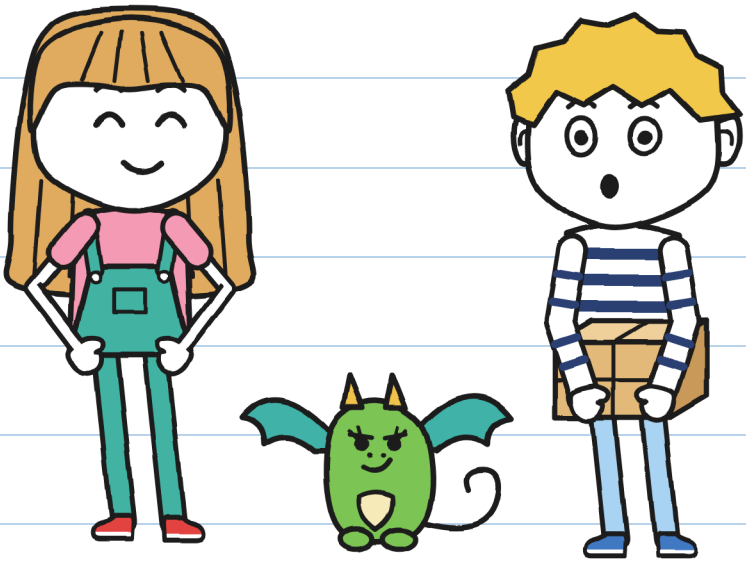
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 1

This Package Bites

Lui Eriksson



(by Gus)

SIZE XS
First readers · 5+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 1

This Package Bites

Text and illustrations: Lui Eriksson

SIZE XS · First readers · 5+

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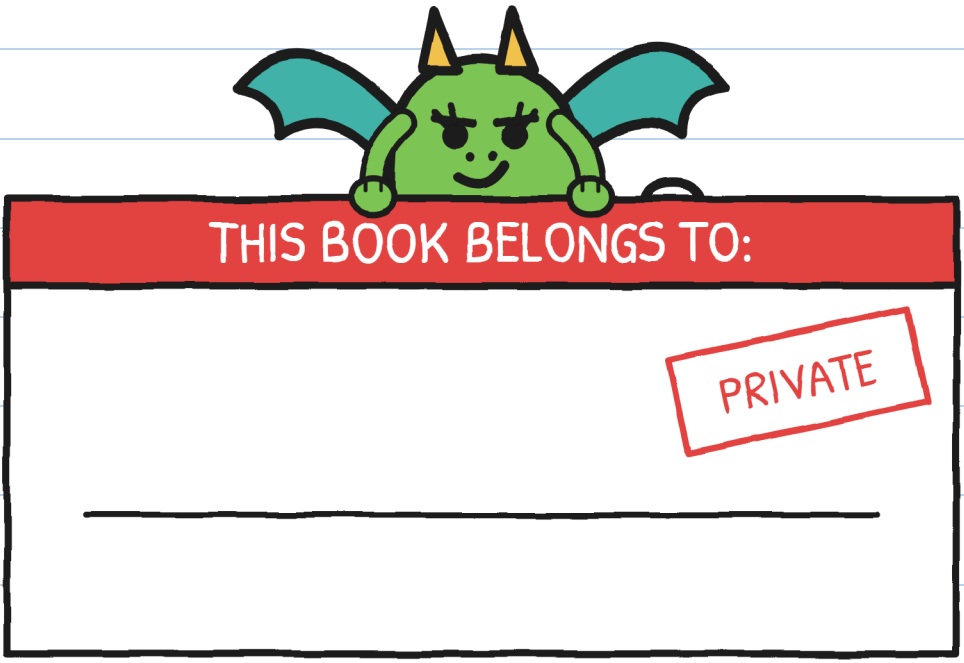
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No package got hurt. Almost. —J.



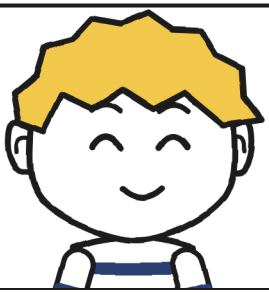
Nobody else. —J.

