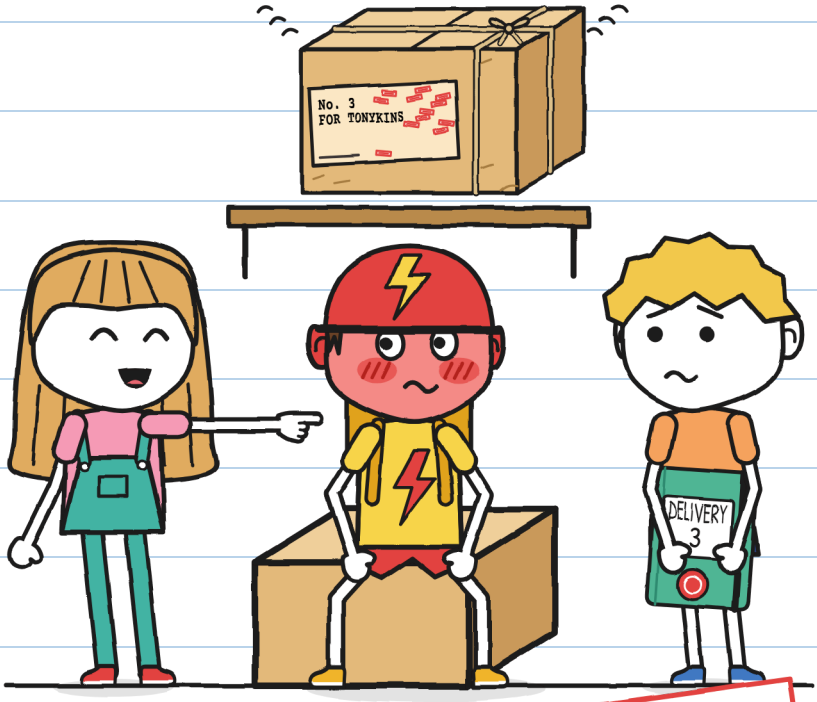
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 3

Return to Sender, Please

Lui Eriksson



(Gus's)

SIZE XS
First readers · 5+

IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 3

Return to Sender, Please

Text and illustrations: Lui Eriksson

SIZE XS · First readers · 5+

English version: LinguAula

First edition: 2026

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Third book in the series.

LinguAula

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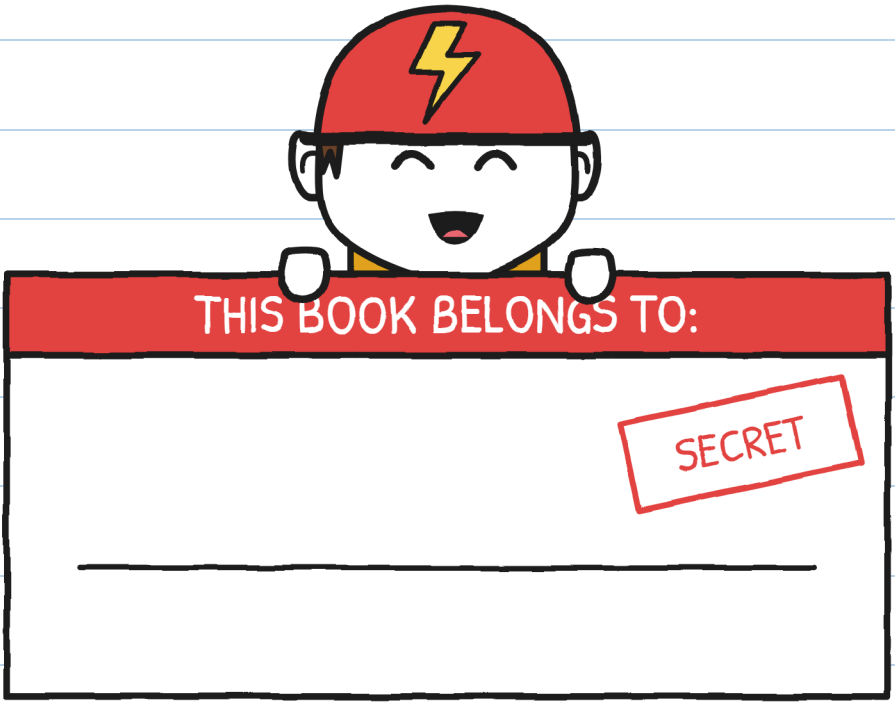
Nobody got hurt. Red, yes. —J.



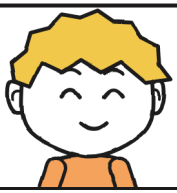
I read first. –J.

If you find it, return it. Please.

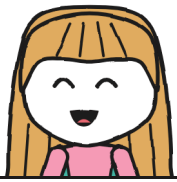
ONLY IN THE STORY

Real bike: see page 76. –J.

WHO'S WHO



Gus draws things.



Julie writes in green.



Tony goes red.



Mara, the witch.



Zoe gives out nicknames.



Bruno had a puncture.



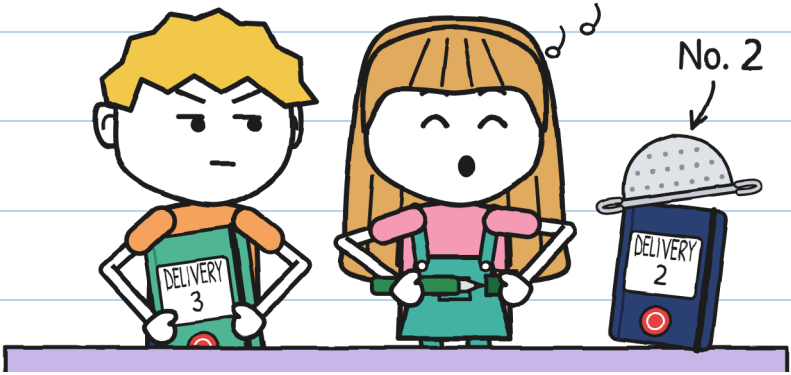
No. 3 rings.



R., no name.

DELIVERY NOTEBOOK 3
by Gus

"Secret": I read it first. —J.



Notebook 2 is finished. This one is green. Julie used it first.

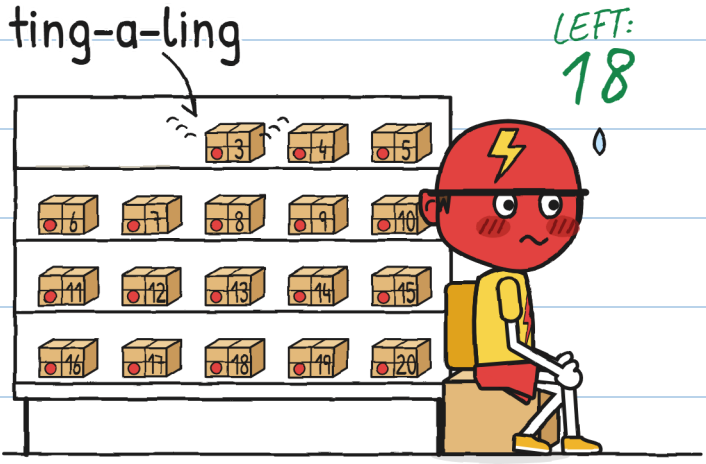
To help. You're welcome. —J.

I didn't ask her for help.

CHAPTER 1

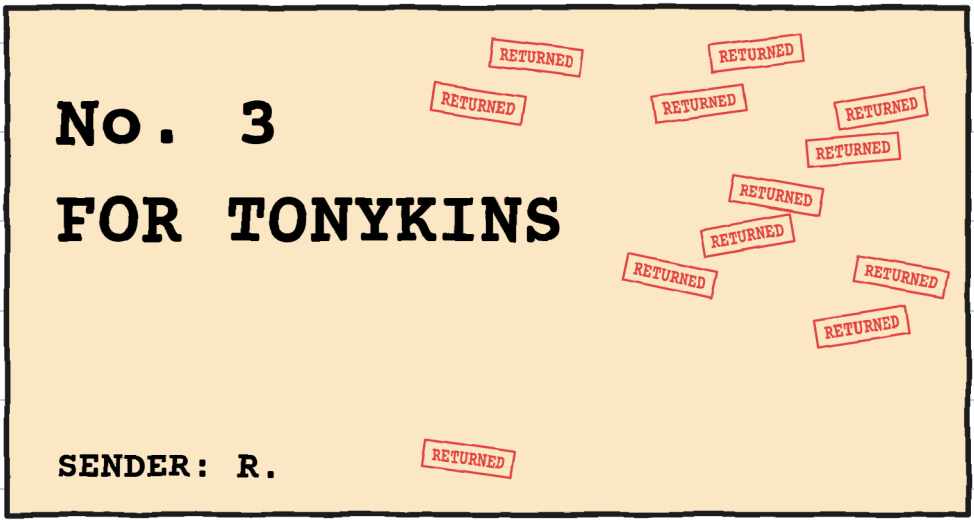
Ting-a-ling

Mara keeps the packages
nobody delivers.
That stormy night, a package rang.
Ting-a-ling.



It was No. 3. Tony went red.

Without a signature, the return flies back. Only the receiver's signature counts.



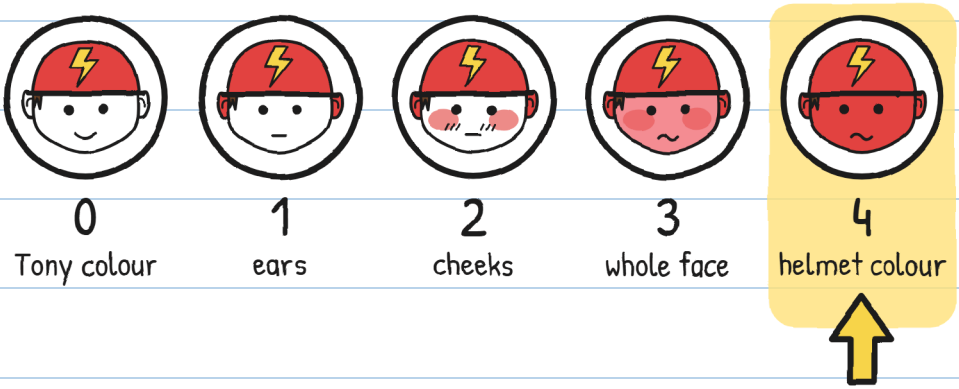
Julie read: "For To..."

She stopped. Tony went red.

I read half a word. —J.

Tony goes red in parts.

TONY'S REDOMETER



"That package can wait," said Tony.

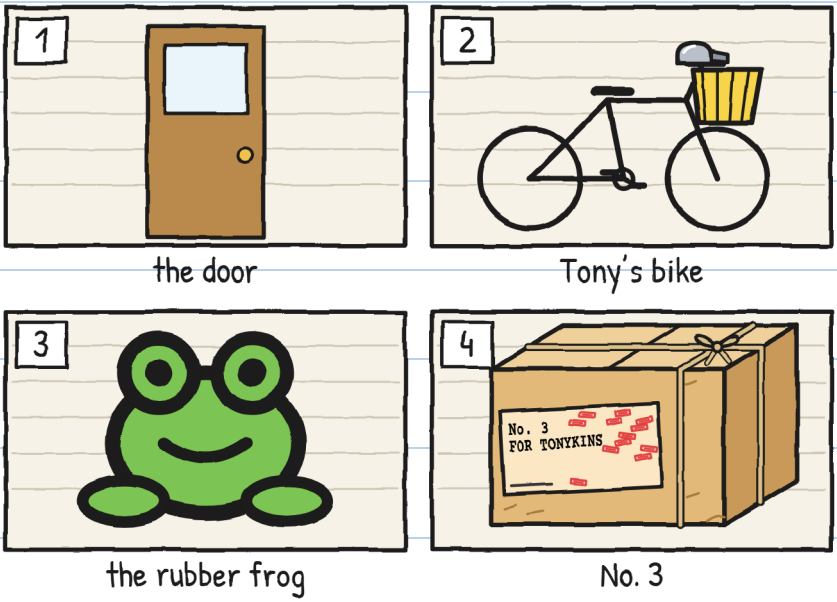
LIGHTNING is in no hurry.

It was the first time LIGHTNING waited.

That night: 4. Only green. —J.

"Nothing opens tonight," said Mara.
It rang again: ting-a-ling!
"The door!" said Julie.
When I don't understand
something, I make a list.

TING-A-LING SUSPECTS



The frog is innocent. —J.

I tested sounds on the pavement.

