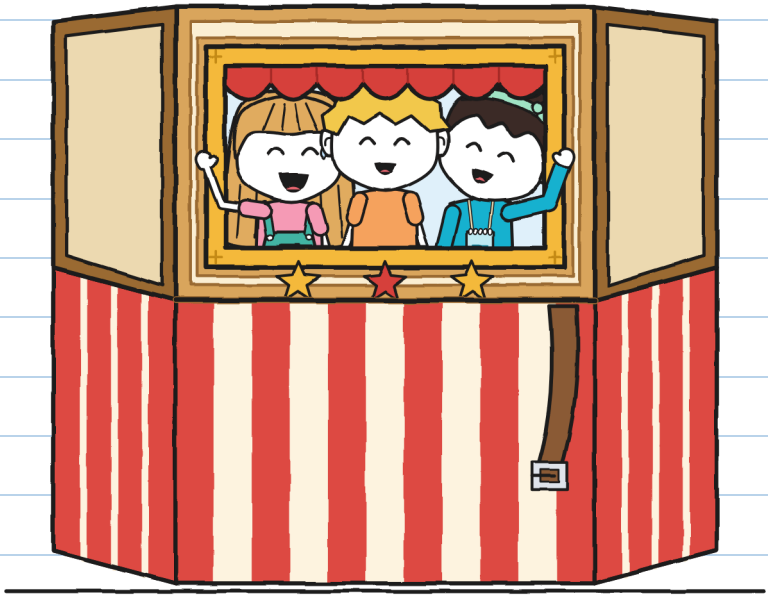
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 6

A Spot for Three

LinguAula



(Gus's notebook)

SIZE L
Advanced level · 11+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 6

A Spot for Three

Text and illustrations: LinguAula

SIZE L · Advanced level · 11+

English version: LinguAula

First edition: 2026

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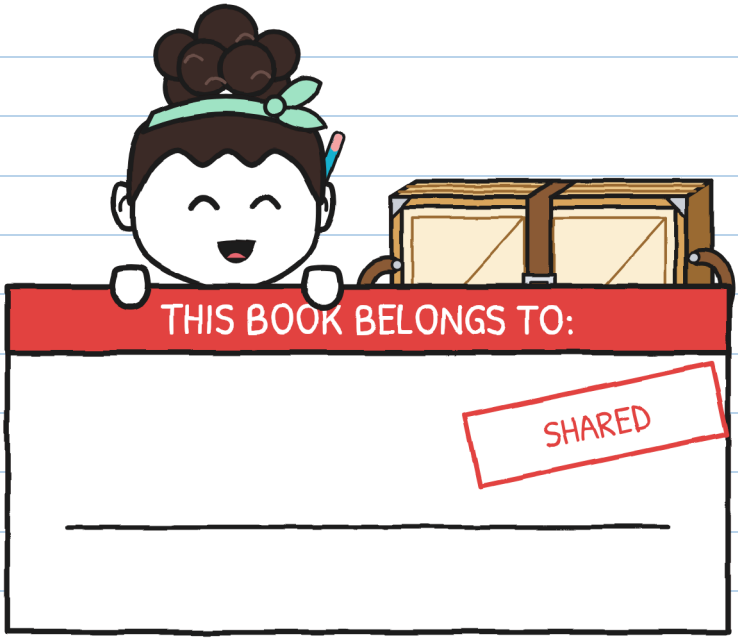
Free to photocopy, for class and for home.

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

LinguAula

Work through every chapter at linguaula.com

Three carry it. I've chosen a handle. —J.



Shared. We fit. –J.

If you find it, return it folded.

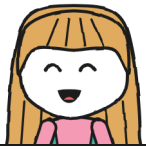
ONLY IN THE STORY

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

WHO'S WHO



Gus. Measures in centimetres. This week he counts something else too.



Julie. Knows the way. Explaining it is another matter.



Noa. Julie's friend from way back. Measures in steps: she always has them on.



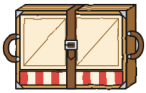
Irene. Runs the theatre workshop. She doesn't say which way: she says "stop".



Tony. From LIGHTNING and the shop. Times things and gives no opinions. Nearly.



Mara. Lends the package. She doesn't let go of the box.