If you find it, return it before dawn.

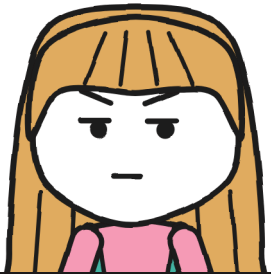
Crumb bites because she lives in a story.

With a real animal, look at page 76. —J.

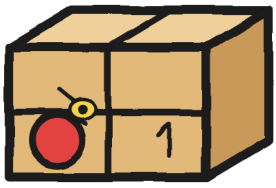
WHO'S WHO



Gus. The new boy.



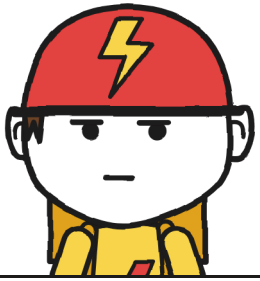
Julie writes in green.



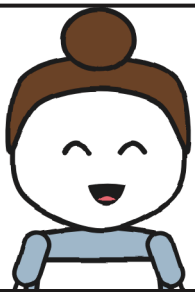
Package No. 1.



Mara, the witch.



Tony, from LIGHTNING.



Ellie, the baker.

DELIVERY NOTEBOOK
by Gus

"Private" = I read it first. —J.

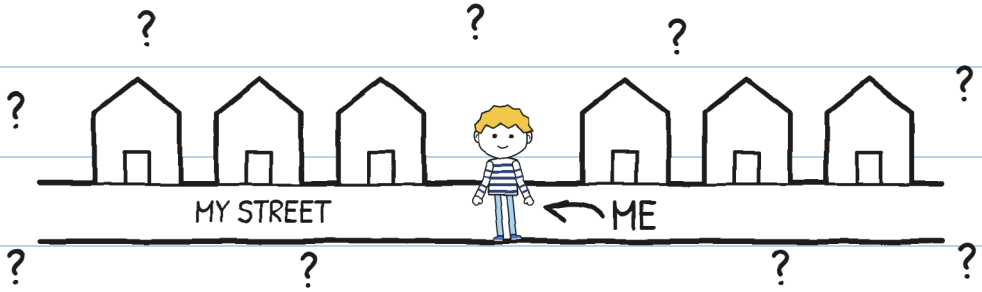


This notebook came out of a moving box. The box said KITCHEN.

CHAPTER 1

The One That Can't Be Done

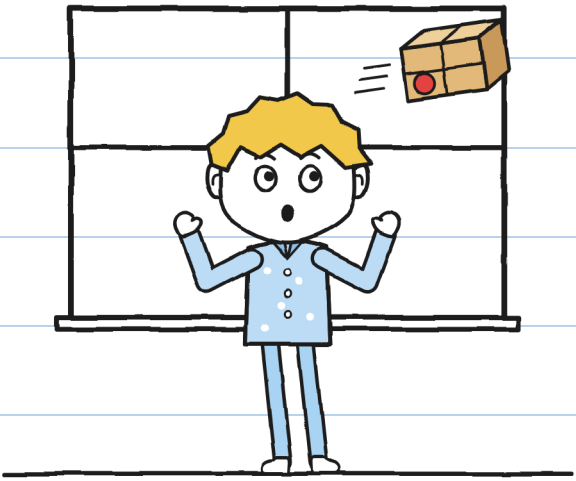
We moved here four days ago.



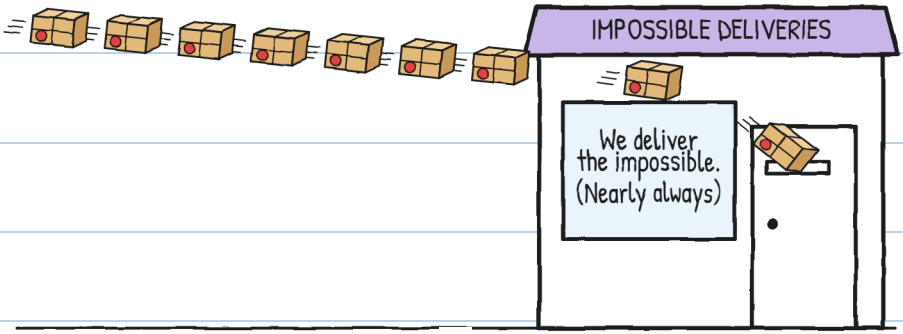
My plan to make a friend:

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

Something flew past my window.



