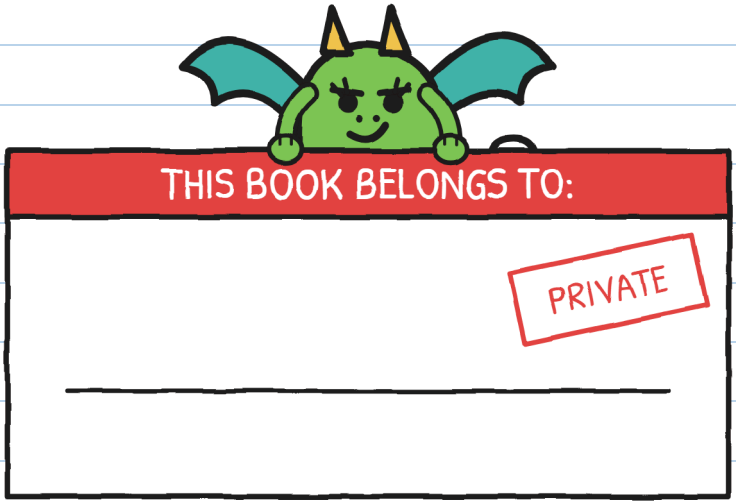
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No packages were harmed in the writing of this book. Almost none. —J.

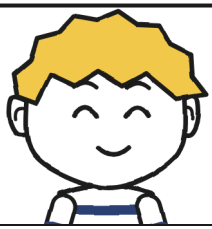


And nobody else. –J.

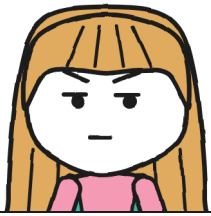
If you find it, return it before dawn.

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

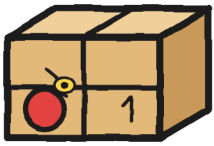
WHO'S WHO



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



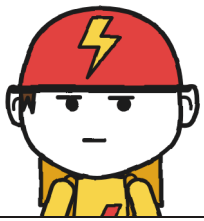
Julie. She writes in green, and what she writes in green doesn't come off.



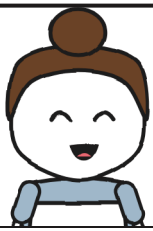
Package No. 1. Destination: the Dragon House. Instructions: keep warm.



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.

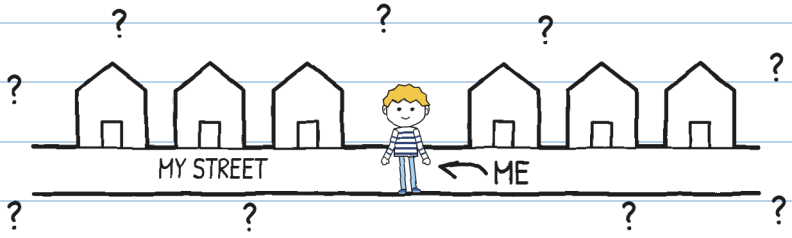


Moving box 14 said KITCHEN, but there wasn't a single spoon inside. There was this notebook, one sock and a rubber frog that doesn't belong to anyone.

CHAPTER 1

The One That Can't Be Done

I've been in the neighborhood for four days, and I already know one whole street.

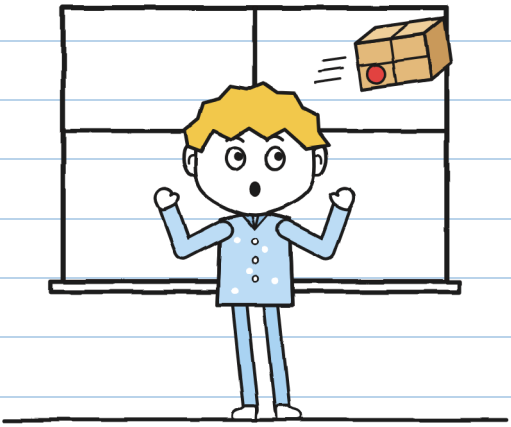


My plan for making a friend:

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

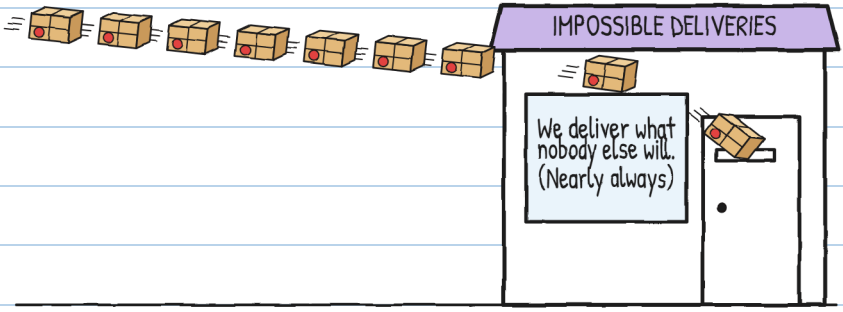
I got stuck on number 2. Number 3? No idea.

