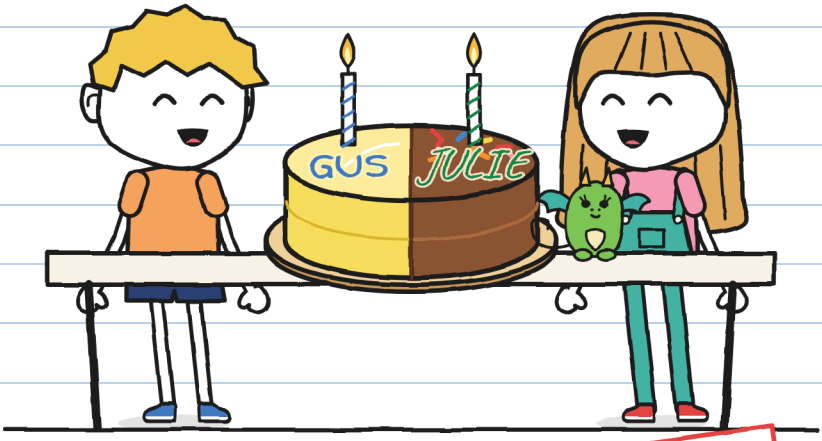
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 5

A Cake for Two

LinguAula



(Gus's notebook)

SIZE L
Advanced level · 11+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 5

A Cake for Two

Text and illustrations: LinguAula

SIZE L · Advanced level · 11+

English version: LinguAula

First edition: 2026

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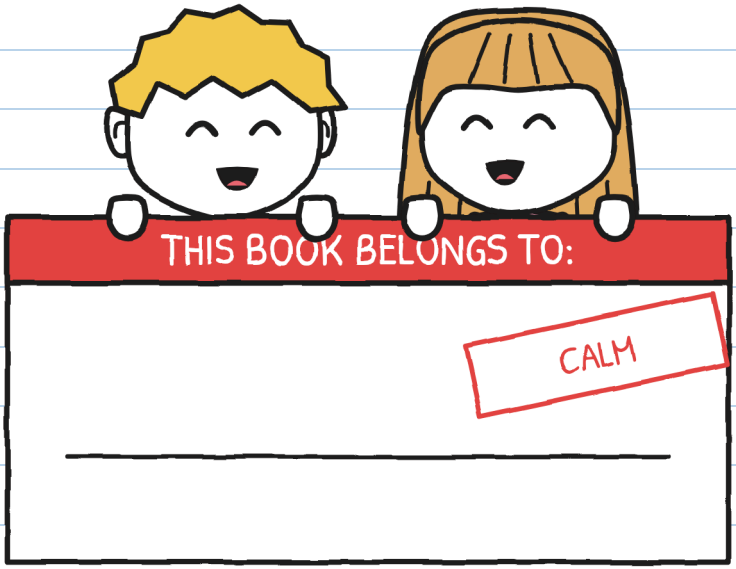
Free to photocopy, for class and for home.

Fifth book in the series. Earlier: "This Package Bites", "Do Not Open Before Thunder", "Return to Sender, Please" and "Not Here, Crumb!".

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No cake was harmed in the writing of this book. Cut in two, yes. —J.



Calm. Until you open it. –J.

If you find it, return it. No surprises: to its owner.

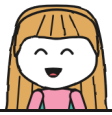


This stamp marks what only happens in the story: real dragons don't exist and packages don't fly back. For a real party, see page 76. –J.

WHO'S WHO



Gus. Saturday courier. This notebook is his. He likes calm afternoons.



Julie. Writes in green and signs J. She likes parties with music. And surprises.



Tony. Delivers for LIGHTNING, in ten minutes or it's free. What he doesn't deliver is tricks.



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



Ellie. The neighbourhood baker. She has one oven and two hands.



Crumb. A dragon hatchling. Lives with Vera. She likes candles. Too much.



Package No. 5. Outside, just like all the others. The label says: ASSEMBLE WHERE IT FITS.



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

DELIVERY NOTEBOOK 5
by Gus

CALM.



Notebook 4 ended with a sleeping slipper. This one is pink, like the icing on cakes, and it has the shop's stamp too.

On the first page I wrote a single word. Julie didn't ask for it: she read it upside down.

"Calm" is what you write when you don't know what's coming. –J.

CHAPTER 1

Two Invitations

Yesterday, Friday the 16th, was my birthday. I celebrated at home, with my mum: lemon sponge, two cups and nobody sang. It was perfect.

