



Trans Carrier Inc.
Delivery Report

Date: November 3rd, 1998

Courier: Eugene Annikovsky

Sender: Miraculous

Destination: 7th Line of the Vasilievsky Island, 18, St. Petersburg, Russia

Addressee: INQ

Delivery Status: Failed

Delivery Scheduled to be returned to Sender

Delivery Return: Failed

Delivery: Pending

Please be warned that under the agreement signed by Trans Carrier Inc., of the one part, and INQ, of the other part, Trans Carrier Inc. agrees that the parcel is to be kept for the duration of no less than three months. Trans Carrier Inc. cannot be held legally accountable for any damage done to the goods thereafter.

Due to the warehouse space being limited Trans Carrier Inc. has the legal right to unseal the parcel in order to evaluate the correct recycling method provided Return to Sender has failed.

The formal procedure aimed to evaluate if Delivery has Failed under Excusable circumstances has commenced on November 1st, 1998. The Courier Report is enclosed.

Courier Report

Written down and signed by Mr Eugene Annikovsky personally. Mr Eugene Annikovsky hereby declares any and all facts stated below to be true or subject to personal perception. He is made aware of the fact that he'll be held legally accountable for any misrepresentation.

Full Report

First of all I would like to note that there's no such thing as "INQ". How can I ID a nicknamed entity? I've no idea what you've been thinking when you took the order, and that alone should lift any and all responsibility and make it impossible to hold me accountable. I was delivering a parcel to no one.

Also please bear in mind the very specific instructions I had been given. The parcel had to be delivered on July 31st, 11:03-11:57PM. No paper was to be used in packaging, so I had to put it

all in a bag. I actually took some time to make sure no paper labels or something were inside, being a good courier that I am. You know what clients can be like. And only carrying with one hand, no backpacks allowed? Yeah, that was painful. But I did it. I did it all (seeing how you pay me triple).

The address was wrong: 7th Line of the Vasilievsky Island, 18 is a museum; obviously it was closed at night! So I tried the small inner yard, but there was no one there. I was unsure what to do next, and I had every right to just walk away. But I'm a responsible man, so I didn't. I walked out of the yard and back to the street. Then in again. Then out. And in. And out. And in, and out—

And then there she was—in the yard. A lady. I can't tell you how old she was, but one thing is certain: she was stunningly beautiful. Like supermodel beautiful. Or, to be more precise, supermodel-gone-broke beautiful. She was very pale, her eyes were watering, and her skin... It's like it didn't fit her, she wore it like a costume, and her posture was very weird, her head thrown back, and I'm pretty sure she had six fingers on one hand, whatever made me think she was beautiful?

"Give it to me", she said in a very normal, casual voice. Then I knew what was wrong. She had no hair. It was a wig, but I could see she has no eyelashes, no eyebrows, no skin hair. It's visible, you know? It changes the way light reflects—

She looked like a junkie. It all made sense then: the wrong address, the weird instructions. Now, I know we operate on a need to know basis, but the last thing I want is to be involved in drug trafficking. But I've already come here, right? My best excuse would be failing to ID her, so that's what I've tried to do.

"I've been told to deliver the parcel to INQ", I said. "Can I please see your ID?"

Do you know what man is? Man is a bog. A pond for bacteria to live in. We all know that there are millions of microorganisms inhabiting our bodies, multiplying, living, and dying every second. It's a symbiosis. Are men symbiotic to Earth? No we aren't. Earth is simply our habitat.

I'm just a habitat for bacteria. A habitat for my own cells, multiplying, living, and dying. There's no "me", I'm not a person, but a place for something else to live in.

Then I suddenly realized I was breathing. In. And out. And in. And out. And in, and out—

Every second millions of lives inside me were ending. I'm a bacteria graveyard. There's more dead matter inside me than there's alive.

"Do you know what's in the bag?" she asked.

I knew that I had to get away from there. (Out. Then in. Then out.)

“Happiness.”

...I came back the next day. The parcel? To hell with it—I just hoped that maybe I’ll forget about myself breathing somehow, that she’ll forgive me. (In. And out. And in.) The houses were back to normal, they weren’t breathing anymore—didn’t I tell you about the houses? No matter.

She wasn’t there.

There was a girl though. I went to the museum first, even bought a ticket, but I knew then and there it wouldn’t help. (In and out.) Of course I circled back to the yard.

The girl was rather young, black-haired, and pretty. And quiet. One of those children who are born older than they are. I’ve asked her about the lady from yesterday, but she shook her head.

“There are no ladies. It’s a male-only facility. I’m the only one here.”

I saw a lady at the museum, but she wasn’t talking about the museum.

“Why?”

She shrugged. What was she doing before I came here? She wasn’t drawing or playing, shouldn’t children play?

“You should’ve come yesterday,” she said after a long pause. “You’re a courier, right? You were due yesterday.”

“I was here, I just told you!”

“Happiness is hard to obtain. Not impossible, but...” She looked me in the eye. “It has to be extracted. And preserved.”

“Someone... Something wanted to stop me, right?”

“Ingredients aren’t hard to find—everyone has them. But preservation... Daddy says it’s the trickiest part. Formaldehyde’s not enough.”

“Was that your enemy? Are you aware you have an enemy?”

“But it was due yesterday. Time is linear, it works mathematically. An hour plus a minute means you’re late. So...”

In. And out. I was still breathing. They were enemies with her who makes us breathe. Who murders bacteria in our stomach and gives birth to a thousand more.

The girl smiled bleakly.

“You were late with the parcel, and they had nothing preserved, so they had to use a live specimen.”

END REPORT

Courier Status: Unknown. Mr Eugene Annikovsky refused professional help, but none of the three specialist invited to inspect him have found and physical or mental illness. Trans Carrier Inc. cannot be held legally accountable for the well-being of its employees during non-working hours.

Legal Status: Mr Eugene Annikovsky was cleared of all charges due to the established claim that the addressee was misregistered and impossible to ID, thus making the delivery also impossible.

Delivery Status: The circumstance of Failure was judged Excusable due to the fact that the addressee was misregistered and impossible to ID. It has been decided to unpack the parcel due to the suspicion of drug trafficking.

Delivery Contents:

- 28 feathers, most likely swan or goose (wrapped in cloth);
- 273 grams of quicksilver held in an airtight glass tube (wrapped in cloth);
- a metallic brooch with a heart insignia on it;
- three leather shoes (adult male);
- 400 grams of rice in a linen sack;
- a portable mini-freezer locked with a passworded electrical lock (hacked via electrocution upon consideration; the following item has been found inside);
- a human heart transplant, most likely unuseable;
- a piece of leather with a note saying “It’s not quicksilver.”

Delivery Status: Pending

Note: Seeing how INQ has prepaid warehouse space for sixteen years it has been decided by Trans Carrier Inc. to store the package until further notice or until time runs out. Estimated recycling date: September 4th, 2014.