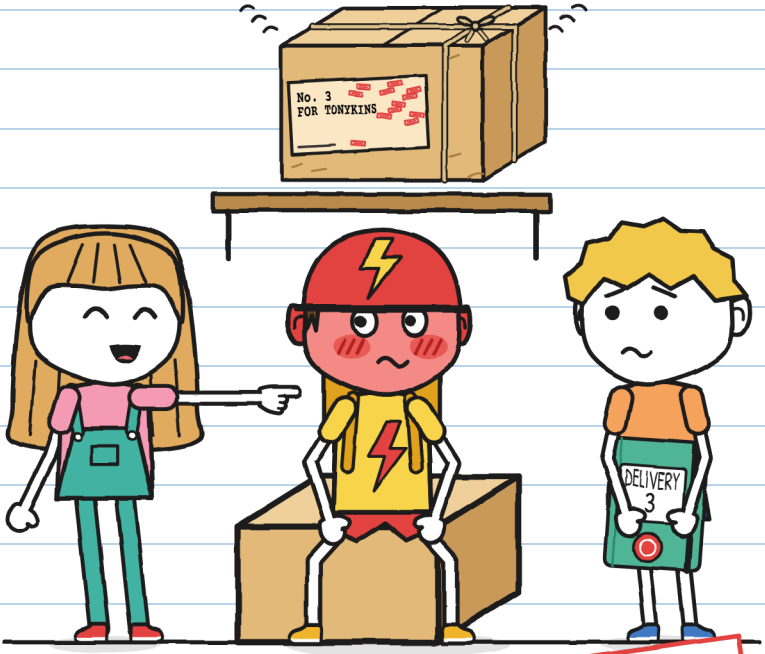
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 3

Return to Sender, Please

Lui Eriksson



(Gus's notebook)

SIZE S
Starter level · 7+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 3
Return to Sender, Please

Text and illustrations: Lui Eriksson

SIZE S · Starter level · 7+

English version: LinguAula

First edition: 2026

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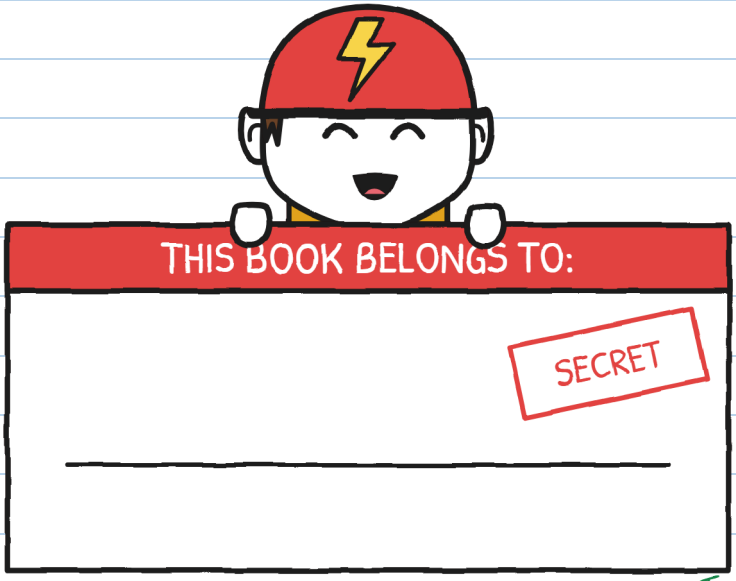
Free to photocopy, for class and for home.

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

LinguAula

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



And I read it first. —J.

If you find it, return it. Please.

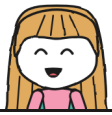


This stamp marks what only happens in the story. A real package doesn't fly back. With a real bike, page 76 rules. —J.

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.