This morning I was woken up by something flying past my window.



It was a package.

Then another one flew past, and then another. Nine packages in a line, like ducks, crossed the street and went in through the mail slot of the shop across the way. (The other eleven, I found out later, had come back earlier, while I was asleep.)

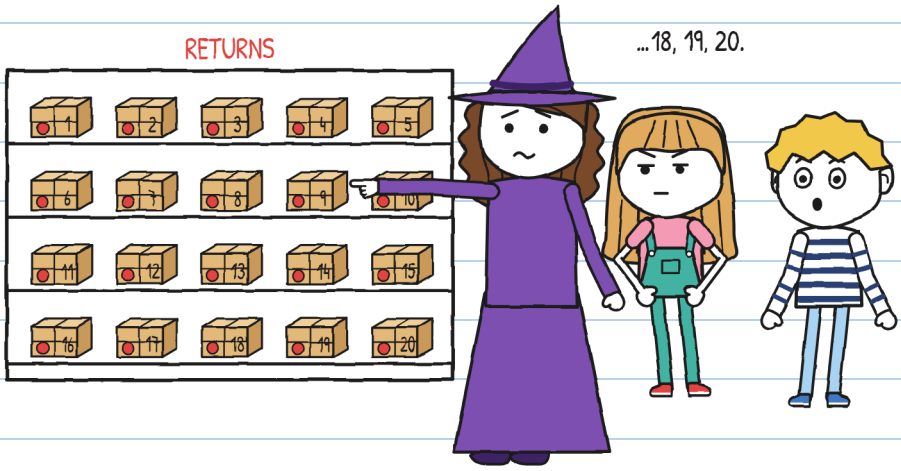


That gave me number 2: "I saw flying packages."

That's not interesting. It happens all the time.

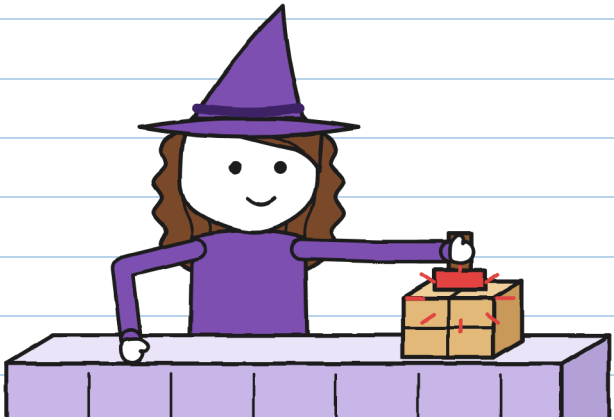
Julie wrote that note. I met her this very morning, in the shop across the street. She writes in green, and what she writes in green doesn't come off. I've tried.

I put my striped sweater on over my pajamas and crossed the street.

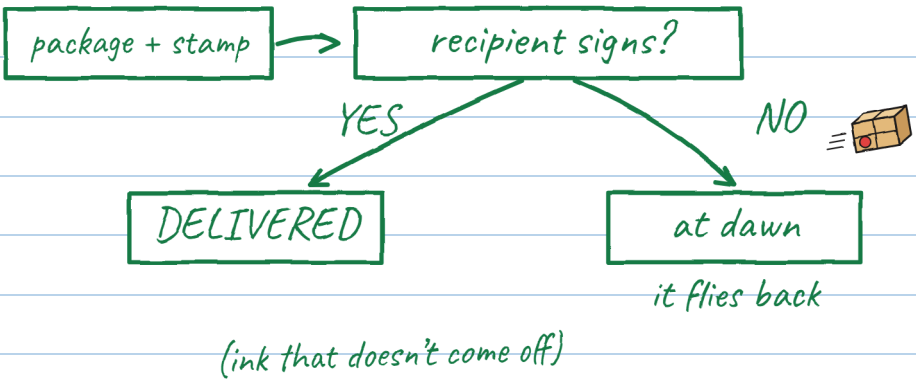


"They've all come back," said the witch. "Again."

