

Tour Report

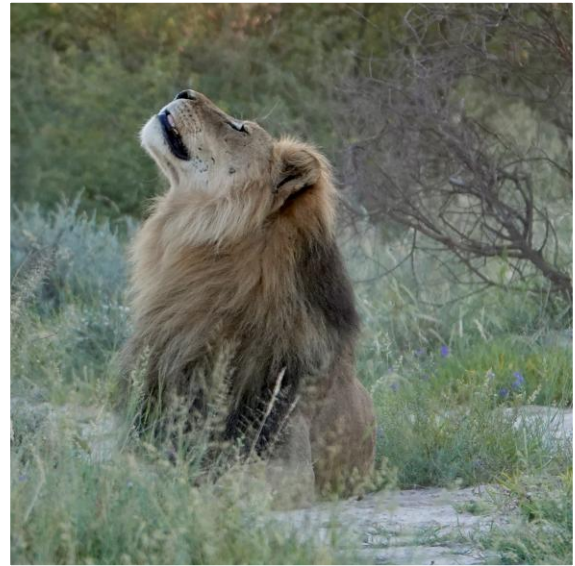
Kalahari Conservation Experience in Green Season

16 – 25 January 2026

Cheetah



Lion



Pangolin scales



Wild dog



Compiled by Helen Bryon

Summary

Who in their right mind would want to go to the Kalahari in mid-summer when it is hot, potentially, but not always, wet, and when wildlife will be widely dispersed, concealed in tall, lush grasses due to an abundance of surface water? Well, we would! And the reasons are numerous. Meadows of wildflowers are teeming, absolutely alive with butterflies, grasshoppers and locusts, while migrant birds feast on their insect bounty. Blue wildebeest calves are delivered under huge cumulonimbus-filled skies, with predators and scavengers taking full advantage during this time of plenty. It may be harder to find them, lions especially, but we are up to the challenge.

The project that we frequent conducts research year-round, with wild dog, cheetah and ground pangolin their particular focus. Trying to locate these animals through GPS readings, telemetry and old-fashioned tracking requires patience and perseverance as we cover vast distances in this remote, untamed and profoundly beautiful land. Mornings tend to be quieter in terms of wildlife viewing so we embark on conservation initiatives dictated by the needs of the reserve ecologist at the time of our visit. Activities can be varied, perhaps a grass survey one day and applying herbicides the next. We constantly analyse camera trap footage, conduct game counts, and may get involved with predator call ups. Extended afternoon drives drift into late evenings with arrival back at camp for dinner often between 21:00 - 22:00 once nocturnal species and pangolins have got moving.

Two other factors make this a safari quite unlike any other that we offer. The first is a real sense of wilderness. We share the almost 100,000-hectare Big Five reserve with one small lodge, but we do not share sightings, nor are we pushed off them. The second is that we will actively engage in learning about challenges facing Africa's wildlife. How can populations be managed when habitat is rapidly and increasingly being lost? What part do culling, hunting and contraception have to play? What is being done about poaching? Although there is no human-wildlife conflict in the country, what impact do South Africa's fenced systems have?

In a nutshell, for a chance to not only view wildlife but to challenge your preconceptions, to learn, and to witness conservation in action, this holiday consistently delivers.

Friday 16 January 2026

Day 1:

London to Johannesburg

Saturday 17 January 2026

Day 2:

Transfer to the Kalahari and pangolin monitoring

Weather: sunny and hot, 36°C

Arriving on time at Johannesburg's OR Tambo International Airport, the group were met by their transfer driver, AB, who whisked them west for their day-long transfer to the Kalahari. Stopping for two breaks along the way during which they picked up lunch and camp groceries from a supermarket in Vryburg, they finally reached the reserve at 17.15. Five of the six strong group were returnees and camp owner and conservationist, Gary, gave them all a warm welcome at the gate along with tour leader Helen, who led them towards camp as giraffe and warthog looked on. Edyta, Gary's wife, and rescue dog, Pluto, awaited everyone's arrival in camp, while Sweeney, the other camp dog, was fast asleep in the kitchen, where it was slightly cooler. He would make his debut later once dinner was served!

Having been shown to their spacious, en-suite tents and given 20 minutes or so to settle in, everyone met in the mess tent where indemnity forms were signed and a question was put the group. Was anyone up for trying to find a tagged pangolin who needed a battery pack change to ensure we could keep following it? Having spent the last 24 hours plus travelling, we were delighted to have a full consensus of yes. We were

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keen to get on the road asap as attempts to find it the previous night had been unsuccessful so time was of the essence before the batteries failed. Coupled with that, this particular individual is known as a 'fence runner' due to its tendency to favour burrows close to part of the reserve's electrified perimeter fence, a potentially fatal inclination.

The group were warned that it may be a long night as reaching the relevant area would take an hour each way and once there, we would need to scour roads using telemetry with a maximum range of 1.2 kilometres on a good day. With expectations set, everyone was still up for it, so we clambered aboard our open-sided, roofed safari vehicle at 18:30 and hit the ground running. Thank goodness we did as it turned out to be a monster first drive!

We knew we had to prioritise the pangolin, so advised we would not be stopping for plain's game or birds unless there was a photographic opportunity too good to ignore. We did, however, smell something that had recently died not far from camp but unable to find a carcass, we drove on, over honey badger tracks, and made good progress in the late afternoon sun, passing a juvenile pale chanting goshawk who couldn't seem to get its footing across several tree canopies in a row. The beautiful tail feathers of male shaft-tailed whydahs were pointed out as the sun lowered in the sky and the western horizon deepened into an absolute belter of a sunset.



We tried to capture the kaleidoscope of colours in our mind's eye and on film as we reached our target area, stopping frequently to allow Gary to climb up onto the vehicle roof in order to gain height and therefore increase his chance of picking up a signal. On the third attempt, he was successful but now the hard work began, as we edged closer to the pangolin off-road, negotiating dense thickets of blackthorn.

We passed a male red hartebeest who watched our progress, and a scrub hare, before darkness fell. We were now in the thick of it, repositioning constantly to find a way through as the signal got stronger. Gary asked Helen to drive so that he could lead the way on foot, rifle slung over his shoulder as it is not only pangolin that favour this habitat, but black rhino too. In our headlights, we watched him circle a few trees. He was close.

Suddenly he fell to his knees, asked us to park up, and quietly dismounted from the vehicle to join him. There, not a metre away, was a pangolin hunkering down into the soil as Gary immediately set to work replacing batteries in tags attached to its scales. Wow. Only 24 hours earlier, the group had been at Heathrow. This was superb. The pangolin, thought to be a male, although this has not been confirmed, had half a tail, possibly the result of fighting or escaping predation. Gary was clearly relieved to have found it, unsurprisingly considering he's spent many, many hours in its company, at the very forefront of pangolin research. With precious little known about these creatures, every single sighting is a learning opportunity and ongoing monitoring of individuals is crucial. We watched him work by torchlight and left the area as soon as we could in order to keep contact to an absolute minimum.

