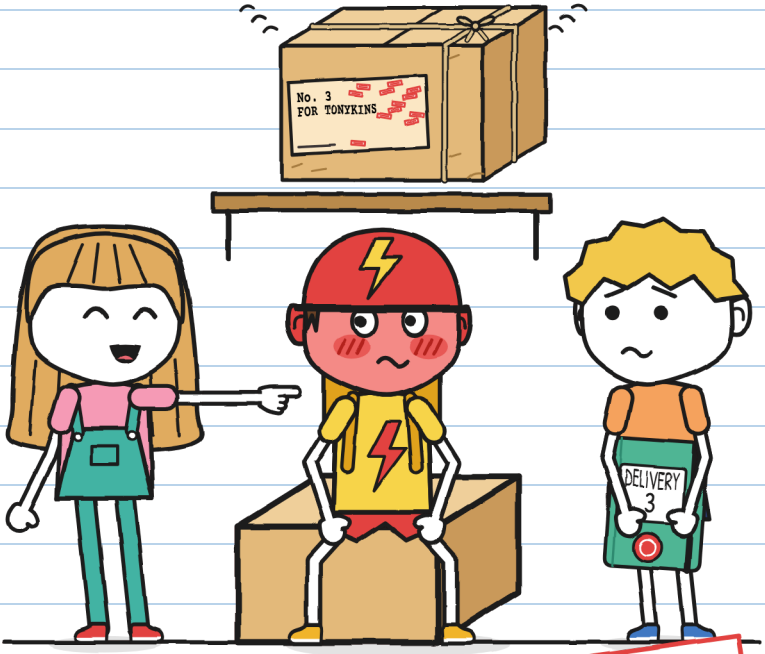
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 3

Return to Sender, Please

Lui Eriksson



(Gus's notebook)

SIZE L
Advanced Level · 11+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 3

Return to Sender, Please

Text and illustrations: Lui Eriksson

SIZE L · Advanced level · 11+

English version: LinguAula

First edition: 2026

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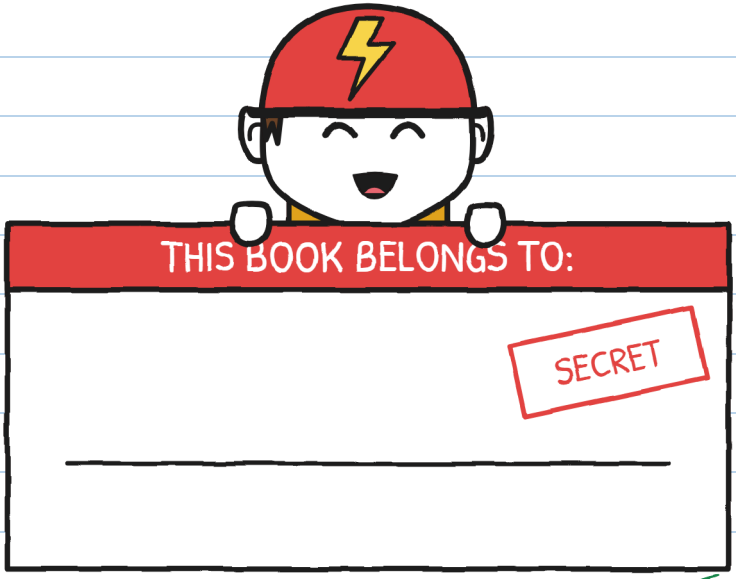
Free to photocopy, for class and for home.

Third book. Earlier: "This Package Bites" and "Do Not Open Before Thunder".

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No courier was harmed here. Red-faced, yes. —J.



And I read it first. –J.

If you find it, return it. Please.

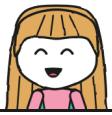


This stamp marks what only happens in the story: real packages don't fly back. With a real bike, page 76 rules. –J.

WHO'S WHO



Gus. Saturday courier. Draws things nobody asked for. This notebook is his.



Julie. Writes in green and signs J. Always knows how to help. That's the problem.



Tony. Rides for LIGHTNING. Ten minutes or it's free. Goes red in parts.



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



Zoe. From LIGHTNING. The fastest. Gives out nicknames.



Bruno. From LIGHTNING. Got a puncture once. Two years ago.



Package No. 3. Rings when it's moved. The label only has a name on it.

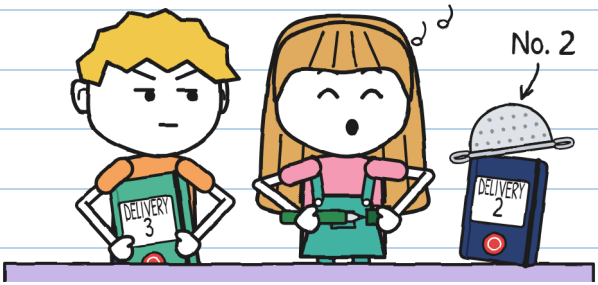


R. Sends the packages nobody can deliver. Nobody says R.'s name.

DELIVERY NOTEBOOK 3
by Gus

SECRET.

