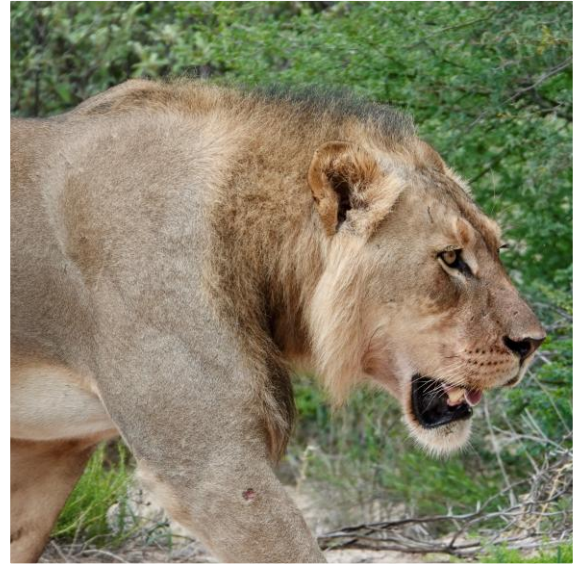


## Tour Report Kalahari Conservation Experience in Green Season 28 February – 9 March 2025

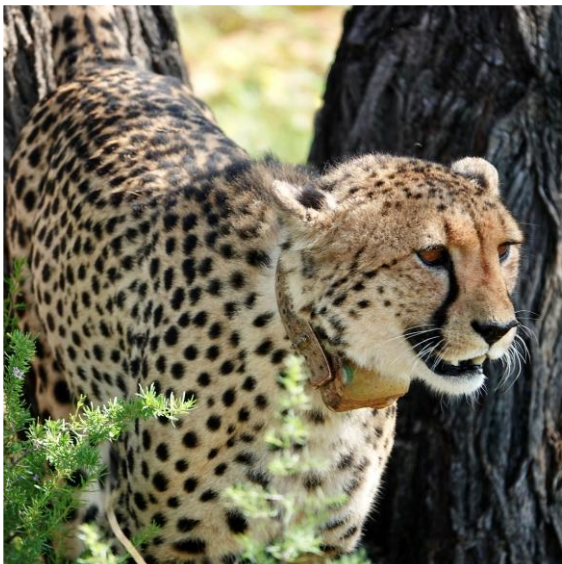
Pangolin



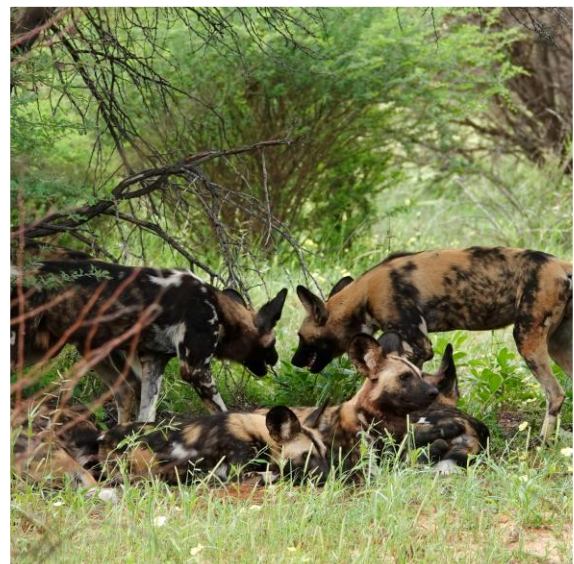
Lion



Cheetah



Wild dogs



Compiled by Helen Bryon

Following the success of our Kalahari Conservation Experience which has operated every September for the last three years, it would be fair to say that our inaugural departure in the stunning green season well and truly exceeded expectations. Not only was the Kalahari shown off to perfection with carpets of greenery and wildflowers in abundance, but our sightings were fabulous. Collared research animals, found through a combination of GPS readings, telemetry, and old-fashioned tracking, such as wild dogs, cheetahs and pangolins, continued to deliver, but we were lucky with lions and elephants too, species which can be challenging to find when wildlife disperses with the rains. Preferring natural pools over pumped waterholes at this time, vast pans were filled to the brim with all manner of plain's game and their young, producing sightings of black and white rhinos, bat-eared foxes and black-backed jackals too. For avian enthusiasts, it was wonderful to see so many summer migrants, and with the spectacular build-up of cumulonimbus cloudscapes resulting in afternoon thunderstorms, glorious rainbows and superb sunsets, everything combined to make this a sensational trip.

Regardless of whether you travel in the dry or green season, this is a safari like no other. As we traverse South Africa's largest Big Five private reserve, one of the undoubted highlights of this holiday is that we have this part of the Kalahari to ourselves. Our comfortable camp is currently the only accommodation offered, although a small 14-sleeper lodge is due to open in June 2025. With almost 100,000 hectares to explore though, we don't foresee much impact on our experience going forward.

We also delve behind the scenes into wildlife management and conservation, setting off on every extended morning and afternoon game drive with an objective determined by the reserve ecologist. We may be asked to perform game counts or herbaceous surveys, and we may check camera traps or apply herbicide, but in general, our focus tends to be on predators (wild dogs especially) and pangolin monitoring (subject to rescued individuals having been recently released). If and when found, we actively discuss threats that they face, and challenges with managing populations, covering such topics as habitat loss, contraception, culling, hunting and poaching.

For an exceptional safari where you dig a little deeper, look no further.

**Friday 28 February 2025**

**Day 1:**

London Heathrow to Tambo International Airport

**Saturday 1 March 2025**

**Day 2:**

Johannesburg to the Kalahari

*Weather: cloudy and wet, 17-24 degrees*

Landing half an hour behind schedule after our nonstop overnight flight to Joburg, the unseasonal mist was so thick that although we could make out the outline of the plane next to us, we couldn't read its livery. We were parked on a remote stand and were bussed to the terminal to clear arrival formalities. With all checked-in baggage safely received, we entered the Arrivals Halls and met up with Brian, our transfer driver, and the remaining member of our party who had spent 10 days in South Africa already.

We were on the road by 09.10 am, leaving urbanisation behind after the first hour or so and driving through green (so green!) countryside along cosmos-lined roads. We passed ostrich farms and fields of sunflowers, glimpsing occasional impala, waterbuck, bontebok and red lechwe. After two hours we stopped for a brief comfort break at a service station near Ventersdorp after which we drove towards, and into, a very dark bank of rain clouds. Soon enough the heavens opened and we drove through bouts of torrential rain interspersed by banks of kaleidoscopic thick swirling cumulonimbus clouds thereafter.

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The roads became rivers and when we reached Vryberg at around 14.00 pm, we stopped to refuel, pick up lunch and collect pre-ordered food supplies for the reserve from a local supermarket. We had by now broken the back of the transfer and for the last few hours, surface water became less evident as it had filtered through the deep Kalahari sands.