With Helen back in the passenger seat and spotlighting our night drive home, we initially came across two kori bustards, one considerably smaller than the other. Springhares followed a little later, endearing bush kangaroos who favour relatively open areas tucking into roots and forbs. Spotted thick-knees and bronze-winged coursers stood silently in the road ahead, the lack of vegetation there aiding visibility for capturing their insect prey.

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Eye shine at the base of a tree stopped us and while trying to identify what we had, a client noticed a stationary brown hyena literally metres ahead of our position next to the road. Illuminating it, we were amazed that it stood stock still, holding our gaze, for what seemed like an eternity. It was a beautiful specimen, clean and not knotted with vegetation as they so often can be. Eventually, it ambled off and we were thrilled at what we had witnessed. For one client, especially, this was at the top of her wish list. Great!

The hyena wasn't ready to let go of the limelight just yet though and as we drove a little further on, we smelt that something else had died. Shining in the relevant direction, we picked up multiple pairs of eyes. Gary and Helen had seen a pride of lions in this exact same spot yesterday so they wrongly assumed it was them, but as we drove closer, we could see our brown hyena chewing on the leg of a deceased large male blue wildebeest. It was highly likely that last night's lions had made the kill and we were now watching the clear-up in action. So, who did the other eyes belong to?

Well, a black-backed jackal stood nearby, hobbling ever closer as it gained confidence. It was missing its back right foot. We turned the spotlight off, favouring the softer hues of our headlights and sat in silence, watching the proceedings ahead. The hyena moved off, and the jackal came forward; the muscle wastage on its leg was obvious, yet it seemed to be an old injury and the animal was clearly thriving.

Time was pressing on and the group had had two long travel days, so we continued on our way, picking up a small-spotted genet next. Crouched under the low branches of a tree, we watched as it moved through the grass until we lost it. It wasn't over yet though as when almost home, we passed our closest waterhole and practically bumped into five white rhinos. Closest to us was a huge bull who disappeared in a flash as two mother calf pairs set off in opposite directions, one female having a distinctive horizontal front horn. What a night.

We finally arrived back at camp around 21:40, more than ready for our quintessential South African welcome dinner of boerewors (or vegetarian sausages) served with corn on the cob, pap and chakalaka sauce. We made our way to our tents, sinking into bed and dreaming of adventures yet to come.

Sunday 18 January 2026

Day 3:

Grass survey and pangolin monitoring

Weather: sunny and hot, 34°C

It was surprisingly cool when we met for breakfast at 06:30. A selection of fruit, cereal, toast and porridge was available supplemented by a hot food option which today consisted of scrambled eggs. We set off shortly after 07:00, learning that we would be undertaking a grass survey first thing, a task of huge benefit to the reserve ecologist. Our site, one of 60 dotted around the reserve, is surveyed once per year, with trends monitored and information extrapolated in conjunction with an annual aerial game count to help decide reserve policy going forward.

Gary began by helping us identify the most common species we would likely come across, which included sickle, silky bushman, Lehmann's love and signal grass. Mission accomplished, we measured out a 50 metre tape measure in a southerly direction from a central pile of stones. We measured and identified grasses at two metre intervals all along it, logging our findings on a central app. Job done, we retired for morning tea and coffee in welcome shade as the heat was building up. Thus fortified, we then laid out the measure in a northerly direction and completed the 100 metre total transect in record time.

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We packed up and drove past the closest waterhole to camp to see what we could find. The stable-like smell of rhino dung hung in the air, scaly-feathered weavers flew in small flocks, and Namaqua doves were out in abundance. The heads of numerous giraffe peppered the horizon ahead and we stopped to admire a huge, dark bull nibbling daintily at a camel thorn close by, complete with a red-billed oxpecker on his thigh. We then drove towards the water, taking in Egyptian geese, blacksmith lapwing and hordes of Monarch butterflies before coming to rest amongst the journey ahead. A mixture of males and females, with the odd zebra joining the throng, we stopped counting when we reached the mid-teens and simply enjoyed their proximity as they scratched their bellies and walked through fields of wild sunflowers under a cloudless sky. Arriving home shortly before 11:00, we relaxed around camp, with some of the group enjoying a snooze whilst others hit the hammocks or seats by the plunge pool, chuckling at the few who braved the cold, ahem, refreshing water!



A delicious broccoli salad lunch was served with freshly baked bread at 13:00, during which white-backed vultures soared the thermals above. Afterwards, more downtime helped while away the heat of the day, although there was a very welcome breeze. By 17:00, we hit the road searching for another pangolin, a female rescued from poachers this time, whose battery pack also needed changing.

We knew she wouldn't be out for a few hours yet so we drove past our first calcrete pans, sanctuaries for springbok and other plain's game who take refuge in the open, thereby minimising a cat's ability to sneak up on them due to a lack of vegetation to hide behind. A flock of helmeted guineafowl with chicks, a black cuckoo, and mini murmurations of wattled starlings were seen along the way as were a few mammals, black-backed jackal and scrub hare to name a few. We viewed two mating Monarch butterflies who flew higher, continuing their task, and watched two meerkats standing sentry at a burrow entrance.

We drove to a camera trap mounted on part of our closest fence line, spotting cheetah tracks in the deep sand close by. Sure enough, once the SD card had been removed and analysed, two very full male cheetahs had been captured walking by at 04:00! The clarity of the images was astounding. Driving on, violet-eared waxbills, a grey hornbill and our first swallow-tailed bee-eaters danced in the air around us as a white rhino bull posed beautifully in the centre of a large pan. The wind was coming from behind him so he was blissfully unaware of our existence and we watched as his almighty bulk moved off slowly but surely.

We stopped to admire a breeding herd of red hartebeest and a super speedy hoopoe before reaching the last known location of our pangolin female around 19:00. We negotiated more thickets of blackthorn off-road in an effort to get as close to her as possible. Audible signal on the telemetry set was clear and strong and we were sure she was moving, only to then find that she probably wasn't. There was nothing for us to do but sit and wait, so staying aboard the vehicle due to the presence of fresh elephant tracks, we passed around sundowner drinks and snacks, chatting to each other quietly. We'd already been warned that it would be too dangerous to try and find her on foot after dark, so we planned to constantly check the signal, hoping she would move towards two roads close by, where we could possibly try to intercept her.

While we waited, Gary talked us through what he has learnt during his intensive monitoring of pangolins over the last three years. It was both interesting and enlightening in equal measure. We decided to cut our losses at 21:00 as readings were still inconclusive, so heading for home, viewing the Cape porcupine just outside camp. It was a new moon and the Milky Way was dazzling as we ate chicken and chorizo bake under the stars, topped off by cheesecake.