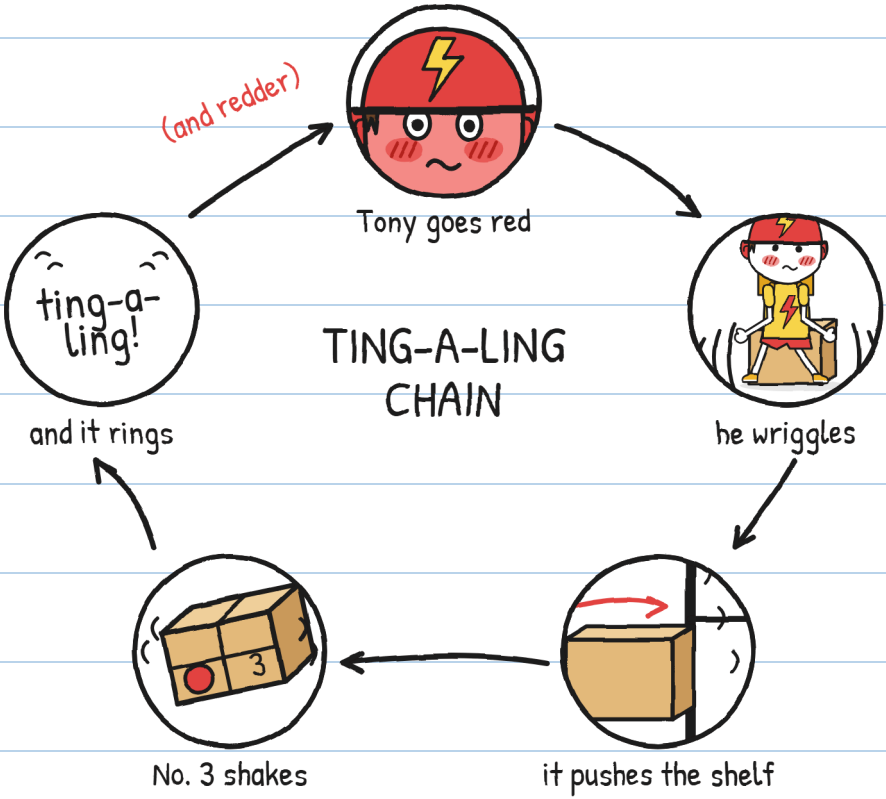
Door, bell, frog: eeek, BRRRING, squeak.



None sounded like that. Tony moved.

Ting-a-ling.

Tony's crate touched the shelf.



It wasn't magic. It was Tony.

Something inside rings.

Like me. —J.

Tony decided to keep still. It lasted this long:



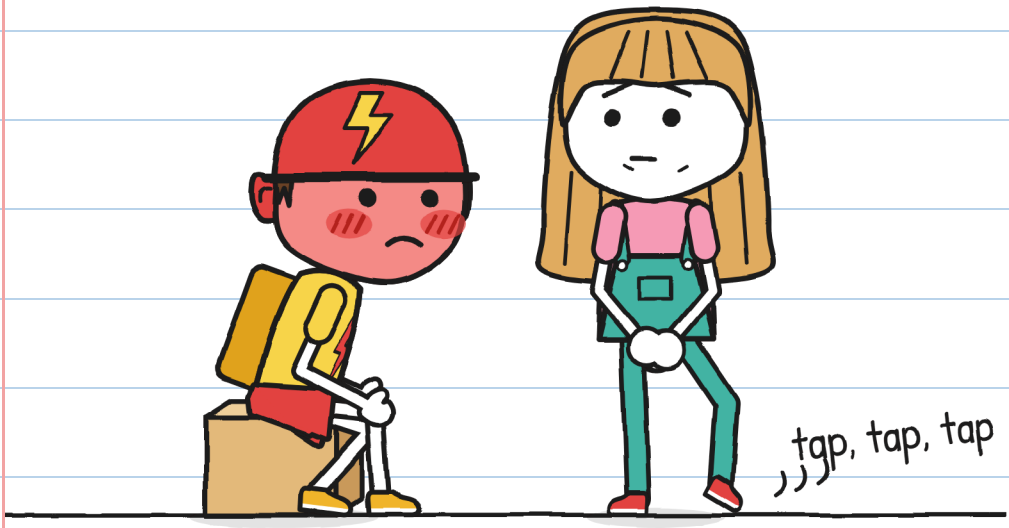
Questions don't push shelves. —J.

This one did.

"It was me, when I was little."

Julie had questions.

She closed her mouth.



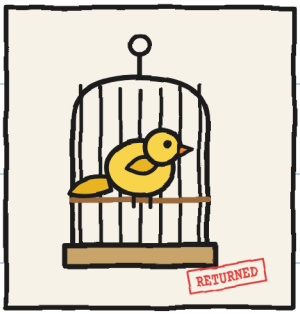
"No more questions," said Julie.

Her foot tapped.

Questions not asked: nine. —J.

"Why didn't you deliver it?" I asked.
"Twelve times. No street,
number or surname."

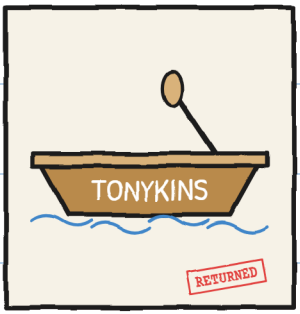
MARA'S TONYKINS



1. A canary.
(No good.)



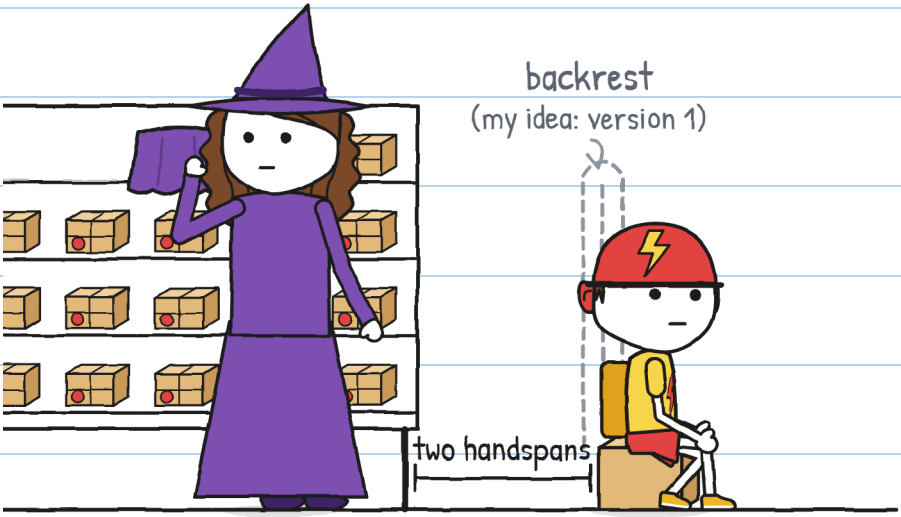
2. Don Antonio, 71 years old.
("I wish.")



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

"What about Tony?" asked Julie.
"Nobody told me his name," said Mara.

Mara covered No. 3. She moved Tony's crate away. "Now you can move."



Tony could have left on his bike. He sat down again.

Nobody asked for a backrest. –J.

"I'm coming tomorrow," said Tony.
"In private. Nobody from LIGHTNING."



The package was for Tony. Did he want it?

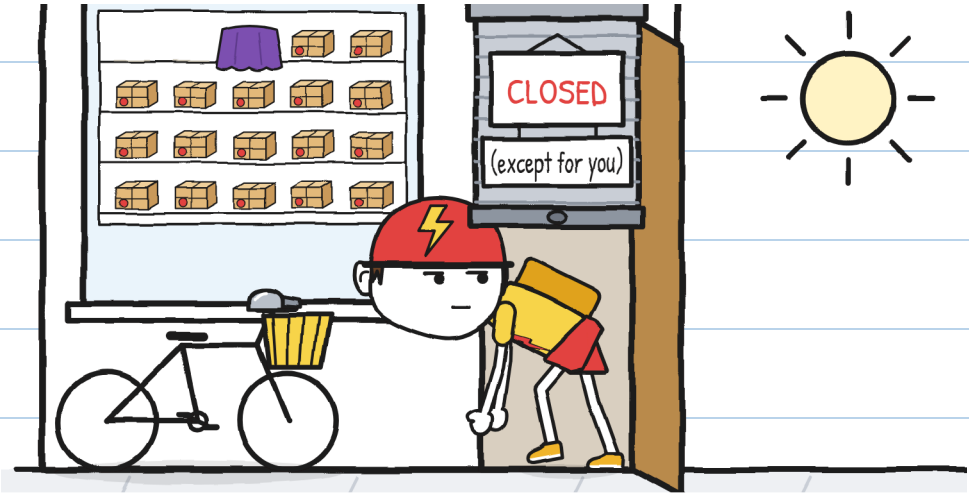
I know how to help. —J.

That's what worries me.

CHAPTER 2

I Didn't Say Yes

On Sundays the shop is closed. Tony arrived at eleven. He looked both ways. No one from LIGHTNING.



Early. Just in case. –J.

Mara put No. 3 on the counter.

"Do you want it?"

"I didn't say yes."

"You didn't say no."

"I said: 'I didn't say yes.'"



Three sentences to avoid signing. —J.

Tony grabbed the box like a hot pan.

Ting-a-ling.

He let go.

"What if he takes it?" said Julie.

"The stamp goes by ink," said Mara.

DOES IT COUNT AS DELIVERY?		
	Looking at it	NO
	Grabbing it	NO
	Taking it home	NO
	Signing in ink	YES

We think differently. –J.

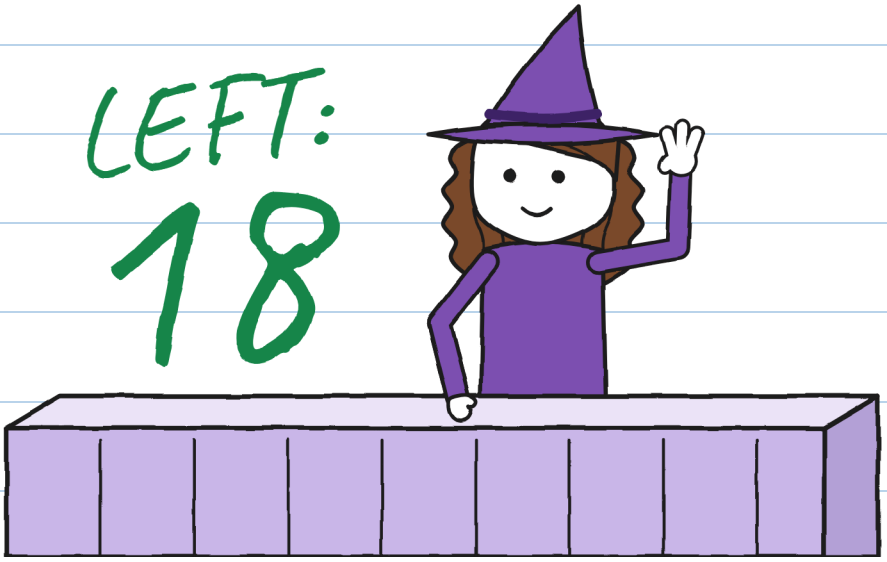
"This delivery is yours," said Mara.

Three conditions:

1. Box closed.
2. Tony must ask.
3. Signing is optional.

"And if he never wants to?"

"Then never."



Tony was quiet for four minutes. For LIGHTNING, almost half a delivery.

"I'll take it, closed," said Tony.

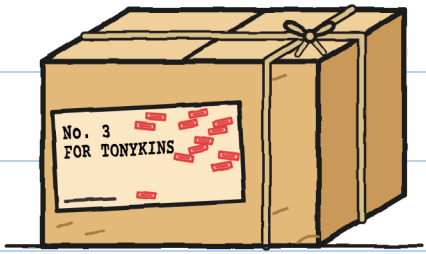
"Are you asking?"

"I'm asking."

I wrote how it left:

DEPARTURE FORM

- [x] Box: closed
- [x] Label: stuck on
- [x] Asked for by: Tony
- [ ] Signature: not yet



Outside, Tony put No. 3 in the basket. It rang: ting-a-ling.

Tony looked at the LIGHTNING bell.

"What?" asked Julie.

"Nothing."



"Nothing" was "something". —J.

I saw two LIGHTNING bikes.

"What's in your basket?" shouted a girl.

"A delivery."

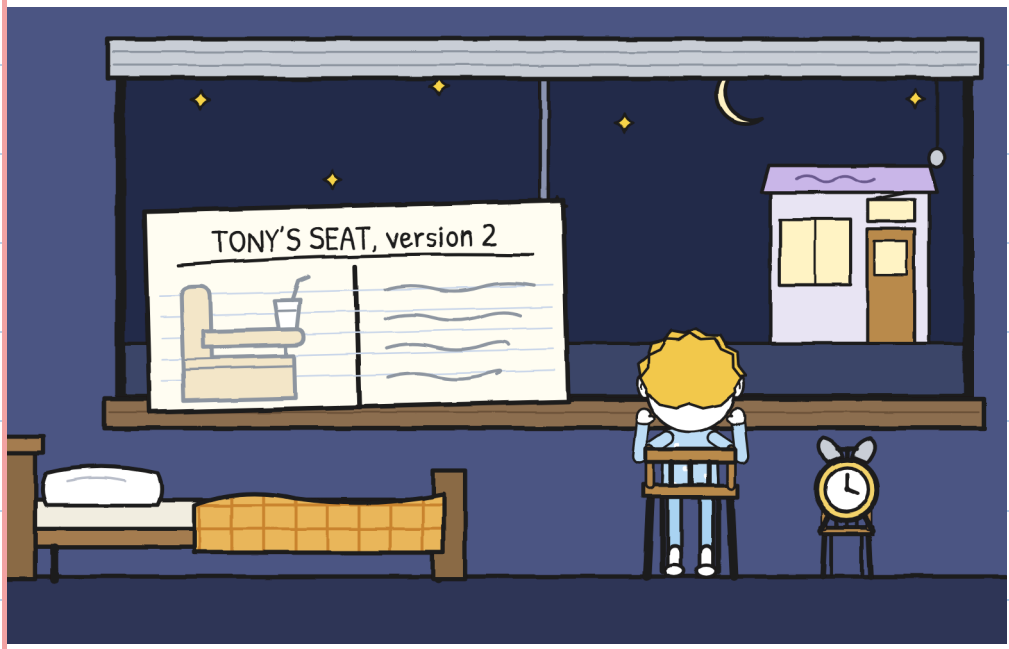
He didn't lie. He turned the label away.