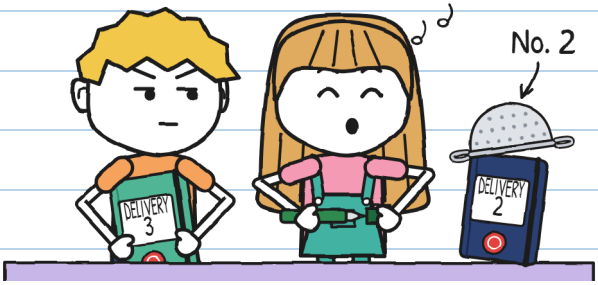


R. Sends the packages nobody can deliver. Nobody says R.'s name.

DELIVERY NOTEBOOK 3
by Gus

SECRET.

"Secret" means: I read it first. And I tell nobody. –J.



Notebook 2 ran out in one storm. This one is green. It has the shop's stamp too. I wanted to write in it first. Julie wrote in it first.

I wrote first, to help. You're welcome. –J.

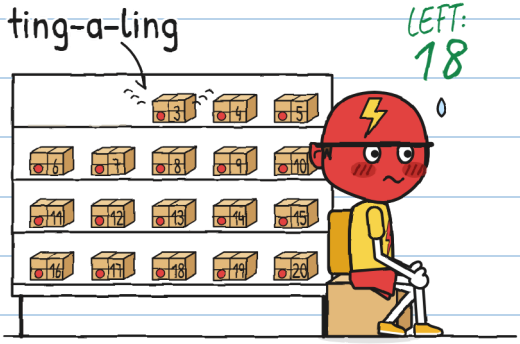
I didn't ask for help. With Julie, it doesn't matter.

CHAPTER 1

Ting-a-ling

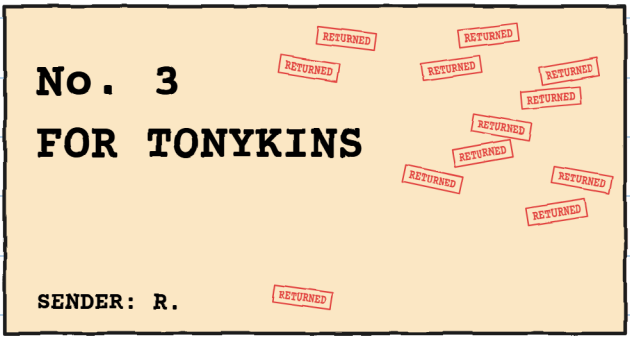
Mara keeps the packages nobody could deliver in her shop, on a shelf. There were twenty. Julie and I have delivered two: a dragon egg and some seeds that ran away. Eighteen are left.

That stormy night, as we left, a package rang. Ting-a-ling.



It was No. 3. Tony delivers for LIGHTNING: ten minutes or it's free. He went the colour of his helmet.

Without a signature, the returns fly back to their shelf at dawn. Only the signature of the person who gets the package counts. On the label. In ink that doesn't come off. R. is the sender: the person who sends them.



Julie started to read the label:
"For To..."
She closed her mouth. She never stops in the middle of a word. I looked at Tony. He was turning red.

I read half a word. I swallowed the other half. —J.

Some people go red all at once. Tony doesn't.
Tony goes red in parts. I wrote it down.