"Secret" means I read it first. And I don't tell anyone. –J.



Notebook 2 ran out on me in a single storm. This one is green, and it has the shop's stamp as well. I was going to christen it. Julie christened it.

Christened it to help you. You're welcome. –J.

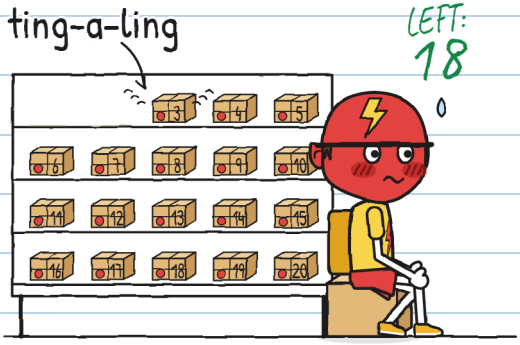
I hadn't asked for help. With Julie, that doesn't matter.

CHAPTER 1

Ting-a-ling

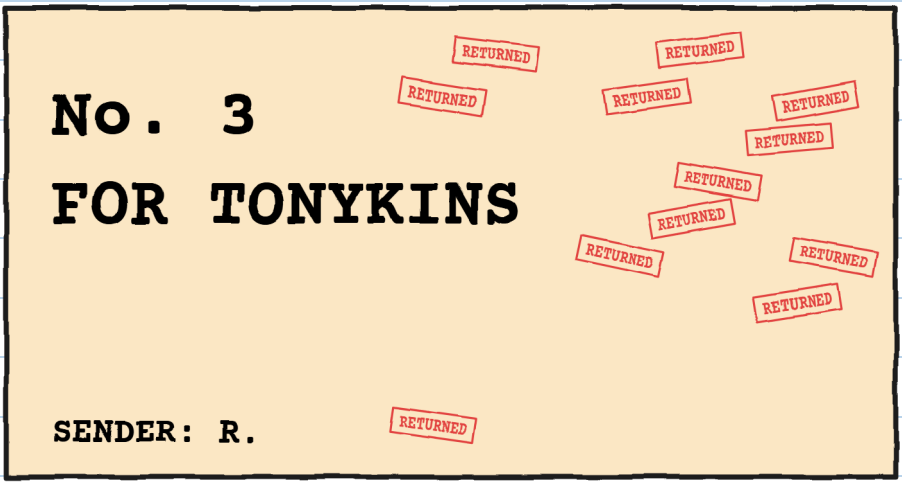
In Mara's shop there's a shelf with the packages nobody has managed to deliver. There were twenty. Julie and I have delivered two: a dragon egg and some seeds that ran. Eighteen are left.

On the night of the storm, when we were about to go home, one of them rang.
Ting-a-ling.



It was No. 3. And Tony, who delivers for LIGHTNING in ten minutes or it's free, went the colour of his helmet.

The returns are packages that always come back: unless whoever receives them signs the label in ink that doesn't come off, they fly back to their shelf at dawn. One person sends them all: R.



Julie started to read the label:
"For To..."
And she closed her mouth. Julie never stops halfway through a word. I looked at Tony and understood why.

I read half of it. The other half I swallowed. —J.

Some people go red all at once. Not Tony: Tony goes red in parts. I wrote it down.

TONY'S REDOMETER



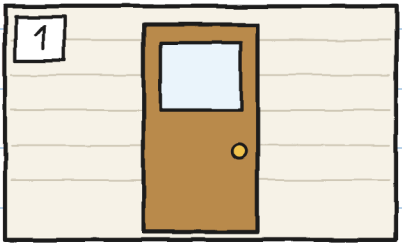
"That package can wait," said Tony, very quickly. "It's been waiting for years, hasn't it? So one more day. Or ten. LIGHTNING is in no hurry."
It was the first time I had ever heard LIGHTNING say that.

That night: 4. I would have written it down in red. I only have green. —J.

"Nothing gets opened tonight," said Mara. "And nobody touches the shelf without permission."
Nobody touched it. And then it rang again.
Ting-a-ling.
"It was the door!" said Julie.

When I don't understand something, I make a list.