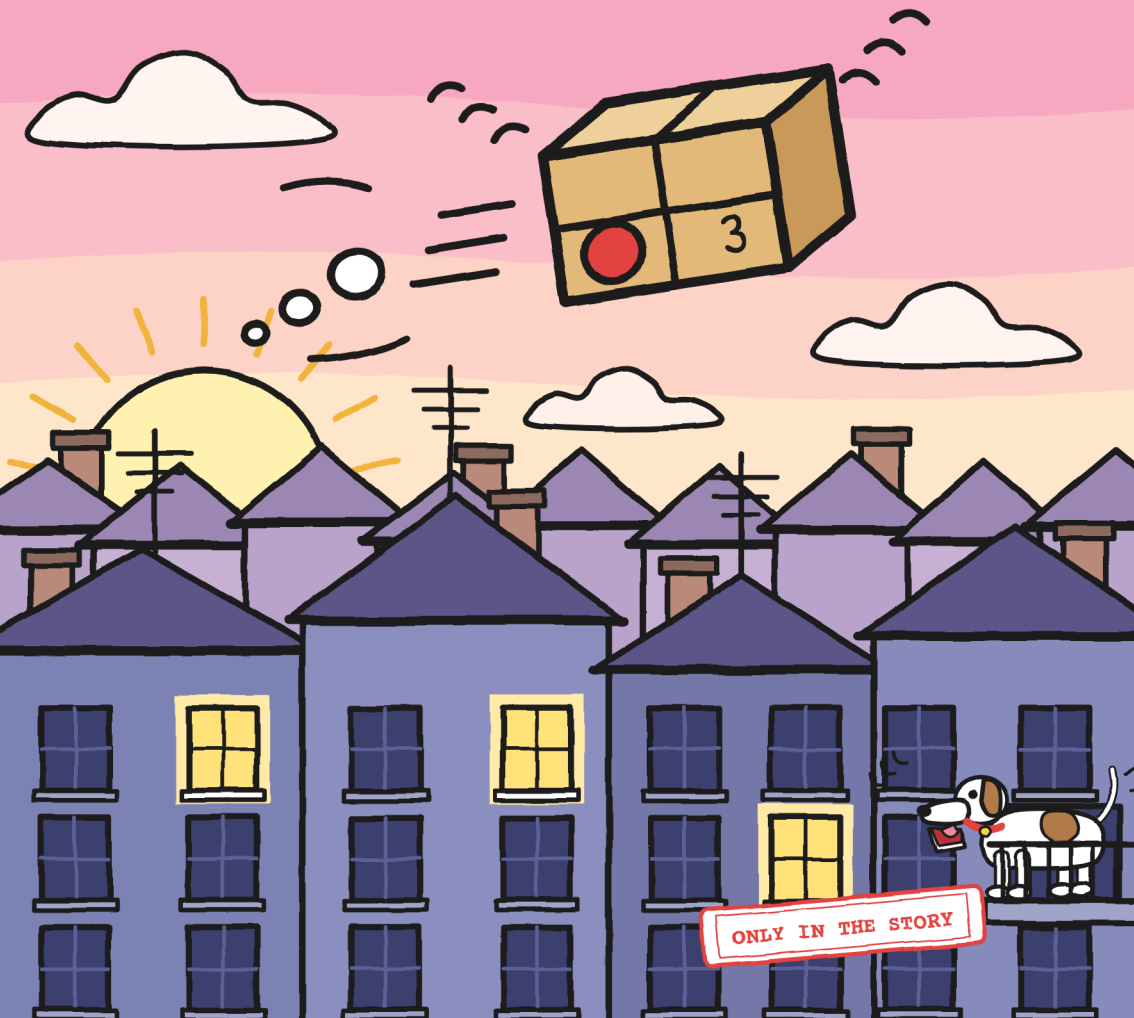
Now I see: no LIGHTNING. —J.

That night I left the blind up. I wanted to watch No. 3.

"Why are you awake?" said Mum.
"Watching a package."
"Watch it in pyjamas."



At dawn we heard No. 3.
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
It flew back over the rooftops.



We went to the shop.

No. 3 was on its shelf.

RETURNS OF NO. 3

No. 13 Monday, at dawn ringing

half the neighbourhood heard



"It's the rule," said Mara.

"Nobody signed: it comes back."

Thirteen stamps already. —J.

Tony came after delivering.

He didn't ask about No. 3.

Tony told me:

WHAT TONY TOLD ME



"I left the box outside," said Tony.

"At home they call me Tonykins."

"One signature fixes everything," said Julie. "It takes two seconds."

I opened the notebook. I wrote with a pen, pressing hard:



I disagree. —J.

I have another idea. —J.

CHAPTER 3

Autographs

On Tuesday I saw a table on the pavement.



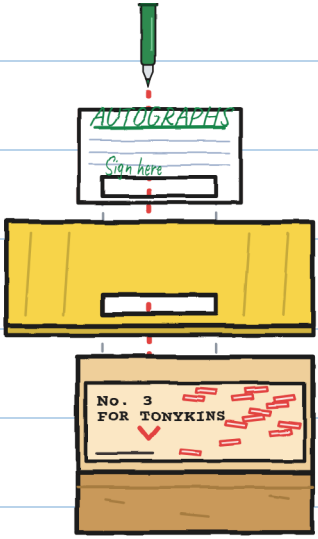
"It's a lectern for autographs," said Julie.
"Since when?"
"Since yesterday."

The lectern had a sheet
with a little window.
It was No. 3, lying down.

HOW IT WORKS

1. The sheet

2. The tablecloth



3. The label

4. Signs on the label

"With my marker," said Julie, happily.
"Tomorrow No. 3
won't come back. Surprise!"

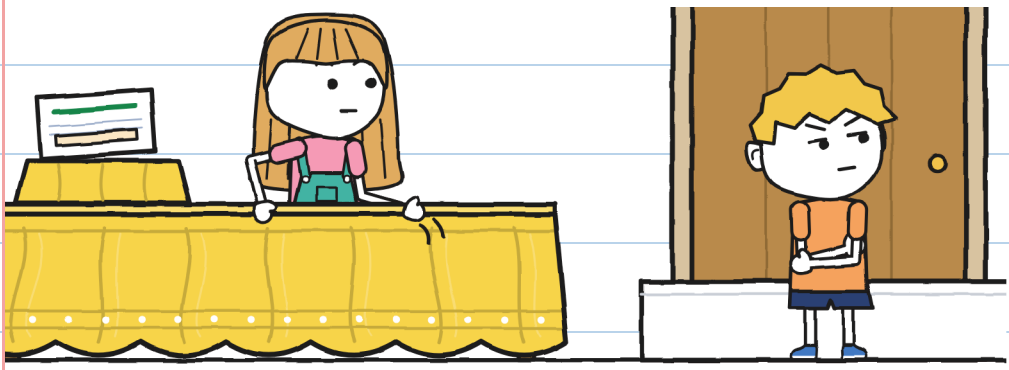
"Tony didn't ask for it," I said.

"And Mara?"

"I told her: 'Autograph table.'"

I reminded her about Flora.

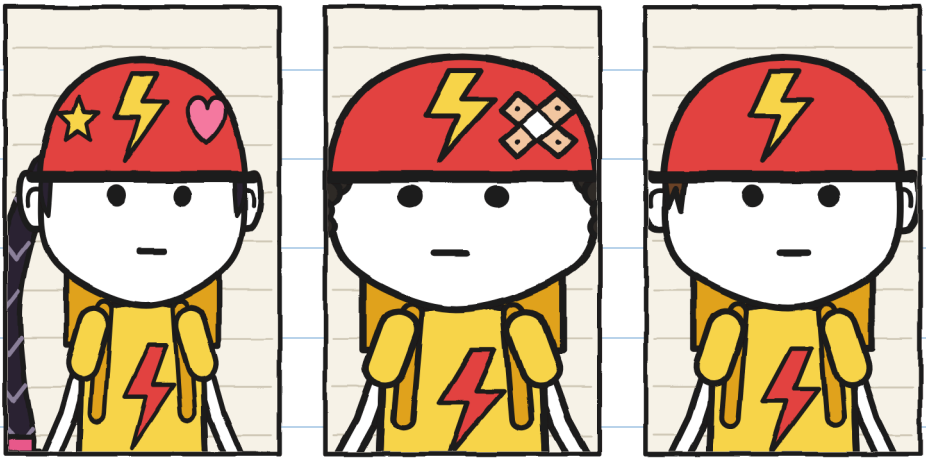
"It's not the same," said Julie.



Very serious. No help. —J.

LIGHTNING passes at ten past five. There are three, in a line.

LIGHTNING STAFF CARDS



ZOE, "Rocket":
the fastest.
Gives out nicknames.

BRUNO, "Puncture":
got a puncture once.
Two years ago.

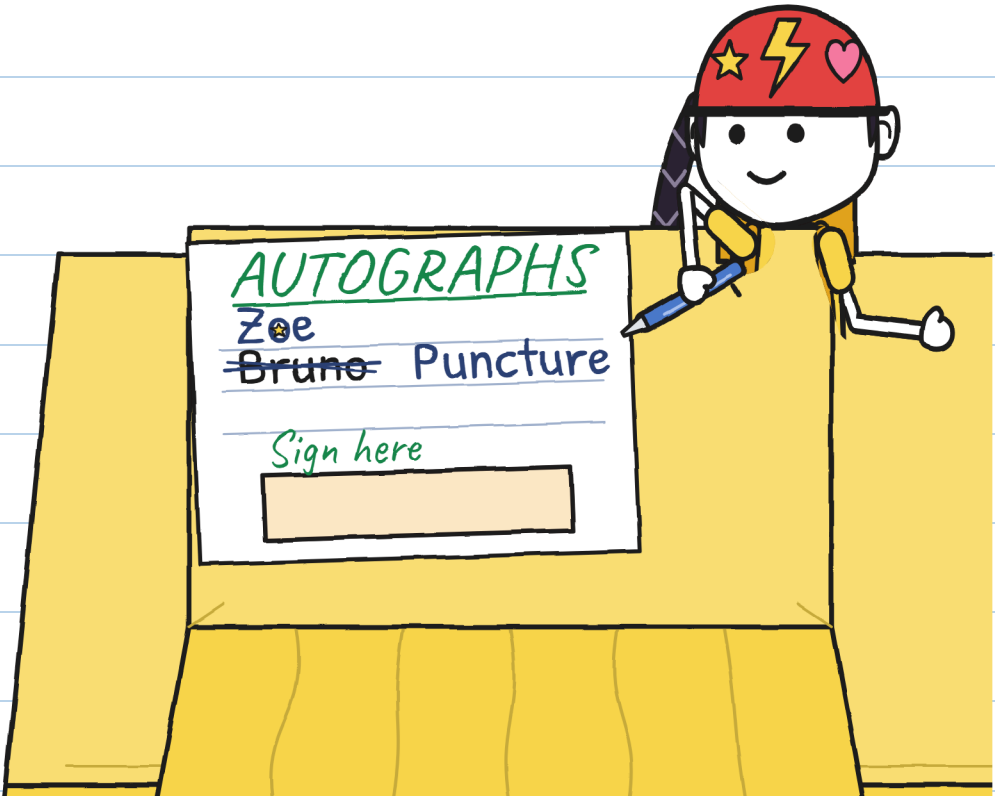
TONY:
no nickname.
Not yet.

"Autographs? Ours?" said Zoe. She got off her bike.

Nobody asked them for autographs. —J.

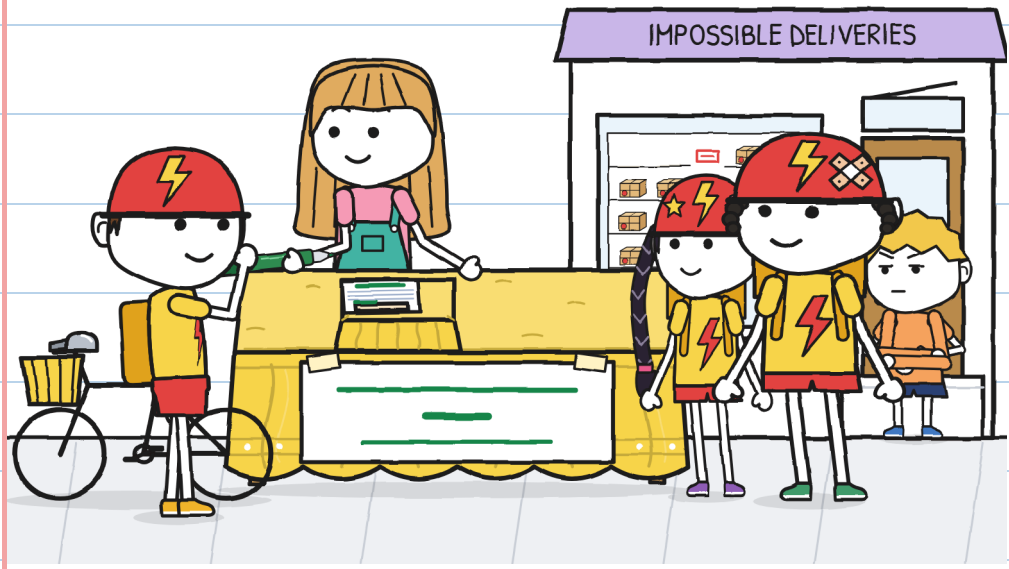
Zoe wrote "Puncture" over "Bruno".

"Nicknames stick," said Bruno.



Tony watched from his bike.

"Your turn, Tony," said Julie.
She gave him her green marker.
Tony got off his bike
and stood up straight.

