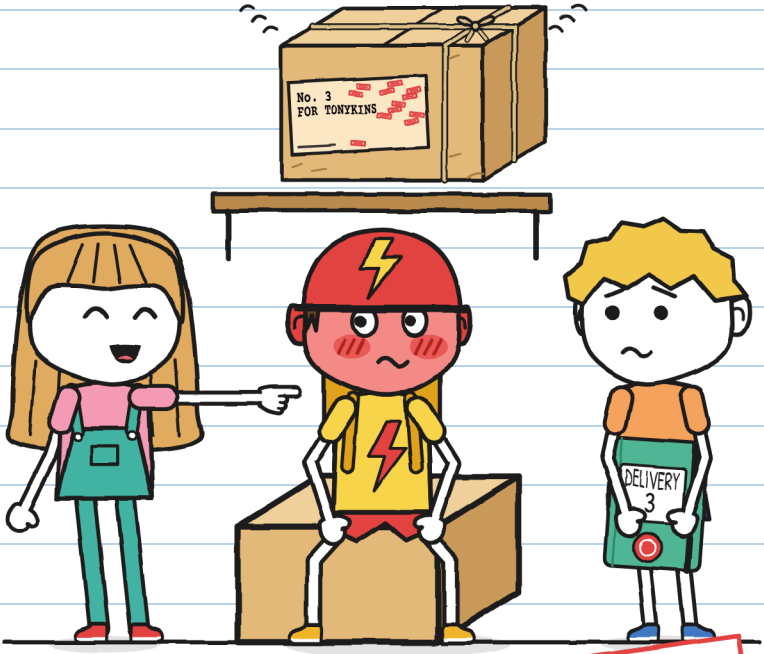
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 3

Return to Sender, Please

Lui Eriksson



(Gus's notebook)

SIZE M
Intermediate level · 9+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 3

Return to Sender, Please

Text and illustrations: Lui Eriksson

SIZE M · Intermediate level · 9+

US English version: LinguAula

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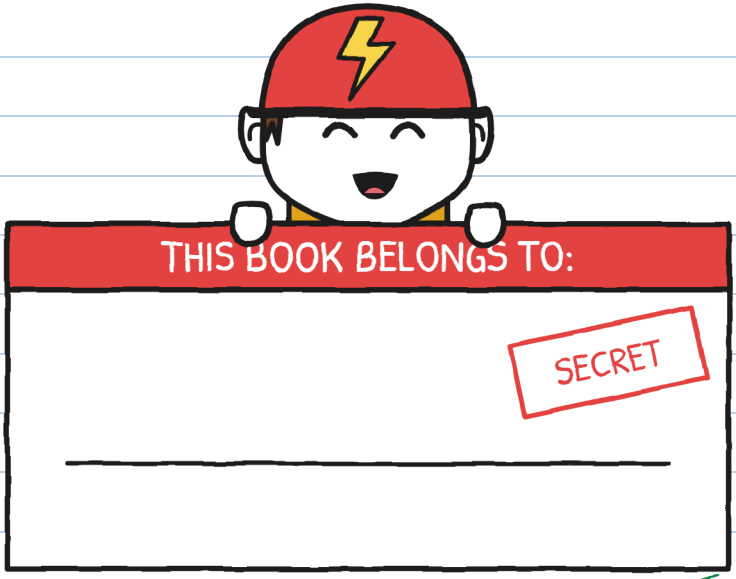
Free to photocopy, for class and for home.

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.

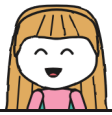


This stamp marks what only happens in the story: real packages don't fly back. With a real bike, page 76 rules. –J.

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. Turns 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.

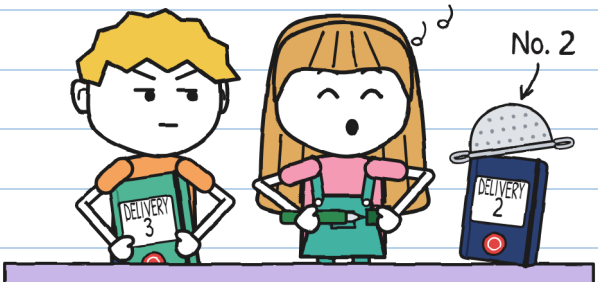


R. Sends the packages nobody can deliver. Nobody says R.'s name.

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.

