

## Tour Report Kalahari Conservation Experience in Green Season 9 – 18 January 2026

African monarch



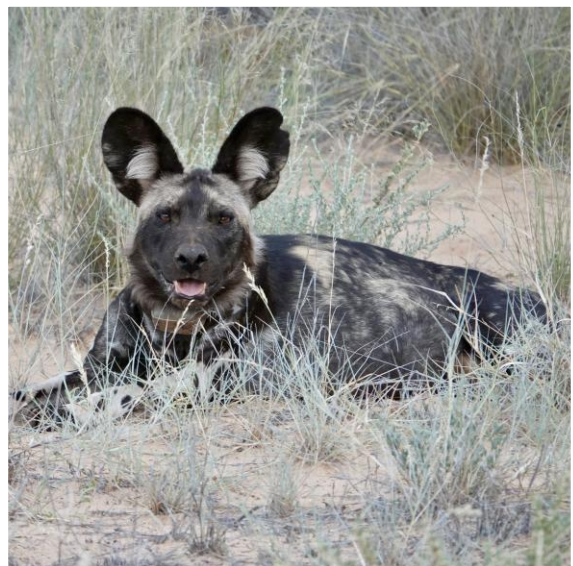
Oryx



Pangolin



Wild dog



Compiled by Helen Bryon

## Summary

Our long-established and ever-popular Kalahari Conservation Experience has traditionally operated in September at the end of the dry season when waterholes are the lifeblood of the ecosystem. Travelling in the green season sees grasses flourish and wildlife disperse as natural pools fill up with rain. Whilst this can result in having to work harder to find wildlife, lions especially (it is also worth noting that elephant and leopard are rarely seen here), the positives come in many forms. Not only is this semi-desert carpeted in beautiful wildflowers and vegetation, but it is baby season with blue wildebeest in particular, delivering their young amongst a profusion of butterflies, bugs and migrant bird species.

Two packs of wild dogs, one coalition of cheetah brothers, and a handful of pangolins are tagged, and using GPS readings, telemetry, and old-fashioned tracking, we hope to find them. In addition, we get involved in whatever the reserve ecologist requires at the time of our visit. Capturing data is generally the most important aspect of what we do, aiding with ongoing research on South Africa's largest Big Five reserve by spending long hours out in the bush recording the whereabouts and behaviour of wildlife on extended game drives. Mornings can be a little quieter due to the heat, so we may conduct vegetation surveys, install and analyse camera trap footage or apply herbicides to invasive species. Longer afternoon safaris are the norm, during which thunderstorms potentially build up, as we focus on finding research animals, often resulting in arrival back at camp between 21:00–22:00 for dinner immediately before bed.

We conduct frequent discussions on South Africa's closed, fenced systems which are a legal requirement to ensure that there is no human wildlife conflict in the country. This, of course, results in having to manage conserved areas and wildlife, and we don't shy away from conversations on habitat loss, contraception, maintaining genetic integrity, movement of animals, and more emotive subjects such as culling, hunting and poaching.

Undoubtedly, a key selling point for this safari is the sense of wilderness that prevails due to there being only one other small lodge in an area of almost 100,000 hectares. We have sightings to ourselves, a rarity nowadays. So for a thought-provoking holiday and a fascinating insight into conservation in action in the stunning Kalahari, look no further.

**Friday 9 January 2026**

### Day 1:

London Heathrow to Johannesburg

The group met up with Tour Leader, Helen, at the departure gate and took off one hour behind schedule on our 11-hour, non-stop overnight flight with British Airways.

**Saturday 10 January 2026**

### Day 2:

Johannesburg to the Kalahari

*Weather: bright sunshine, 26°C (at origin), 36°C (at destination)*

As we'd all travelled with hand luggage only, we swiftly passed through entry formalities and met our transfer driver, Brian, who had waited patiently for us in Arrivals. With his easy smile, gentle nature and confident driving, we all got to know each other as he expertly negotiated the roads west on our day-long transfer. We stopped for elevenses and coffee at Ventersdorp, then pressed on to Vryburg where we refuelled and grabbed lunch from a local supermarket. Having picked up groceries for camp too, we covered the last three hours of the journey with ease, swapping cosmos for wild sunflowers, noticing dislodged piles of soft earth in the road (the work of Damara mole-rats) and arriving at the reserve gate at 17.40 with an already impressive species list well underway.

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Gary, camp owner and guide/conservationist extraordinaire, met us and led us to camp where his wife, Edyta, and their two rescue dogs, Sweeney and Pluto, ensured we received a warm South African welcome. After a little time to settle in, we gathered in the mess tent, greatly appreciating the vista of blue wildebeest and their literally newborn calves in an open area opposite. We set about the important task of completing indemnity forms and then set off for a drink at the closest waterhole. The late afternoon light, the feeling of wilderness, the sounds of the bush and the anticipation of finally being here seeing our first herds of zebra led to one client dreamily asking, "Have I died and

gone to heaven?"