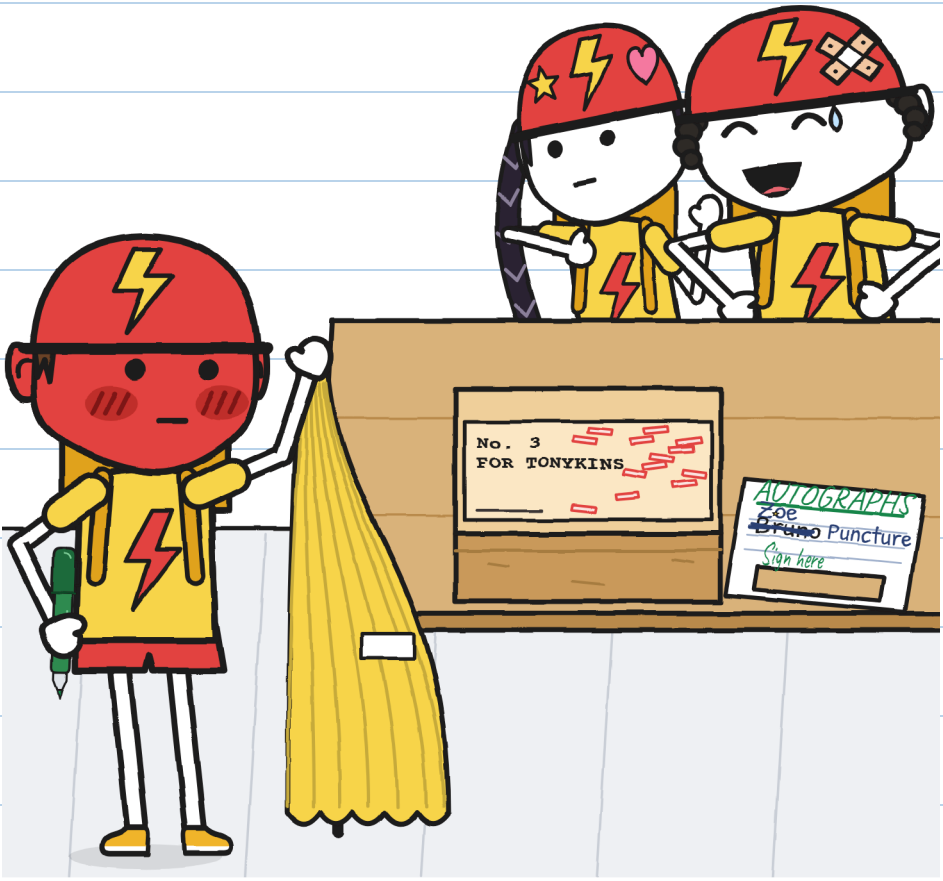


From the step I saw
everything. I said nothing.

I stood up.
"Tony, wai..."
Too late: under the tablecloth,
something rang.



Tony lifted the tablecloth.



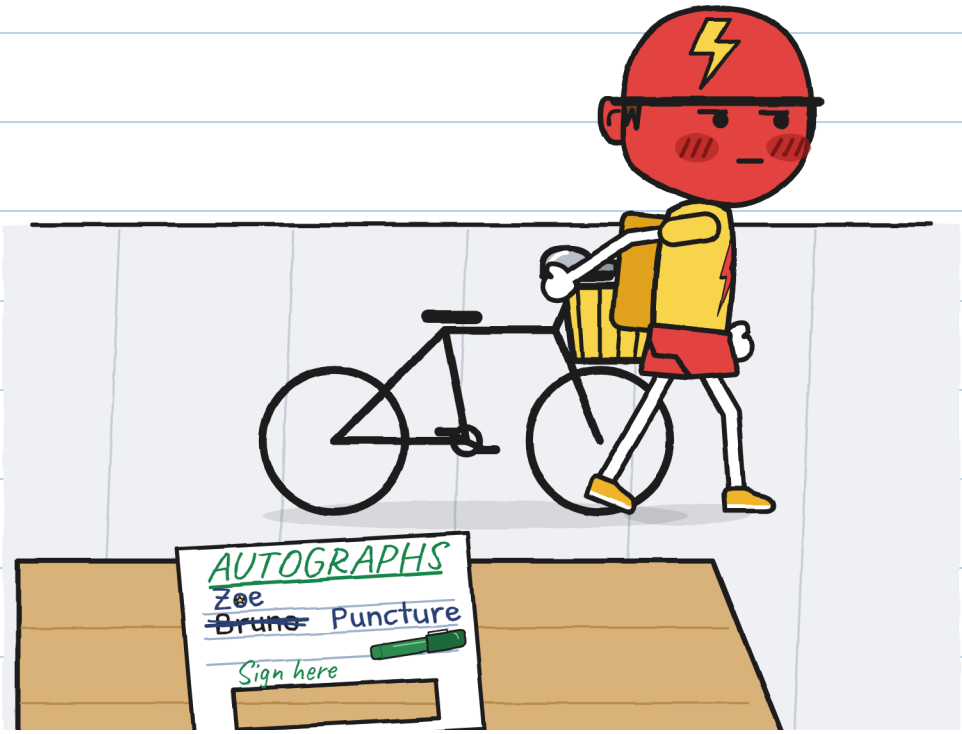
"For To-ny-kins," read Zoe.

"Tonykins?" laughed Bruno. Zoe didn't.

Tony capped the marker.

He left it unsigned.

"LIGHTNING doesn't sign traps."



It was angry red, not embarrassed red.

No number for that one. –J.

Mara covered No. 3
with the purple cloth.
"It isn't delivered," she said.
"It's up to Tony."



They left without ringing their bells.

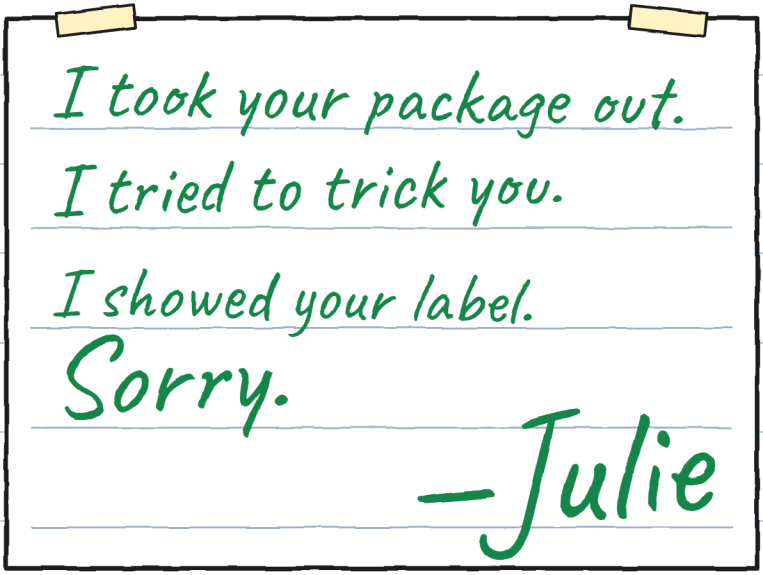
I helped Julie tidy up. Two signatures and a hole.
"I warned him late," I said.



Julie told Mara everything.
"You tell Tony," said Mara.

On Wednesday Tony passed without slowing. Julie waited with a paper.

THE APOLOGY



Tony read the paper from his bike.

"Do you forgive me?"

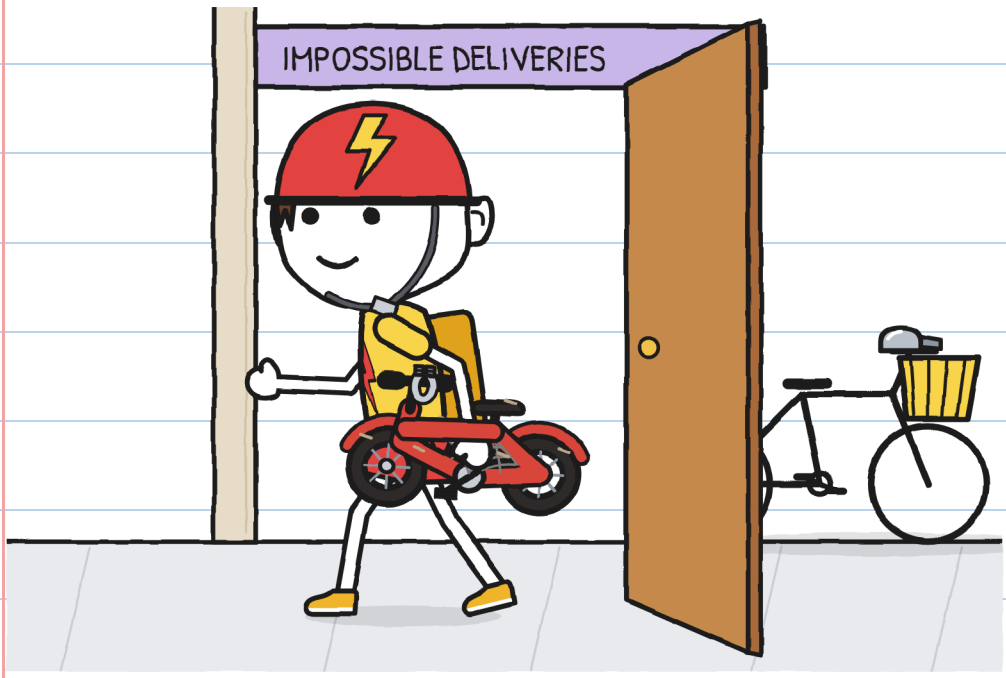
"I've read it."

I signed my whole name. –J.

CHAPTER 4

A Small Bike

Tony brought a small bike.



It was his bike from long ago.

"I remember that sound," said Tony.

"I want to open it."

Mara took us to the back room.

"Opening isn't signing."

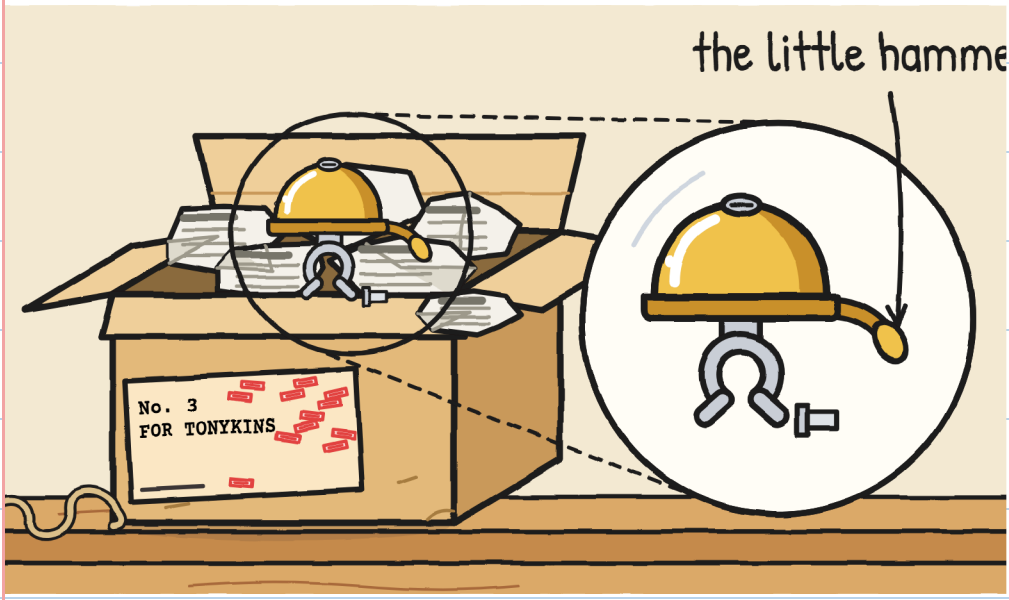


"Can I stay?" asked Julie.

"Don't touch," said Tony.

"I won't."

Tony untied the string. In the paper...



A little bike bell, small and golden.

No. 1 bit. No. 2 ran. No. 3 just rings.

Little bell. I like it. —J.

Underneath there was a folded note.

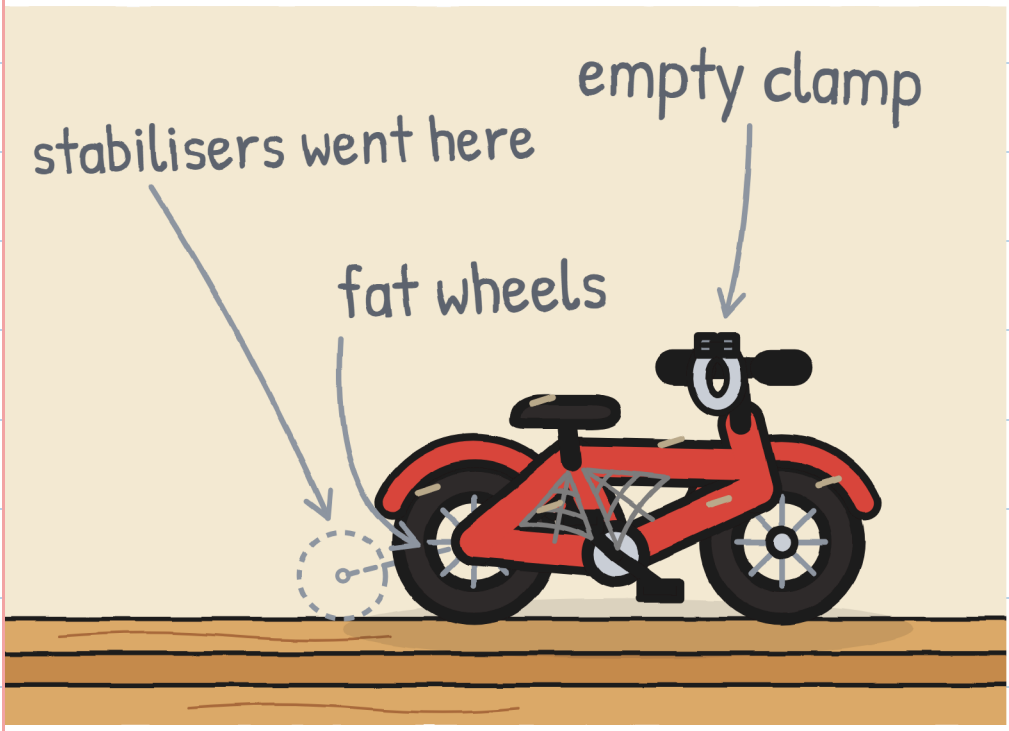


Tony read it twice.