The last hour and twenty minutes are via gravel road, passing cattle farms and other reserves, resulting in Brian's instincts having to kick in impressively when three huge kudu bulls appeared out of nowhere right in front of us. Fences mean nothing to them! Shortly before 18.00 pm, we were met at our reserve gate by Gary, our host for the next week. Arriving at camp, we were introduced to Barbara, Sue, Gift and Joyce, our hospitality team, as well as the three lovely camp dogs, Sweeney, Betty and Pluto. As baggage was dropped into our more than comfortable raised en suite tents, we sidestepped a plethora of giant millipedes along the pathways and admired a series of gorgeously vivid rainbows. After a little time to freshen up, we met up in the mess tent to enjoy a gathering of Plains zebra, blue wildebeest, oryx, eland and red hartebeest directly outside the camp. What a welcome! There were plenty of youngsters and as the setting sun cast a golden hue through the cloudscape, the light was breathtaking. We drank cold beer, soaked up the scene, and the long transfer was forgotten in an instant! We then signed indemnity forms, heard our first barking geckos, admired a corn cricket on the mesh window in the loo, and marvelled at the patterning of cream-striped owl moths as Gary introduced us to the project and the reserve. A delicious chicken dinner was served with rice and roasted vegetables after which we chatted until 22.00 pm when we could keep our eyes open no more. It was wonderful to be here but we were more than ready for bed!

**Sunday 2 March 2025**

**Day 3:**

Predator monitoring

*Weather: sunny and clear, 28 degrees*

With breakfast set for 06.30 am, we woke with the rising sun and showered to the sound of the dawn chorus. A selection of cereals was accompanied by toast, fruit salad and pancakes, after which we set off for our first-morning drive. Escorting Brian to the reserve gate initially, a small flock of red-faced mousebirds flew overhead and we then proceeded to the closest waterhole to camp (hereafter to be known as 'our' waterhole). There, South African shelducks awaited us, the female with her distinctive white head, alongside a little grebe and lone blacksmith lapwing, but otherwise all was quiet, with wildlife generally preferring natural rainwater pools, over-pumped water, at this time of year.

We continued driving along carpets of dubbeltjie (*Tribulus zeyheri*), the brilliance of the yellow flowers contrasting against the green of their leaves and the red of the earth. Clumps of wild sunflowers too, added lovely colour throughout. We stopped to examine the contents of an SD card in a camera trap and were delighted to see, in addition to masses of eland, pictures of a stunning leopard that had passed through a week ago. Although the reserve supports a healthy population of them, they are rarely seen here so this was encouraging to see. Approaching an open area, we were on the lookout for meerkats and the hugely swollen outline of a pregnant female was spotted some distance away beyond some ground squirrels. We watched her for a while through our binoculars and then moved on to sit watching a male Southern giraffe in the morning sunshine. It was simply glorious to be here!

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We reached our first calcrete pan, a vast clearing blanketed in green where springbok rested and a lone blue wildebeest satellite bull stood proudly on the edge, soon usurped by a brown snake eagle spotted at the top of a nearby tree. It flew off and we continued on our way, reaching a further pan, where four black-backed jackals loitered on the opposite side. Several wildflowers caught our attention including fuchsia cat's tail (*Hermbstaedtia fleckii*), purple and yellow poison apple (*Solanum supinum*), gentian-style snapdragon (*Aptosimum albomarginatum*), and the tiny white blooms of salt of the tortoise (*Oxygonum delagoense*). As we drove on, no sooner had Helen announced that she could hear two calling Dideric's cuckoos calling, when one flew directly across our path, settling on a tree to our right. What a stroke of luck! Often heard but not often seen, the sun illuminated its green back feathers beautifully!



African monarchs flew around and we heard about the male's unusual mating tactics as we took in the tidy hanging nests of southern masked weavers, looking a little smarter than those of their white-browed sparrow-weaver counterparts. Lappet-faced vultures flew the thermals high above us and we watched them carefully to see if any joined from below, possibly indicating a kill site. They didn't, but white-backed vultures joined the throng, so again, we kept an eye on them as we continued on our way. We were on a mission to find a pack of wild dogs after receiving a satellite reading for them at 07.00 am a little further north.



We were waylaid by Gary spotting a Cape penduline tit's nest hanging from a camelthorn tree (*Acacia erioloba*). Much shaking of leaves around it led us to believe it was occupied and we sat quietly for some time hoping for it to appear. We eventually carried on, picking up a golden orb spider inadvertently, but avoiding a garden orb having the same fate. Its web was strung across the road between two blackthorns (*Acacia mellifera*) and we braked just in time to watch the owner descend on a caught moth before discussing a nearby community nest spider. Next, a few elegant grasshoppers were pointed out by Helen and photographed accordingly. It was certainly proving to be a busy morning.

Reversing, we drove around the bushes to ensure we didn't interfere with the garden orb spider's breakfast, spotted our first fawn-coloured lark and then marvelled at the first of many displays by red-crested korhaan. Gary pointed out a staple for herbivores, eland's bean (*Elephantorrhiza elephantina*) and then we detoured around two large piles of fresh white rhino tracks in the road covered in dung beetles.

The morning was heating up and time was getting on when we finally reached the last known location of the wild dogs that we were hoping to find. We stopped to set up the telemetry set and try to find them in earnest. Initially, we had no signal, and they could have moved on of course, but patience paid off, and we picked up a weak signal, following it until it was strong. Suddenly, the unmistakable profile of a dog was seen in the shade of a tree literally just off the right-hand side of the road. It got up as we moved closer and immediately more sets of ears appeared en masse. We moved just off the road for a closer look and found ourselves amongst a pack of 15. Yes! Against the backdrop of green, their stunning coats and white-tipped tails were perfection. They settled, with one large group bunched together, posing beautifully for photos. After enjoying their presence for a few minutes Gary started to tell us about them. One fundamental difference about this safari is that we won't just observe wildlife, and won't talk about weight, height, life span etc (unless asked of course), but we will discuss the challenges that species face, as well as the human aspect of managing them.

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We were watching a super pack of 13 males and two females and were told that the females were on contraception, a strange status for a critically endangered species. The fact is that dogs need space, so if reserves already have dogs, they don't want more as they are phenomenally successful breeders. The single biggest threat they face is habitat loss so what do you do with excess populations? Unfortunately, contraception is the answer, for now. To discuss this further, we decided we needed tea or coffee in our hands, so dismounted the vehicle, delighted to learn that we'd enjoy their company on foot, and as we did so, one particularly inquisitive male came to check us out. He came within a few metres before deciding we were no threat and heading back to rejoin the pack. What a thrill!



While we watched them, one client noticed a superb critter crawling up her fleece. Some kind of leaf-footed bug, it had the most incredible 'boots' on. Later, with our mission for the morning accomplished, we slowly meandered back towards camp, stopping to view a fork-tailed drongo mob with a pale chanting goshawk and to check out a large porcupine burrow that due to several tracks surrounding the entrance, which suggests it had been taken over by hyena. Next up, a client pointed out a lappet-faced vulture nesting on top of a tree and as we passed a water tank, two large leopard tortoises caught our eye, as did African hoopoe, our first Kalahari scrub robins and a tree full of the distinctive yellow and black facial markings of wattled starlings.