The witch is Mara, who runs a shop for impossible deliveries and has a stamp that glows.



Julie explained how it works in MY notebook, without even asking:



That way no package ever gets lost. Or delivered.

The returns are on the shelf: twenty packages nobody could ever deliver, all from the same sender.

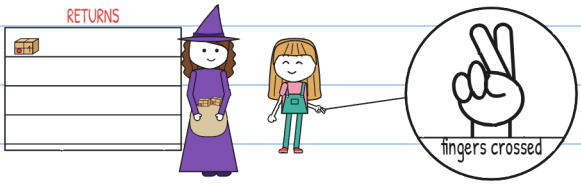
DESTINATION: …
SENDER: R.

"Who's R.?" I asked.
"Someone with awful handwriting," said Mara, and she didn't say another word.

That night she was taking a piano to a lighthouse, so she put nineteen returns in a sack to try again on the way. She'd be back at dawn. Only one was left.

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

"Of course," said Julie.



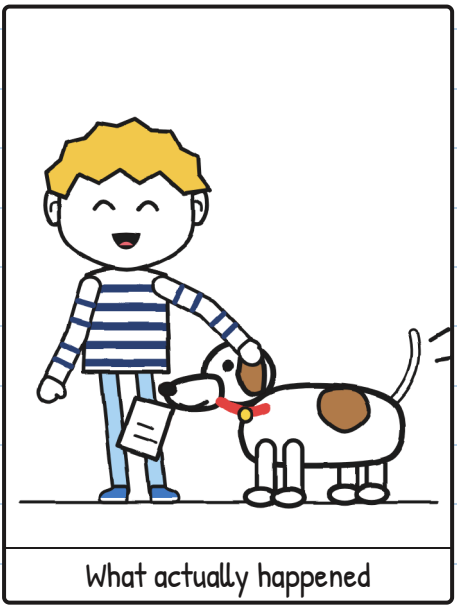
When the door closed, Julie looked me up and down and asked, "Can you do deliveries?"

And I said what everyone says when they want to make a friend:

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



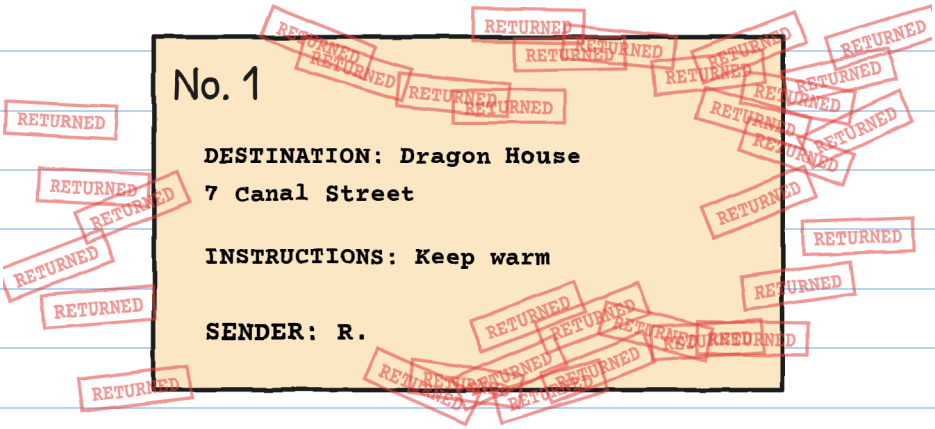
What I said



What actually happened

Professional. For dogs.

Julie took out the only package that was left: number 1, the one that can't be done. Her hands were shaking a bit. Mine were too, but I hid it better: you could only tell because I'd put my sweater on backward.

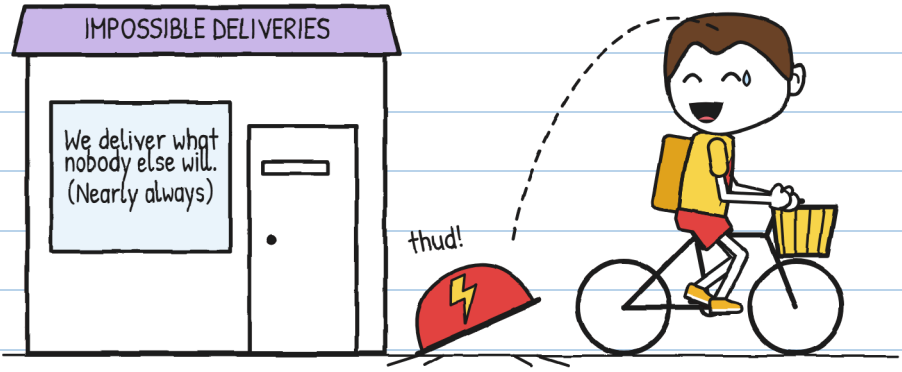


"If we deliver it before dawn," said Julie, "Mara will see I can handle the returns."

