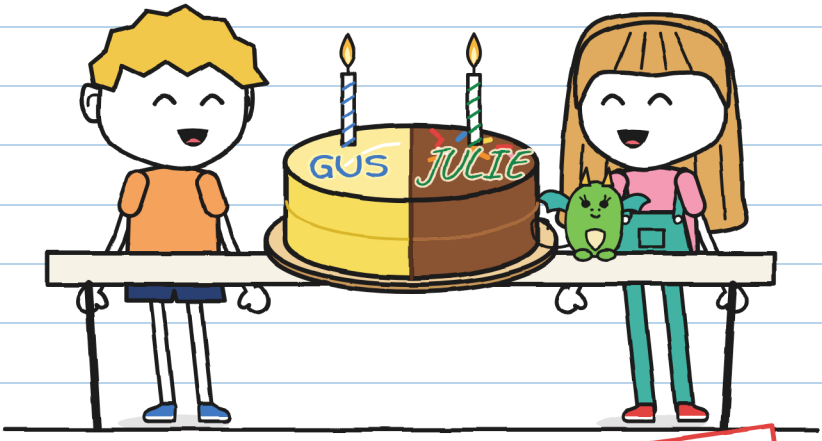
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 5

A Cake for Two

LinguAula



(Gus's notebook)

SIZE S
Starter level · 7+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 5
A Cake for Two

Text and illustrations: LinguAula

SIZE S · Starter level · 7+

US English version: LinguAula

First edition: 2026

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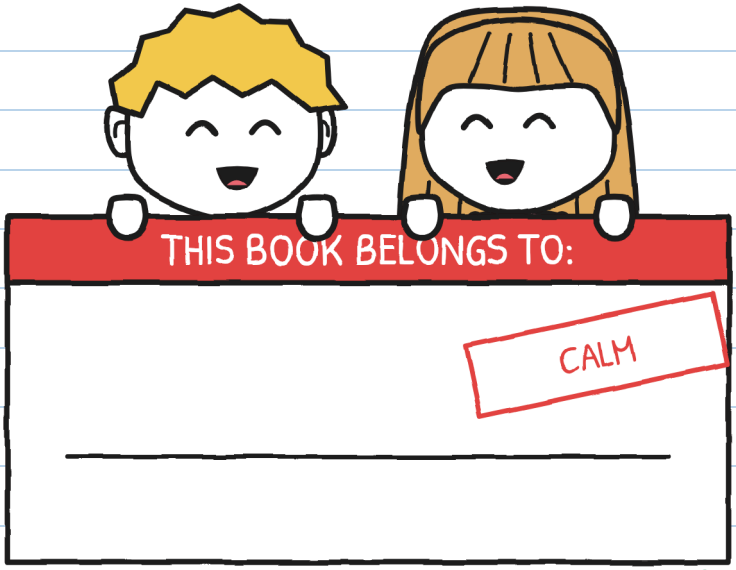
Fifth book in the series. Earlier: "This Package Bites," "Do Not Open Before Thunder," "Return to Sender, Please" and "Not Here, Crumb!"



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



Calm. Until you open it. –J.

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

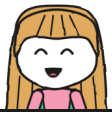


This stamp marks what only happens in the story. Real dragons don't exist. Packages don't fly back. For a real party, see page 76. –J.

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 neighborhood 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 Crumb asleep in my slipper. This one is pink, like the sugar on cakes. And it has the shop's stamp.

On the first page I wrote one word. Julie didn't ask to see 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 mom. Lemon sponge, two cups. Nobody sang. It was perfect.

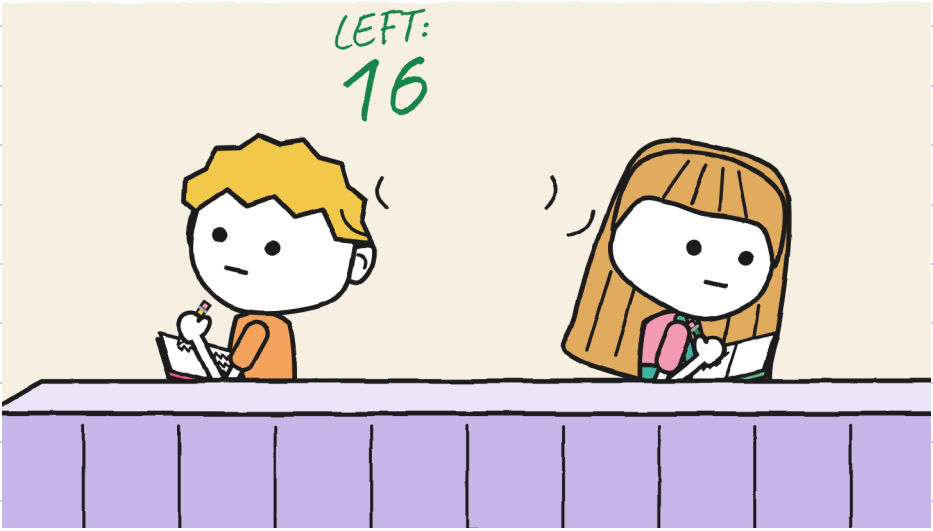
To log it properly, I invented a gadget.