It was a package.
Then another, and another. Nine
in a line, like ducks. They flew
into the letterbox of the shop.



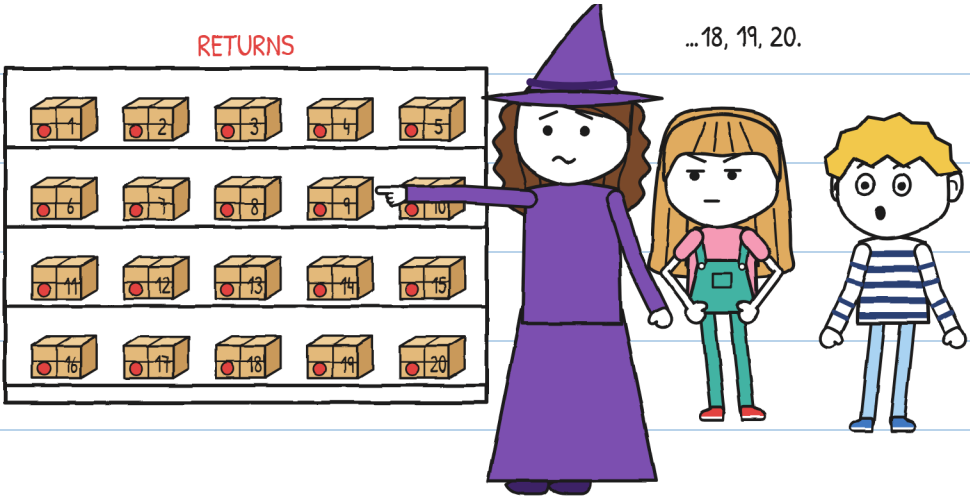
Number 2: flying packages!

Not interesting. It happens a lot.

Julie wrote that note.

Green never comes off.

I put on my jumper and crossed over.



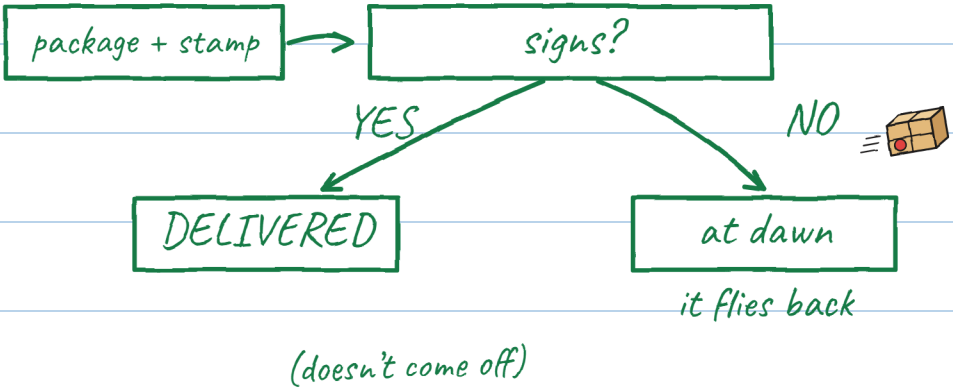
The witch said,

"They're all back. Again."

The witch is called Mara.

She has a stamp that glows.





No package gets lost.

The shelf has twenty
returned packages.

DESTINATION: …

SENDER: R.

"Who is R.?" I asked.