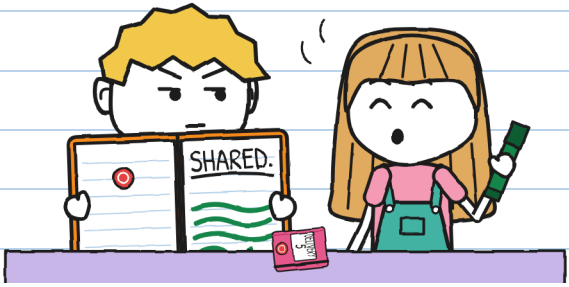
No. 6. A theatre that fits in a box. If nobody holds the strap, it opens wherever it likes.



R. Sender. This time R. left a line in an inventory.

DELIVERY NOTEBOOK 6
by Gus

SHARED.



Notebook 5 ended with two needles on one dial. This one is orange, like a tangerine, and it has the shop's stamp too.

On the first page I wrote a single word and left half the page free, just in case. It didn't stay free for even a minute.

I shared the first page with my handwriting. —J.

CHAPTER 1

Why Does It Take Three?

On Monday, coming out of school, Julie was waiting at the counter with an envelope. It wasn't green or blue. It was turquoise, and sealed.

"The postman brought it. It says 'To the Impossible Deliveries shop'. I've been not opening it for a while."
"How long?"
"Twenty-eight minutes," said Tony from his crate, watch in hand. "Neighbourhood record."

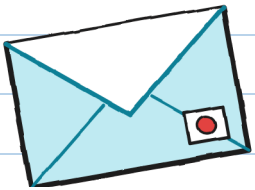


It wasn't mine. Envelopes that aren't mine weigh three times as much. –J.

Mara opened it with a fingernail.

I'm Irene, in charge of the theatre workshop at the community centre.
While updating the inventory I found a line:
"Folding little theatre: pending receipt."
Do you have it?
The neighbourhood rally is on Saturday the 31st.
If the little theatre arrives folded at our yard,
carried by a team of three, I'll sign for it on the spot.
Noa's team has a spot for three and, for now, only she is on it.

Julie: it's me! I do theatre now.
Bring someone who knows about packages. –Noa

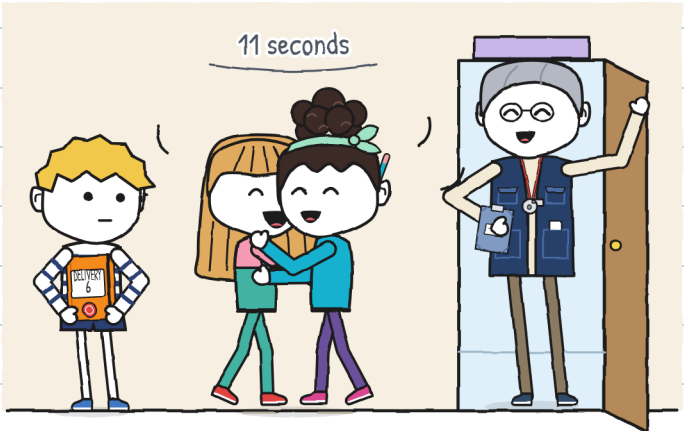


"Someone who knows about packages." That was me. I liked the "packages" part. The "someone" part, less so.

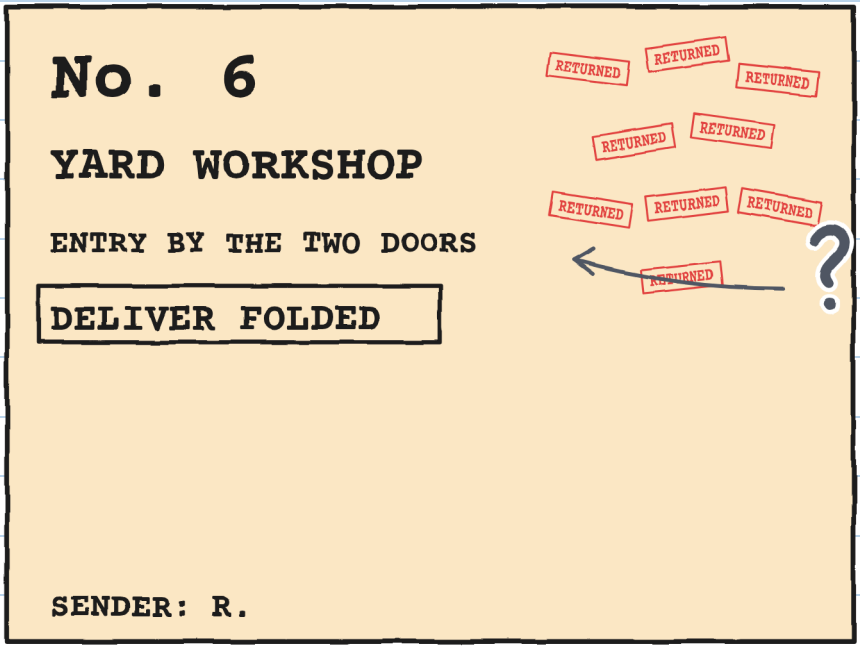
At five, the two of them arrived. Irene had a folder, a gilet full of pockets and a whistle hanging round her neck. Noa had a notebook hanging from a string and a turquoise pencil behind her ear.

