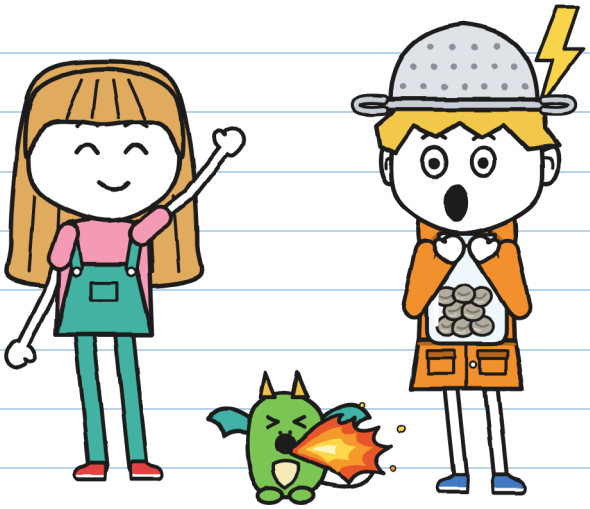
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 2

Do Not Open Before Thunder

Lui Eriksson



(Gus's notebook)

SIZE S
Starter Level · 7+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 2
Do Not Open Before Thunder

Text and illustrations: Lui Eriksson

SIZE S · Starter level · 7+

US English version: LinguAula

First edition: 2026

© 2026 Lui Eriksson · info@linguaula.com

Free to photocopy, for class and for home.

Second book in the series. The first: "This Package Bites."

LinguAula

Work through every chapter at linguaula.com

No thunder was hurt in this book. —J.



And nobody else. —J.

If you find it, don't open it before thunder.



This stamp marks what only happens in the story. Don't do it! If it lasts several pages, it says FROM HERE and TO HERE. In a real storm, page 76 is in charge. —J.

WHO'S WHO



Gus. Saturday courier. Storm chaser (more or less). This notebook is his.



Julie. Counts the seconds between the lightning and the thunder. Writes in green and signs J.



Crumb. Dragon hatchling. Copies everything Gus does. Everything.



Tony. Rides for LIGHTNING. Ten minutes or it's free.



Flora. The gardener at 9 Canal Street. Doesn't sign for stones.



Vera. Looks after dragons at the Dragon House, next door to Flora's. Crumb lives with her.



Mara. Owner of Impossible Deliveries. Wears a witch's hat. Knows more than she says.

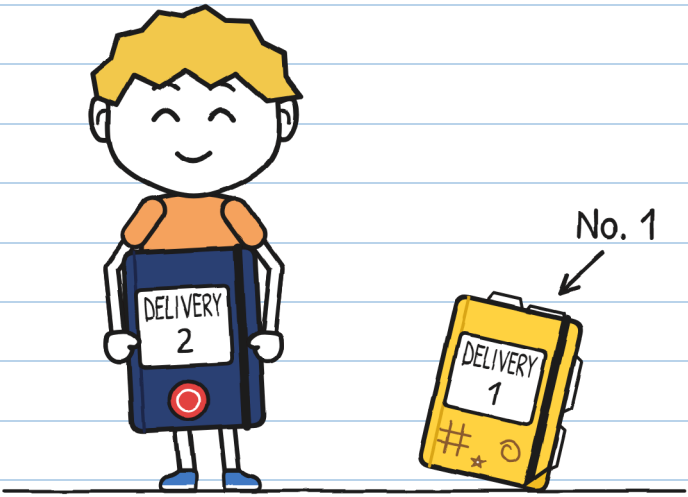


R. Sends the packages nobody can deliver. Nobody says R.'s name.

DELIVERY NOTEBOOK 2
by Gus

OFFICIAL.

"Official": I read it first. Officially. —J.



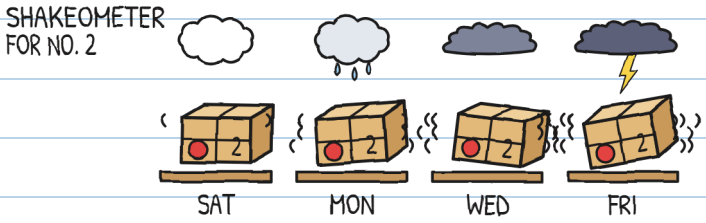
Notebook 1 is full. Mara gave me this one. She owns the shop. It has the shop's stamp on the cover. She says an official notebook is not for drawing. We'll see.