With noise at 1, there's no birthday. There's snack time. —J.

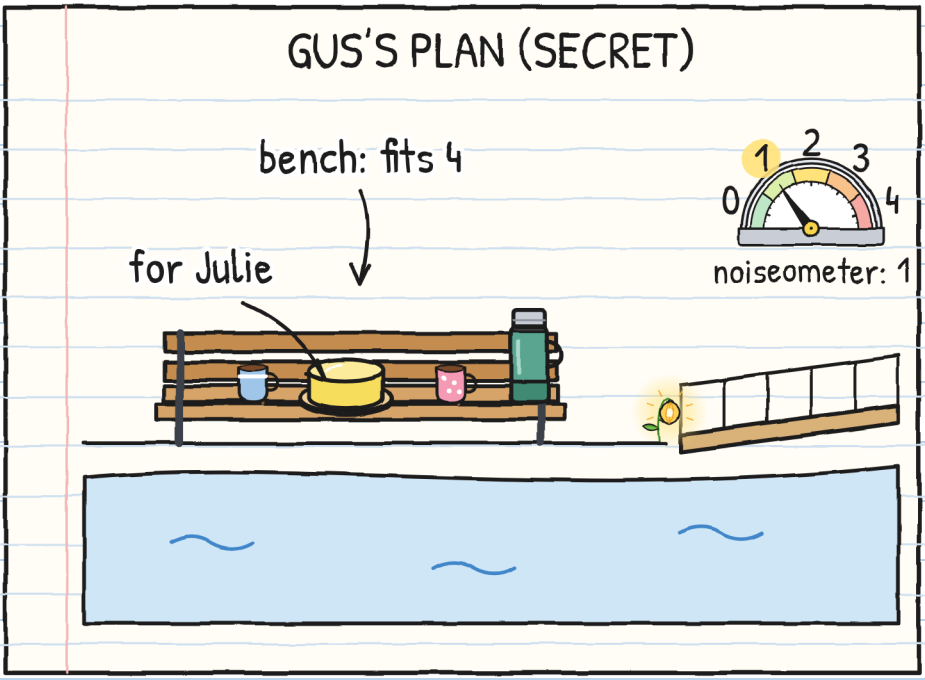
"Wednesday the 21st is mine," said Julie. "We promised to celebrate them together."
"After the 21st," I said.
"Saturday the 24th. At five."
"At five."

We both wrote it down. Nobody said more. I knew what the party would be like. Julie knew too.



This is what I knew: Julie needs a calm afternoon. She always runs, times things and asks questions. A snack with no noise will do her good. On the footbridge bench.

It was a surprise. She didn't have to prepare anything. Just come.



I didn't know Julie's plan until the following Friday. Afterward she wrote this page in my notebook.

This is what I knew: Gus needs a proper party, with music. He doesn't know it. If I ask him, he says no. So I won't ask him. —J.



At midday, Tony came back from a delivery. He 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.



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

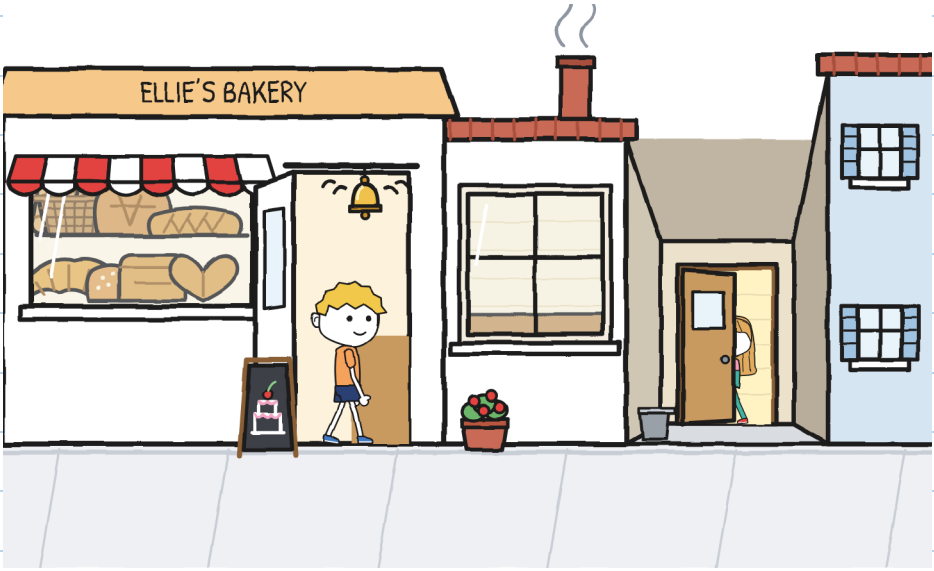
This time Tony opened the blue one and the green one. They said the same thing: SATURDAY 24, AT FIVE.