TONY'S REDOMETER



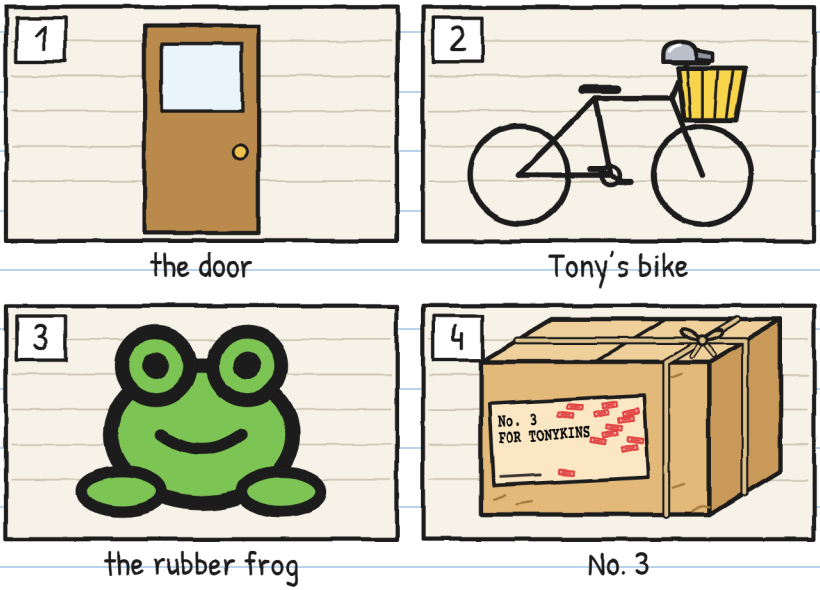
"That package can wait," said Tony, quickly. "It's been waiting for years. One more day. Or ten. LIGHTNING is in no hurry."
It was the first time anyone from LIGHTNING had said that.

That night: 4. I wanted to write 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. The ting-a-ling 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



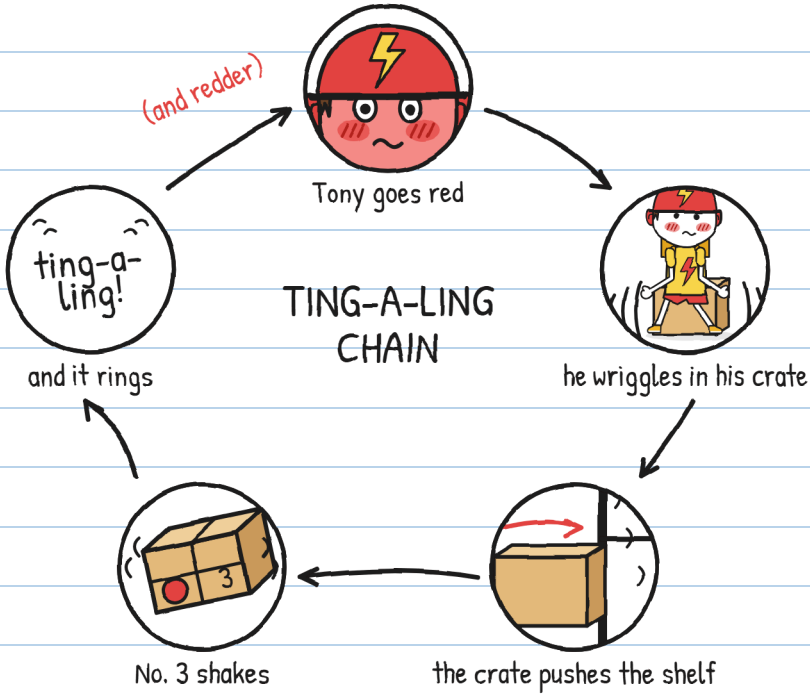
The frog is innocent. I know her. —J.

I went out to test the sounds on the pavement. It had stopped raining.
I opened and closed the door: eeek. I rang the bike bell: BRRRING! I squeezed the frog: squeak.



Julie was wagging her finger: no. None of them sounded like that.
I went in. Tony shifted in his crate.
Ting-a-ling.

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



It wasn't magic. It was Tony. Something inside No. 3 rings when the package moves.

Like me. –J.

Tony decided to keep still. It lasted this long:

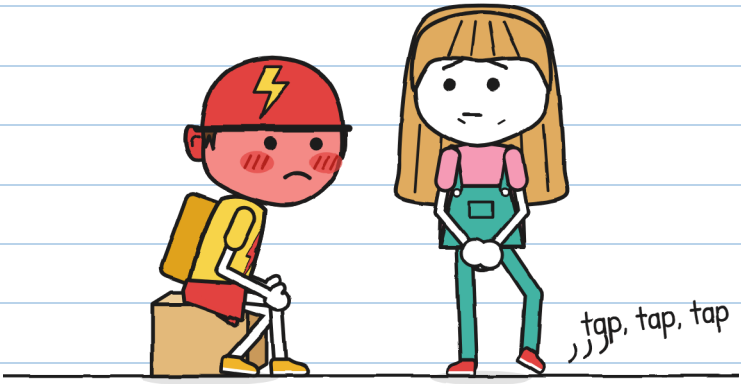


It was only a question. Questions don't push shelves. —J.

