



18 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!**

Flying on through African skies,
They flew to Angola in the west.
Waiting at the airstrip, some explorers
Asked Mike to help them with their quest.

Mike said, 'Glad to help, please jump on board!'
From the skies, they saw a really vast river.
So heading to the Okavango Delta,
The explorers and their kit he'd deliver.

'We're doing lots of research on the river,
Which humans are starting to ruin
By killing animals and cutting down trees,'
The scientists explained as they flew in.

'Thank you so much,' said one of the men,
'We'll be able to collect so much data,
Which will help us protect this wonderful place;
The handiwork of our Creator.'

Mike, Alpha and Foxtrot all agreed,
As they headed towards the cockpit,
That God created a wonderful world
And it's our duty to protect it.

**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.**