"What awful handwriting," he said.

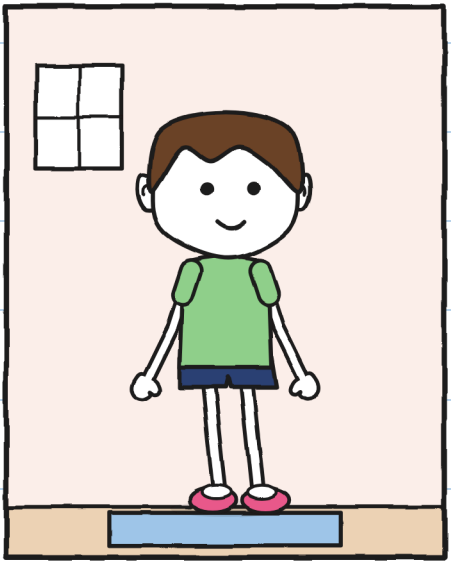
R. delivers late. —J.

Then Tony put the
small bike on the table.

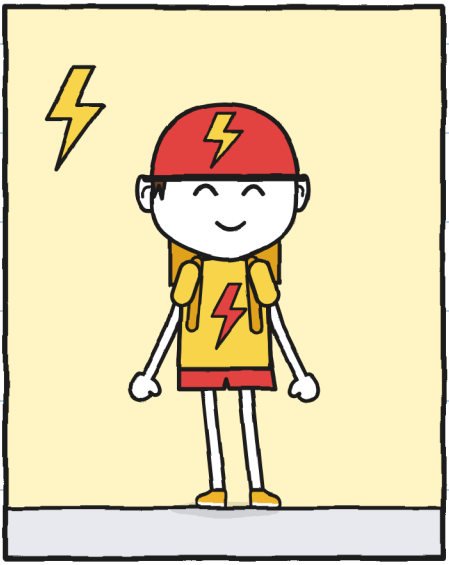


"It was mine, and it stopped ringing."
"Someone said: 'I'll fix it.'"
"I don't remember the face."

"At home, Tonykins," said Tony.
"At LIGHTNING, Tony. Nicknames stick."



AT HOME: Tonykins



AT LIGHTNING: Tony

"Bruno has called me Tonykins
six times," said Tony.
Julie shrank.

"Do you still fit?" asked Julie.

Tony sat on it.



He fitted. More or less.

Mara almost laughed. Tony laughed too.

I hadn't seen him laugh since Saturday.

Redometer: 0. –J.

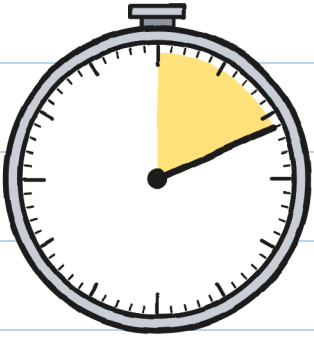
"You don't have to," I said.

"I know," said Tony.

He looked at me as if for the first time.

Julie spent eleven minutes quiet, listening.





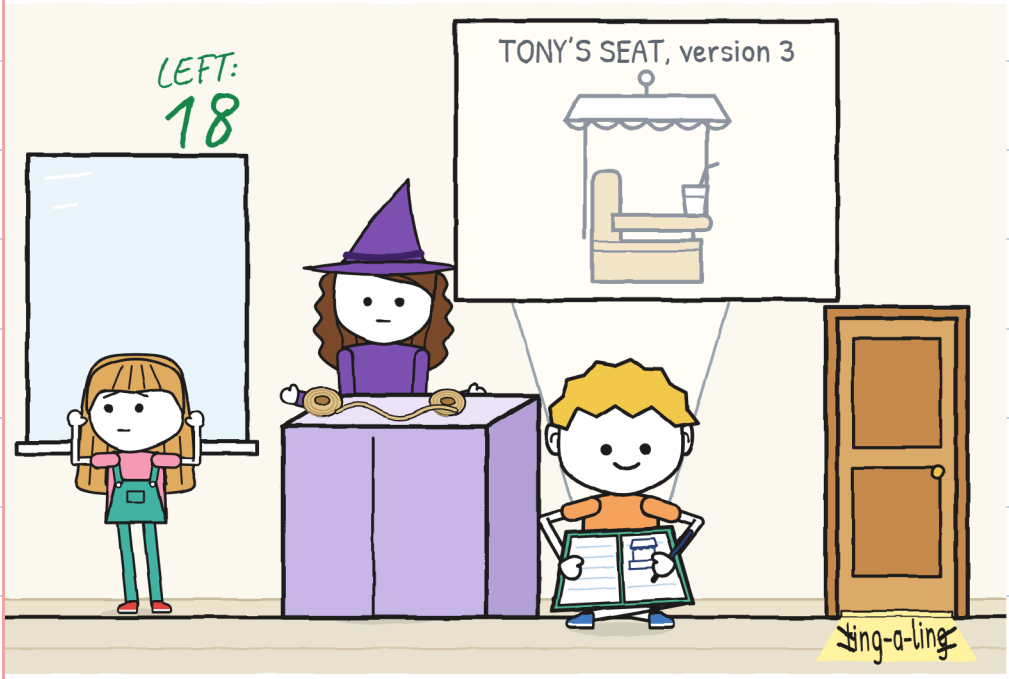
11 min

Eleven minutes. Numb tongue. —J.

"I'll try alone," said Tony.

We went out. He closed the door.

I drew Tony's seat.



Ting-a-ling.

Same as Saturday. Then another.

Tony came out with the bell.

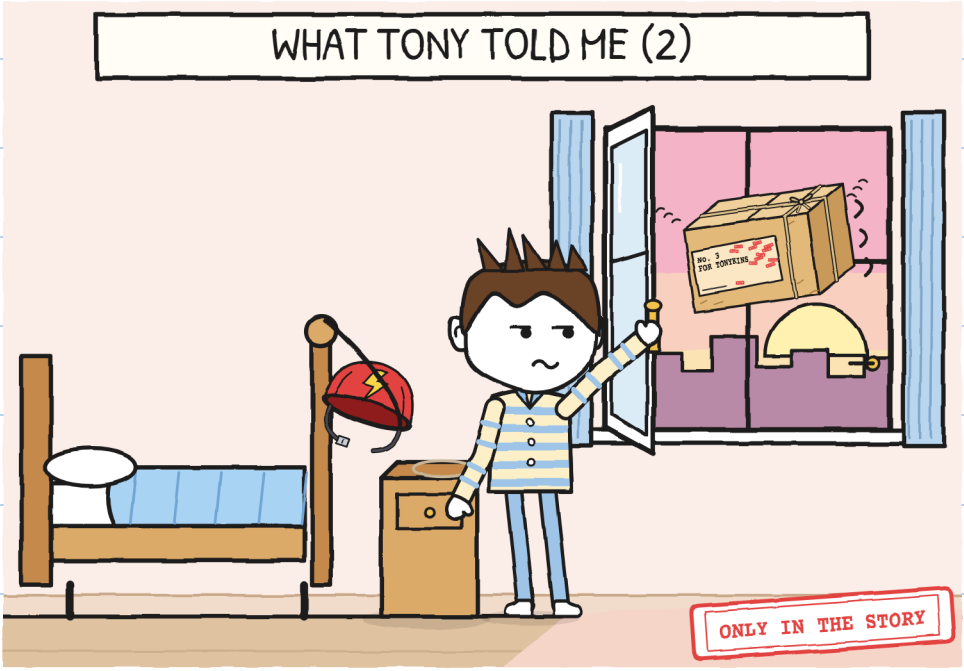
"I'm keeping it, unsigned."

"It returns at dawn," said Mara.



Fourteen hours to go. —J.

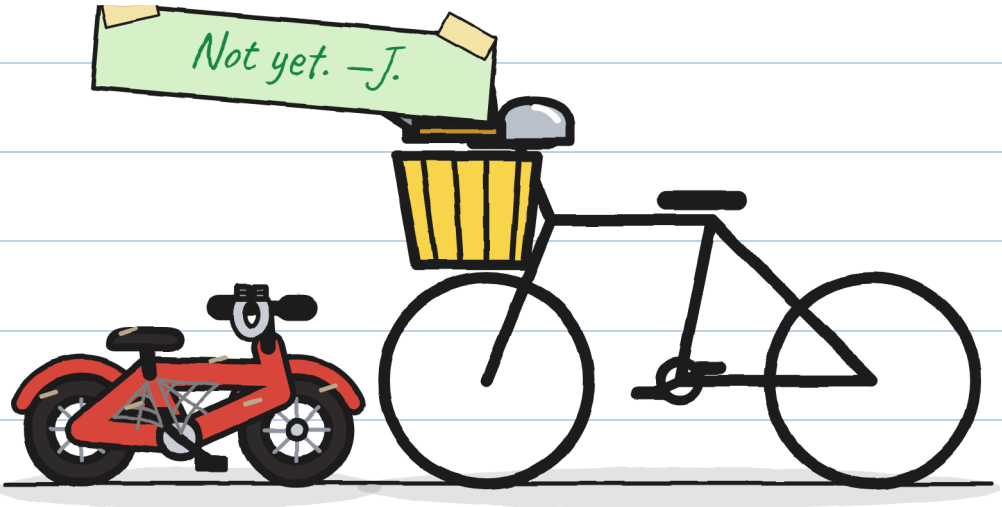
On Friday: return No. 14. Tony told me:



"No. 3 slept on my bedside table. It banged on the glass. I opened the window."

How polite. —J.

I drew Tony's two bikes
with the little bell.
Julie stuck a note on top.



before now

She was right. It annoys me.

CHAPTER 5

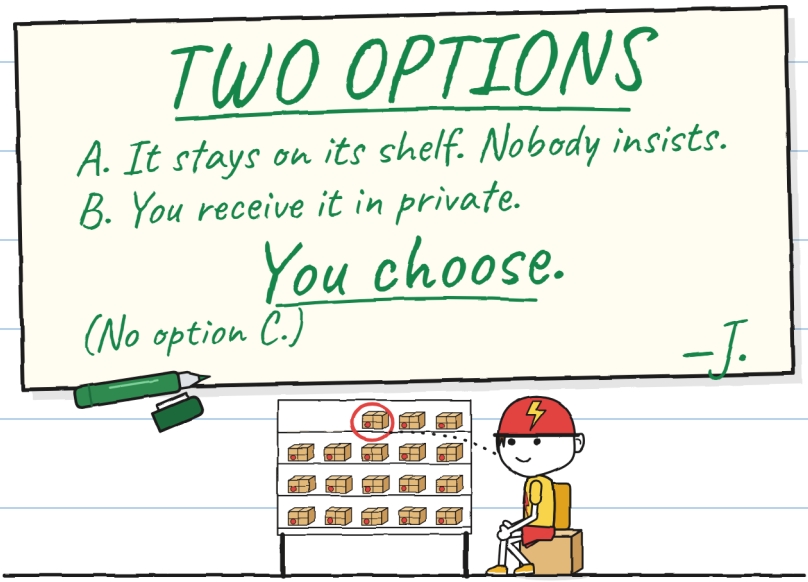
In Private

No. 3 was on its shelf.

Fourteen stamps.

Julie had a plan. I was scared.

It was a sheet with two options.



"If I sign, who knows?"

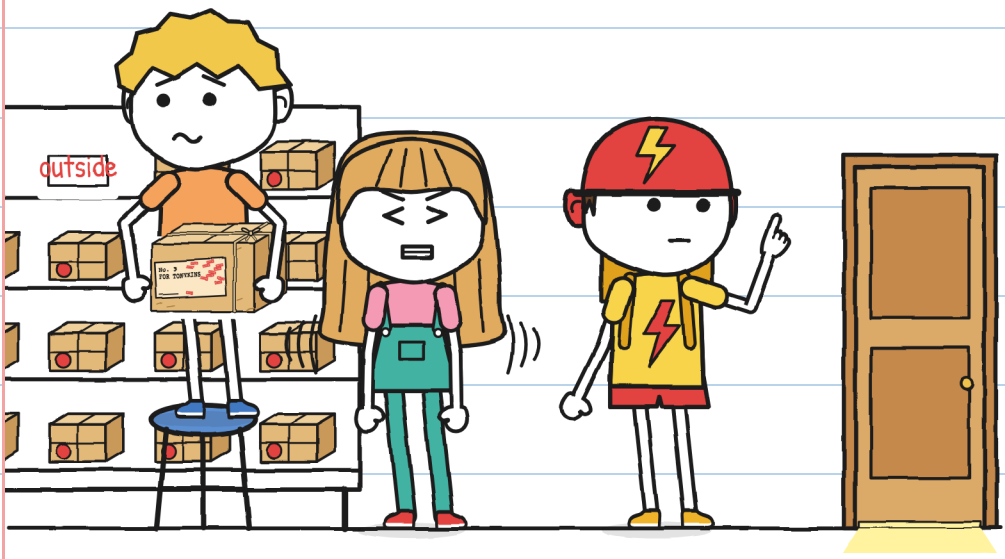
"Me and my book," said Mara.