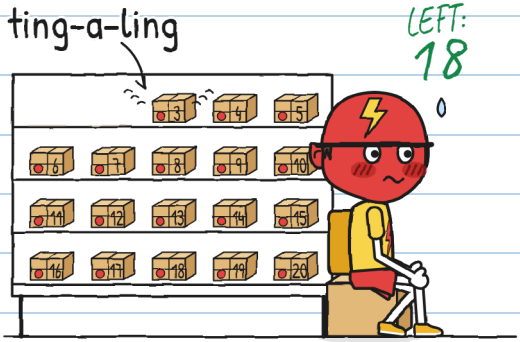
I didn't ask for help. With Julie, it doesn't matter.

CHAPTER 1

Ting-a-ling

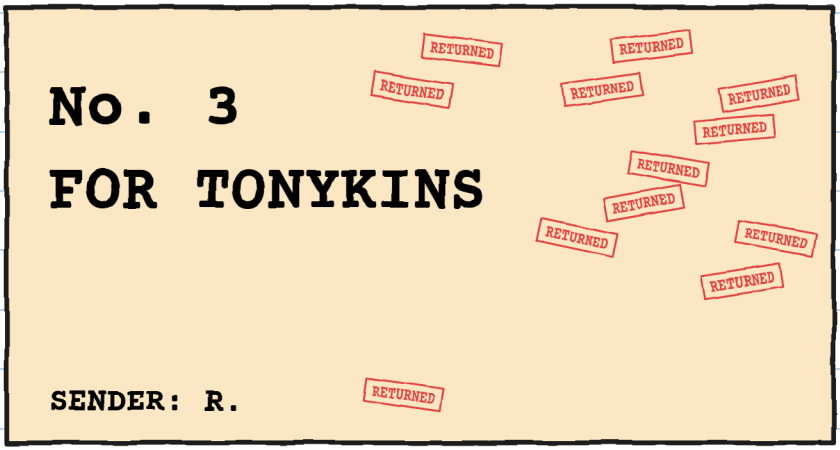
In Mara's shop there are packages that nobody has been able to deliver. They're on a shelf. There were twenty. Julie and I have delivered two: a dragon egg and some seeds that ran. Eighteen are left.

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



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

The returns fly back to their shelf at dawn if nobody signs. Only the signature of whoever receives 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..."
And she closed her mouth. Julie never stops halfway through a word. I looked at Tony: he was starting to turn red.

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

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

TONY'S REDOMETER



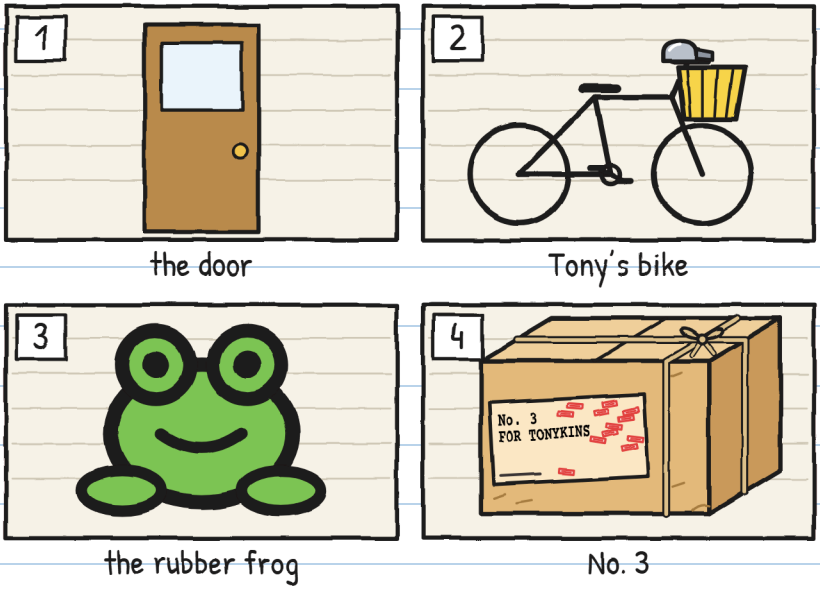
"That package can wait," said Tony, very quickly. "It's been waiting for years, hasn't it? So one more day. Or ten. LIGHTNING is in no hurry."
It was the first time I'd heard anyone from LIGHTNING say that.