Flowering pink nerines proliferated as we stumbled upon the freshest of fresh elephant dung, which had us scouring the thick vegetation for the culprit. Although it appeared to have moved on, a white rhino bull materialised in front of our eyes instead. He was nervous, so we sat quietly and gave him space as we watched him train his periscopal ears towards us, as a red-billed oxpecker perched on his back. We continued to watch each other as two broken-off buffalo horns were pointed out lying in the sand next to our vehicle. By chance, at that same time, a buffalo bull came into view at the water's edge. He lay down for a wallow and lifted his legs high into the air, working up momentum to roll. Another appeared, without horns, looking somewhat odd without them. We knew where they were!

By now, the light was fading, so we quickly set up and enjoyed our first sundowners before returning to camp for a traditional South African meal of boerewors (or vegetarian sausages), corn on the cob, pap, chakalaka sauce and salad. Afterwards, we took ourselves off to bed for a well-earned rest...or so we thought.

**Sunday 11 January 2026**

### **Day 3:**

Mounting and checking camera traps, pangolin monitoring

*Weather: sunny and hot, 34°C*

We woke to howling wind shortly after 02.00 accompanied by lightning, and then the thunderclaps began. Gaining in strength and force, before we knew it, it was absolutely throwing it down. Our tents were sturdy but shaking and there was absolutely no chance of sleeping through the maelstrom, but it was utterly marvellous. Everyone should experience an African storm at least once in their lifetime. There is something a little apocalyptic about it!

A while later, and somewhat bleary-eyed, but excited for what lay in store, the wildlife hit began when a small bachelor herd of eland walked right past camp as our alarms went off around 06:00. Oryx and blue wildebeest greeted us as we gathered for breakfast under cloudy but clearing skies at 06.30. Most likely due to the storm, we had no electricity and therefore no water was being pumped up from the borehole, so we were swiftly provided with buckets for washing and were reassured that drinking water was plentiful and not affected.

We had aimed to depart on our drive at 07.00 but were behind schedule due to a soaked vehicle, so we busied ourselves with photographing giant millipedes in camp, learning how to sex them at the same time (males are missing their sixth segment and legs). Groundscraper thrush and white-browed sparrowweavers fluttered around as we drove off into the wilderness through fields of pale yellow flowers equipped

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with nasty thorns like so many plants of the Kalahari, known locally as dubbeltjie (*Tribulus zeyheri*). A slender mongoose shot through the bush, we appreciated the melodic song of a visible monotonous lark, and stopped to admire a herd of red hartebeest before reaching the closest waterhole to camp which was literally teeming with swooping swifts of the alpine, African palm and pearl-breasted varieties. A male shaft-tailed whydah stole the show, although the pure white breast of a Marico flycatcher also caught our attention.

We passed a lone steenbok as we continued towards a calcrete pan, the road lined with the purple verbena-type flowering heads of *Erlangea misera*. We received a geography lesson on their formation as we watched ground squirrels busy themselves around us and Temmink's coursers hang out with crowned lapwings. We conducted a springbok count that we logged, something we would do for most mammals and conspicuous birds during our stay as part of a data collection programme for the reserve ecologist. A black-backed jackal nonchalantly walked into view and headed towards a pool of rainwater that had collected in the pan which was currently occupied by a pair of South African shelducks.

Continuing on, we came across our first meerkats, one of whom was massively pregnant, and then stopped to discuss milkweed vines and community web spiders. We noticed a gemsbok cucumber (*Acanthosicyos naudinianus*), cutting it open to taste it, and learnt about eland's bean (*Elephantorrhiza elephantina*), a fern-type plant with a huge underground root system. The colourful plumage of violet-eared waxbills stopped us in our tracks and we reached the fence-line where we mounted the first of two new camera traps. We positioned it low enough to try and capture images of passing leopard and spotted hyena as building a portfolio of identified individuals is in operation around the reserve.

Mission accomplished, we drove on, past black and Levillant's cuckoo, to a nearby waterhole where we stopped for morning tea, coffee and excellent citrus cake! Gary erected the second new camera trap overlooking the water and as we meandered home, gatherings of brown-veined white butterflies lined our tracks and we briefly stopped to investigate the contents of another camera trap previously set up with the specific purpose of trying to find a black rhino who had been seriously injured in a fight with another bull, potentially losing an eye in the process. With no sign of him recorded, we got back to camp just after 11.15 for a little downtime before lunch.