Suddenly a huge racket started up with red-billed spurfowl, lilac-breasted rollers, Cape turtle doves and Southern pied babblers alarming. The action appeared to be centred on a single large mesquite thicket so we slowly circumnavigated it looking for the potential threat. Was it avian? A raptor or owl perhaps? Fresh excavations around the base then had us wondering if a honey badger was on the prowl, but no, we scanned the branches knowing that something was in there, but what on earth was it? Round and round we went, scanning the tree through binoculars looking for a potential snake, when Gary suddenly uttered an expletive...and we were not surprised. A 'branch' right at the very top of the tree moved and the smooth pale underbelly of a huge black mamba started to descend the tree quickly. Yowsers, it was obscenely large! It all happened so quickly that we didn't all get to see it but the girth of the snake suggested that we were in the presence of an absolute monster, certainly the largest that Gary and Helen had ever seen. We circumnavigated again, hoping it may come out, but with no luck, we pressed on, driving towards a nearby fence line, hoping to come across the lions that had been heard roaring from camp between 03.00 and 04.00 am. What else was the bush going to throw at us today we wondered?! A kori bustard, it transpired, and some beautiful wild sesame (*Sesamum triphyllum*) as we approached camp after a seven-hour game drive and a wonderful introduction to this amazing reserve.



Once home, chicken wraps were wolfed down, followed by refreshing pink grapefruit, and then we had a few well-deserved hours in which to rest. Praying mantis and stick insects were today's guests on the mesh window in the mess tent's loo as Plain's zebra and blue wildebeest gathered in the open area opposite camp. A pair of shaft-tailed whydahs came down to bathe in the bird baths, the male complete with his super impressive breeding tail. Around camp, we noticed more flowering dubbeltjie as well as the tiny deep pink flowers of *Indigofera charlieriana*.

Shortly after 17.00 pm we departed for our afternoon drive hoping once again, to find the lions heard vocalising this morning. The light was stunning, and by our waterhole, we came across four old buffalo bulls. Known as 'dugga boys', they can no longer keep up with the herd so stick together for safety and can be a little unpredictable as a result. These were seemingly quite accepting of our presence, ruminating and soaking up the sun, so we sat with them for a while, noting a red-billed oxpecker as it landed on one's boss, the sun shining through its bill. It was a beautifully calm encounter.

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Continuing on past two pans, at the latter we scanned unsuccessfully for a lion but did come across a Marico flycatcher and black-winged stilt. We rounded a corner and saw a female white rhino and calf far off ahead. The female had a very distinctive horn sticking straight out in front of her and despite the distance between us, started to run. We therefore killed our engine to give them a chance to relax and then we slowly drove on to see whether we could catch up with them. We followed their tracks in the road before they went off into the bush, it became clear that they wanted to be left alone, so we respected that and continued our drive.



Several blackthorns were pointed out with raised soil around their bases, looking very much like ring doughnuts. The work of pugnacious ants, they move up to the earth's surface in summer, raising the soil level with them.

We stopped for sundowners overlooking a pan and in an almost cloudless sky, Venus appeared just below a hanging moon. We commenced our night drive absorbing the concentration of colours squeezed into a narrow strip just above the horizon and spotlighting our way back to camp. Helen noticed something unusual in a tree and upon closer inspection, we had four

Southern pied babblers tightly clumped together, so much so that they looked like a bunch of upside-down bananas! The only nocturnal creature to be seen was a springhare, but we had time on our side and a week in which to find more. Our spaghetti bolognese and Greek salad dinner was served shortly after arrival back in camp, followed by an interesting discussion about pangolins, before our beds called at 22.00 pm. It was another late night in the bush!

**Monday 3 March 2025**

#### **Day 4:**

Anti-poaching presentation and predator/pangolin monitoring

*Weather: overcast, thunderstorm in the evening, 26 degrees*

Meeting up for a breakfast of sausages, French toast and avocado at 06.30 am, we ate gazing out at chacma baboon, oryx, Plains zebra, red hartebeest, eland and a lone blue wildebeest bull with an attitude. The youngsters continued to steal our hearts as we gathered in the lounge for our morning activity, a presentation from Gary on poaching within South Africa. A black cuckoo called repeatedly in the background, as we sat through a factual and highly interesting talk on this hard-hitting subject. Leaving far more informed, we retired to our verandahs for some downtime both before and after lunch.

We hit the road at 16.30 pm hoping to find wild dogs and one of a number of tagged pangolins currently on the reserve that needed his satellite tracking device changed. Meandering our way towards his last known location, we decided to give the dogs a miss and head straight to the pangolin. Upon arrival, he appeared to still be in his burrow and the reason became clear, baboons. A huge troop were widely dispersed in the area, some massive males amongst them, and they were making a hell of a racket. We decided to wait it out as the sun was low in the sky and we knew that the baboons would soon quieten down as they sought somewhere to roost for the night. There was still no movement from the pangolin so we disembarked the vehicle and had our sundowners as a red-crested korhaan displayed repeatedly close by. Suddenly, the unmistakable profile of a brown hyena appeared, its eyes glued to us. Suspecting it would run, as is typical of this often skittish creature, we were gobsmacked, and absolutely thrilled, to watch it lower its head and slowly continue on its way walking in a wide arc right past us. Wow! Wow! Wow!

Next up came a lone male giraffe who stood silently watching us before we called it quits for today in terms of the pangolin, as we were losing light. Commencing our night drive home, this proved to be far more fruitful than yesterday, clocking up springhares, scrub hares, a stationary spotted eagle-owl, bronze-winged courser and a rufous-cheeked nightjar incredibly well camouflaged on the branch of a dead tree.

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We weren't far from camp when out of nowhere two Kalahari black-maned lions appeared on the side of the road. Brilliant! They could barely keep their eyes open, one's great head was propped up on its forearms and the other one was what is generally known as a 'flat cat'. Gary recognised them as two of a coalition of three pride males, but the third was nowhere to be seen.

One stood up and walked behind a thicket where we could just about make him out constantly licking his lips. We wondered if they had a kill stashed there, but it didn't appear to be the case as he moved, licking and picking at vegetation just above ground level as he went. Perhaps females had passed by as there was no dominant behaviour being shown in terms of superseding it with his scent. He then walked off down the road ahead of us, his brother eventually following, with us slowly bringing up the rear. They lay down again, and an electrical storm on the horizon illuminated them beautifully as the sky lit up with lightning. They got up once more and headed off-road into the bush. Gary asked if we wanted to follow them. Er, yes, please! 45 minutes later and the bush became too thick for us to navigate any further, but my word, we'd had a grand look at them.