Julie and she hugged for so long that I had time to measure it: eleven seconds. I stayed to one side, with my notebook. A notebook is good for that too: for having something in your hands.

"This is Gus," said Julie. "He knows about packages."
"Hello, Gus who knows about packages," said Noa. And she wrote my name in her notebook.



Mara climbed on the blue stool and took No. 6 down from its shelf. A box like all the others.



"Nine stamps," said Julie.
"'The two doors,'" read Noa. "What two doors?"

Irene didn't know. Neither did Mara. I wrote it down with a question mark.

"I took it nine times," said Mara. "On Mondays the sewing group opened up. On Wednesdays, the choir. On Fridays, the chess club. 'The workshop? Not here.' Nobody signed for a workshop."
"The theatre rehearses in the yard," said Irene. "And in the yard there's no bell."

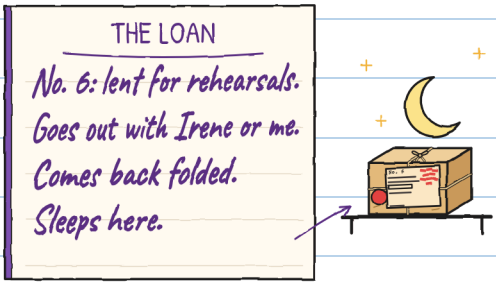
She opened the folder and showed Mara a sheet with the centre's stamp.

"It's in the register now: 'Theatre workshop. In charge: Irene.' Somebody signs for a workshop now."



"Now that there's someone to sign, why doesn't Mara take it in her box, like Ellie's stand?" asked Julie.
"I took it in its box nine times," said Mara. "Now the conditions are set by whoever receives it."
"A folding little theatre is for taking to squares," said Irene. "I need to see that my kids can manage it in the street. If they can't, it doesn't work for me. And I don't sign what doesn't work for me."

"I've heard that before in a bakery," said Mara. And she wrote her conditions in the logbook. The label stays on the box, and the box stays with Mara.

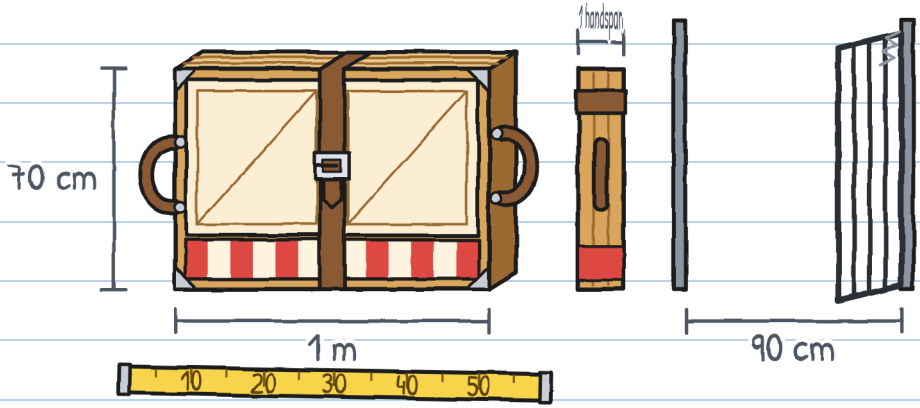


If it sleeps on its shelf, at dawn it has nowhere to go back to. It stays at nine stamps. I asked. —J.

On Tuesday we went to the community centre yard. You go in from the pavement through an iron gate that closes by itself.

Mara put the box on the ground and undid the lid. Coming out, the little theatre grew, like Ellie's stand. I don't get scared any more: I take out my tape.