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Monday 19 January 2026

Day 4:

Wild dog and pangolin monitoring

Weather: sunny and hot, 35°C

Once again it was unusually chilly first thing this morning when we set off at 07:00, after a breakfast of hashbrowns with fried tomatoes, on a mission to find a collared pack of 11 wild dogs. We'd received a morning GPS reading suggesting that they were in the far west of the reserve. Hoping they wouldn't move, we set off prepared for a long drive. Burchell's sandgrouse moved out of the road at our approach and after straining our eyes through binoculars to view a brown raptor in the far distance, we took photographs of it and later, identified it as a juvenile black harrier. Velvety seed pods hung in the canopies of camel thorns and Southern pied babblers flew from tree to tree as we drove on. A fawn-coloured lark joined us at eye level for a wonderful few seconds.



Passing two pans, we conducted our usual game counts, noting the antics of three busy meerkats running from one burrow entrance to another. A western yellow-bellied sand snake narrowly missed our wheels as it slid beneath the canopy of a small bush, escaping the unwanted attention of a gabar goshawk scouting for prey from above. We passed nursery herd after nursery herd of blue wildebeest, sharing space with plain's zebra, oryx and springbok. A large male lion had trodden our same path overnight, but eventually his tracks petered out.

Mammals began to thin out as we continued west, but one client spotted a slender mongoose shoot across the road (we need two people to see it to be on the Species List) and we came across two ostrich who rather obligingly, in a reserve where wildlife is often quite skittish, ran across the road when we were ready with our cameras. Almost one hour and 45 minutes after leaving camp, we reached a fence line where Gary immediately spotted fresh wild dog tracks. The last reading for our collared pack suggested they were still five kilometres ahead of our current position but due to the tracks, we thought it prudent to check for them using telemetry in case they'd moved. Although noVhF signal was picked up, by being up on the roof, Gary's internet kicked in and a new GPS coordinate four kilometres in the opposite direction was picked up. Fantastic, now we won't waste our time in the wrong area. There is simply no substitute for good old-fashioned tracking! With a more realistic chance of finding them, we changed course, hoping against hope that due to the heat, they wouldn't have moved far.



We drove along the fence line to a point where we were just 1.5 kilometres from them, but took the decision not to off-road from there due to our engine and exhaust heat potentially being a fire hazard. Gary knew of a different route, a slightly longer way around, but one we were happy to use with less risk. We eventually found the dogs deep in the bush resting in the shade. A few moved position into the grasses at our approach but the alpha pair stayed in the open. The male had ants in his pants (so to speak), getting up constantly, only to come back to his female and at one point, lying down beside her and using her back as a pillow. It was rather endearing.

We spoke a little about the difficulty in managing wild dog populations due to their tendency to breed like rabbits, split off from each other regularly thereby increasing their hunting capacity, and crucially, the need for space. Habitat loss is their single biggest threat, so much so that half of the breeding population left in

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Africa is on contraceptives as few reserves actually want more than one pack.



We left them to their slumber and drove to a nearby pan, complete with rainwater pools, where we saw our largest gathering of wildlife yet. Literally hundreds of oryx, springbok, blue wildebeest and plain's zebra were spread out with multitudes of white-backed vultures loitering on the pan floor or soaring the thermals above. A lone eland bull was semi-hidden behind a blackthorn and the most enormous troop of chacma baboons was running across the open area. One huge male sat alone in the shade of a tall tree, very much looking as if he were holding court.

Whilst tea, coffee, juice and cake were set up, we realised we'd arrived just in time to spot a brand new blue wildebeest calf finding its feet. Gangly, clumsy and utterly, utterly adorable, it was still wet and the afterbirth was visible hanging out of Mum. We watched, enchanted, as within minutes it was running faster than we ever could! What an enormous stroke of luck, let alone an absolute privilege. The time was fast approaching 11:00 and the heat was intense, so we headed for home, taking an hour to get back, and viewing not one but two snake eagles en route, a black-chested initially and a brown closer to camp.

We wolfed down our tuna and runner bean salad, supplemented by freshly baked corn bread and then relaxed for a good few hours before departing on a drive at 17:00. Almost immediately, we bumped into a lone wildebeest calf who was either abandoned or separated from its herd last Thursday night. Amazed it was still alive; it is a tough choice to let nature take its course versus wanting to intervene. Its bleats to try and locate Mum were pitiful but it still looked remarkably strong.

En route to our waterhole, a client spotted three elephant backs just above the shrub line. The reserve purposely has a very small population of these behemoths, with sightings generally infrequent, so it was a real treat to sit and watch them appear and disappear as they fed from different trees.



We decided to move ahead of them, and await their hopeful arrival at the water to drink. Suitably ensconced in the shade, Gary talked us through the mechanics of managing elephant populations and advised just how destructive they can be if unchecked. We also noticed a set of broken buffalo horns lying in the sand. The result of a huge fight between two males, they'd been cleanly broken off and split into two. We could only imagine the force of the impact.

It was half past six when we moved on towards the coordinates of two pangolins relatively close to each other. One, a male, was too close to a fence-line and the other was the female (who incidentally has a pup) that we'd tried to find last night. She still needed a battery pack change but the fence runner was our priority. Settling down to wait between the two, we had sundowners and as the female traditionally comes out first, we went to see if we could locate her using telemetry. While doing so, Gary received a welcome GPS notification showing that the male was away from the fence so it was now all systems go to find the female. We drove to the point we'd waited at last night and she appeared to have moved, but not far. The signal was strong and we edged closer and closer with Helen eventually jumping into the driver's seat so that Gary could proceed on foot in the darkness with the group following behind. Gary advised that she was in a shallow burrow ahead of him so we killed the engine and watched by the light of our headlights for any sign of her coming out. Eventually, we called it quits for a second night running.

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As we drove back to the closest road, we were rewarded with another stonking brown hyena sighting. Standing facing us in the middle of the track was a lone individual who once again just stared at us for several minutes. Eventually, it moved off and we followed its progress with a spotlight. Next, scrub hares, for once, remained stationary in our headlights, while spotted thick-knees and a spotted eagle-owl posed beautifully. Arriving back into camp around 21:30, we tucked into steak, spinach-stuffed gem squash and potato salad before falling into bed.

Tuesday 20 January 2026

Day 5:

Checking camera traps, wild dog and pangolin monitoring

Weather: sunny and hot, 34°C

Fortified by fried eggs and tomatoes, we breakfasted under sunny skies, so we were surprised to see a dark, threatening scene to our west as we left for the morning to investigate camera traps and check on the location of the half-tailed pangolin who, once again, was very close to the electric fence last night. The wind picked up and the skies deepened further so we fully expected rain as we spotted our first purple roller and common scimiterbill.

The waterhole had been a hive of activity overnight with tracks seen for elephant, spotted hyena and both black and white rhino, but having since retired from the area, we continued to a pan boasting healthy numbers of plain's game. Three giraffes were drinking on the far side with a pair of black-backed jackals scurrying around them. A large herd of blue wildebeest with a fantastic number of newborns, some of whom were suckling, was supplemented further when more emerged from the perimeter vegetation. Springbok, complete with lambs, dodged darting alpine swifts and two warthogs scuttled away as we partially circumnavigated the area stopping, as always, to enjoy the meerkats currently inhabiting burrows with ground squirrels.