"And if we don't?"
"Then it flies back by itself. No harm done."

It sounded like a great plan, but I still didn't know what was inside.

A bike bell rang, and a boy with a helmet and a yellow backpack appeared outside the shop window: LIGHTNING DELIVERIES. TEN MINUTES OR IT'S FREE.

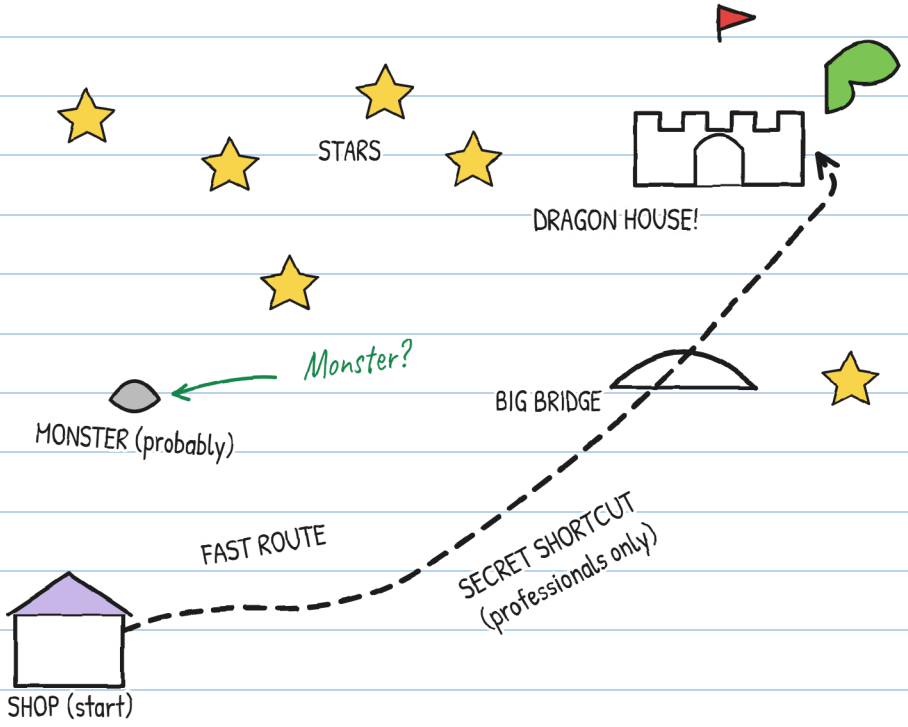


"Impossible Deliveries?" he said. "Impossible, all right. You never deliver anything."

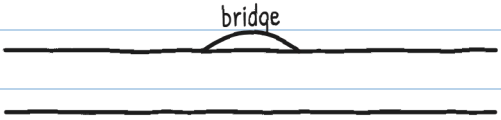
Tony. Delivers really boring stuff really fast.

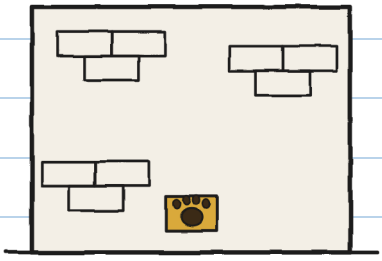
"Today we're delivering this," said Julie.
Tony read "Dragon House" and laughed so hard that his helmet fell off.

I made a delivery map, because professional couriers make maps.



The stars aren't on the way.