At 13:00, we tucked into a delicious broccoli and pomegranate salad served with vegetable springbok rolls, cheese puffs and/or chicken samosas. Replete, we relaxed by the plunge pool, spotting Southern pied babbler, green-winged pytilia and Southern yellow-billed hornbill. It was a hot day so we were excited to learn that Gary would set up a generator from 15:30, enabling us to indulge in welcome showers.

At 17:30, we set off again in a state of cautious excitement.

During the afternoon, Gary had explained that two of the tagged female pangolins on the reserve currently have pups and that we were to join part of an initiative to try and find one particular pup, shave a piece off one of its scales, and send it away for DNA analysis, the aim being to establish whether another released pangolin may be the father. This was not going to be easy, but we were, of course, thrilled to be privileged enough to observe the job.



A scimitarbill flew across our path as we enjoyed the natural air-conditioning provided by the momentum of the vehicle. Wild sunflowers grew as far as the eye could see, humming with butterflies and bugs, and we soaked up the scenery, noting that wattled and Cape starlings were out en masse at our waterhole.

We turned east, driving further into the reserve, all the while searching for and hoping to pick up tracks of predators. We were treated to our first sighting of swallow-tailed bee-eaters niftily swooping through the air like fighter pilots.

Shortly before 19:00, we reached the rendezvous point. Meeting up with the head of Anti-Poaching and a few other reserve staff, we watched as two drones were flown in cycles trying to find the pangolin burrow while we still had daylight. Watching the footage on a laptop, we enjoyed the bird's-eye view of the surrounding bush. A discussion on the usage of drones during anti-poaching initiatives had us enthralled and as night fell, we watched the screen with bated breath for the thermal imaging to pick up our pangolins should they come out of their burrow. Through GPS reading from the last few nights, we knew they were unlikely to emerge until 20:00 or thereabouts, so we waited. We had sundowners and waited some more until a tiny white pinprick on the screen was pointed out. It was moving. One pangolin was out! Suddenly, there was a second a few hundred metres away. Wow! We watched them move with surprising speed as they bustled from underneath one tree to another, feeding.

We needed both of them to move far enough away from their burrow entrance that they couldn't run back into it at our approach, but we also needed to know which of the two was our pup. It was impossible to ascertain size differences from the drone so Gary stood on the roof of our vehicle trying to pick up the latest GPS coordinates for the tagged female. Waiting until two readings had come through to be absolutely sure, we now knew which one was the pup and it was all systems go. We drove as close as we dared and were given detailed instructions on what, and what not to do, as we would now be walking through thick bush in the dark of the night to reach the pup. With a rifle at the front and rear and following a number of radio and safety checks we set off, reassured that whilst one drone focused on the location of the pup, the other was surveying the surrounding area for passing wildlife. The stars were incredible as we set off in silence under the Milky Way, crouching under and negotiating thorn bushes and logs.

We knew Gary intended to be in and out as soon as possible to avoid unnecessary stress to the pangolin so once it was found, he quickly and deftly removed a piece of scale while we took a few photos. The pangolin hunkered down, instinctively flattening into the soil, and we estimated it to be around 30 cms long with perhaps a girth of 20 cms at its widest point. The mission took perhaps two minutes or so and it was a first time sighting for all clients so smiles were wide when we arrived back at the safety of our vehicle. Returning to the drone team, we thanked them profusely for the opportunity we'd been afforded and made our way home, spotlighting springhares, a cantering porcupine (who knew?!), bronze-winged courser, rufous-cheeked nightjar and a tree-ridden small spotted genet along the way. We also passed a relatively new and somewhat pungent zebra carcass, vowing to return to it in the morning in order to investigate it further.

What a night! Getting home at 21:30, we sat around the campfire in the boma and celebrated an amazing day with butternut risotto and green beans, then cheesecake, all washed down with lovely local wine. Our resident Western barn owl screeched around us, never showing itself though, and when our beds called, there was no storm to interrupt us tonight, just a glittering night sky and sweet, sweet dreams.