Southern white-crowned and red-backed shrikes stood out, flashes of white conspicuous in the bright sunshine that had now returned, and a long line of zebra joined the throng. We stopped to appreciate the hard work of a number of southern masked weavers constructing their nests, one in particular standing out as it continually looped forward on a strand, akin to a trapeze artist or gymnast using the high bars.



We checked a number of camera traps, one of which, located at a waterhole, had taken three and a half thousand images since it was last checked a week ago. The pictures largely captured images of black and white rhinos keen to investigate the foreign object and try to bash the living hell out of it! Rather wonderfully though, it also had captured a leopard (image credit: Gary Schneider) who had been there just before us, perhaps accounting for the repeated alarm calls of a black-backed jackal heard as we approached the area.

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We drove on, heading towards the location of our half-tailed pangolin, eventually reaching the fence to find a brand new excavation in the soft sand at the side of the road. Teeming with flies at the entrance, an aardvark must have dug it last night, who was now likely to be fast asleep in it until this evening. As usual, Gary jumped up on the roof and picked up a weak signal for the pangolin far enough away from the fence to alleviate his concerns. As such, we turned around, stopping to photograph the lovely pink and yellow flowers of sicklebush, known as the Kalahari Christmas tree, shortly thereafter.

Reaching an area of open grassland, we dismounted into a gorgeous sea of inflorescence and set up morning tea and coffee. A pleasant half an hour later, and our drive home produced a number of memorable sightings. A youngster stole the limelight when we reached a trio of giraffes. Tiny, tiny, it sat in the grass, just its head visible, with Mum towering over it under the shade of a tree. A large pile of rhino dung attracted a kaleidoscope of butterflies working alongside dung beetles decomposing it, and we stopped a little later to photograph a huge community spider nest. Finally, we were floored by three red hartebeest who positively shone in the by now strong sun, their coats and backsides, especially resplendent. They walked away from us and, somewhat brilliantly, stopped in an open area, turned back to look at us, and posed like models. What absolute stars!



We returned to camp shortly after 11:00, dispersing to rest before falafel and couscous salad were served as usual at 13:00. Black-faced waxbill and red-headed finch busied themselves around the mess tent and plunge pool providing photo opportunities aplenty, and at 17:00, having effectively hoovered grass seeds out of the vehicle radiator, we set off west to try and find the wild dogs again. They were marginally closer than their previous position, but only just. We sat back and enjoyed the ride, minds wandering, lost in our own thoughts as we absorbed the environment around us. We inadvertently flushed out a secretary bird who flew up into the air, soaring away as we passed, and as we watched a baby zebra start to suckle, an adult came across the frame, photobombing it and ruining our chances! We got our first good look at eland, three juveniles with a lot of growing to do...little did we know we'd be seeing scores of them later, if not over a hundred or so.



An hour and a half later, we reached our destination. The dogs stood up and greeted each other excitedly when we found them, off-road, tails raised and excitedly greeting each other before flopping back down into the tall grass. Their tawny, blond, black and white hues just melted away and for perhaps ten to fifteen minutes, they barely moved. Currently, it was a peaceful world that they inhabited, but how quickly that can change with these enigmatic creatures. It was still hot and with some dogs showing slightly larger bellies than others, it looked as though they may have made a small kill since our last visit, but nothing substantial, and certainly nothing that had fed the entire pack. Perhaps they'd try later but with the heat still a little oppressive, we didn't think they'd be hunting tonight.

As such, we left them be and headed to the huge pan that had been filled with wildlife yesterday morning,

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passing common buttonquail, Orange river francolin and red-faced mousebirds en route. The view before us as we crested a slight rise to see the pan spread out before us was mind-blowing, one that would be difficult to capture on film. Framed by a huge, pink cumulonimbus cloud, were hordes of eland, huge and statuesque next to oryx, blue wildebeest, springbok and plain's zebra. It was nothing short of breathtaking. We were up against it with our aim being to reach the other side of the pan in time for sunset, so we pressed on, driving the huge southern rim, all the while trying to comprehend the proliferation of wildlife before us. Surely the area must be crawling with predators keen to take advantage of the glut on offer? We toasted the scene with sundowners, more quietly than normal, awed by the beauty of the evening.



Once packed up and back aboard the vehicle, it was well past 20:00 and we still needed to try and find the female pangolin to change her battery pack. We would have to pass camp, an hour away, to get to her, so Helen offered the group the option to be dropped off if they didn't want to carry on. It was decided that we'd all return to camp for dinner and then whoever wanted to continue afterwards could. Our night drive home was quiet with springhares and one white rhino seen at our waterhole and we ate our hearty chicken and butternut risotto dinner, followed by peppermint crisp tart, before making final decisions.



Two of the group were up for the pangolin quest, joining Gary and Helen, who would have gone regardless. It was 22:00 when we hit the road, seeing the camp's resident western barn owl fly past as we left, and we were very much hoping it would be a case of third time lucky. We had to hope she hadn't moved far from last night's location as with only her VHF tag to go by, we needed to be within a kilometre or so of her to realistically pick up the signal. We passed another white rhino, a larger bull this time, more spotted thick-knees than you could shake a stick at, and luckily picked up a signal.

We followed it, deep into the bush, driving ever so slowly as she may be with her pup and the last thing we wanted to do was run over it. Spotlighting constantly to check for other wildlife in the thickly vegetated area, Helen jumped into the driving seat trailing Gary, who set off ahead with the telemetry set, illuminated by our headlights, on foot. The signal got stronger and stronger and finally we had her.

Gary set to work quickly, grateful that both tags would now likely be in good working order for the next five to six weeks or so. Usually a very relaxed individual, we were able to see her face, her claws and her tongue when she did a huge yawn. It was quite something. True to form, she was incredibly placid, remaining still until the procedure was completed.

We left her to her nightly feed and negotiated our way to the closest road. We passed a spotted eagle-owl in the same place we'd seen one last night, and concluded it was most likely the same individual. Getting home shortly before midnight, we were thrilled at the overall experience and were somewhat in awe of Gary's perseverance and dedication with these animals as he routinely has to locate them and work with them alone in the dead of night.

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Wednesday 21 January 2026

Day 6:

Wild dog monitoring

Weather: Sunny and hot with a pleasant breeze, 34°C

Breakfast was pushed back this morning to 07:30, facilitating a lie-in after last night's efforts. Sustained by French toast, we set off half an hour later for another glorious day in the Kalahari. Lion tracks were evident by our waterhole and a yellow-bellied eremomela sang its heart out while a kori bustard fluffed up its neck feathers and danced for its potential mate as we conducted our first game count.