By now it was 21.00 pm and as we sat in the boma, glass in wine in hand, we mulled over the events of the day around the fire. Babotie, a South African minced beef dish, was served for dinner, and as the electric storm gathered pace, our thoughts turned to bed and a good rest. Little did we know that the weather and wildlife Gods were transpiring against that entirely!

As we returned to the dining tent to gather our belongings, the wind whipped up and was blowing a hooley. Bracing ourselves against it, the skies suddenly opened and an absolute deluge was upon us. Running to get inside quickly, many of us were well and truly drenched. This wasn't even the half of it. Getting into bed, the thunder roared above our heads, b-b-b-boom, our tent bases shook, the rain pummelled the canvas and every few seconds the night lit up like a black and white movie. This was immense! It was so exciting it was simply impossible to drop off. Drop off we must have done though as the next thing we knew, it was 02.51 am exactly and the earth was vibrating. Lions were roaring so ridiculously close to camp that it sounded as though they were in it! This was truly epic. Over the next few hours, they continued to vocalise, gradually moving away from us, but not too far away. It may not have been the best night's sleep we'd ever experienced, but it was certainly one of the most thrilling.

**Tuesday 4 March 2025**

### **Day 5:**

Predator and Pangolin Monitoring

*Weather: sunny, 29 degrees*

Somewhat bleary-eyed, we made our way to breakfast, digging into bacon and eggs while learning that 80 millilitres of rain had fallen overnight. That's a third of the annual average in this part of the Kalahari! A little after 07.00 am, we were out on the reserve, intending to search for wild dogs and cheetahs...and perhaps the lions that had kept us awake along the way. We certainly didn't plan to be out for eight hours, but eight hours it was. When the wildlife doesn't stop, why should we?!

We circumnavigated our waterhole, not expecting to find the lions there but hoping to come across their tracks. We thought they were slightly further east though and sure enough, after ten more minutes of driving through glorious sunshine and unexpectedly dry roads, we found them. We were thankful that the Kalahari sands act like a giant sieve, allowing huge amounts of rain to filter through the soil, directly replenishing the water table below.



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They were on the road but moved off into thickets at our arrival. We parked up a suitable distance from them and watched them in daylight, mesmerised by their size and magnificence. One had a nasty gash above his right eye, the open wound clearly visible. Gary spoke about the difficulties in managing populations as we re-positioned every once in a while. They fell into slumber in the warm morning air and we noticed gemsbok cucumbers growing along the ground on their tendril creepers, a valuable source of food and water to a myriad of animals.

Moving on to try and find the dogs, our route took us across a cutline paved in flowers where the rich chestnut conker-like coats and pale buttocks of red hartebeest shone in the morning light. The male was incredibly relaxed, sitting until we were level with him, then joining the females and youngsters prancing off elegantly, trotting like dressage horses into the scrub.



Passing a pan, an eagle-eyed client, if you'll excuse the pun, pointed out a bird of prey on the ground that transpired to be a Lanner falcon on a kill. We then turned west, flushing out an African cuckoo and seeing our first crimson-breasted shrike before an excited call of "Lions!" was heard.



Lying by the side of the road were four lions, a male, a female and two youngsters perhaps around a year old. The male was identified as the missing brother of our roarers. No doubt, they had been looking for him. Another two youngsters were spotted under a thicket ahead of us and one by one, they relocated to our right. We cautiously followed off road and the two adults parked themselves beneath a shepherd's tree whose base was lined with yellow flowers. A more beautiful summer scene would be hard to depict.

After some time we moved on, planning to take tea and coffee by a large pan not too far away. Stopping for a comfort break en route, we got more than we bargained for when flushing out two bat-eared foxes with our arrival! The lack of vegetation cover at our chosen spot meant we could appreciate their gorgeous beige coats as they ran away. A blister beetle was spotted munching on a yellow bloom and a black-backed jackal stood framed within another patch of wildflowers a little further on. By the time we stopped again, we were congratulating ourselves on a wonderful morning so far, but there was more to come!

Part of our involvement in the conservation side of things during our stay is to log every species that we come across, roughly noting how many there are and what kind of herd it is in ie breeding, bachelor, mixed etc. We were therefore busy scanning the pan when we noticed a strange shape underneath two trees slap bang in the centre of the pan. Peeking curiously through our binoculars, would you believe we had more lions? This time, the grouping was made up of one male, a female and two very young cubs. They were gorgeous! The remains of a fresh kill were close to a small body of water and their swollen bellies belied the fact that they'd likely been the culprits.



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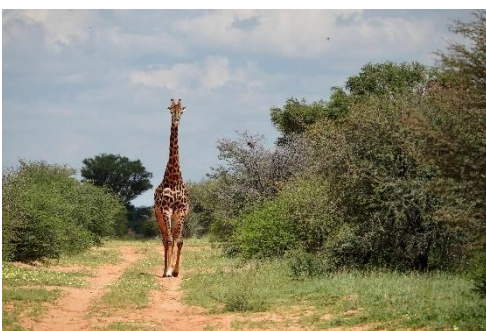
We watched the male move away as we dismounted and helped ourselves to elevenses. A small journey of giraffes, including one incredibly pale individual, browsed as lappet-faced and white-backed vultures flew towards, and settled by the carcass. Three more bat-eared foxes ran across our view as did one black-backed jackal and a solo warthog. We packed up, drove forward, and held our breath as the male lion changed direction and moved directly towards us. We were at least 500 metres away but he kept on coming. The cubs followed and when he stopped to let them catch up, it was difficult not to be touched by the gentle head rubs between them. The female finally joined them and we willed them on as they closed the gap between us.



The male flopped under a tree literally metres from our bonnet. The cubs, who we estimated to be around 10 weeks old, boldly joined him, watching us at all times, as did the remarkably relaxed female. Gary didn't recognise the male so we had no idea whether he was related or not, but it was the perfect family Christmas card shot that we caught on our cameras! The female suddenly got up and in no time at all, raced back towards the carcass to chase off scavengers. The male supported her and the cubs instinctively disappeared beneath a blackthorn so we left the area to avoid stressing them out. What a fabulously unexpected sighting!

Time was getting on but we were determined to find the wild dogs and cheetah as per our morning's brief. The latest satellite coordinates suggested they weren't a million miles away from each other so we headed in their general direction.

We picked up the signal for a coalition of four cheetah brothers but they were on the move and caused us a merry dance as we drove in circles before eventually finding them deep in the bush snoozing under a tree. They'd already covered quite a lot of ground in the heat of the day so we assumed they were marking territory. Sure enough, they rose at our arrival and set off in single file through the bush. We followed of course! They were in superb condition but looked as though they could do with making a kill. For half an hour or so we followed them off-road and watched them scent mark until they settled in deep shade.



