



"Almost time to take off," said Pilot Bob to Bad Penny, his trusted airplane, a Lancaster bomber. "We have volunteered for a special mission."



“Now, several years after the Second World War started in 1939,” continued Pilot Bob, “Holland is no longer normal. The Dutch barely survived ‘The Hunger Winter of 1944.’ The people are desperate for food. Even the tulips have stopped blooming!”



"Food away!" yelled Bombardier Bill. Bad Penny was flying so low that Bombardier Bill waved at Peter and Bad Penny waggled her wings to say hello.

Bad Penny thought, "I hope that boy can take lots of food back to his home."



A man approached Bad Penny and gently reached out to pat her nose.

“My name is Peter. I was the little boy in the field when you flew your first food mission,” he said. “I always wanted to meet you and say ‘thank you’ for being so brave. I am glad you came back, Bad Penny.” Bad Penny smiled very widely. “I am also glad Peter. I remember waving to you as I flew by and dropped the food. I am pleased you came to see me on this special day.”