TING-A-LING SUSPECTS



the door



Tony's bike



the rubber frog



No. 3

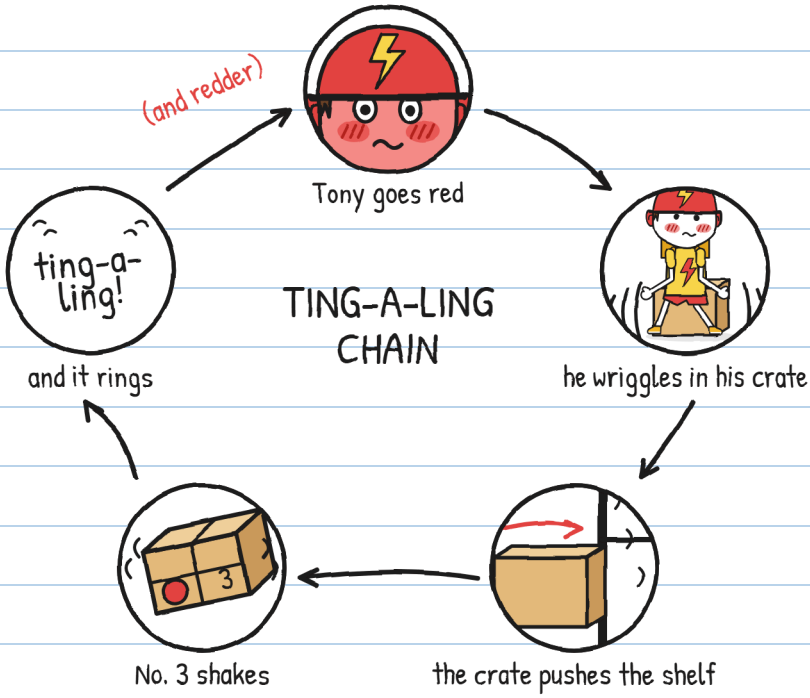
The frog is innocent. I know her. —J.

I went out onto the pavement to check. It had stopped raining.
I opened and closed the door: eeek. I rang Tony's bike bell: BRRRING! I squeezed the frog: squeak.



Inside, Julie was wagging her finger at me: no. It was none of them.
I went back in. Tony wriggled in his crate.
Ting-a-ling.

I crouched down. Tony's crate was leaning against the leg of the shelf.



It wasn't magic. It was Tony.
Inside No. 3 there's something that rings when it's moved.

Like me. –J.

Tony decided to keep still. It lasted this long:

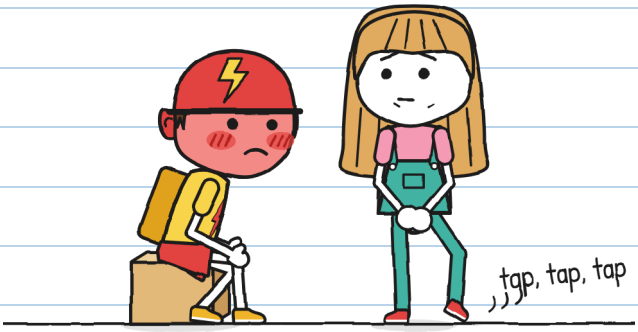


It was only a question. Questions don't push shelves. —J.

This one did.

"It was me," said Tony, looking down at his trainers. "When I was little."
He said it so quietly that the frog heard it better than I did.

Julie opened her mouth. I could see the questions queuing up. Then she looked at Tony, who was still looking down at his trainers, and closed it.

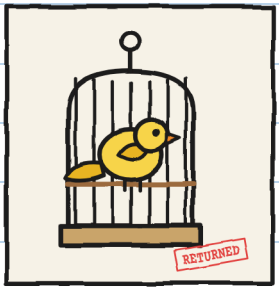


"I won't ask any more," she said.
It cost her. You could tell by her foot.

Questions I didn't ask: nine. I've written them down. —J.

"And why have you never taken it to him?" I asked Mara.
"Twelve times I've taken it. Look at the label: no street, no house number, no surname. I tried every Tonykins I could find."

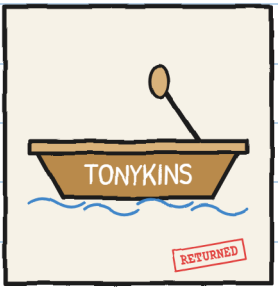
MARA'S TONYKINS



1. A canary.
(Stepped on the label. No good.)



2. Don Antonio, 71 years old.
("I wish.")



3. A boat on the canal.
(It has no hands.)

"What about Tony?" asked Julie.
"The last time I tried, I didn't know him yet," said Mara, and looked at him. "And nobody told me what they called him when he was little."

Mara pulled a purple cloth from under the counter and covered No. 3, the way you cover a parrot's cage so it will sleep. Then she moved Tony's crate two handspans away from the shelf.

"There. Now you can move as much as you like."



Tony could have left. His bike was at the door: in ten minutes he would have been at the other end of the neighbourhood.

He sat down again.

I don't know why. I'm writing it down anyway. And since his crate has no backrest, I've drawn him one.

Nobody asked you for a backrest. —J.

At closing time, Tony stayed behind, doing up his helmet.

"Mara. Tomorrow I'll come and talk about that. But in private."

"These two belong to the shop."

Tony looked at us.

"These two, fine. But nobody from LIGHTNING."



The ting-a-ling had an owner now. What we didn't know was whether the owner wanted it.

I already know how to help him. —J.

That's what worries me.

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Mara made a noise, almost a laugh. Tony laughed too. I hadn't seen him laugh since Saturday.

SIZE M · B1
Mara made a noise like a laugh. Tony laughed too. I hadn't seen him laugh since Saturday.

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One size each. Same ting-a-ling. —J.

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