It had been a cat-tastic morning, but due to the time being past 14.00 pm, and we were still an hour from camp, we headed for home. Taking in some lovely giraffe sightings as we drove, our final stand-out sighting was of a magnificent black-chested snake eagle atop a tree, its bright yellow eyes glinting gloriously in the sunshine as it searched for prey. Crikey. What a 'morning'. We had an hour to rest after lunch and then were straight back out in the field. There's no peace for the wicked you see!

At 17.00 pm, we set off with one creature on our minds, a pangolin. We drove for an hour trying, for once, not to be sidetracked, managing to stop only for two secretary birds running through the distant bush. We got to the site of the pangolin's last coordinates and as Gary walked ahead using telemetry to try and locate him, Helen followed with the vehicle, ably assisted by one client pointing out potential obstacles off-road such as logs and holes.



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Gary indicated we should dismount and as we duly did, we noticed Gary suddenly sprint, disappear, and then come back with the pangolin in tow. We couldn't believe it! There were tears of joy at seeing such a sought-after creature at last, and we drank in his proximity. After a minute or two of oohing and aahing at his feet, chamois leathery belly, impressive fore claws and tiny face, Gary set about changing his satellite tag with as little disturbance to him as possible. This proved to be a challenge as he was keen to get on and feed but perhaps 15 minutes later, the mission had been accomplished. After a final few photographs, we set him down back where he'd been found so that he could continue on his scent trail, and we watched as he walked away on his back feet, tail held as high as our emotions. We were transfixed and wished this rescued rascal a safe night ahead.

Finding an open area a kilometre or two away, we had late sundowners, trying to process what we'd just witnessed. With darkness descending, we headed home passing scrub hares, springhares and spotted thick knees. We drove the road we'd seen the original male lions on so long ago (it was only this morning!) and they'd moved on so we decided to quickly check our local waterhole before finally getting home. It was a good job we did as we smelt fresh carnivore excrement as we approached so spotlighted carefully and there they were, drinking. We followed them as they took their time marking bushes directly in front of us and then, as we lost them around a corner, they started vocalising. We not only heard them but felt them, as the sound waves reverberated through the atmosphere! We caught up with them, and as they walked off the road and we left them to it, we found a flap-necked chameleon in a bush. What a day we'd had. To boot, it had been a client's birthday, certainly one to remember, so we toasted him with bubbles and a cake. Hoorah!

**Wednesday 5 March 2025**

#### **Day 6:**

##### **Predator and Pangolin Monitoring**

*Weather: Sunny and hot, afternoon thunderstorm, 29 degrees*

After the extended drives of the last few days, we enjoyed a lie-in this morning, with breakfast set for 07.00 am. The sun was already up when our alarms went off, and fortified by mushrooms, tomato and baked beans, we set off in the direction of the office as we needed to refuel. Around an hour away, subject to sightings, we first of all drove to our waterhole and then continued to an open area on the lookout for meerkats. Success! The same very pregnant alpha female that we'd seen a few earlier stood tall, keeping an eye out for predators. On either side of her, smaller heads barely made it above the grass line as juveniles joined her. We alighted the vehicle but they had already started moving away, but we stood quietly, and downwind, hoping they may come back.



After a little while, we were joined by a lone oryx but with no sign of the meerkats, we carried on with our journey. It had been a very short, but sweet sighting.

While scanning a nearby pan, we added pririt batis and Southern white-crowned shrike to our species list and then Gary announced that the cheetah we'd seen yesterday had covered a vast amount of ground overnight and were not far away. We decided then and there to check in on them immediately. Well you would, wouldn't you?

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Driving along a service road, we slowed to allow a leopard tortoise to cross when the cheetah suddenly appeared just ahead on the side of the road. Their swollen bellies told us that they had eaten and we slowly approached them as they gathered underneath the gnarled trunk of a shepherd's tree and proceeded to mark it, spraying urine repeatedly. They walked further on, and we followed, watching them seek shade and then flop down in it, one after the other. We doubted they'd move too much this afternoon so it looked like we'd caught them just at the right time.



Leaving them to it, we carried a little further on up the road as a Northern black korhaan had been, for want of a better word, screeching through the sighting. Although we continued to hear it, it was not showing itself so we proceeded to the office and met Mark, another guide here, as well as the head of the reserve's anti-poaching unit.



It was then time for a morning tea and coffee break so we proceeded to an Egyptian goose-filled pan not far away, photographed nerines (*Nerine laticoma*), watched a very dark male giraffe drink, and as we departed, a client spotted a black-crowned night heron.

Driving home under a Simpsons sky of puffy cumulus clouds, we reached camp shortly after 13.00 pm, tucked into burgers, chips, onion rings and mange tout (yum) followed by a few very well-deserved hours in which to rest.

Thunder had been building for at least an hour or so as we gathered at 16.45 pm, set for departure shortly thereafter. Increasing in intensity, lightning bolts were also hitting the earth so with safety in mind, we watched the storm to see which way it would go. Our afternoon plans had changed regardless, from trying to find wild dogs to finding a female pangolin whose battery pack needed changing asap. Although only twenty minutes or so away from camp, we needed to put safety first so we sat it out, as rain fell lightly and the storm dissipated in front of our eyes. Departing just an hour behind schedule, we set off into an absolutely beautiful afternoon under the umbrella of a full double rainbow!

Stopping to try and identify a bird, a cry of "Rhino!" broke the air, and sure enough, the backside of a black rhino could be seen running away to our right. Its tail sticking bolt upright (a distinguishing factor as a white rhino curls) it had been mud bathing as it was a deep earth red colour. Wow, you stop for one thing and another shows itself. We carried on buoyed up and excited. Gary slowed soon afterwards, explaining that the pangolin was very close to the road. With eyes on stalks, we scanned the area, got down off of the vehicle and walked behind him perhaps ten metres or so. There she was. Lying flat under a tree, she had been feeding as her scales were crawling with ants. Staying stock still, she tucked her head under slightly at our approach but otherwise did not move. This was perfect. Gary was able to change the required batteries with minimum disruption to her. What a change from the feisty young male we'd experienced yesterday!

Within a few minutes, with the mission accomplished, we weighed her and were delighted to learn that she'd put on 1.5 kg. If you'll excuse us for humanising her, she seemed incredibly calm and had a gentle aura about her. Posing beautifully on a bare patch of earth, we took her in, once again savouring the chance to notice tiny details, as she took her time in terms of moving off. Eventually walking away, she moved to the cover of a nearby tree and lay flat once again, watching us watching her. Giving her space, we returned to the vehicle in a Zen-like state. What an incredible afternoon.



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We drove to our waterhole and had sundowners in the vehicle as dusk gave way to night. Two pangolins in two days. We could scarcely believe our luck. Sweet potatoes with chilli quinoa rounded off a fabulous day and we retired to bed, serenaded to sleep by the sounds of snuffling wildebeest.