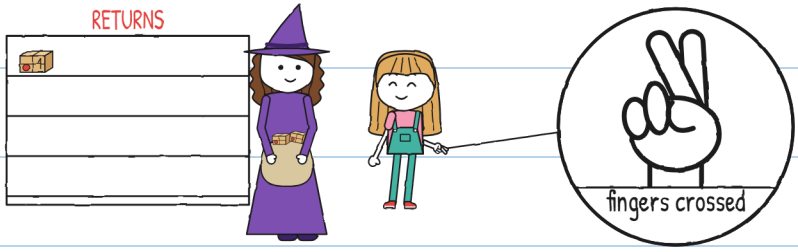
"Someone with awful handwriting."

Mara put nineteen in a sack.

Mara said, "That one's impossible.

DON'T TOUCH THE SHELF."

"Sure," said Julie.



Julie looked at me.

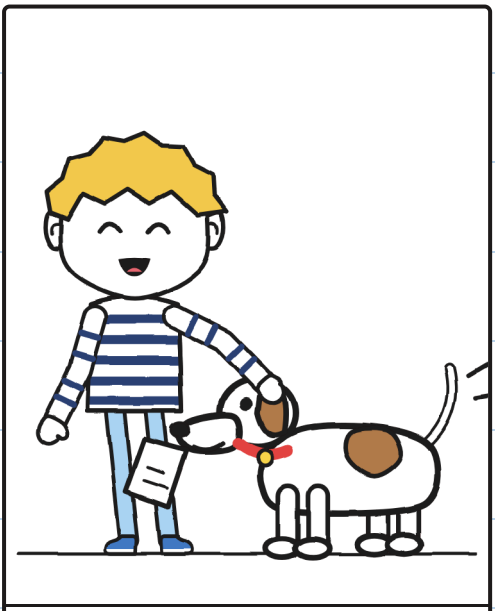
"Can you deliver?"

"Yes. In my old neighbourhood

I was a professional courier."



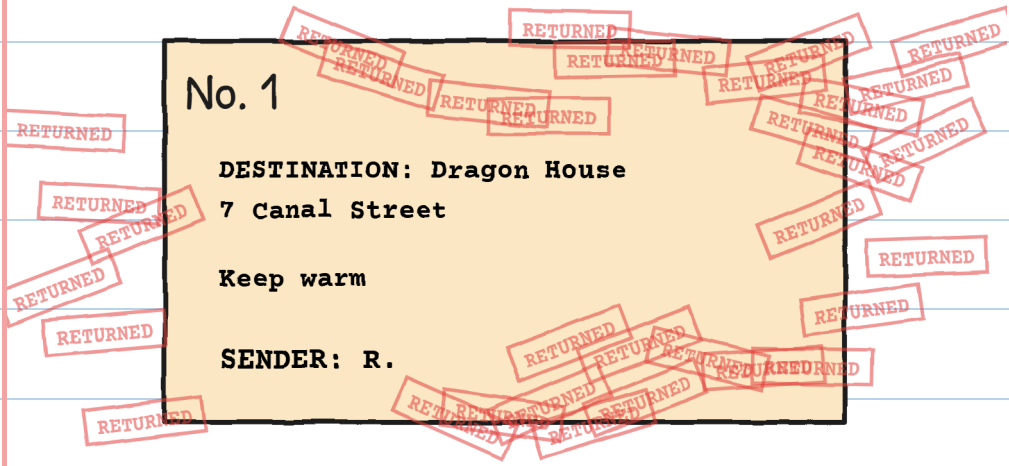
What I said



What happened

Professional. For dogs.

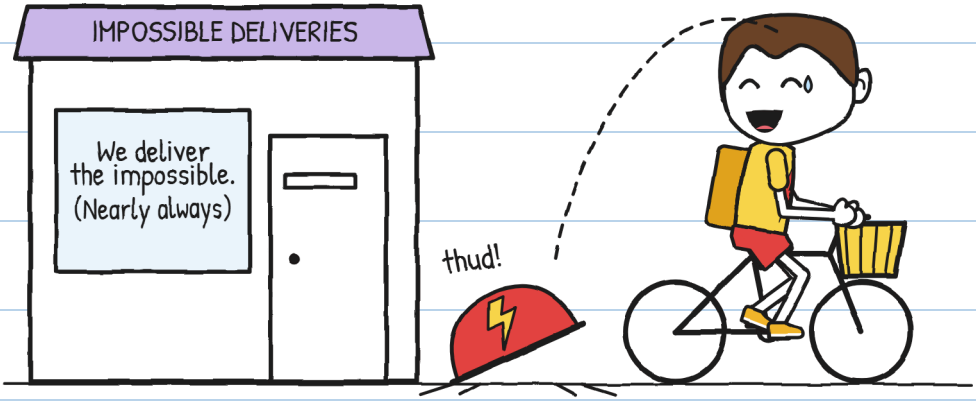
Julie took out the last package.
It was number 1. Her hands shook.