"I won't tell LIGHTNING."



Names stay in the drawer. —J.

"I choose B," said Tony.
Julie didn't jump: she
stayed very, very still.
"In the back room, with you two."



Tony took out the bell and the note.

"I look before I sign."

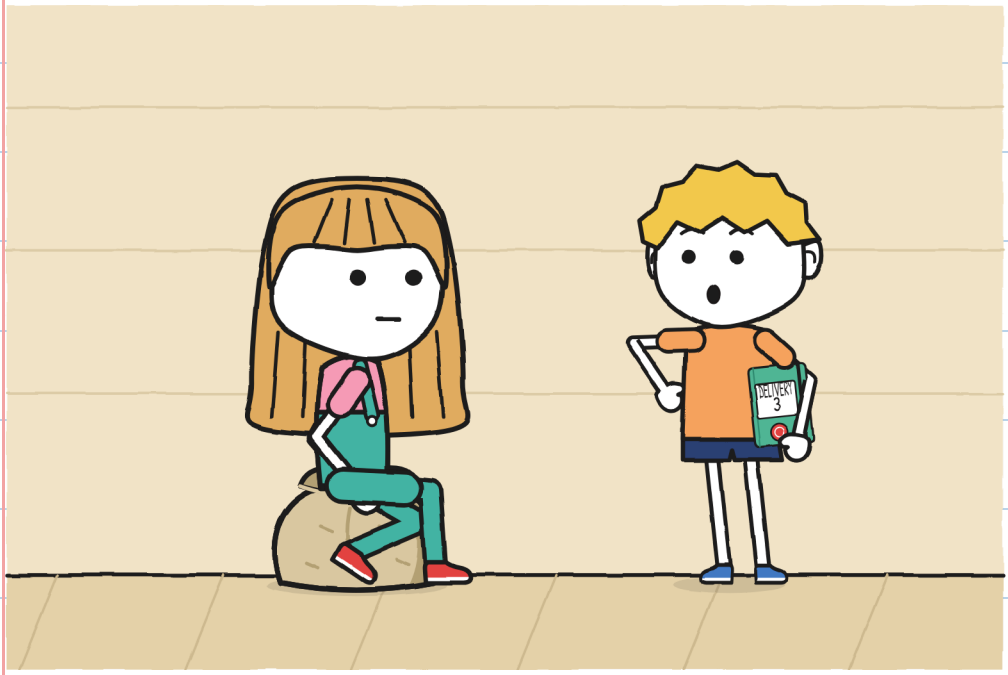
Julie went pink, like her T-shirt.



Julie sat on a sack.

"Why?" I asked.

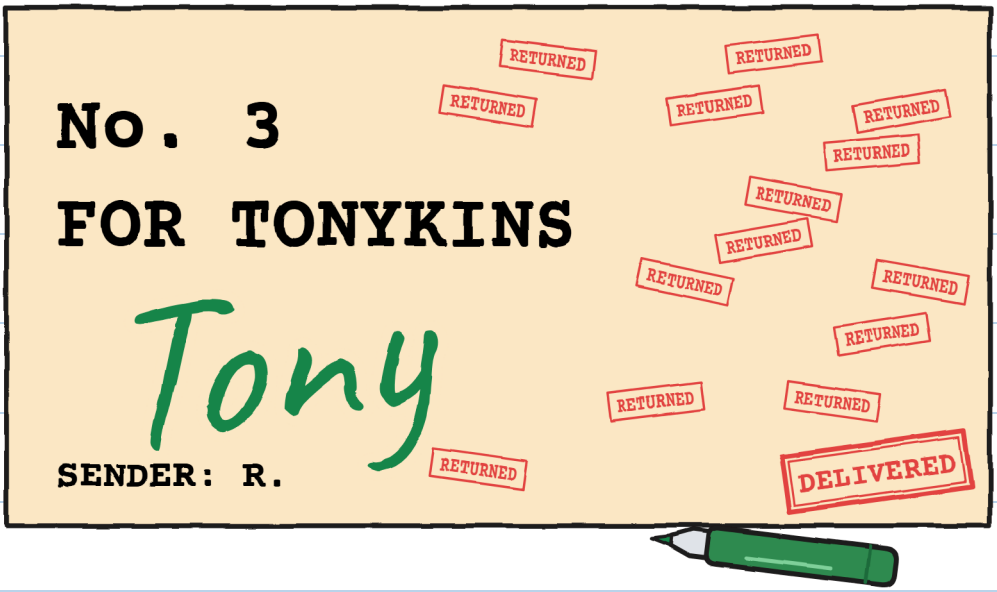
"Sitting on my hands, so I won't help."



I closed the notebook.

He wrote it all down. —J.

Tony took the cap off
the marker and signed.



The label said "Tonykins".
The signature, "Tony".
"Whoever receives it signs," said Mara.

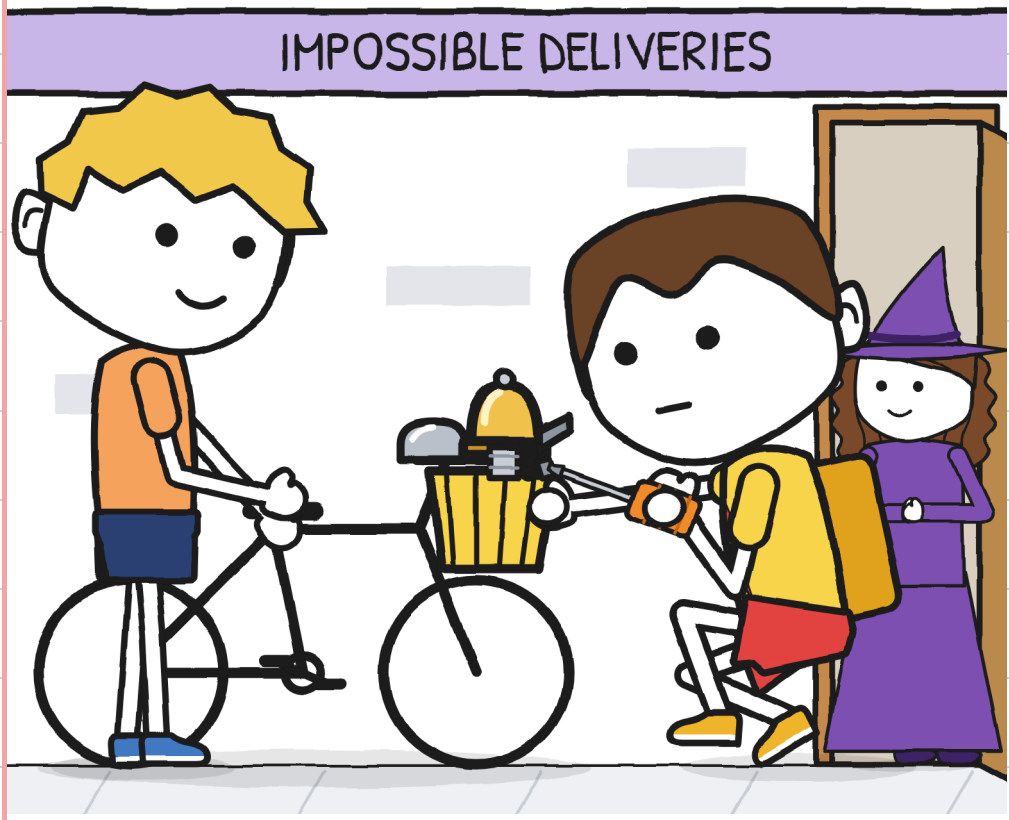
Mara noted the delivery.
"May I change the
sign?" Julie asked Tony.
"Okay."



I asked first. Note it. –J.

"And the LIGHTNING bell?" I asked.

"That's LIGHTNING's. This is mine."



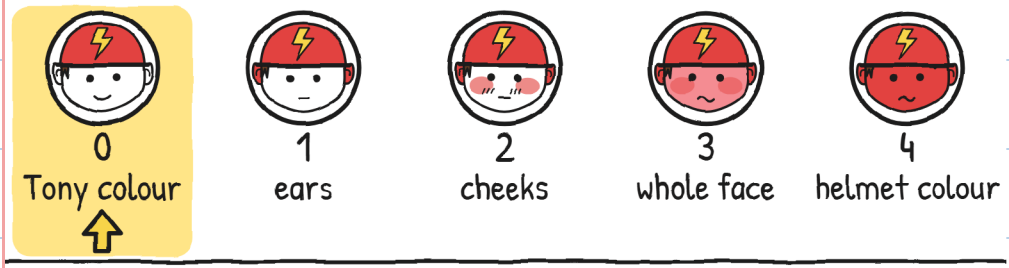
Tony put the bell on. I held the bike.

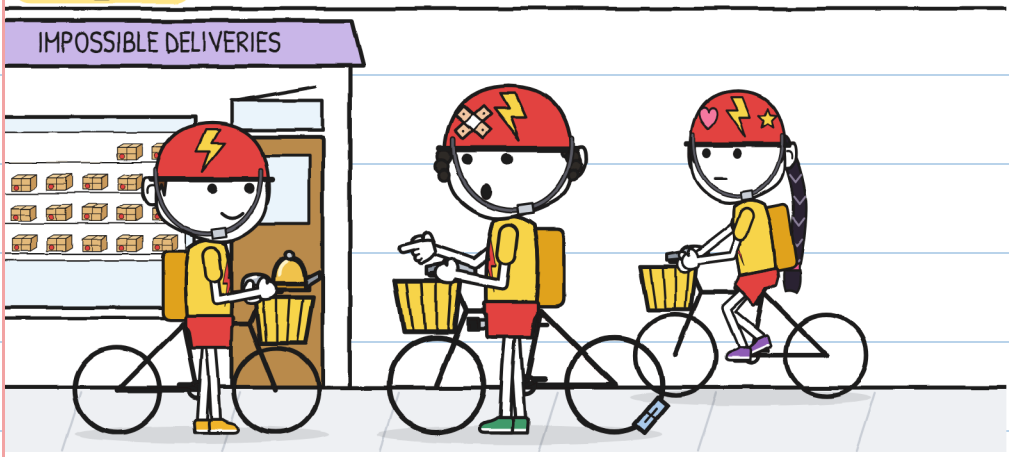
Ting-a-ling.

"What's that ringing?" asked Bruno.

"My little bell," said Tony.

I looked at his ears: nothing red.





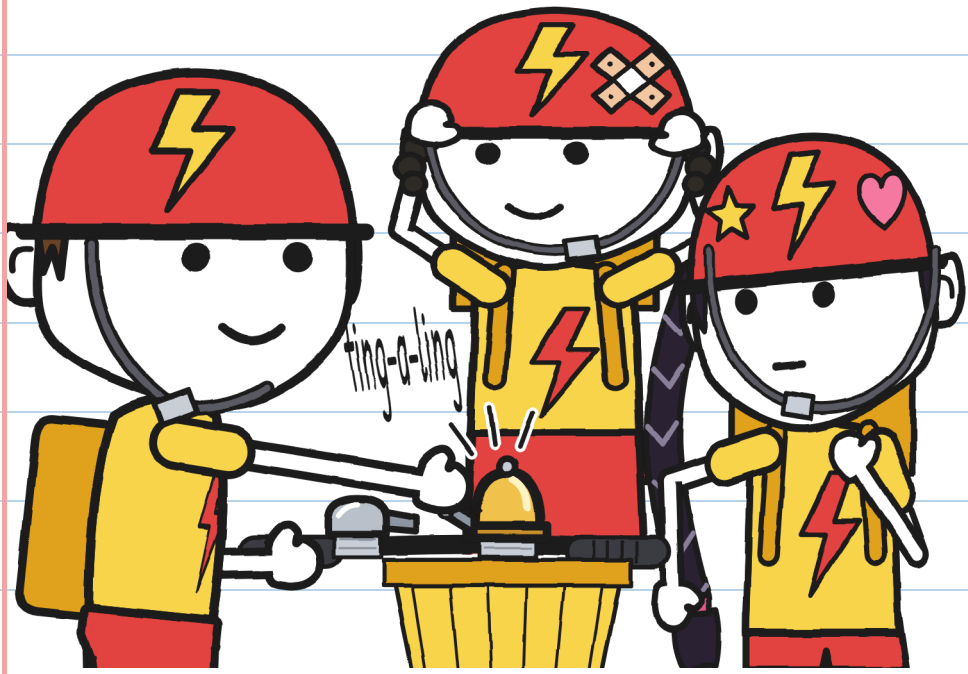
"I'm called Tony. And you?"

"Bruno."

Tony rang the little bell: ting-a-ling.

"Sounds nice," said Zoe.

"We're late, Tony."



He said "Tony". Nothing more. —J.

That night I left the blind up.
"Watching again?" said Mum.
"Tonight I'm watching
that nothing happens."



Uncapped marker. Green pillow. —J.

Dawn broke.

Nothing rang.

Not a ting-a-ling, not a bark.

The nicest silence I ever heard on my street.