**Thursday 6 March 2025**

**Day 7:**

Wild Dog and Pangolin Monitoring

*Weather: Sunny and hot, afternoon thunderstorm, 32 degrees*

Waking to the call of a pearl-spotted owlet, the sky glowed orange as we readied ourselves for the day. After breakfast at 06.30 am, we set off into the bush, once again on a mission to find wild dogs. They were far to our west so we knew we had a drive ahead of us, but as usual, we took our time, trying to find meerkats and other wildlife en route. We passed a yellow-billed hornbill that landed on a branch with a bug in its mouth. We watched as it quickly inserted it into a hole in the tree and realised that he was feeding a nesting female. What a find! Next, a yellow-billed stork was seen in the middle of the first pan we passed, and as we did a Plain's game count at the next one, we heard black-backed jackals calling behind us.



We took a turn past the pan we'd seen the lions with young cubs at earlier in the week and found ourselves observing a white rhino bull who'd come down to drink. Plains game was out in force here too and we found ourselves faced with an estimated few hundred individuals. Driving on, we stopped to identify a peregrine falcon and then continued to an open area carpeted in dubbeltjie where we simply had to dismount to try and capture the meadow-like scene on camera. As we neared the last known location of the dogs, we got the telemetry set out and drove with it for a while to try and pick up all important signals.

There was no sign of them so we re-traced our steps, traversing little used roads and at one point, caught the tail end, literally, of what we thought (and desperately hoped) was a caracal. The sandy colouration, feline gait and tail meant it had to be, but we hadn't had a close enough look to confirm it. With hearts in mouths, we drove a wide slow circle off the road in case it was hunkered down, watching us, but unfortunately to no avail.

Eventually, we gave up on the dogs for this morning and stopped for tea and coffee. Gary took us through a number of common grass species while we refreshed ourselves in the heat, and we noticed the pretty white flowers of *Merremia verecunda*, a member of the morning glory family, yellow snapdragon type eland's pea *Senna italica*, and the tiny purple flowers of *Gisekia africana*. Continuing afterwards, the amount of plains game out and about remained very high and we stopped to appreciate a very, very young wildebeest calf with the umbilical cord still attached and a purple roller.



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Passing a waterhole, either tiny fish or tadpoles were leaping clear of the water and we tried to video and photograph the phenomenon to clearly identify the creatures (they were later identified as tadpoles). Gary pointed out a patch of earth where rhino had recently laid down, the skin markings visible in the soil, whilst Helen noticed fungi growing in rhino dung, breaking it down. We also saw large clumps of malpitta, a plant with dangerous hallucinogenic properties that translates from Afrikaans as 'mad pips'.

Edging closer to camp, we stopped to check the contents of a camera trap and found that the lion and leopard had been recent visitors. On the home stretch, a secretary bird disappeared as quickly as it had been spotted. Arriving back perfectly on time for lunch at 13.30 pm, we had a few hours to ourselves before heading out again at 17.00 pm.

Another thunderstorm delayed proceedings this afternoon but only by ten minutes or so. We were on the road shortly after 17.10 pm, hoping to find the male pangolin we'd seen two days ago, to ensure that his new tagging device was secure. We passed the nesting yellow-billed hornbill nest in time to watch the male feed the female once again and then investigated the potential cause of concern for a lone oryx, staring intently in one direction. We ventured off-road and slowly scanned trees and grasses for threats but finding nothing, continued, coming across two kori bustards by our waterhole. We smelt popcorn at one point, a clear indication that a leopard had been spraying. It was cool and clear after the rain, perfect conditions for a territorial walk! A little egret was spotted on a pan and then we turned east.

It didn't take long to reach the last known coordinates for the pangolin and sure enough, Gary picked up a signal for him quickly. As he walked through the bush ahead of us, Helen drove the vehicle so that we could dismount quickly once he was found. We were given the signal to approach and saw him feeding underneath a tree. He remained still so as quick as a flash, Gary checked the bolt and secured a cable tie around it to keep it in place. Stepping back to give him space, we were burnished gold by the late afternoon light and we watched as he took off, walking into a thicket of blackthorn. We were delighted to have had three consecutive afternoon pangolin sightings. What a privilege.

Before clambering back up into the vehicle, we stopped to photograph a few large aandblom flowers (*Pancratium tenuifolium*), a white trumpet lily style bloom with a very short flowering period, and then we chased the sunset, arriving at the closest pan for sundowners in low light. Two large pale grey creatures in the distance materialised into wallowing black rhinos! A female and calf, we watched them continue to enjoy the refreshing mud as we poured our drinks, and then another female calf pair arrived on the northern side of the pan. Four black rhino? Who'd have thought it?!



We returned home under the cover of darkness, one scrub hare highlighted in our spotlight, and enjoyed fish cakes, mashed potatoes and peas followed by cheesecake, jelly and ice cream. What a finish to another stonking day in the bush!

**Friday 7 March 2025**

**Day 8:**

Wild Dog Monitoring and Extended Sundowners

*Weather: sunny and hot, 31 degrees*

Wildebeest youngsters were running to and fro in front of camp during breakfast as if they had the zoomies. Full of the joys of spring (well, autumn here), they were a delight.

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Departing at 7.30 am, we stopped due east of camp, armed with gardening gloves and herbicide, proceeding to cover endemic, but massively encroaching, blackthorn with it. It was satisfying work and we threw ourselves into it with aplomb, earning the nickname 'mellifera assassins'! Moving on, we pruned a few overhanging branches by our waterhole, continuing with our drive before the offending tree became a bonsai. A grey hornbill flew by and we were finally able to view it after hearing them call for the last week.

A field of nerines was our next photo stop before we turned off-road to search for the burrow of a feisty female pangolin who hadn't appeared to have come out to feed for a night or two. Wanting to put up a camera trap to see if perhaps she had a mate, Gary went to look for the burrow entrance and came back confirming that a) he'd found it and b) she was in it! We crept towards the entrance and set about carefully and silently clearing it of vegetation that could otherwise trigger the trap when moving in the wind. We could just make out her scales and tags as Gary secured the camera to a low branch. Once satisfied that it was secure from unwanted attention (ie hyena), we returned to the vehicle pleased with our morning's work.

Our last priority was to try and find a breakaway pack of four female wild dogs. We had a reading for them from 06.00 am and set off in their general direction knowing that they may have moved, but having nothing to lose by trying for them. Heading northeast, we drove with the telemetry tuned to their frequency, but unfortunately to no avail. We turned down a section of fence line looking for their tracks but came across cheetah spore instead. We then off-roaded to the exact co-ordinates but with no sign of them, decided to go towards a large pan for tea and coffee.



Passing another pan on the way, we'd stopped to count the game on it and were driving away when Gary did a super spot and called "Lion!" A magnificent male was lying under a tree and we had almost missed him. He had a distinctive de-gloved lip (it hung down, no doubt as a result of a run-in with another lion) and he was identified as part of a coalition of brothers generally found further north. While we sat with him we were serenaded by a rufous-named lark singing its heart out to our right and we noticed 11 giraffes walk out onto the opposite side of the pan in single file. They stood, facing us, and the by now very sleepy lion, so we pressed on.