"We'll deliver it before
dawn," said Julie.

It seemed a good plan.
I didn't know what was inside.

Ring, ring! A boy came
on a bike, with a helmet.



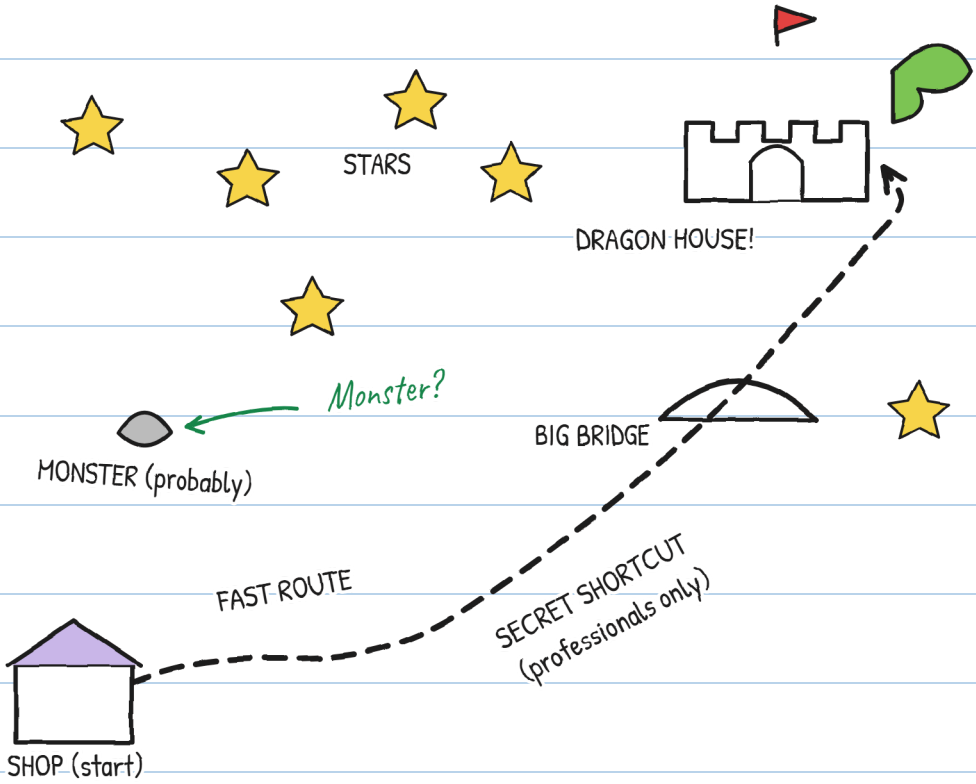
"Impossible Deliveries?
Impossible!" he said.

Tony. Delivers really boring stuff.

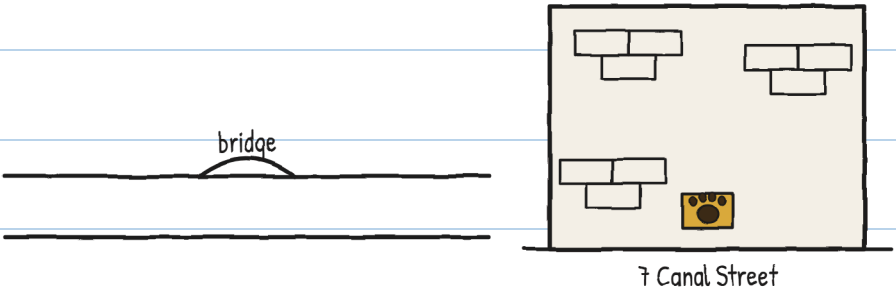
"Today we deliver this," said Julie.
Tony laughed. His helmet fell off.