CHAPTER 1

Storm Chaser

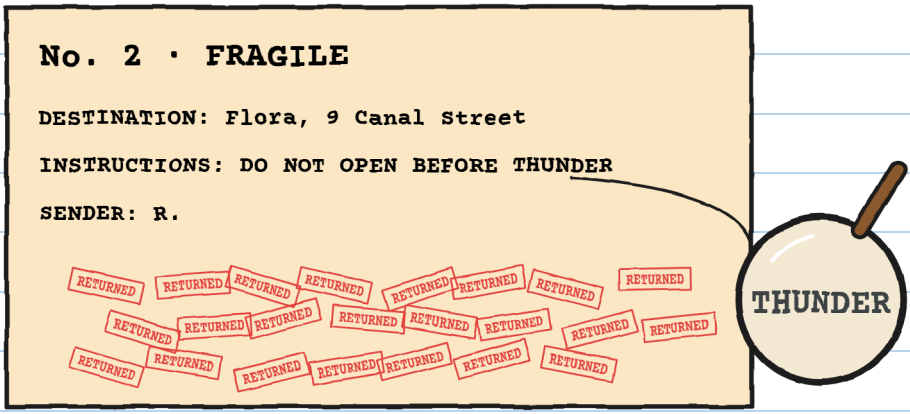
In Mara's shop there's a package that shakes. A little more every day.
I'm not going to touch it.
The last one Julie and I delivered was an egg. Now she's called Crumb. She has wings and copies everything I do.

In the shop across the street from my house, there are nineteen returns. One is in a big hurry.



It's not fear: a storm is coming. On Saturday, at six in the evening. I checked the forecast six times. —J.

A return always comes back. The person who gets it has to sign the label. The ink must not come off, like Julie's green marker. If not, it flies back to its shelf at dawn. One person sends them all: R.



No. 2 had twenty-three RETURNED stamps on it.

Twenty-three. I counted them twice. —J.

"I've taken it myself twenty-three times," said Mara. "Not once in a storm."

On Saturday, at ten, Mara was waiting for us with No. 2. Tony was there too. On Saturdays the three of us are punished, because we delivered No. 1 without permission. We help in the shop.

"You're going to deliver this one," said Mara. "This afternoon."

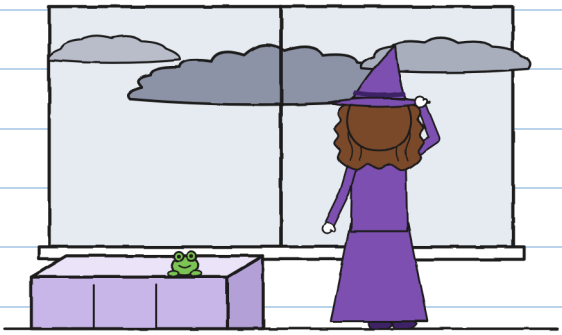


Julie jumped very high. She almost touched the LEFT: 19 sign.

Mara gave us three conditions. She counted them on her fingers:

1. You leave at five, before the storm. You stay at Flora's until it passes.
2. Your families know. Flora knows too.
3. The rule on the label: don't open before thunder. Thunder overhead counts. Faraway thunder doesn't.

"Aren't you coming?" asked Julie.
"I have things to do here," said Mara. She looked out of the window. The sky was getting gray.