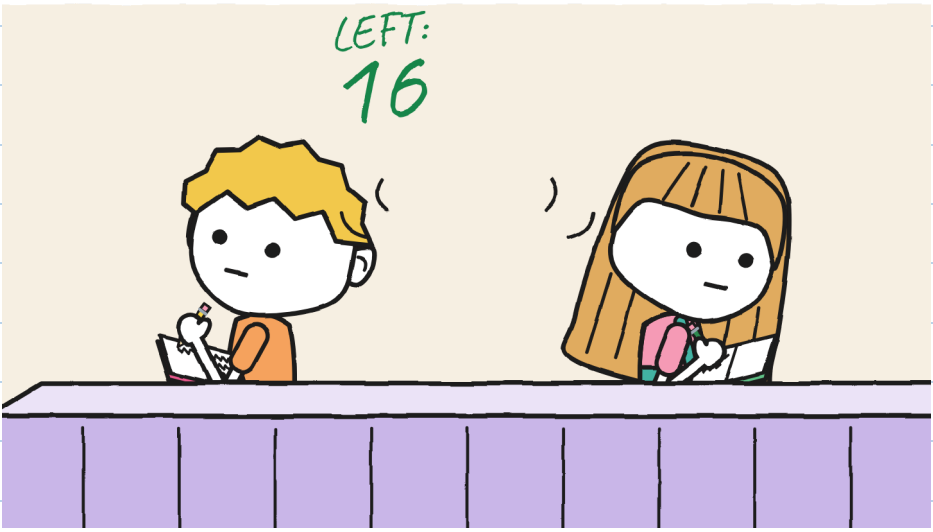
To log it properly, I invented a gadget.



A birthday at 1 isn't a birthday. It's teatime. —J.

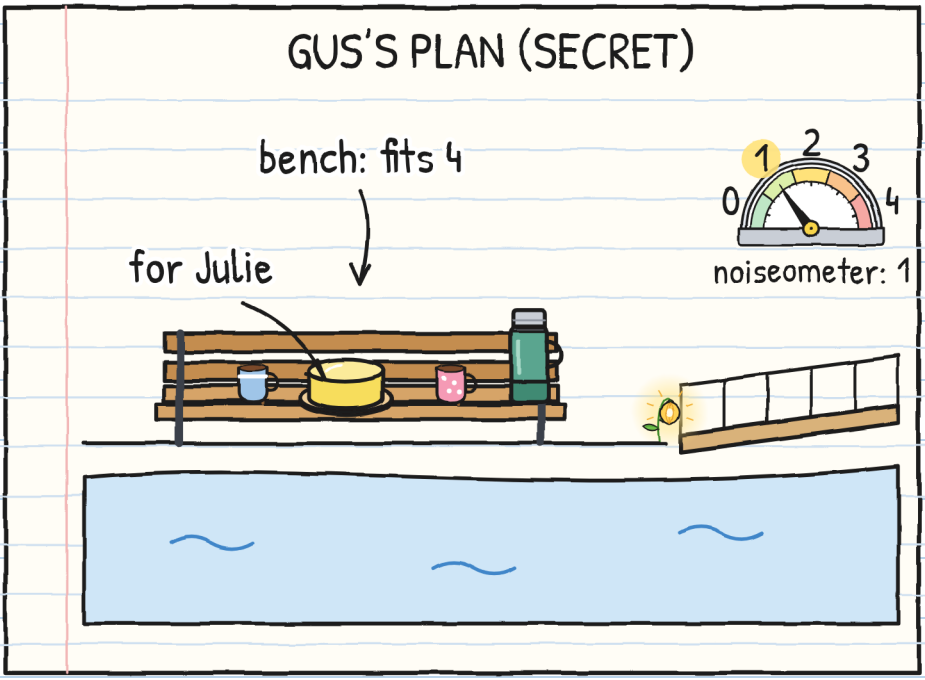
"Wednesday the 21st is mine," said Julie. "And we promised to celebrate them together."
"After the 21st," I said.
"Saturday the 24th. At five."
"At five."

We both wrote it down. Neither of us said anything else. I already knew what the party would be like. So did Julie.



This is what I knew: Julie needs a calm afternoon. She's always running, timing things and asking questions. A teatime on the footbridge bench, with no noise, would do her good.

It would be a surprise. She wouldn't have to prepare anything. Just come.



I didn't find out about Julie's plan until the following Friday. She wrote this page afterwards, in my notebook.

This is what I knew: Gus needs a proper party, with music, even if he doesn't know it. If I ask him, he'll say no. So I won't ask him. –J.



At midday, Tony came back from a delivery, left his bike at the door and sat on his crate. I gave him four blue envelopes.
"One is for you. The others are for Mara, Vera and Flora. It's a surprise for Julie. Don't tell her."
"A surprise I can keep," said Tony.

He put them in his backpack without looking at them.



After I'd gone for lunch, Julie gave him nine green envelopes. Tony told me on Friday.
"One is for you. The others are for Mara, Vera, Flora, Ellie, Don Antonio, Zoe, Bruno and the shoe shop lady. It's a surprise for Gus. Don't tell him."
"A surprise I can keep."

