



11 December

**Diary checked and journey logged,
Mike folded the old map away.
As his plane took flight, soaring high,
He wondered who he'd meet today!**

Northwards Mike flew on a fine sunny day,
To a place all covered with sand.
'We must be in a desert,' he thought.
'It's Chad,' Alpha said, 'a dry land!'

Down below, Mike spotted a camp,
With little tents all in a row.
'I'll land and help these people,' he said,
'They may need me to fly some cargo.'

Mike landed the plane and was met by a man,
'I hope you can help us,' he said.
'We're catching some very rare dama gazelle,
So that poachers don't trap them instead.

'We have a gazelle that needs taking
To the safety of our game reserves.
Would you fly her in your little aircraft,
So she can live the life she deserves?'

With tubes on her horns to protect the plane,
Alpha helped Becki the gazelle inside.
They flew her to the safety of her new home;
She seemed to enjoy the ride.

**Mike climbed back into the pilot's seat
And began his important checks.
He turned to the next page of the diary
To see where he'd be flying to next.**