AS TONY TOLD IT



In the afternoon I went to Ellie's bakery to order a cake. I went in and the kitchen door closed. I thought I saw green overalls.

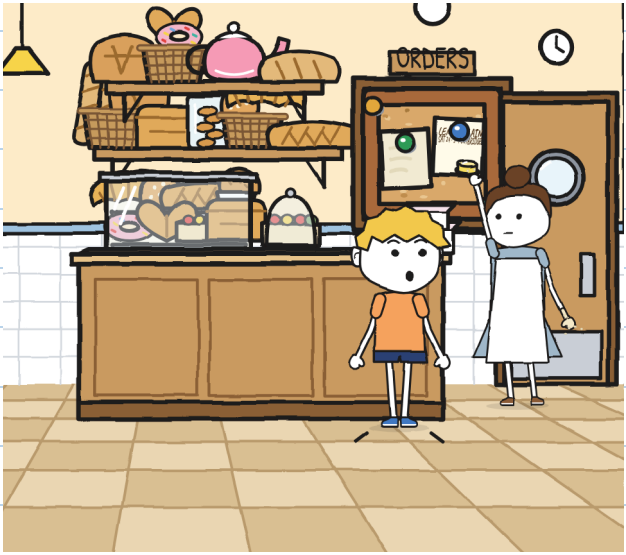
I thought they were another pair of overalls.



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."

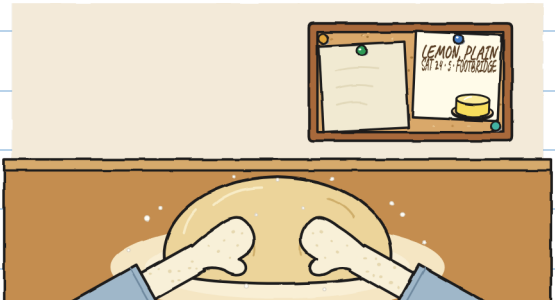
Ellie wrote it on a sheet. Then she looked at her order board. There was already another sheet, face down.
"Saturday the 24th at five? I already have another cake at that time. For somewhere else."
"Whose?"
"It's a secret. Like yours."



I thought it was somebody else's. Lots of people have birthdays in October.

"I'll keep your secret," said Ellie. "And the other customer's, theirs. But I have one oven and two hands. On Saturday at five, both hands go to one place."
"And the other cake?"
"You lot decide that, 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 onto the counter. He separated the envelopes by color: the green ones on one side, the blue ones on the other. He counted them again.

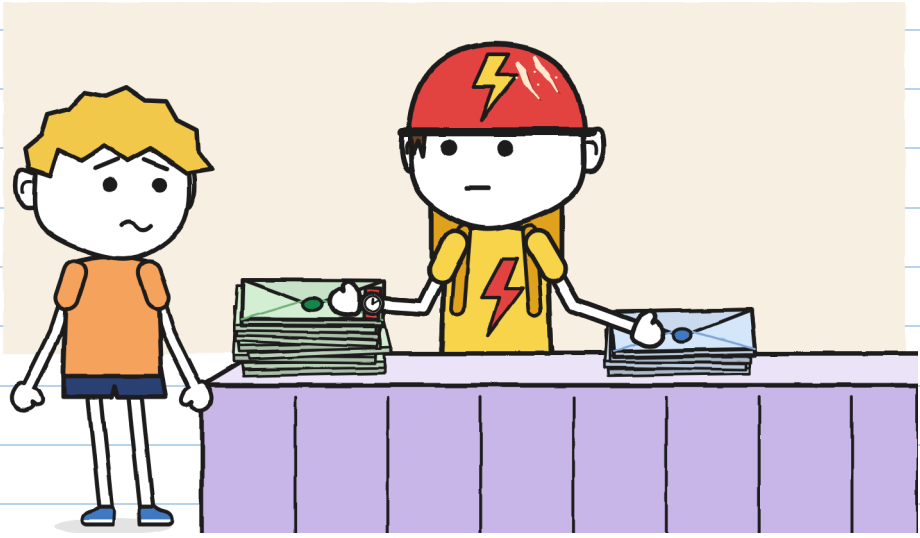
"Gus, have you talked to Julie about the party?"

"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 color in a pocket. "These two are mine," he said. "I'll deliver the rest on Monday."

Mara took the box of No. 5 down from the shelf, the high one. It was 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.

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One size each. The same cake. —J.

FOR FAMILIES AND TEACHERS

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