This one did.

"It was me," said Tony, looking at his trainers.
"When I was little."
He said it very quietly. The frog heard it better than I did.

Julie opened her mouth. She had lots of questions. Tony kept looking at his trainers. Julie looked at him and closed her mouth.

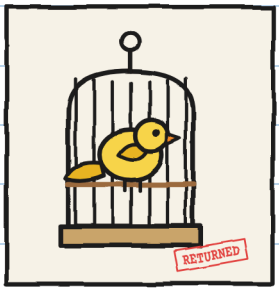


"I won't ask any more," said Julie.
It was hard for her. Her foot kept tapping.

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

"Why did you never take it to him?" I asked Mara.
"I took it twelve times. Look at the label: no street, no house number, no surname. I tried every Tonykins I could find."

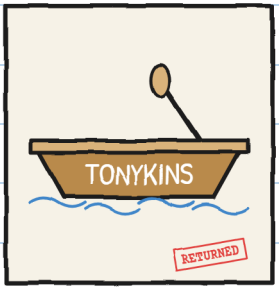
MARA'S TONYKINS



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



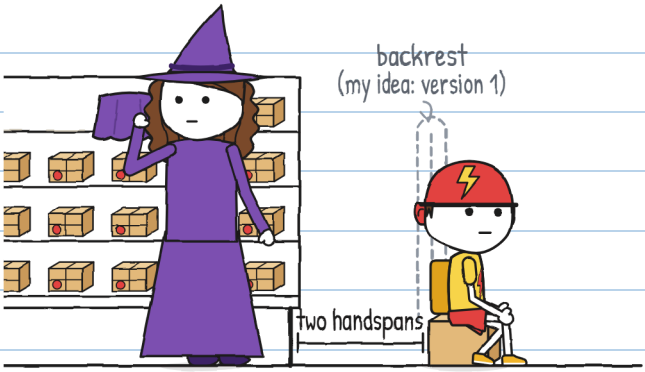
2. Don Antonio, 71 years old.
("I wish.")



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

"What about Tony?" asked Julie.
"Last time, I didn't know Tony yet," said Mara, looking at him. "Nobody told me his name from when he was little."

Mara took a purple cloth from under the counter. She covered No. 3, like a parrot's cage at bedtime. She moved Tony's crate two handspans away from the shelf.
"There. Now you can move."



Tony could have left on his bike. It was at the door. In ten minutes he could cross the neighbourhood.
He sat down again.
I don't know why. I'm writing it down anyway. His crate has no backrest to lean on. I drew him one.

Nobody asked you for a backrest. —J.

At closing time, Tony was the last one. He was fastening his helmet.
"Mara. Tomorrow I'm coming to talk about the package. In private."
"These two are from the shop."
Tony looked at us.
"These two, fine. But nobody from LIGHTNING."



The package was for Tony. We had to find out if he wanted it.

I already know how to help him. –J.

That's what worries me.

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MARA AND TONY LAUGH. CAN YOU SEE THE RED BIKE?

SIZE XS · A1
Mara almost laughed. Tony laughed too. I hadn't seen him laugh since Saturday.

SIZE S · A2
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.

SIZE L · B2
Mara made a noise that in anyone else would have been a laugh. Tony laughed too. I hadn't seen him laugh since Saturday.

SIZE XL · B2-C1
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The CEFR levels are a rough guide for learners of English.

One size each. Same ting-a-ling. –J.

FOR FAMILIES AND TEACHERS

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