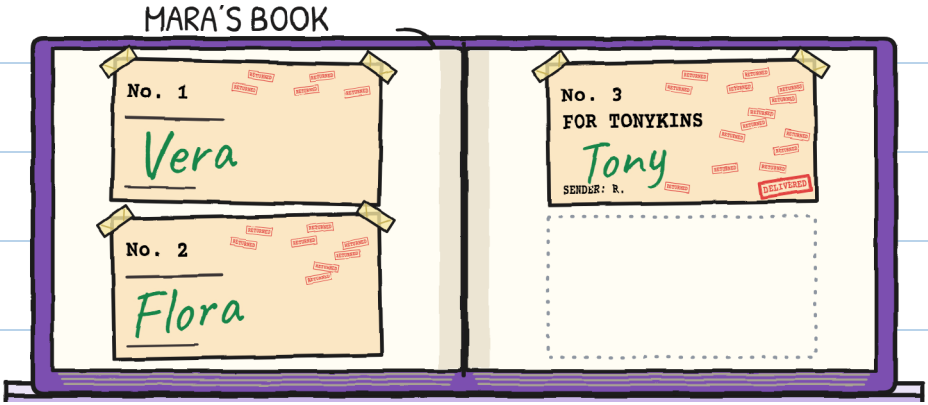
CHAPTER 6

For Now

On Saturday I drew the shelf.

Seventeen packages. Three gaps.

Mara stuck the label in her book.



All three arrived late. All three arrived.

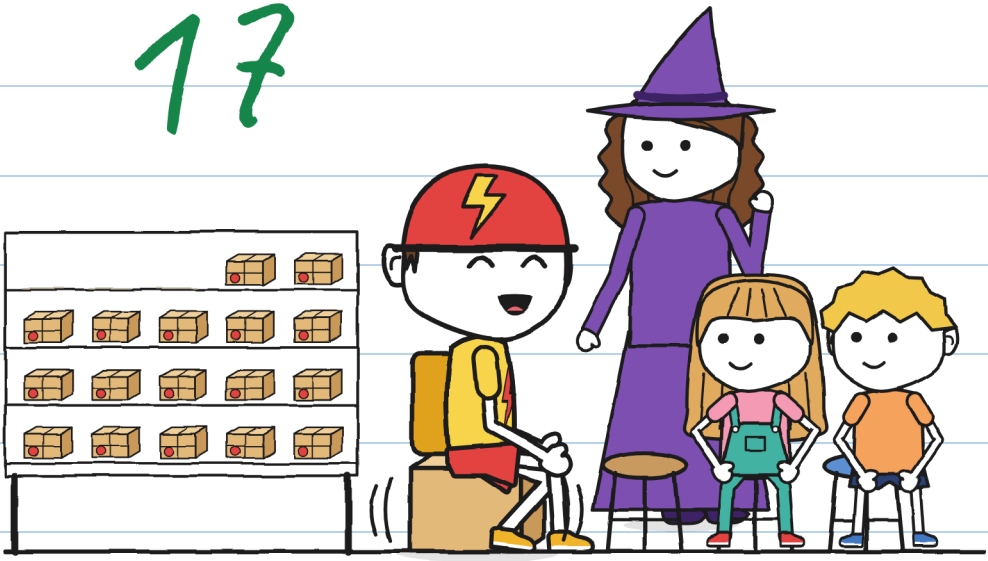
I just passed the marker. —J.

Tony sat in his crate.

"Your seat, for now," said Mara.

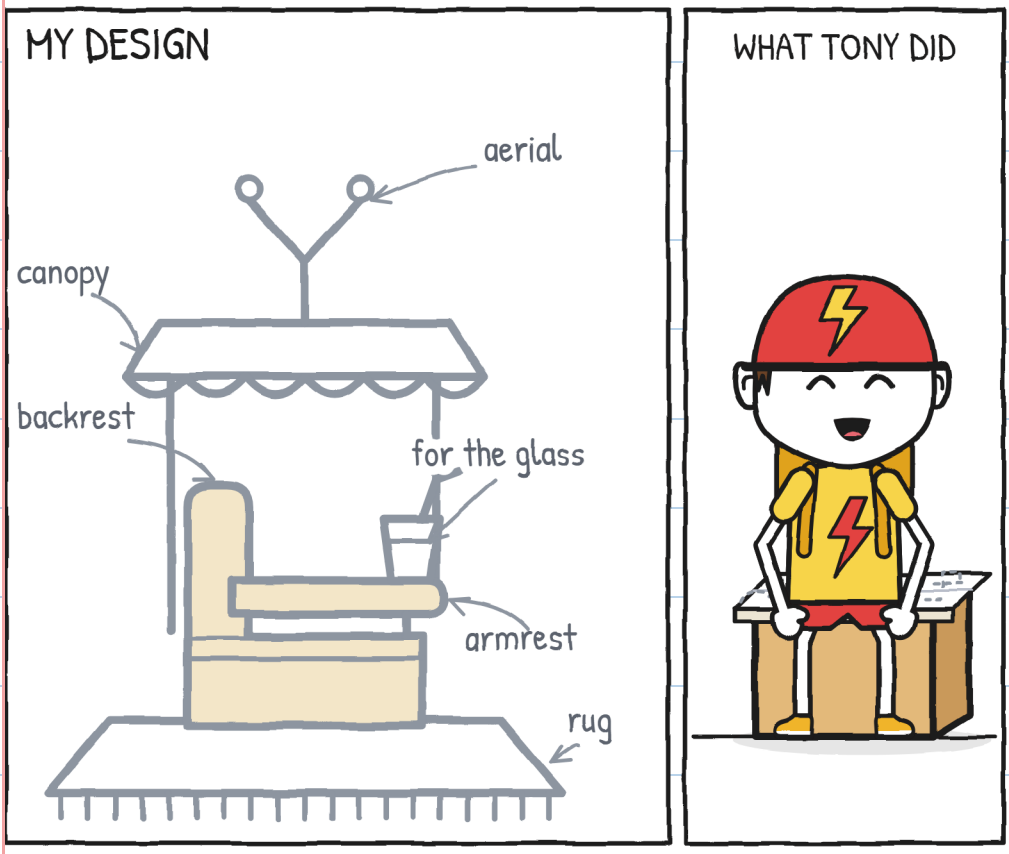
"For now, it'll do," said Tony.

LEFT:
17



"For now" can last years. —J.

I showed Tony my seat drawing. It took all week.



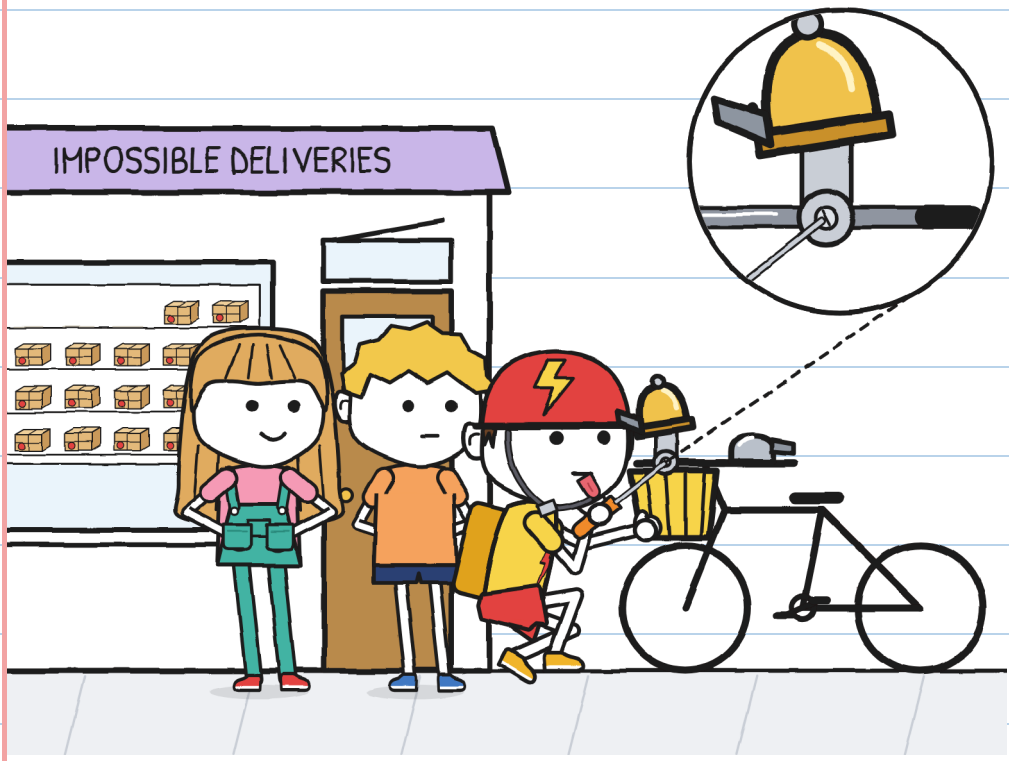
"Can I have it?"

He folded it and sat on it.

"I'll hold it," I said.

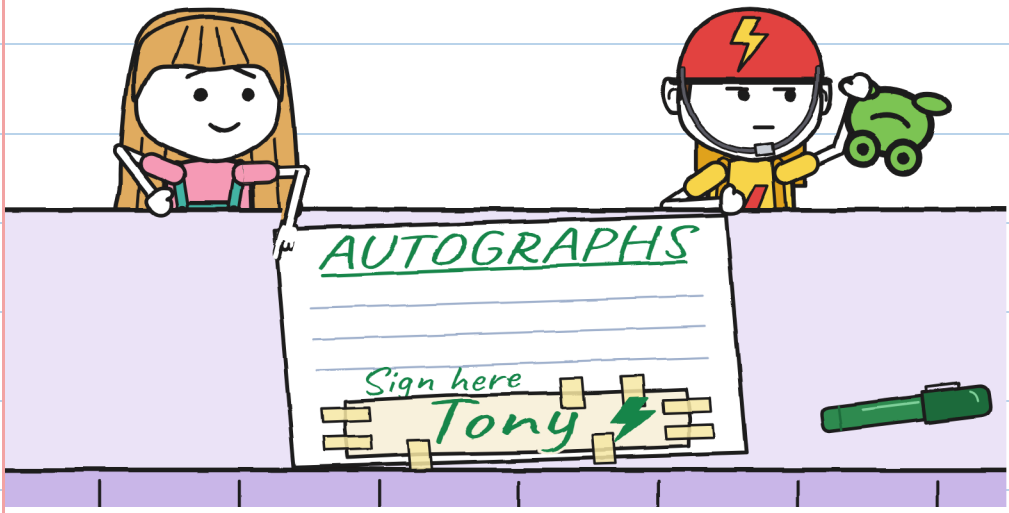
"I can," said Tony.

I watched the screw.



Julie took out the autograph sheet.

"Will you sign a real autograph?"
Tony looked under the sheet.
"Okay."



I deserve that. –J.

A man in a beret crossed slowly.

Tony braked and waited.

Ting-a-ling.

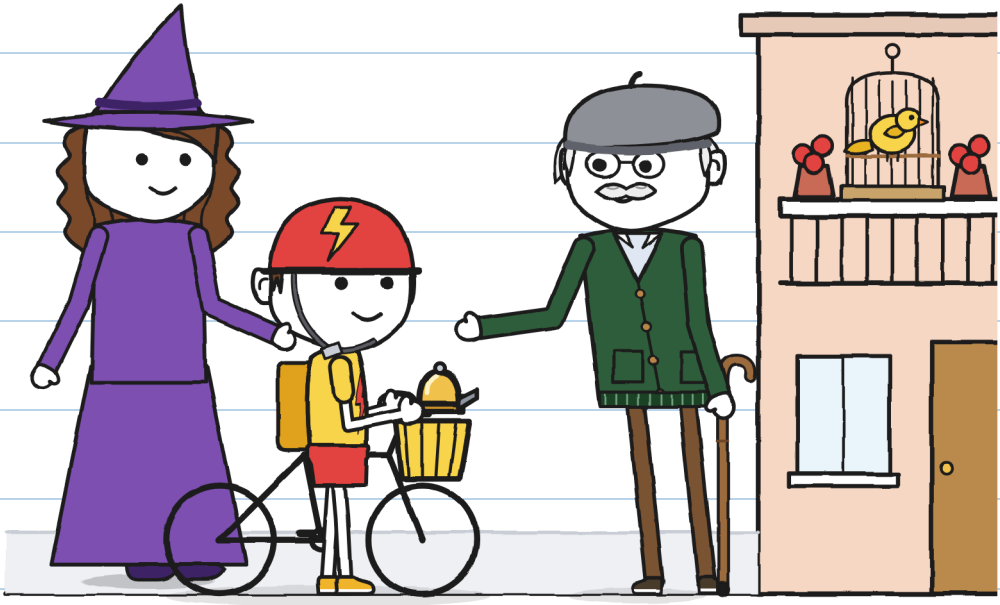


The man raised his stick to say hello.