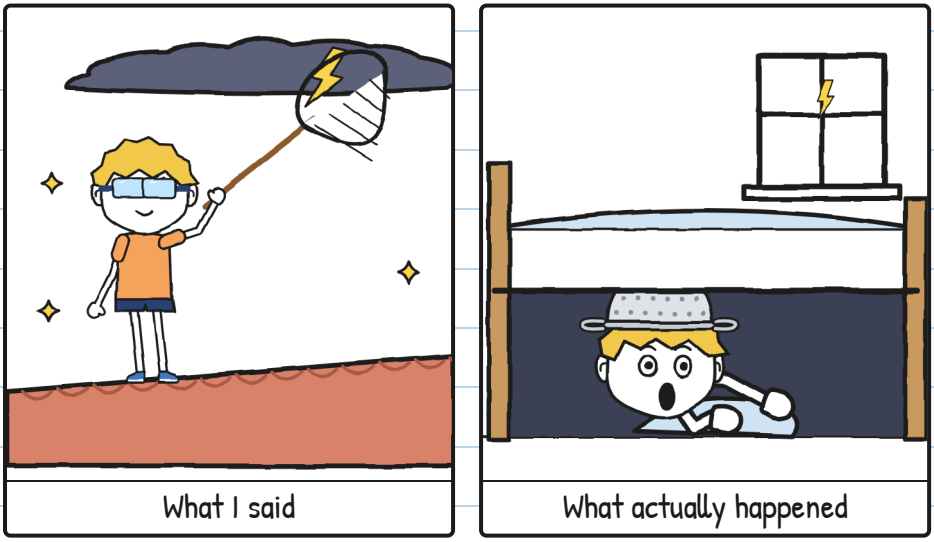


What things? –J.

Then Julie looked at me.
"Do you like storms?"

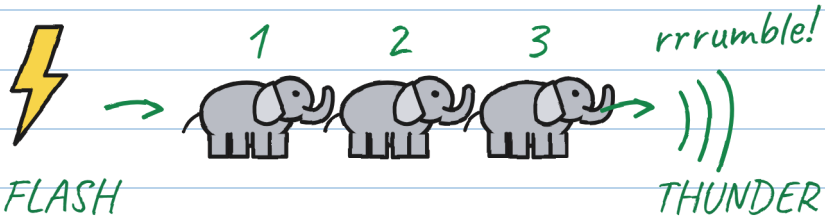
I said the usual thing:

"I love them. In my old neighborhood I was a professional storm chaser."



Professional. From under the bed. —J.

Julie showed me how to count storms. In my notebook. Without asking, as always:



one elephant, two elephants, three elephants...

1 elephant = 1 second

3 elephants = 1 kilometer (more or less)

0 elephants = OVERHEAD!

↖ That's the thunder on the label.
The faraway ones don't open the package.

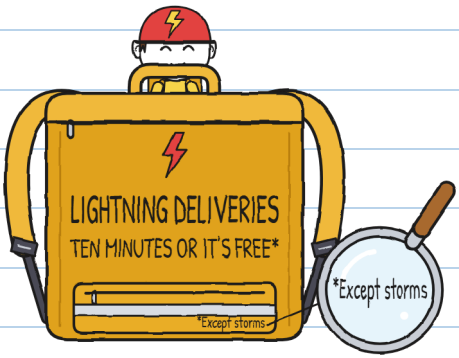
More elephants: that lightning struck farther away.

If you hear thunder, even far away: take cover!

What you know scares you less. –J.

I didn't need it: I love storms. But I wrote it down, just in case.

Tony read the label over my shoulder.
"LIGHTNING doesn't deliver in storms."
He showed us the fine print on his backpack.
"There isn't a storm yet," said Julie.
Tony looked again. It said nothing about "yet."

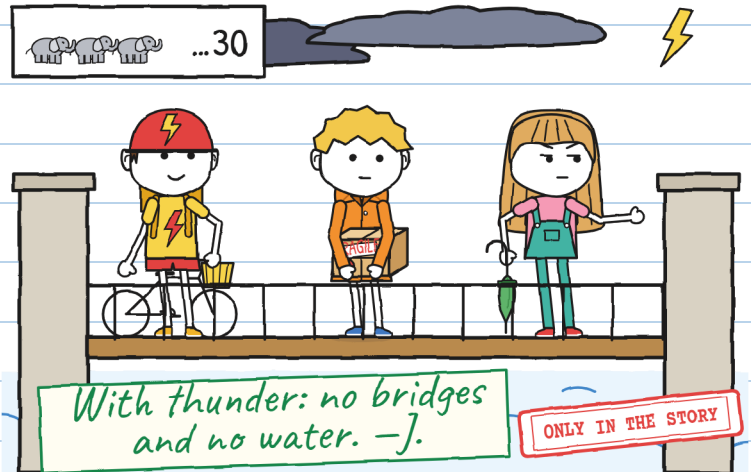


The fine print was too small. –J.

And he came with us.
At five I went across to my house for my raincoat.
"Wear the orange one," said Mom from the door.
"Are you sure? You, when it thunders..."
"BYE, MOM!"

"You, when it thunders..." WHAT? –J.

We crossed the Big Bridge. At night they raise it for the boats. The sky was getting blacker. In the middle, Julie waved at the water. Very seriously. She and the canal are not friends.



Far away, the sky lit up. Julie counted thirty elephants.

Rrrumble.