Gary climbed a trig tower (formerly used for surveying land) to try and pick up a signal for wild dogs and cheetah, coming down to advise he had been successful with the former and they weren't too far away. We set off down the fence-line, passing kudu on the neighbouring property and a well-hidden great spotted cuckoo, eventually finding the dogs, as usual, in a dense thicket of blackthorn. They'd moved 19 kilometres closer to camp overnight and we hoped aloud that they would continue on that heading! Only four of the pack were visible in the undergrowth and they were looking thinner so perhaps tonight would be the night for a hunt. We vowed to return later in an effort to follow them.

Passing a pan literally crawling with chacma baboons, they occupied every corner of it as a long line of plain's zebra uniformly marched across it, gathering on the southern edge. Three rock kestrels hovered above, one darting down and making a kill during one successful drop, although we couldn't ascertain exactly what its prey was. We had tea, coffee, hot chocolate and lemon cake there before heading home, arriving around 11:00. After our sausage roll, cheese puff and bean salad lunch, we chatted, swam, relaxed and slept, meeting up again for more safari adventures at 17:00.



A little manual labour was in store first thing before our reward, trying to find the wild dogs again. We dismounted to retrieve two camera traps mounted opposite each other on steel supports at a road junction. Bearing in mind that they had been well and truly bashed in, to withstand nosy rhinos, it proved to be a bit of a mission. Lifting out spadefuls of sand, we constantly applied water to the well being created in order to loosen the deeper soil further down. Thirty minutes later, and after a fantastic effort from two clients working alongside Gary, it finally lifted, and we had a newfound appreciation for aardvark who dig through the sand with ease. Strangely, the second stanchion came out as easily as a Flake from an ice cream!

Once on the road again, we braked as five warthogs positively flew across the road, three little ones sandwiched between two adults. We drove on to our waterhole camera trap and checked it to find images of lion, black rhino and a simply outstanding portrait of three white rhinos. It was so beautifully framed that it could have won awards. Well done, Browning trail cameras!

As we neared the location of the dogs from this morning, we decided to quickly check for them using telemetry in case we could avoid negotiating the dense thickets we'd left them in. As soon as we did so, we realised they had indeed moved and were now directly behind us.

As we turned the vehicle around to view the pack lying spread out in a wide open area, we realised there was an oryx in the midst of a bush right next to them. How long the stand-off between them had been happening was anyone's guess. There was little movement initially until shortly before 19:00 when a

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number of dogs stood up, stretched, and sneezed. Soon, they would likely all be up. We watched as one individual tentatively moved towards the oryx, who hissed and stamped his feet in warning. The dog retreated. It came again though, and the oryx stamped back, the movement kicking up a cloud of dust. Two dogs then approached while another went around the back, out of sight. It reappeared moments later when another oryx charged at it. They had two cornered. The rest of the pack were now on their feet, fanning out in a wide circle, darting in and out as we re-positioned to watch the proceedings.

The oryx continued to charge, knowing they had the advantage as long as they protected their backsides in the thorny vegetation. Once or twice, they came out clean into the open, heads and lethal horns down, ready to strike, but with most of the pack now trotting away, it was clear they were after easier, less savvy prey. Oryx 1, wild dogs 0.

The pack trotted along with ease as we followed, fluid, effortless motion with the alpha pair leading the way. They'd stop repeatedly, re-group and then continue. Suddenly, their body language changed, heads and ears went down and their speed increased exponentially as in the distance, two zebras came into view. They flew towards them, making contact and nipping at their hind legs, setting their sights firmly on a species that Gary advised they usually leave alone. As we closed the gap between them and us, we arrived to find the zebra disappearing into thickets as the dogs moved on. The zebra had had a lucky escape and once again, it was a case of plain's zebra 1, wild dogs, 0.

Undeterred, the hunt resumed. With the exception of one dog, they barely glanced at a blue wildebeest satellite bull who had left the security of the herd to set up a territory and have first dibs on passing females. Another species usually out of their league here (unless injured), we weren't surprised when they left him be.

We reached a road and they darted across it as dusk fell. We could hear bellowing blue wildebeest and from driving this area previously, knew it to be rich with breeding herds. Oh dear. Suddenly, it was bedlam. The dogs sprinted towards a herd bunching together around their calves, but before we could even register what was happening, they'd separated one and were upon it. Pitiful bellows could be heard for a very long 90 seconds as the dogs set upon it and feasted in a frenzied state of high excitement. Their tails were held high as they tore at strips of meat and it was a hard and sobering watch under a blood red sky. We sat in silence, noting and hearing the clear hierarchy within the pack as lower-ranking dogs were disciplined, having to wait their turn. It wasn't a big meal, but it would probably be enough for one night during this season of plenty. The score was now reversed. Wild dogs 1, Blue wildebeest 0.

As the commotion died down, we made our way back to the road, quietly contemplative, yet aware that being able to follow the dogs for over an hour, off-road and uninterrupted, had been an absolute privilege and an experience that is simply not possible in many places now.

We set up two spotlights for our night drive home and aside from springhares, it was a quiet one, but thanks to a great spot from a client, we added a super relaxed Cape fox to our list of mammals seen so far. Our dinner of cheeseburgers with chips and onion rings was served in the dining room at 21:30, followed by divine beetroot brownies (surely one of your five a day?) and we fell into bed shortly thereafter. It had been quite a day.

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Thursday 22 January 2026

Day 7:

Herbicide application, wild dog and cheetah monitoring

Weather: Sunny and hot with a pleasant breeze, 36°C

Another chilly morning dawned, but we were warmed by banana pancakes before setting off for our morning's activity, herbicide application. Gary advised he'd heard lion vocalising around 06:00, so we decided to drive off in the relevant direction, hoping that signs of recent activity might lead us to a sighting before we got to work. Brown squirrels were out warming up in the sunshine next to meerkats and we found springbok sharing space with a troop of baboons at our closest pan. Barn swallows, for once, perched precariously on shrubs and upon reaching the fence-line, we noticed spoor for a large solitary male lion. He had not been picked up by a nearby camera trap, which had instead captured images of spotted hyena and bat-eared fox. We doubled back on ourselves, finding tracks going along the fence in the opposite direction but they disappeared off into the bush. We continued, hoping tracks might reappear once scent-marking had been accomplished, but they simply disappeared. We drove all roads radiating out from camp but to no avail. It was doubtful he'd move now until this evening, when the heat would dissipate, so we continued on our way.

At our waterhole, we were pleased to finally see flocks of sandgrouse coming in to drink and collect water in their chest feathers (where had they been for the last two weeks?) and were distracted by a brown raptor, yet to be identified, who had been teasing us here for the last few days. Taking as many photographs of it as we could, it was more obliging today, landing and taking off to show its top and underside, enabling us to later identify it as a common buzzard.

We finally applied ourselves to the task at hand, and following instructions, threw small pellets of herbicide from the vehicle into the base of native, but highly invasive, blackthorns lining the road back to camp. When the next rains come, the coating around each pellet will dissolve, the herbicide will infiltrate the soil, and the plant will be prevented from photosynthesising, thus leading to its demise. We off-roaded to target thickets further into the bush, had a close look at ginsomweed (a highly hallucinogenic species of *Datura* with small white trumpet flowers, eaten by black rhino), and were shown the fruit of Kalahari cucumber before returning to camp to both wash our hands and take advantage of the facilities.