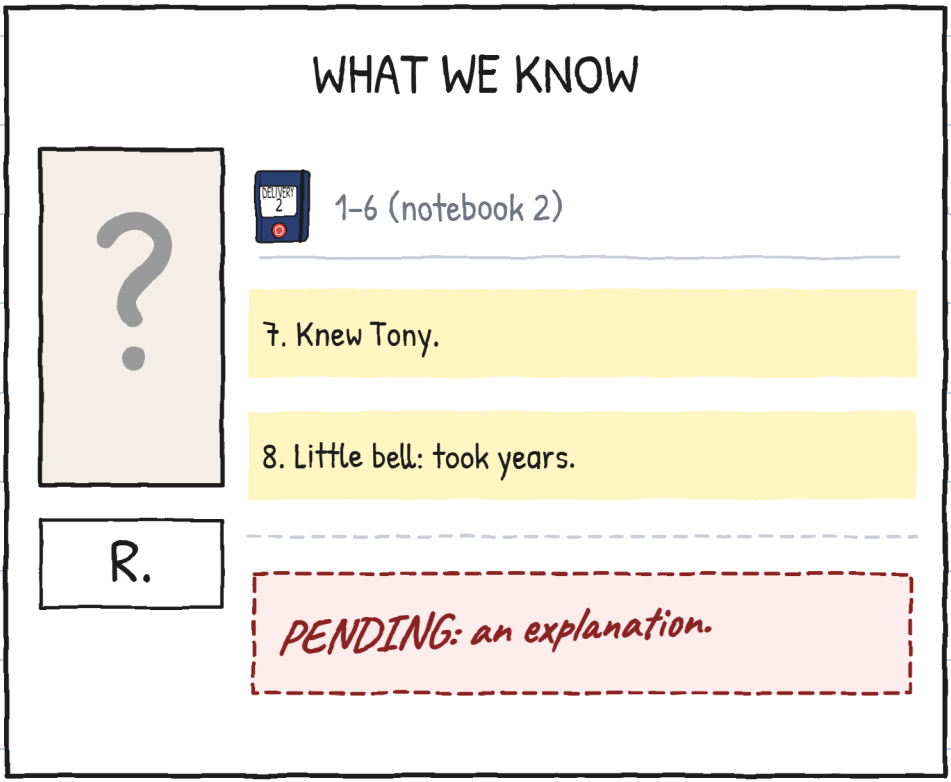
"That's Don Antonio, the second Tonykins," said Mara.

"Shall we swap names?" asked the man.

"Not for now."



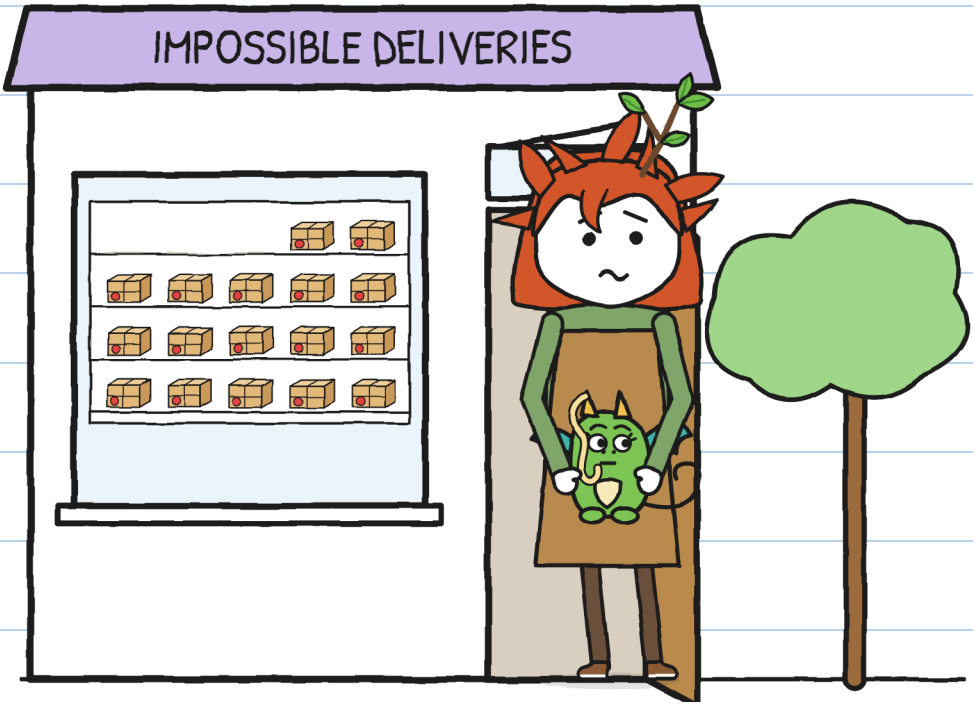
There were already six clues. We added two.



"Will you thank R.?" asked Julie.
"The thanks and the complaint. Both."

At one, Vera came in with Crumb.

"Crumb needs a safe place."



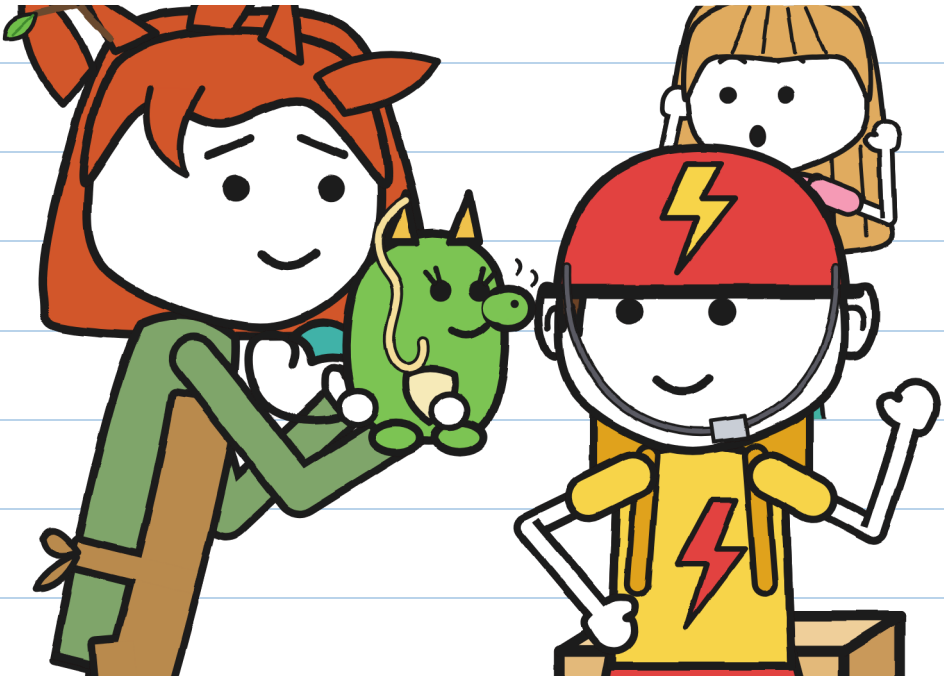
Crumb put on my "it wasn't me" face.

Yours, exactly. With a noodle. —J.

"Need someone fast?" asked Tony.

"You must wait," said Vera.

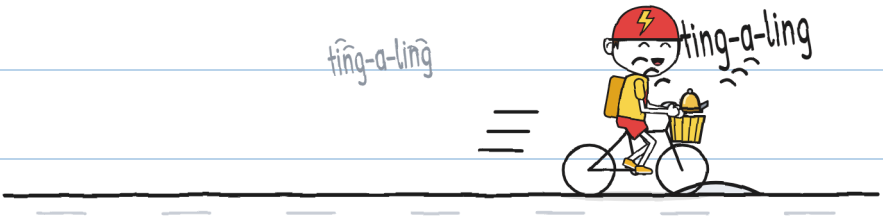
"I can."



I can wait too. Now? —J.

DELIVERY NO. 3. Time taken:

	LIGHTNING: ten minutes.
	R.: years.
	Tony: six days.
	Julie: eleven minutes.



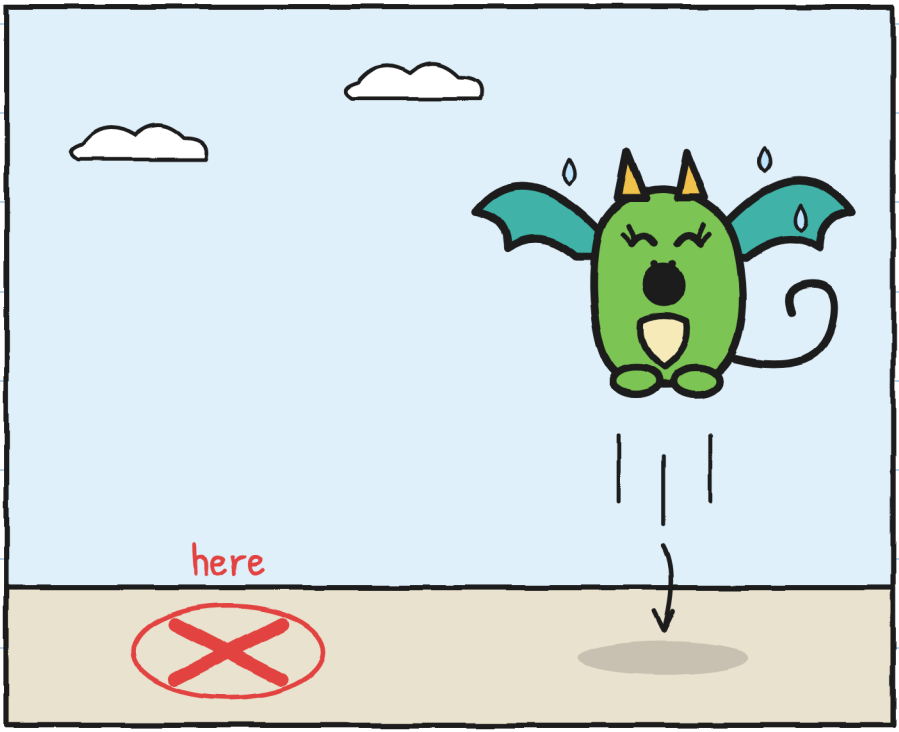
Tony left to deliver. Ting-a-ling!

This time it was him.

I still ring alone. –J.

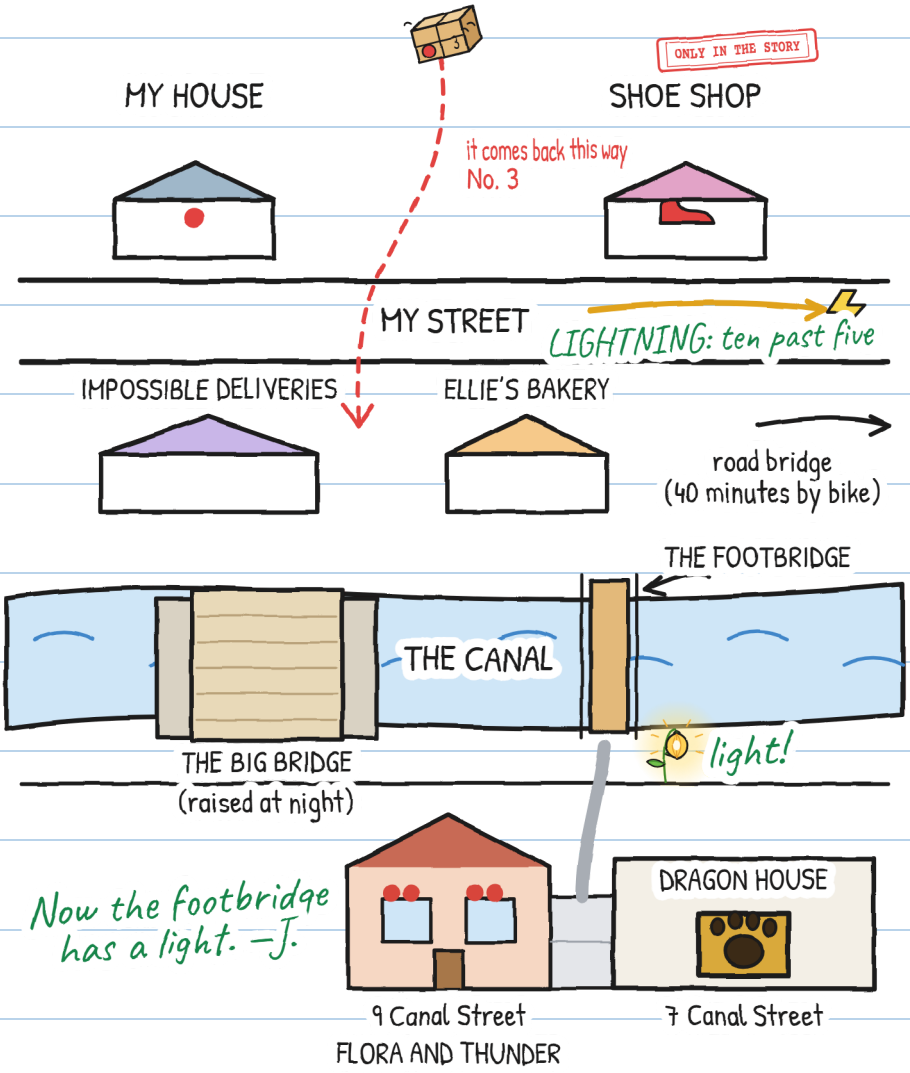
IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERIES · 4

(coming soon)



Where does Crumb land? —J.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD (version 3)



AND WHAT ARE YOU CALLED?

Tony used to be called Tonykins.
Now he chooses his name. And you?

I like being called...

You can also call me...

I'd rather you didn't call me...

Julie. "J." when signing. –J.

ONE STORY, SIX SIZES

There are six sizes, for ages 3 to 16, and more than 20 languages.

SIZE XXS · PRE-A1
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
Illustrated novel · 13+

The CEFR levels are a rough guide for learners of English.

Same ting-a-ling. —J.

FOR FAMILIES AND TEACHERS

Work through every chapter at linguaula.com

A REAL BIKE: WHAT TO DO

1. Always wear a helmet, properly fastened. Even for going "just next door".
2. Be seen and be heard: lights, bright clothes and a bell. The bell warns; it doesn't give orders.
3. Keep both hands on the handlebars. If something distracts you, stop in a safe place.
4. The pavement belongs to people on foot: there, walk your bike. Before crossing, stop and look.

The ONLY IN THE STORY stamp marks what happens in the story, and not in the street.

CHECK YOUR BIKE