I made a delivery map.

Professionals make maps.



No stars.



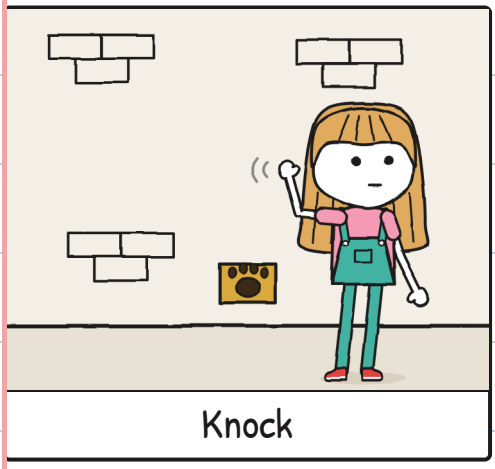
It wasn't a house. It was a wall.
It was smooth. No doors,
no windows. Just a brass plate.

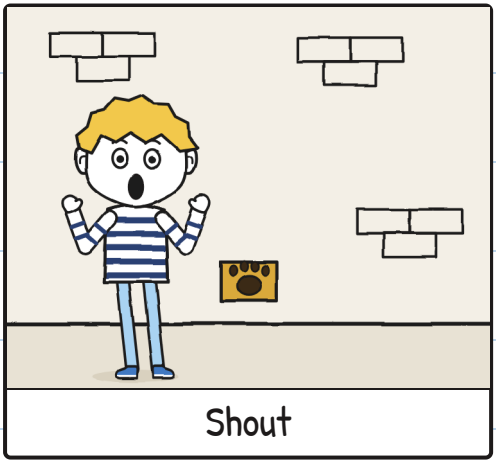


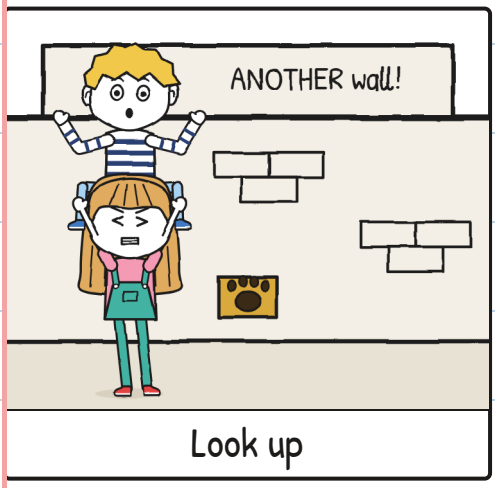
plate

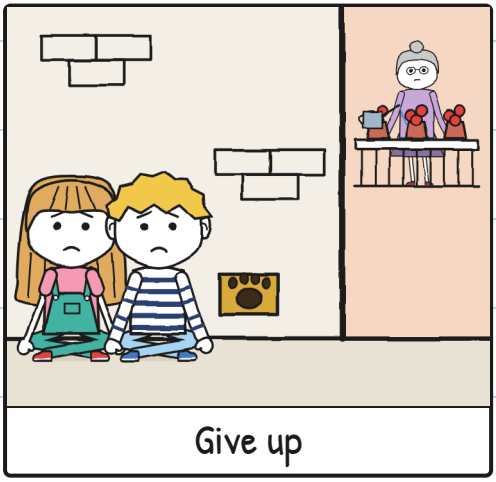
"A letterbox?" I said.
The package didn't fit.

We tried everything:









A lady watched us from her balcony.