Soon we were off again, checking another road for lion activity, but with none to be seen and the mercury rising, we stopped in the middle of a large open area dotted with the pale yellow sepals of doppelje and the brighter yellow of wild sunflowers for morning tea and coffee. It was a beautiful spot, almost meadow-like, until a huge lappet-faced vulture flew overhead and we remembered we were very much in glorious Africa!

Refreshed, we headed to another open area just outside camp, covered in mesquite, a fast-growing tree introduced into this area from Arizona when it was a series of cattle farms. Producing fodder and shade in equal measure, it looks almost identical to native camel thorn...a case of convergent evolution in action. Careful to target only the alien invasive, we walked from tree to tree, throwing balls of herbicide putty towards the roots. By now it was stinking hot so we headed home for a little downtime before our pasta salad and chicken lunch. Lychees or leftover brownies were a real treat afterwards.

Our mission this afternoon was to try and find a coalition of four cheetahs. Their recent location had been in the far north-west of the reserve so we knew we had quite a drive ahead. As such, we were on the road by 16:30, wanting to check a waterhole where we'd received a reading for wild dogs at 06:00 this morning en route. With no sign of them, we stumbled instead across a lone eland and a tower of five male giraffes in the process of enjoying a cooling drink. The eland bolted but the giraffe relaxed in our presence and we were able to sit quietly, enjoying their company for quite a while. The telemetry set picked up no signal for dogs in the surrounding area but as we continued, there was a shout for "Rhino!" A female with a very, very young calf was briefly seen running deep into the bush.

We pressed on, covering a lot more ground and driving the fence line where grasses dominated the horizon

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and the Kalahari sand was deep, slowing our progress. Eventually, we stopped to observe a black-winged kite perched on a dead tree at the precise location from where we'd need to turn into the bush to find our cats. We were looking for a coalition of four brothers, one of whom is collared, and they were, apparently, only 80 metres or so away from our position. We watched the kite and scanned the grasses and tried to get a direction on them whilst also letting our exhaust cool down. We then drove in.

Stopping regularly to use the telemetry set, findings were mixed. From the top of the vehicle, the cats were ahead of us. From ground level, the reading suggested they were behind. The grass was thick and tall so as Helen manoeuvred back into her usual off-road position, leaning over the bonnet to check for obstacles, Gary turned on the ignition and moved perhaps two or three metres to our right. Almost immediately, the grass literally a metre or so ahead of us erupted, materialising into three adult male cheetahs. What on earth? Our first thought was where is the fourth? As the three strolled away from us, quite unconcerned at the rude interruption to their slumber, we scanned the area to find the fourth behind a tree a few metres ahead. Crikey! We wondered aloud why they had waited until we were almost upon them before moving out of our way!

They were walking directly into the by now low sun and the light was blinding. We therefore moved back to the fence-line as Gary correctly presumed they would move towards it. Getting ahead of them and looking back at their approach, with the sun behind us, resulted in the most beautiful photographs. We were parked up next to a tree and the cheetahs moved either to the front or back of us, flopping down into the slight wells made by tyre depressions and using the raised sand as a pillow. We were well and truly trapped in a cheetah sandwich and my word, it was a fantastic place to be!



It really was the ideal place for a sundowner as we couldn't move and would have to sit and wait for them to do so first. Obviously, not being able to get out and retrieve the cooler box, one client suggested he could reach down from the back seat and try to open the lid. Why not? As bottles and snacks were passed forward, we sat contentedly, sipping our G&Ts from the comfort of the vehicle, in glorious evening light. Towards dusk, one client took such a wonderful close-up of one brother that his face immediately replaced her husband's as her mobile phone's screen-saver!

Barking geckos began to call and all was right in the world as we sat and waited it out. Eventually, it was around 20:00 when darkness fell and we were finally able to move. Our night drive home proved fruitful with a spotted eagle-owl kicking off proceedings, followed by sightings of a family of bat-eared fox, five endearing black-backed jackal pups and another incredibly calm brown hyena on the side of the road.

We stopped for a spot of star-gazing, lulled into silence by the beauty of the skyscape above us. Closer to home, a Cape porcupine trotted ahead of us in the road, somewhat unusually keeping his quills down and sticking to his line until finally swerving away and disappearing into the night. We disturbed the white rhino by our waterhole and were finally welcomed home by our Western barn owl shortly before 22:00. Our chilli quinoa and baked sweet potato dinner was a hit, and we hit the sack, tired but happy, shortly afterwards.

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Friday 23 January 2026

Day 8:

Searching for lion, lion management and pangolin monitoring

Weather: sunny and hot, 34°C

Our last full day in the bush got off to a good start with hard-boiled eggs and Edyta's famous scones on the breakfast menu. The coolness of the morning quickly changed as we set off at 07:00 to Gary's words, "The oven is being turned up." Just beyond our waterhole, we stumbled across our first lion tracks. We'd driven the same road yesterday morning so he'd walked there since but the wind had been blowing and leaves



were scattered across his spoor, making it look older than it was. Springbok and zebra count completed on our first pan, we found the meerkats occupying a new burrow entrance a little further on than usual, before we carried on to check our fence-line camera. A brown hyena had walked past with a huge chunk of scavenged meat in its jaws overnight and a black-chested prinia sang its heart out as we checked the rest of the images but there was no sign of a lion.

We continued to the next pan, which was absolutely heaving with plain's game. With no surface water currently held therein, lines of blue wildebeest and zebra, calves and foals in tow, were marching across it

presumably on a mission towards the next water source. We watched enthralled as two distant zebras engaged in a bit of a 'to-do'. Fisticuffs over, we resumed our lion search, driving a myriad of roads and almost two hours later came across tracks for a single lioness. We knew they were in the vicinity of camp but they simply weren't showing themselves.

We stopped for tea and coffee at our waterhole, enjoying the company of red hartebeest, plain's zebra and blue wildebeest, not to mention a tree absolutely brimming with red-billed queleas, the male facial markings prominent as they come into breeding plumage. On our approach to camp, an unidentified grey bird flew like a bat out of hell across our line of vision. We followed it and when it finally landed, we were chuffed to identify it as an African cuckoo. We were home early, it was just 10:20, as we'd been warned it would be a late night tonight. We enjoyed the pool, relaxing and chatting, before taking the opportunity to pack and ready ourselves for departure tomorrow. After our homemade quiche lunch, we relaxed further and then set off for our final drive at 17:00, our target being to find a female pangolin with a pup who needed a battery pack change.

We had lions on our minds too, as they had been conspicuously absent so far, although that is to be expected at this time of year when prey is spread out and plentiful. We were advised that we'd be driving past a boma currently containing two lionesses awaiting relocation to another reserve. Their release forms have been approved, so it was now a case of waiting for the receiving province to rubber-stamp the transfer and they'd be off, simulating natural dispersal and maintaining gene pool integrity. As we reached our destination, we stopped to identify a stunning dark morph tawny eagle perched in a dead tree and then, within sight of the two females, we entered a discussion on managing lion populations which gave us plenty of food for thought.