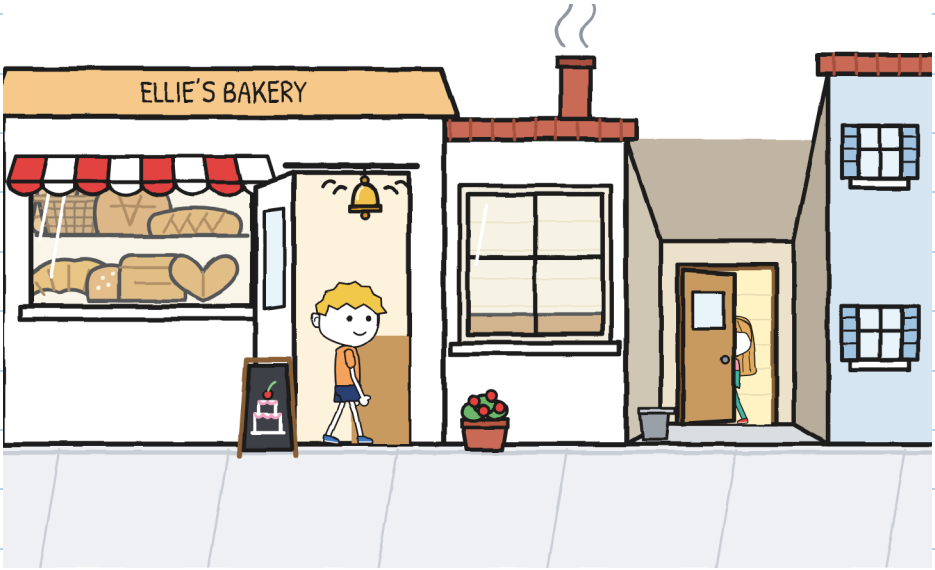
This time Tony opened both of his. The blue one and the green one said the same thing: SATURDAY 24, AT FIVE.

AS TONY TOLD IT



In the afternoon I went to Ellie's bakery to order a cake. As I went in, I heard the kitchen door close. I thought I saw green dungarees.

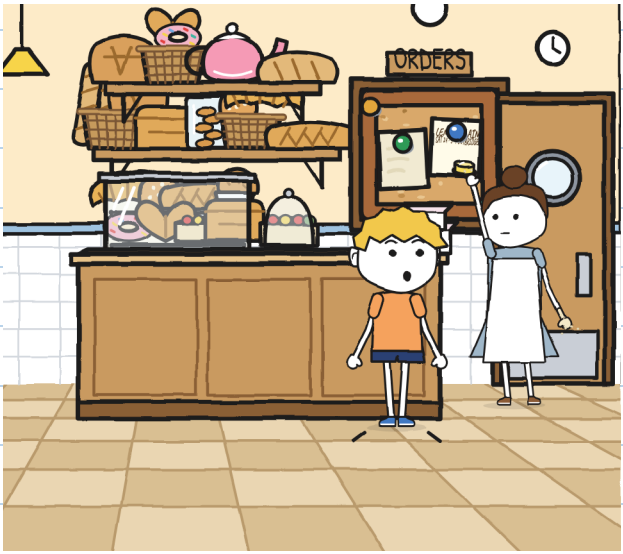
I thought they were another pair of dungarees.



They were mine. Ellie got me out through the kitchen. —J.

"A small lemon cake," I told Ellie. "With nothing on top. For Saturday the 24th, at five, on the footbridge bench. It's a surprise for Julie."

Ellie wrote it on a sheet. Then she looked at her order board, where there was already another sheet, turned face down.
"Saturday the 24th at five? I already have another cake at that time. For somewhere else."
"Whose?"
"It's a secret. Like yours."



I thought it would be for somebody else. Lots of people have birthdays in October.

"I'll keep your secret," said Ellie. "And the other one's, theirs. But I have one oven and two hands. On Saturday at five, both hands go to one place."
"And the other cake?"
"That's for you lot to decide, the ones who ordered them. I make cakes. Parties, no."

I wrote down: "Ellie: one oven, two hands, one place."



Ellie told me the next day. I didn't get the "you lot" either. —J.

In the afternoon, in the shop, Tony emptied his backpack on the counter and sorted the envelopes by colour: the green ones on one side and the blue ones on the other. Then he counted them again.

"Gus, have you talked to Julie about the party?"

"No. It's a surprise."

"Right," said Tony. "At LIGHTNING, a package with two addresses doesn't leave the shop."

"Which two addresses?"

"I can't tell you that. I've been asked not to."



Tony put one invitation of each colour in his backpack pocket.
"These two are mine," he said. "The rest, on Monday."

Then Mara took the box of No. 5 down from the top shelf, just like all the others. Inside, something wooden went crack.
"Ellie's coming at five," she said. "At last."



Two envelopes in one pocket. Neither knew anything about the other. The envelopes, I mean. —J.

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CAN YOU SEE THE OPEN NOTEBOOK?

SIZE XS · A1
I wrote one word on the first page. Julie read it upside down.

SIZE S · A2
On the first page I wrote one word. Julie didn't ask to see it. She read it upside down.

SIZE M · B1
On the first page I wrote a single word. Julie didn't ask to see it: she read it upside down.

SIZE L · B2
On the first page I wrote a single word. Julie didn't ask for it: she read it upside down.

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

One size each. The same cake. —J.

FOR FAMILIES AND TEACHERS

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