



17 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!**

The next stop on the map was Uganda,
In Africa where they'd been before.
Below on the runway was a smiling man;
Mike wondered what he had in store.

The man's name was Issa, he welcomed the friends,
'Could you help me to lead my workshop?
It's for children who've had a terrible time,
Can we visit them on your next stop?'

'Of course,' said Mike, 'Welcome aboard!'
Issa bought out some peg people and clay.
'The children will use this stuff for fun,
Through the stories and games we'll play.'

The children that Issa was helping,
Had witnessed some terrible crimes.
For they'd had to flee from civil war,
And felt sad and scared at times.

One of the children was Anna, who said,
'You've taught me to be hopeful and strong,
Brave and fearless like Superwoman,
Thanks so much for coming along!'

**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.**