As golden hour approached, we made our way towards a nearby pan, coming across very fresh lion tracks en route. We arrived at a stunning scene. A huge white rhino bull stood with his back to us drinking from a natural pool while on the opposite side of the pan, at another water source, a trio of black rhinos did the same. Plain's game



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was bathed in late afternoon light as Abdim's storks were widely scattered alongside a lone yellow-billed stork, the bright red legs of black-winged stilt, and the distinct white head of a female South African shelduck. It was peaceful, serene, and extraordinarily beautiful.

A hush descended until Gary said quietly but surely, "Lion." We looked to the road ahead, skirting the perimeter of the pan and there he was, walking right towards us. YES! He held his head up high, smelling the wind as it riffled through his black mane. Adopting a pose that undoubtedly cemented his position as king of this land, he was regal, magnificent, stunning, and...coming ever closer. Movement to our right belied a large leopard tortoise walking out of his path but our focus was, of course, on him. He stood in front of us, then sat down, his head still high as he surveyed the area. He continued to pick up on a scent and we were pretty sure it was the females in the boma. He calmly got up, walked right past us and slowly but deliberately continued down the road behind us.

Giving him space, we turned around and followed him at a snail's pace. He cut back on to the pan and sank down to his haunches again, illuminated by the lowering sun. With the black rhinos now directly behind him, the scene was nothing short of perfect.

Knowing that we were losing light though and that we still had a pangolin to try and find, which was at least a 30-minute drive away, we left him to it, our hearts undeniably full. It seemed a fitting end to our time here, yet we still had more to come, with our mission not yet accomplished and our night drive still to come.



As the sunset glowed and deepened, we travelled north-east, stumbling across a roadblock once darkness had fallen. Another lion, this one was young, pale-maned and skittish. He stood up and settled once again, a few metres away. He looked hungry but our spotlight had revealed numerous pairs of eyes gathered together nearby, oryx, so tonight might just be the night for him to hunt. We stopped to take photos of him as Gary didn't recognise him, and while we did so we could hear two rhinos fighting in the vicinity. A quick swing of the spotlight didn't reveal them but did show a giraffe walking slowly across an open area.

We reached the last recorded coordinates for the pangolin, finding a thick blanket of grasses covering the overgrown road. This one also has a pup, younger, and we drove carefully, stopping repeatedly to try and pick up a signal for the female. Nothing. Gary would need to come back and drive quadrants, kilometre after kilometre, trying to pick up a signal, or perhaps try to use a thermal drone belonging to the anti-poaching team, in his efforts to find her. It was already after 20:30 and we were a long way from home so we turned around, stopped briefly for sustaining snacks, and had a quick pit stop at the site of another pangolin who was too close for comfort to the electric fence. It appeared to have moved into the reserve a little, so we pressed on, passing a crash of white rhino and a trio of posing spotted eagle-owl, Western barn owl and Verreaux's eagle-owl before reaching camp at 22:45. Edyta had spaghetti bolognese, garlic bread and milk tart ready for us, but we were shattered and soon after, fell into bed for our last night in the Kalahari.

Saturday 24 January 2026

Day 9:

Return to Johannesburg and depart South Africa

Weather: sunny and hot (at origin), 35°C

Surprisingly bright-eyed and bushy-tailed considering our late night, the sunrise was breathtaking as we enjoyed our sausage and scrambled egg breakfast at 06:00. We were preoccupied by blue wildebeest alarming just outside the perimeter fence, but whatever was bothering them did not appear, so we feasted our eyes on our usual lone oryx bull who was standing in the open area opposite the mess tent and soaked up our surroundings for one last time. We said our goodbyes and thanked Gary and Edyta for a wonderful

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week before setting off at 06:45 with Brian at the wheel.

We were seen off the reserve by giraffe, and later passed steenbok, warthog and greater kestrels galore, arriving into OR Tambo International Airport at 15:45, well ahead of schedule. The BA bag drop wasn't even open, so we queued for 15 minutes or so before going through Security and Immigration to the lounges and shopping opportunities beyond. Departing on time, we contemplated our experiences over the last week and mulled over some truly marvellous memories made.

Sunday 25 January 2026

Day 10:

Arrive in London

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Checklist for Kalahari Conservation Experience in Green Season



	Common Name	Scientific Name	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5	Day 6	Day 7	Day 8	Day 9
	MAMMALS									
1	Buffalo	<i>Syncerus caffer</i>	✓							
2	Southern giraffe	<i>Giraffa Camelopardalis</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
3	Blue wildebeest	<i>Connochaetes taurinus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
4	Warthog	<i>Phacochoerus africanus</i>	✓	✓		✓	✓			✓
5	Steenbok	<i>Raphicerus campestris</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
6	Plain's zebra	<i>Equus quagga</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
7	Oryx (gemsbok)	<i>Oryx gazella</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
8	Red hartebeest	<i>Alcelaphus buselaphus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
9	Scrub hare	<i>Lepus saxatilis</i>	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	
10	Ground pangolin	<i>Manis temminckii</i>	✓			✓				
11	Springhare	<i>Pedetes capensis</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
12	Brown hyena	<i>Hyaena brunnea</i>	✓		✓			✓		
13	Black-backed jackal	<i>Canis mesomelas</i>	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	
14	Small-spotted genet	<i>Genetta felina</i>	✓							
15	White rhino	<i>Ceratotherium simum</i>	✓	✓		✓		✓	✓	
16	Ground squirrel	<i>Xerus inauris</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
17	Suricate (meerkat)	<i>Suricata suricatta</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
18	Cape porcupine	<i>Hystrix africaeaustralis</i>		✓				✓		
19	Springbok	<i>Antidorcas marsupialis</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
20	Wild dog	<i>Lycaon pictus</i>			✓	✓	✓			
21	Chacma baboon	<i>Papio ursinus</i>			✓		✓	✓		
22	Eland	<i>Taurotragus oryx</i>			✓	✓			✓	
23	African elephant	<i>Loxodonta africana</i>			✓					
24	Kudu	<i>Tragelaphus strepsiceros</i>					✓			
25	Cape fox	<i>Vulpes chama</i>					✓			
26	Cheetah	<i>Acinonyx jubatus</i>						✓		
27	Bat-eared fox	<i>Otocyon megalotis</i>						✓		