As we approached our planned tea and coffee stop, our plans were scuppered by the sighting of a large bull elephant! We circumnavigated the pan, not being able to drive directly on it, and got as close to him as we could, then sat and watched as he rested his colossal trunk firstly on the ground and then on his only tusk. He was collared and Gary advised that in a few months, the collar would be removed as the research project being undertaken on the reserve has come to an end and the reserve has a strict policy in place to only collar individuals when absolutely necessary.



We had just made the decision to forgo morning tea and coffee, stopping briefly to distribute fruit juice and muffins instead, when slap bang in the middle of a road lay a male lion. A few metres away lay his brother, who didn't even flick an ear or raise his head to register our arrival. He was out cold! They had clearly made a kill, their bellies full, and a wound above one's eye helped us recognise them as the two males we'd come across earlier this week. We drove around them so as not to disturb them any longer than necessary and arrived back in camp at 13.45 pm.

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After lunch, we took the opportunity to relax and then pack, and the few clients who joined Helen by the bird baths were rewarded with sightings of black-faced waxbill, red-headed weaver and of course, the ever-present stunning shaft-tailed whydah.

A violet-eared waxbill was seen repeatedly by Helen, only making it onto the species list with a fly past in the bush later today once seen by everyone (at least two people have to see a species for it to be added). A white-backed vulture flew low overhead and at 16.30 pm, we left on our last drive.

More vultures and kori bustards were seen along with the first of two leopard tortoises happily slowing our progress as they walked in the road. Pronking springbok was a delight and we made our way to a large pan in the south-west where we intended to stop for final sundowners. As we arrived, the back of two unidentified rhinos ran off into the bush and then, as the pan opened up before us, two white rhino bulls associated with masses of plains game spread across the area.

After logging all species and gauging approximate numbers, Gary suggested pushing on a little further as we had some time before sunset. With no grumbles from us, we headed south still, eventually reaching the fence line. Gary picked up speed as we went, the reason becoming clear as a mass of dark shapes and ears appeared in the road ahead. Dogs!

This was the pack of 15 we'd seen previously and they were full, full, full! Looking as though they'd swallowed beach balls, they lay scattered in untidy heaps of wonderfulness, ears and tails flicking constantly to ward off the flies. What a brilliant way to end the trip...but there was more yet to come!



We let sleeping dogs lie (sorry!) and re-traced our steps back to the pan, seeing mating Monarch butterflies as we drove, and arriving in time to dismount, pour drinks and toast a simply marvellous week. A group of five bat-eared foxes sprinted from right to left, where another group of three were seen. Then three more white rhinos approached from the north, drank and then started running back in the direction from which they'd come, possibly scared off by the dominance of the bulls already on the pan. Meanwhile, more and more antelope arrived as the glowing red sun sank beneath the horizon. This was simply brilliant.

We drank in the timeless scene before us, committing it to memory, and as darkness fell, commenced the hour-long drive back to camp. Stopping to view a nightjar sitting on the road, we also enjoyed numerous sightings of springhare and a new species, the Cape fox. Three more white rhinos appeared not far from camp (they were coming out of the woodwork) and when we finally got home at 20.45 pm, we were greeted by the dining table stunningly decorated with a South African theme. Rainbow napkins (a nod to the 'rainbow nation'), proteas, and miniature safari animals (plus a random camel!) were dominated by a rugby ball as the centrepiece. We tucked into braai'd meat (BBQ) with corn on the cob, bean salad, pap and tomato relish. It doesn't get much more South African than that! The only downside was that load-shedding (a power cut) was scheduled for 22.00 pm so we had to rush dinner in order to shower and pack before bed. We managed though, and as usual, drifted off to sleep to the gentle murmurings of wildebeest.

**Saturday 8 March 2025**

### **Day 9:**

Return to Johannesburg and depart South Africa

*Weather: sunny and hot, 31 degrees*

Breakfast was available from 05.45 am and we made our own packed lunches as eland, oryx and blue wildebeest gathered in the open area in front of the camp to see us off.

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It was an emotional time as we said our thank yous and goodbyes, jumped into the minibus and were escorted to the gate. Helen suggested watching for wildlife as we drove the perimeter fence and sure enough, we spotted a brown hyena who stopped under a tree, pointed ears held high, before lying down in the grass and disappearing in front of our eyes. Kudu and steenbok popped up occasionally and we enjoyed the birds, magpie shrike males especially, as we made our way back to civilisation. We arrived at Joburg airport in good time to drop our bags off, relax and enjoy some shopping before boarding our overnight British Airways flight home. This trip had made an indelible impression on us, and we would miss the staggeringly beautiful Kalahari in the green season.



**Sunday 9 March 2025**

**Day 10:**  
Arrive in London

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# Checklist for Kalahari Conservation Experience in Green Season



	Common Name	Scientific Name	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5	Day 6	Day 7	Day 8	Day 9
	<b>MAMMALS</b>										
1	Impala	<i>Aepyceros melampus</i>		✓							✓
2	Waterbuck	<i>Kobus ellipsiprymnus</i>		✓							
3	Warthog	<i>Phacochoerus africanus</i>		✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	
4	Kudu	<i>Tragelaphus strepsiceros</i>		✓							✓
5	Blesbok	<i>Damaliscus pygargus phillipsi</i>		✓							
6	Red lechwe	<i>Kobus leche</i>		✓							
7	Springbok	<i>Antidorcas marsupialis</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
8	Plain's zebra	<i>Equus quagga</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
9	Blue wildebeest	<i>Connochaetes taurinus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
10	Oryx (gemsbok)	<i>Oryx gazella</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
11	Red hartebeest	<i>Alcelaphus buselaphus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
12	Eland	<i>Taurotragus oryx</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
13	Steenbok	<i>Raphicerus campestris</i>			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
14	Ground squirrel	<i>Xerus inauris</i>			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
15	Suricate (meerkat)	<i>Suricata suricatta</i>			✓			✓			
16	Southern giraffe	<i>Giraffa Camelopardalis</i>			✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	
17	Black-backed jackal	<i>Canis mesomelas</i>			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
18	Wild dog	<i>Lycaon pictus</i>			✓					✓	
19	Buffalo	<i>Syncerus caffer</i>			✓						
20	White rhino	<i>Ceratotherium simum</i>			✓				✓	✓	
21	Springhare	<i>Pedetes capensis</i>			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
22	Chacma baboon	<i>Papio hamadryas ursinus</i>				✓					
23	Brown hyena	<i>Hyaena brunnea</i>				✓					✓
24	Scrub hare	<i>Lepus saxtilis</i>				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
25	Lion	<i>Panthera leo</i>				✓	✓			✓	