That night: 4. I'd 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



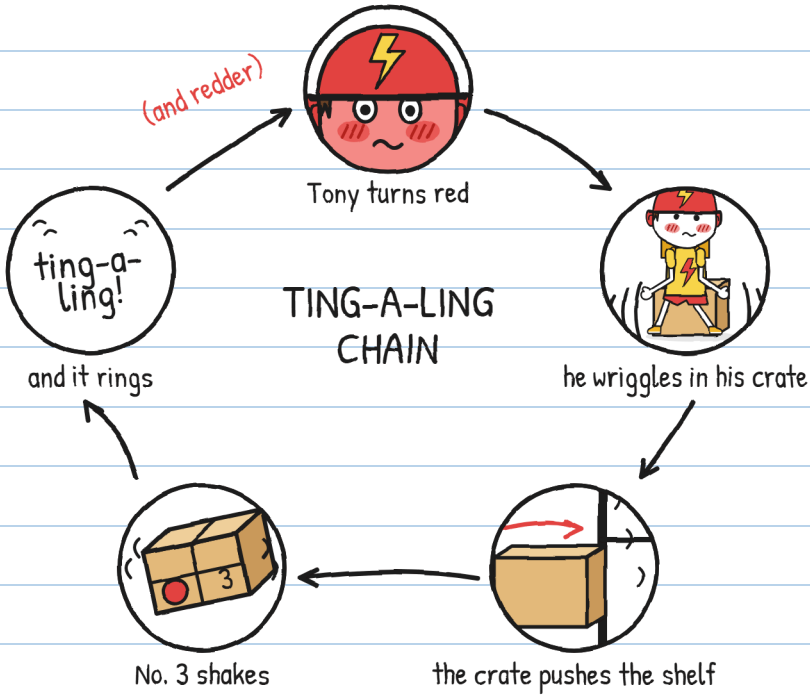
The frog is innocent. I know her. —J.

I went out onto the sidewalk to test the sounds. 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: no. None of them sounded the same.
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.
Something inside No. 3 rings when the package moves.

Like me. –J.

Tony decided to keep still. It lasted this long:

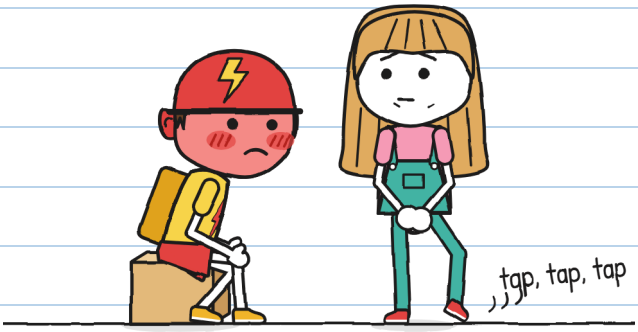


It was only a question. Questions don't push shelves. —J.

This one did.

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

Julie opened her mouth. She wanted to ask lots of questions. She looked at Tony, who was still looking at his sneakers. And she closed it.

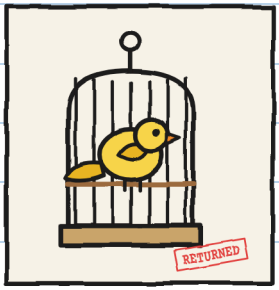


"I won't ask anymore," said Julie.
It was hard for her. You could tell by her foot.

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

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

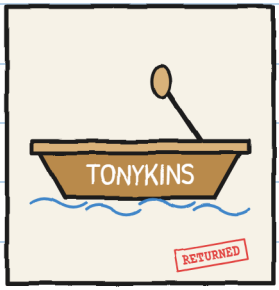
MARA'S TONYKINS



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.
"The last time I tried to deliver it, I didn't know Tony yet," said Mara, and looked at him. "And nobody told me what they called him when he was little."

Mara took a purple cloth from under the counter. She covered No. 3 like a parrot's cage at bedtime. 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. He had his bike at the door. In ten minutes he could have been on the other side of the neighborhood.

He sat down again.

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

Nobody asked you for a backrest. —J.

When the shop closed, Tony stayed behind, fastening 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: Tony. We still had to find out whether he wanted the package.

I already know how to help him. —J.

That's what worries me.

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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.

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One size each. Same ting-a-ling. —J.

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