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28	Black rhino	<i>Diceros bicornis</i>							✓	
29	Lion	<i>Panthera leo</i>							✓	
	BIRDS									
1	Magpie shrike	<i>Corvinella melanoleuca</i>	✓							✓
2	House sparrow	<i>Passer domesticus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓
3	Ostrich	<i>Struthio camelus</i>	✓		✓					✓
4	Pied crow	<i>Corvus albus</i>	✓							✓
5	Lilac-breasted roller	<i>Coracias caudatus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
6	Red-billed buffalo weaver	<i>Bubalornis niger</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
7	White-browed sparrow weaver	<i>Plocapasser mahali</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
8	Red-billed spurfowl	<i>Pternistis afer</i>	✓	✓			✓	✓		
9	Crowned lapwing	<i>Vanellus coronatus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
10	Namaqua dove	<i>Oena capensis</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
11	Pale chanting goshawk	<i>Melierax canorus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
12	Laughing dove	<i>Streptopelia senegalensis</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
13	Ring-necked dove	<i>Streptopelia capicola</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
14	Cape starling	<i>Lamprotornis nitens</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
15	Fork-tailed drongo	<i>Dicrurus adsimilis</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
16	Kalahari scrub robin	<i>Cercotrichas paena</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			
17	Red-crested korhaan	<i>Lophotis ruficrista</i>	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	
18	Shaft-tailed whydah	<i>Vidua regia</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
19	Kori bustard	<i>Ardeotis kori</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
20	Spotted thick-knee	<i>Burhinus capensis</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
21	Bronze-winged courser	<i>Rhinoptilus chalcopterus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	
22	Scaly-feathered weaver	<i>Sporopipes squamifrons</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
23	Red-billed oxpecker	<i>Buphagus erythrorhynchus</i>		✓	✓			✓		
24	Egyptian goose	<i>Alopochen aegyptiaca</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
25	Blacksmith lapwing	<i>Vanellus armatus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
26	African red-eyed bulbul	<i>Pycnonotus nigricans</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
27	Black-faced waxbill	<i>Estrilda erythronotos</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
28	White-backed vulture	<i>Gyps africanus</i>		✓	✓				✓	
29	Southern masked weaver	<i>Ploceus velatus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
30	Hadedda ibis	<i>Bostrychia hagedash</i>		✓	✓				✓	

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31	Helmeted guineafowl	<i>Numida meleagris</i>		✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓
32	Black cuckoo	<i>Cuculus clamosus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	
33	Violet-eared waxbill	<i>Granatina granatina</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
34	African grey hornbill	<i>Tockus nasutus</i>		✓		✓				
35	Swallow-tailed bee-eater	<i>Merops hirundineus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
36	African hoopoe	<i>Upupa Africana</i>		✓						
37	Wattled starling	<i>Creatophora cinerea</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
38	Rufous-cheeked nightjar	<i>Caprimulgus rufigena</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
39	Burchell's sandgrouse	<i>Pterocles burchelli</i>			✓	✓		✓		
40	Black harrier	<i>Circus maurus</i>			✓	✓				
41	Southern pied babbler	<i>Turdoides bicolor</i>			✓			✓	✓	
42	Fawn-coloured lark	<i>Calendulauda africanoides</i>			✓	✓	✓		✓	
43	Red-billed quelea	<i>Quelea quelea</i>			✓				✓	
44	Lesser grey shrike	<i>Lanius minor</i>			✓			✓	✓	
45	Gabar goshawk	<i>Micronisus gabar</i>			✓	✓				
46	Southern yellow-billed hornbill	<i>Tockus leucomelas</i>			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
47	Ant-eating chat	<i>Myrmecocichla formicivora</i>			✓			✓		
48	White-backed mousebird	<i>Colius colius</i>			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
49	Black-chested snake-eagle	<i>Circaetus pectoralis</i>			✓					
50	Brown snake eagle	<i>Circaetus cinereus</i>			✓					
51	Alpine swift	<i>Tachymarpis melba</i>			✓	✓				
52	Black-throated canary	<i>Crithagra atrogularis</i>			✓	✓				
53	Southern grey-headed sparrow	<i>Passer diffusus</i>			✓	✓	✓			
54	Spotted eagle-owl	<i>Bubo africanus</i>			✓	✓		✓	✓	
55	Purple roller	<i>Coracias naevius</i>				✓				✓
56	Groundscraper thrush	<i>Turdus litsitsirupa</i>				✓				
57	Sabota lark	<i>Calendulauda sabota</i>				✓				
58	Common scimitarbill	<i>Rhinopamastus cyanomelas</i>				✓				
59	Southern white-crowned shrike	<i>Eurocephalus anguitimens</i>				✓	✓	✓	✓	
60	Red-backed shrike	<i>Lanius collurio</i>				✓				
61	Yellow canary	<i>Crithagra flaviventris</i>				✓	✓	✓		
62	Tinkling cisticola	<i>Cisticola rufilatus</i>				✓				
63	Rufous-napped lark	<i>Mirafrā africana</i>				✓		✓		
64	African palm swift	<i>Cypsiurus parvus</i>				✓	✓	✓		

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65	Common swift	<i>Apus Apus</i>				✓			
66	Long-billed crombec	<i>Sylvietta rufescens</i>				✓			✓
67	Red-headed finch	<i>Amadina erythrocephala</i>				✓		✓	
68	Secretary bird	<i>Sagittarius serpentarius</i>				✓			
69	Red-faced mousebird	<i>Urocolius indicus</i>				✓			
70	Common buttonquail	<i>Turnix sylvaticus</i>				✓			✓
71	Orange River francolin	<i>Scleroptila levalliantoides</i>				✓	✓		
72	Western barn owl	<i>Tyto alba</i>				✓		✓	✓
73	Yellow-bellied eremomela	<i>Eremomela icteropygialis</i>					✓	✓	
74	Great spotted cuckoo	<i>Clamator glandarius</i>					✓	✓	✓
75	Crimson-breasted shrike	<i>Laniarius atrococcineus</i>					✓	✓	
76	Rock kestrel	<i>Falco rupicolus</i>					✓		
77	Jacobin cuckoo	<i>Clamator jacobinus</i>					✓		
78	Northern black korhaan	<i>Afrotis afraoides</i>					✓		✓
79	Barn swallow	<i>Hirundo rustica</i>					✓		
80	Common buzzard	<i>Buteo buteo</i>					✓		
81	Lappet-faced vulture	<i>Torgos tracheliatus</i>					✓		✓
82	Black-winged kite	<i>Elanus caeruleus</i>					✓		
83	Capped wheatear	<i>Oenanthe pileata</i>							✓
84	Black-chested prinia	<i>Prinia flavicans</i>							✓
85	African cuckoo	<i>Cuculus gularis</i>							✓
86	Tawny eagle	<i>Aquila rapax</i>							✓
87	Black-winged stilt	<i>Himantopus himantopus</i>							✓
88	South African shelduck	<i>Tadorna cana</i>							✓
89	Abdim's stork	<i>Ciconia abdimii</i>							✓
90	Double-banded courser	<i>Rhinoptilus africanus</i>							✓
91	Yellow-billed stork	<i>Mycteria ibis</i>							✓
92	Verreaux's eagle-owl	<i>Bubo lacteus</i>							✓
93	Greater kestrel	<i>Falco rupicoloides</i>							✓
94	Southern red bishop	<i>Euplectes orig</i>							✓

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