

The Parcel That Wouldn't Sit Still

Goose & Co.

By J. Ladis and Haley Dell

Little Story Magic



Goose could deliver a grandfather clock, a bathtub, or an extremely cross goat. This morning she had one purple parcel to take to Parade Square before the parade set off. “An easy day,” she said, polishing her postbag buckle. The parcel was wrapped in purple paper and tied with a yellow ribbon. Its label said, “Mister Thump. Parade Square.” She tapped the label. “One parcel,” said Goose. “I can certainly manage that.”



The parcel hopped. Goose looked underneath it. She looked behind it. Then she leaned close. “Excuse me. Parcels usually leave the walking to the mail carrier.” It hopped again.



She put it in the cart and started down Market Street. Outside the bakery, someone began beating a dusty apron. Whap! Whap! Whap! The parcel bounced straight over the side.



Goose caught the ribbon, but the parcel ducked beneath a stall of fluttering streamers. Out it came wearing a magnificent paper mustache. “Very handsome,” Goose puffed. “Now get back in.”



She fastened it firmly to the cart. At the carpenter’s window, a hammer went clack-clack-clack. The parcel leaped. The cart leaped with it. “That,” said Goose, “is worse.”



She unfastened the strap and tucked the parcel under her wing. Ahead lay the little wooden bridge. Her feet went patter-patter on the planks. Under her wing, something went tappity-tap. The parcel wriggled free and bounced toward the edge. Goose grabbed its ribbon and sat down hard. “We are delivering by road,” she told it, “not by river.”



From Parade Square came a practice drumroll. Brrrum-bum-bum! The parcel answered with three eager hops. Goose stared. She tapped the bridge once. The parcel tapped back. “Oh! You want music!”



She whistled a slow little march. The parcel stepped beside her. When she stopped, it stopped. When she whistled faster, it spun around her cart. “Slow will do,” said Goose.



At the square, a crowd filled the street. Goose could see hats, flags, and the drummer lifting his sticks. She couldn't see Mister Thump anywhere. Then an enormous voice boomed, “Has anyone seen my boots?” Above the crowd stood a giant in striped socks. He was trying to hide his toes behind the bandstand. Goose looked at his feet. She looked at the parcel. The parcel practically danced.

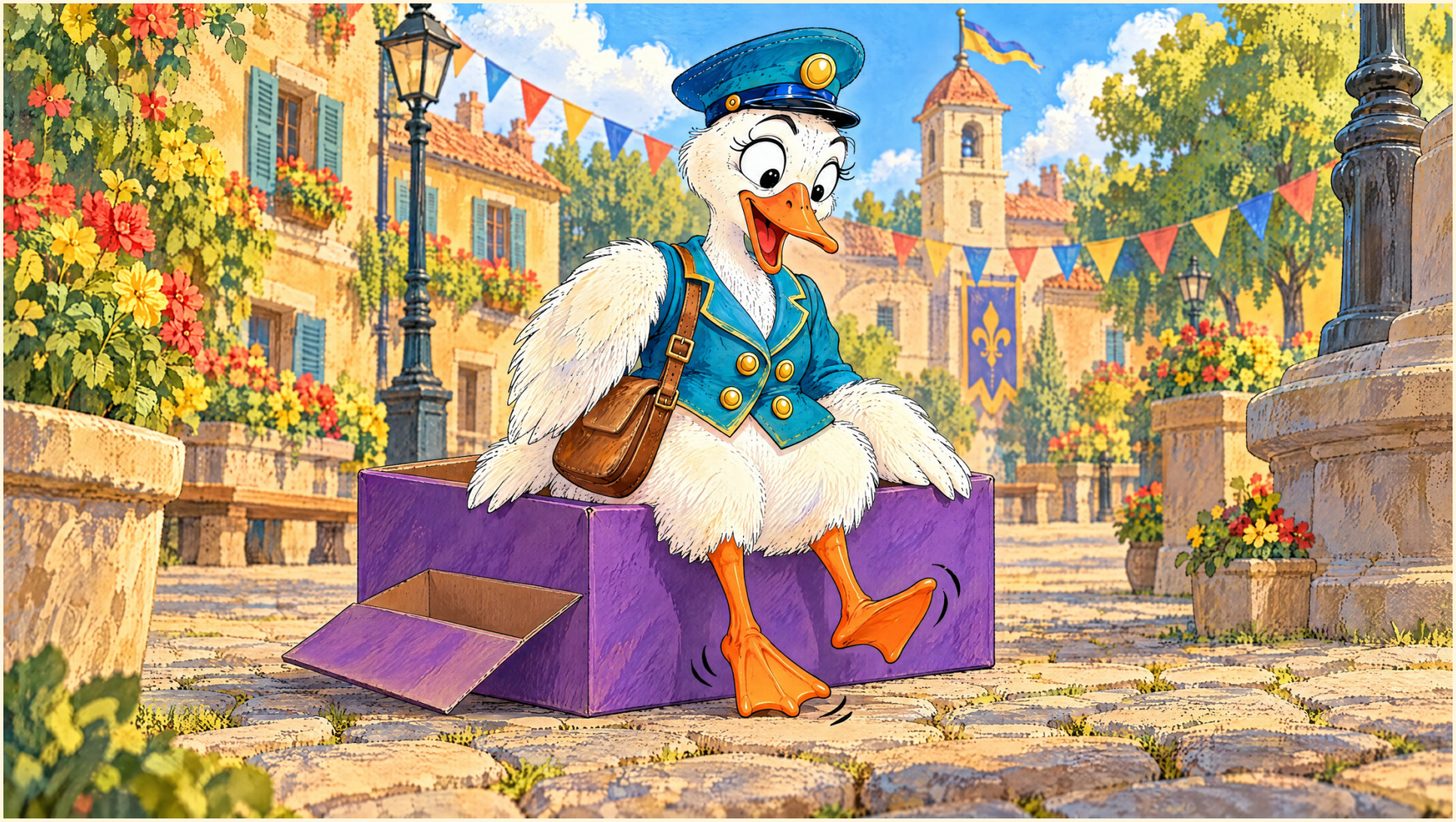




“Mister Thump!” she called. “I've brought something that has been a TERRIBLE passenger!” He reached down. Goose tugged the yellow bow. Out sprang two gleaming boots, tapping their heels together. “My new parade boots!” cried Mister Thump. “They've been practicing without me!” He pulled them on. His knees bobbed. His shoulders wiggled. “Could you whistle that tune again?”



Goose whistled. The drummer joined in. Mister Thump danced past the bandstand, and the whole parade followed. Goose marched at the front, holding the yellow ribbon high like a flag. Delivery made!



Afterward, she sat on the empty box to rest. Tap. Tap. Tappity-tap. Goose peered inside. Nothing. She looked underneath. This time, it was her own feet.

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