



20 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 plane was now heading for Bangladesh;
The landing not as bumpy as before
Because the plane wasn't on a runway,
But water, near a shore.

Opening the door, Mike could see
A large and sturdy float.
Now his little MAF plane
Could travel like a boat.

Waiting on the dock in Dhaka,
Was a lady with a cardboard box.
It was full of lots of pencils, pens and books,
Which she gave to Foxtrot the fox.

'These are for the school on Bhola island;
The largest in the Ganges River.
The teachers need them for the kids,
Which we were hoping you'd deliver.'

'Delighted to help you,' Mike exclaimed.
'Many thanks indeed,' she cried.
'You'll save us a ten-hour journey by boat,
With the service you kindly provide!'

**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.**