MEASUREMENTS OF NO. 6

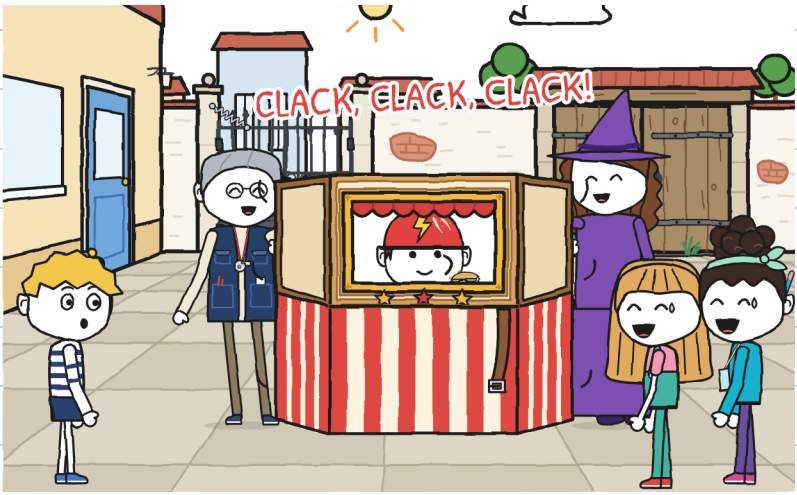


On its edge, it fitted through the gate. That was the easy part.

Before anything else, Irene wanted to check it was all there. She undid the strap and turned the bundle. The panels opened by themselves, from their own weight: clack, clack, clack. A stage with three walls, a short curtain and a framed window in the back panel.

Through the window you could see Tony, passing by with a sandwich. His mouth was full. He couldn't say hello.

"It's all there," said Irene. "Workshop rule: hands on the handles. Never on the hinges. And on turns, somebody holds the strap."



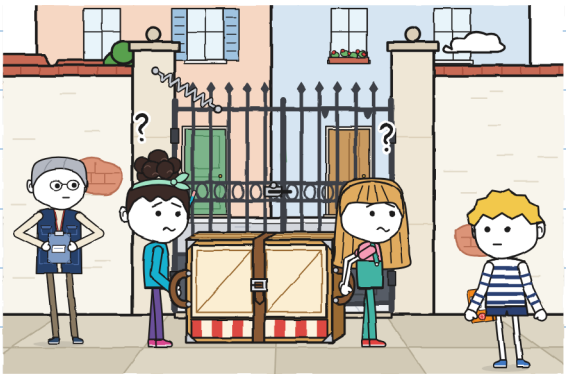
Irene and Mara folded it and fastened the strap.

"We'll try it," said Julie. Noa was already at the other handle.

They counted to three and lifted it. They could. They did a lap of the yard. They reached the gate. The gate was shut.

Julie looked at it. Noa looked at it. They had four hands and all four were busy.

I was two metres away, with both of mine free and a notebook.



I held the gate with my back. They went through. Irene wrote something in her folder.

That afternoon I invented this notebook's gadget.

THE THREE-GAUGE

who does what on each leg

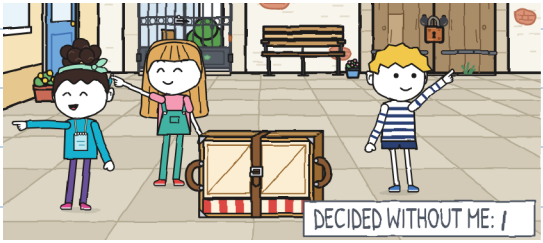
	CARRY 	GUIDE 	CLEAR THE WAY 
yard, first try	Julie and Noa	Julie and Noa	
yard, second try	Julie and Noa	Julie and Noa	Gus

Two names repeated and one box empty: it doesn't pass. With every box filled, it does.

And I noted down something else, smaller: "A gate can be held by a stone too."

We still had to work out the label.
"The two doors are the two halves of the gate,"
said Julie.
"Both have to be opened," said Noa.
"First we could measure the wall from outside," I said.
We all pointed at once: Julie at the gate, Noa at the workshop room, me at the street.
"Later," they both said.

I went alone. I walked round the wall and found something. When I came back, they were laughing about something from before I came. I opened my mouth.
"It's decided, Gus," said Julie. "It's the two halves."
I closed my mouth. And the notebook.



I saw that tally mark two days later. It was mine. –J.

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GUS WROTE A WORD AND LEFT ROOM. CAN YOU SEE THE WORD "SHARED"?

SIZE XS · A1
I wrote one word. I left half a page free. It didn't stay free for even a minute.

SIZE S · A2
On the first page I wrote one word. I left half the page free, just in case. It wasn't free for even a minute.

SIZE M · B1
On the first page I wrote a single word. I left half the page free, just in case. It didn't stay free for even a minute.

SIZE L · B2
On the first page I wrote a single word and left half the page free, just in case. It didn't stay free for even a minute.

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Each in their own size. The same little theatre. —J.

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