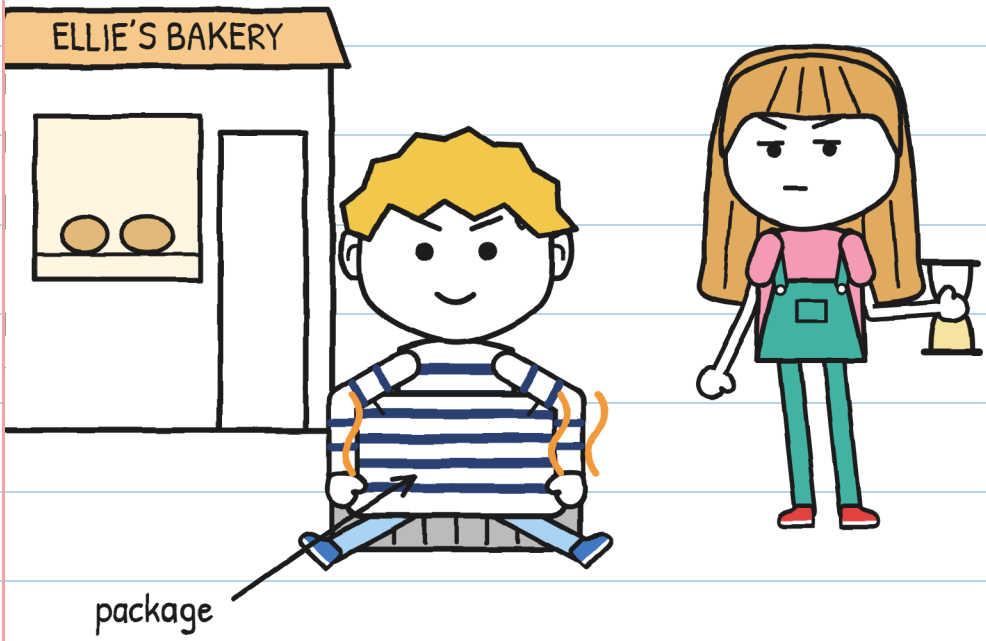
"It's been coming for years," she said.

It was cold. Julie read: "Keep warm".

I'm new. I'll keep it warm.

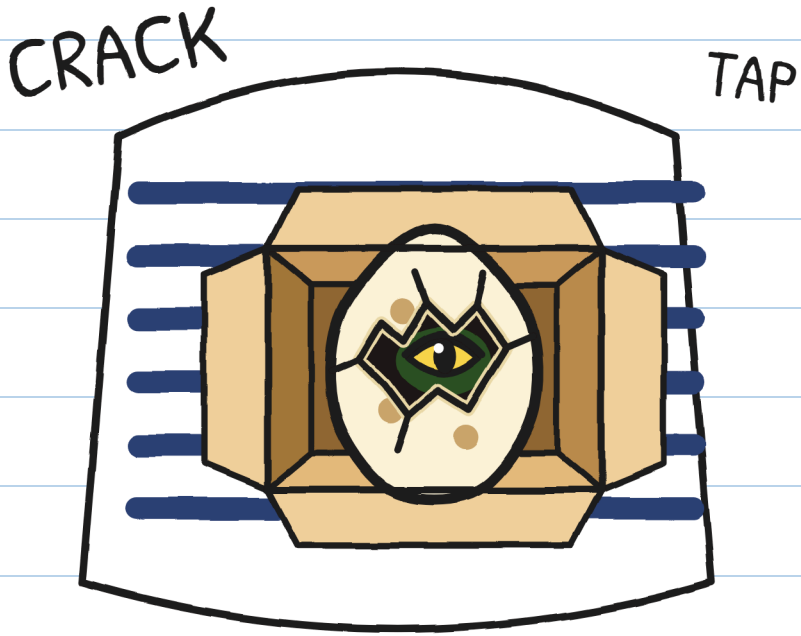
I put the package under my jumper.

I sat on the bakery grate.



A postbox with a tummy!

It smelt of bread and
I was sweating. Then, TAP!
Something tapped my tummy.
"Your tummy?" asked Julie.
"My tummy doesn't go TAP."



And the package looked at me.

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ACHOO, THE DRAGON SNEEZES A TINY FLAME!

SIZE XS · A1

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.

SIZE XL · B2-C1

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The CEFR levels are a rough guide for learners of English.

Same story. —J.

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