7 Canal Street

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

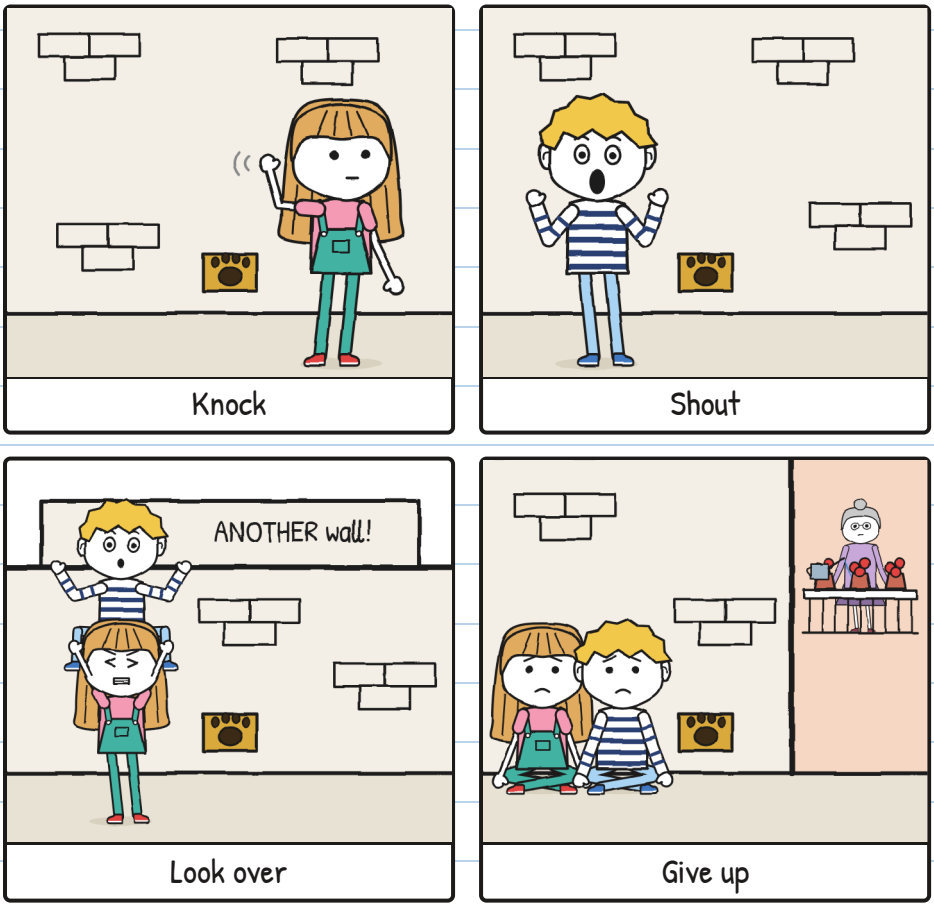
It was smooth, with no doors or windows. The only thing on it was a brass plate, very low down, almost at ground level, with a funny-shaped hole in it.



brass plate

"Maybe it's a mail slot," I said, but the package didn't fit.

We tried everything you can do with a wall:



A lady was watching us from the balcony of the house next door while she watered her geraniums. "That package has been coming here for years," she said. "And it always leaves just the way it came."

It was cold, so Julie read the label again. "It says 'Keep warm,' but it's spent years on a freezing shelf."

I'm new here, so when something says "keep warm," I keep it warm.

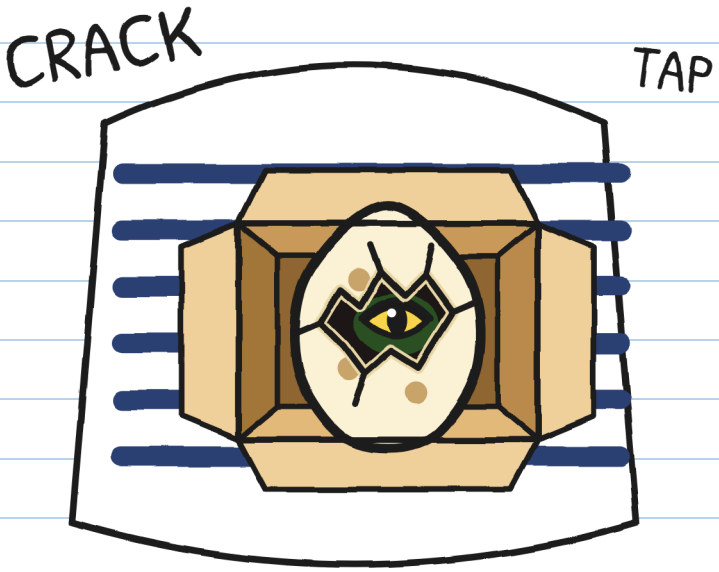
I put the package under my sweater, and we went back over the Big Bridge. I sat down on the grate outside Ellie's bakery, where the hot air from the oven comes out.



You look like a pregnant mailbox.

We sat there for a long time, and everything smelled of bread. I was just starting to sweat when something tapped me on the belly. TAP.

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



And the package looked at me.

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

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

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

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