"That lightning was about ten kilometers away," she said. "The forecast says the storm comes at six."

"That was thunder!" said Tony. "Can we open it now?"

"That one doesn't open the package," said Julie. "The one on the label sounds at the same time as the flash: zero elephants. But you can hear it now: take cover!"
We ran to Canal Street. I pretended I heard nothing.

"Was that a hiccup?" asked Julie.
"No," I said. "Hic!"



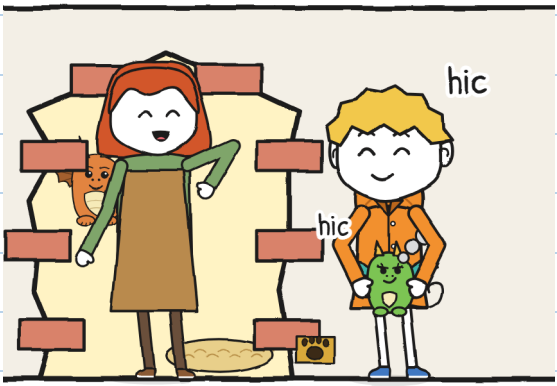
It started when I was little. Only with thunder. Each clap gives me hiccups, one every three seconds. With the storm overhead, I can't stop. It's not fear. My body does it without asking.

It's called being scared. –J.

Vera was waiting for us at her door, with Crumb in her arms. On Saturdays, Crumb goes for a walk with me.

"Today, only as far as Flora's: it's her first storm," said Vera, and gave her to me. "She copies everything you do, Gus. Even what you feel. If she gets scared, don't pull her: she holds on. When the storm is over, knock three times on the yard wall and I'll come."

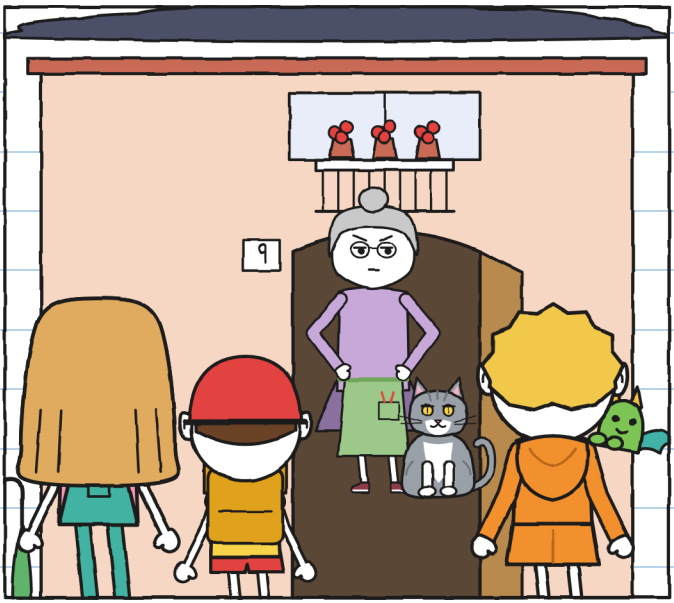
"I don't feel anything," I said. "I love storms."



Far away, it thundered. I hiccuped. Crumb hiccuped. Smoke came out of her nose.

"Inside, now!" said Vera.

Flora's house is the one with geraniums. Two Saturdays ago, she watched us from that balcony. We were looking for the door of the Dragon House. It looks like a wall.



Flora opened the door. We didn't even have time to knock. She looked at the box. She looked at the sky. She looked at Crumb.
"Vera's hatchling. Don't let her burn my ferns," she said. "Come in, rain's coming. I'm warning you: I don't sign for stones."

ONE STORY, SIX SIZES

There are six sizes, for ages 3 to 16, and more than 20 languages. XXS, XS, S, M and L have the same pages and the same drawings. XL is a novel. Only the way it's told changes.

SIZE XXS · PRE-A1
JULIE CATCHES SEED NUMBER SEVEN.

SIZE XS · A1
One seed was left on the floor. Julie caught it. Seven.

SIZE S · A2
Another flash: only one seed was left on the floor. Julie caught it. Seven.

SIZE M · B1
At the next flash only one seed was left, and Julie caught it. Seven.

SIZE L · B2
When it flashed again, a single seed remained on the floor, and Julie caught it. Seven.

SIZE XL · B2-C1
Illustrated novel · 13+

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

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

FOR FAMILIES AND TEACHERS

Work through every chapter at linguaula.com