



21 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 for the trio was Mozambique;
They were all very eager to go.
But from the window of their plane,
They could see devastation far below.

For strong winds and stormy weather
Had knocked homes and buildings down.
The three just knew they had to help,
The people of this now flooded town.

Alpha said, 'I can reach high with my neck'
And off to assist them he went.
Mike said, 'We'll help those with no shelter,
By giving them all a tent.'

Mike and the fox unloaded the plane
In a camp set up on dry land.
There were loads of tents for the people,
Who were glad to lend a hand.

'I think I'll stay,' said Foxtrot.
'They need my skills as an engineer.'
Mike and Alpha waved him goodbye,
'We're sure you'll be useful here!'

**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.**