



## 8 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!**

After a couple of hours in the air,  
The friends landed in the DRC.  
Heading towards the hangar,  
They were greeted by MAF staff with glee.

'Hello Mike, and Alpha too,  
Could you help us with your plane?  
We need to get some measles vaccines,  
We're so happy that you came.'

'We'd love to help you,' Mike replied,  
As he unloaded vaccines they could use for injections.  
'Where do you want them delivered?' he asked.  
'You will need to give us directions.'

'They're to go to the village of Lisala,  
But be careful they don't get too hot.  
Because they'd no longer be effective,  
And we'd have to throw out the lot.'

The people gave a sigh of relief,  
'Now our children will be protected!  
Measles is a nasty disease,  
But thanks to you, they won't be infected.'

**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.**