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26	Bat-eared fox	<i>Otocyon megalotis</i>					✓			✓	
27	Cheetah	<i>Acinonyx jubatus</i>					✓	✓			
28	Ground pangolin	<i>Manis temminckii</i>					✓	✓	✓	✓	
29	Black rhino	<i>Diceros bicornis</i>						✓	✓		
30	African elephant	<i>Loxodonta africana</i>								✓	
31	Cape fox	<i>Vulpes chama</i>								✓	
	<b>BIRDS</b>										
1	Magpie shrike	<i>Corvinella melanoleuca</i>		✓							
2	African palm swift	<i>Cypsiurus parvus</i>		✓							
3	Cape turtle dove	<i>Streptopelia capicola</i>		✓							
4	Western cattle egret	<i>Bubulcus ibis</i>		✓							
5	African olive pigeon	<i>Columba arquatrix</i>		✓							
6	Pied crow	<i>Corvus albus</i>		✓							
7	Black-shouldered kite	<i>Elanus caeruleus</i>		✓							
8	Ostrich	<i>Struthio camelus</i>		✓							
9	Haded ibis	<i>Bostrychia hagedash</i>		✓							
10	Egyptian goose	<i>Alopochen aegyptiaca</i>		✓							
11	Laughing dove	<i>Streptopelia senegalensis</i>		✓							
12	Alpine swift	<i>Tachymarptis melba</i>		✓							
13	Southern yellow-billed hornbill	<i>Tockus leucomelas</i>		✓							
14	Lilac-breasted roller	<i>Coracias caudatus</i>		✓							
15	White-fronted bee-eater	<i>Merops bullockoides</i>		✓							
16	Grey go-away bird	<i>Corythaixoides concolor</i>		✓							
17	Common mynah	<i>Acridotheres tristis</i>		✓							
18	Fork-tailed drongo	<i>Dicrurus adsimilis</i>		✓							
19	Cape glossy starling	<i>Lamprotornis nitens</i>		✓							
20	Crowned lapwing	<i>Vanellus coronatus</i>		✓							
21	Martial eagle	<i>Polemaetus bellicosus</i>		✓							
22	Red-faced mousebird	<i>Urocolius indicus</i>				✓					
23	White-throated swallow	<i>Hirundo albigularis</i>				✓					
24	South African shelduck	<i>Tadorna cana</i>				✓					
25	Blacksmith lapwing	<i>Vanellus armatus</i>				✓					
26	Southern masked weaver	<i>Ploceus velatus</i>				✓					

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27	Little grebe	<i>Tachybaptus ruficollis</i>			✓					
28	Yellow canary	<i>Crithagra flaviventris</i>			✓					
29	Swallow-tailed bee-eater	<i>Merops hirundineus</i>			✓					
30	Red-billed spurfowl	<i>Pternistis afer</i>			✓					
31	Brown snake eagle	<i>Circaetus cinereus</i>			✓					
32	Helmeted guinea fowl	<i>Numida meleagris</i>			✓					
33	Dideric cuckoo	<i>Chrysococcyx caprius</i>			✓					
34	Lappet-faced vulture	<i>Torgos tracheliatus</i>			✓					
35	White-backed vulture	<i>Gyps africanus</i>			✓					
36	Fawn-coloured lark	<i>Calendulauda africanoides</i>			✓					
37	Pale chanting goshawk	<i>Melierax canorus</i>			✓					
38	Red-crested korhaan	<i>Lophotis ruficrista</i>			✓					
39	Wattled starling	<i>Creatophora cinerea</i>			✓					
40	African hoopoe	<i>Upupa Africana</i>			✓					
41	Kalahari scrub robin	<i>Cercotrichas paena</i>			✓					
42	Southern pied babbler	<i>Turdoides bicolor</i>			✓					
43	Kori bustard	<i>Ardeotis kori</i>			✓					
44	African pied wagtail	<i>Motacilla aguimp</i>			✓					
45	Shaft-tailed whydah	<i>Vidua regia</i>			✓					
46	Lesser grey shrike	<i>Lanius minor</i>			✓					
47	Red-billed oxpecker	<i>Buphagus erythrorhynchus</i>			✓					
48	Marico flycatcher	<i>Bradornis mariquensis</i>			✓					
49	Black-winged stilt	<i>Himantopus himantopus</i>			✓					
50	Double-banded courser	<i>Rhinoptilus africanus</i>			✓					
51	Cape sparrow	<i>Passer melanurus</i>			✓					
52	White-browed sparrow weaver	<i>Plocapasser mahali</i>					✓			
53	Southern grey-headed sparrow	<i>Passer diffusus</i>					✓			
54	Red-billed buffalo weaver	<i>Bubalornis niger</i>					✓			
55	Ant-eating chat	<i>Myrmecocichla formicivora</i>					✓			
56	Burchell's sandgrouse	<i>Pterocles burchelli</i>					✓			
57	Rufous-cheeked nightjar	<i>Caprimulgus rufigena</i>					✓			
58	Spotted eagle-owl	<i>Bubo africanus</i>					✓			
59	Bronze-winged courser	<i>Rhinoptilus chalconotus</i>					✓			
60	Pearl-breasted swallow	<i>Hirundo dimidiata</i>							✓	

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61	Lanner falcon	<i>Falco biarmicus</i>						✓				
62	African cuckoo	<i>Cuculus gularis</i>						✓				
63	Crimson-breasted shrike	<i>Laniarius atrococcineus</i>						✓				
64	Tawny eagle	<i>Aquila rapax</i>						✓				
65	Namaqua dove	<i>Oena capensis</i>						✓				
66	Black-chested snake-eagle	<i>Circaetus pectoralis</i>						✓				
67	Secretary bird	<i>Sagittarius serpentarius</i>						✓				
68	Spotted thick-knee	<i>Burhinus capensis</i>						✓				
69	Pririt batis	<i>Batis pririt</i>							✓			
70	Southern white-crowned shrike	<i>Eurocephalus anguitimens</i>							✓			
71	Scaly-feathered finch	<i>Sporopipes squamifrons</i>							✓			
72	Black-crowned night heron	<i>Nycticorax nycticorax</i>							✓			
73	African red-eyed bulbul	<i>Pycnonotus nigricans</i>							✓			
74	Yellow-billed stork	<i>Mycteria ibis</i>								✓		
75	Peregrine falcon	<i>Falco peregrinus</i>								✓		
76	Purple roller	<i>Coracias naevius</i>								✓		
77	Little egret	<i>Egretta garzetta</i>								✓		
78	African grey hornbill	<i>Tockus nasutus</i>									✓	
79	Rufous-napped lark	<i>Mirafra africana</i>									✓	
80	Black-faced waxbill	<i>Estrilda eryttronotos</i>									✓	
81	Red-headed weaver	<i>Anaplectes melanotis</i>									✓	
82	White-backed mousebird	<i>Colius colius</i>									✓	
83	Violet-eared waxbill	<i>Granatina granatina</i>									✓	
84	House sparrow	<i>Passer domesticus</i>										✓
85	Great egret	<i>Ardea alba</i>										✓
86	African sacred ibis	<i>Threskiornis aethiopicus</i>										✓