Monday 12 January 2026

**Day 4:**

Checking camera traps and lion management

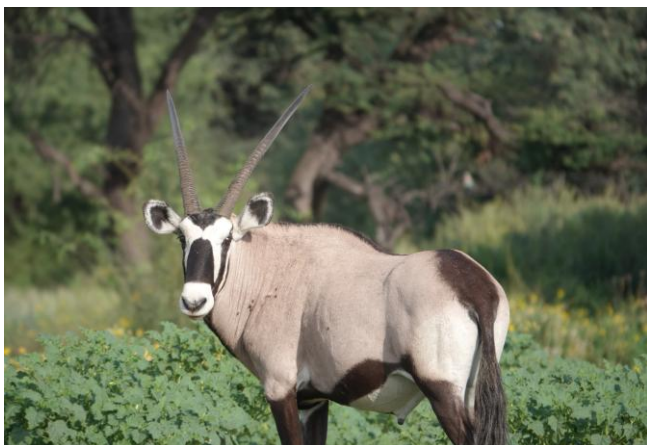
*Weather: Sunny and hot, 35°C*

Still without electricity, we woke to clear skies, and fortified by our fried egg and tomato breakfast (cereals and fruit, were, of course, available too), we set off from camp at 07:00. It was a glorious morning with an intermittent cooling breeze and we flushed out the first of two common buttonquails and a rather handsome great spotted cuckoo to kickstart the day's sightings. All was quiet at our waterhole, so we drove to the carcass we'd happened across last night and confirmed it was a young zebra likely to have been killed by lions, but difficult to say for sure. We stepped out of the vehicle for a closer look, noticing an abundance of flies and Monarch butterflies upon it, and then carried on, intending to check on the two new camera traps set up yesterday.

We stopped to point out white rhino tracks made during the night, but before Helen could explain how they differentiate from black, we noticed fresh lion spoor too. This was exciting! We retraced our steps back to the last junction and did a few little detours to try and ascertain where they had gone. Coming to a dead end, we headed to the fence-line and analysed the SD card from our new camera trap, chuffed to find that a huge Kalahari male lion, complete with a distinctive scar on his face, had passed by at 02.10 (image credit Gary Schneider). Brown hyena had also been picked up along with one warthog.



We drove to a nearby observation tower and watched Gary climb it with his telemetry set, using the height to try and pick up a signal for the few collared wild dogs and cheetah on the reserve. Unsuccessful, but armed with a new GPS reading for one pack of dogs far, far away, we conducted a game count at two pans and admired the work of scaly, feathered weavers working on a new nest in the depths of a blackthorn. We headed for tea and coffee where we'd mounted the second camera trap yesterday and en route, got a good look at two beautiful Wahlberg's eagles flying above us, as well as stopping briefly to view a butterfly sitting in the remains of a zebra hoof.



Little ones amongst a nursery herd of oryx had us oohing and aahing, a herd of zebras crossing the road ahead of us and a lone desert agama completed our morning and we arrived home at 10:45. There was time for a welcome rest, a cooling dip and a beer before lunch of falafel, crackers and pasta salad once again served at 13:00.

It was hot out, so more relaxing followed before shower hour at 15:30. Clean, keen and raring to go, we departed for our afternoon activity at 16:30.

We had been intending to look for wild dogs but Gary advised a change of plan and we headed east for our mystery outing. We flushed a spotted eagle-owl that flew out of a raisin bush, landing in adjacent grass, where it proceeded to flatten down in an effort to conceal itself. As we reversed for a closer look, it flew off once again, effortlessly gliding into a tree and disappearing before our eyes. We had been following fresh elephant tracks for a massive bull for kilometres when we stopped to observe a nursery herd of blue wildebeest framed against the skyline in a glorious kaleidoscope of wildflowers. Our attention was then

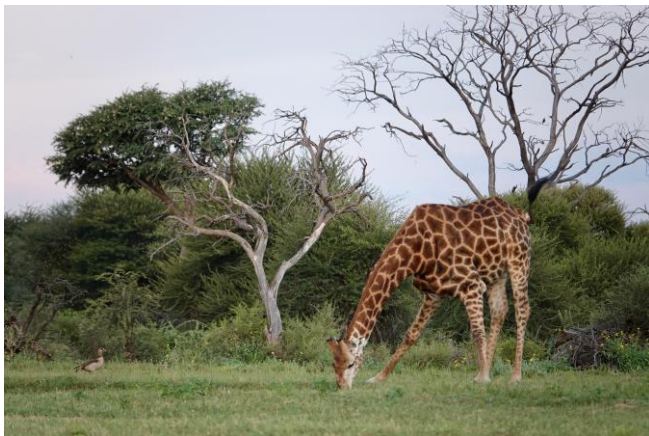
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brought back to the road by dung beetles busying themselves rolling balls. Hugely important in the role of waste disposal, we sat and watched them for some time, power struggles between individuals clear to see.

A locust hitched a ride on Helen's arm, another on the steering wheel, and during the process of adding ant-eating chat to our species list, we heard an expletive from Gary as we discovered an issue with our brakes. Jumping out of the vehicle and lifting the bonnet, all fluids looked in good condition but checking underneath the vehicle revealed liquid on the inside of the front right tyre. It appeared we had a small hole in the brake cable. Fortunately, we were not a million miles from the reserve office and workshop so we slowly continued on our way, using the gears and deep Kalahari sand to slow our speed when necessary.

We had to pass a huge pan shortly thereafter and it was absolutely teeming with migratory Abdim's storks. They were literally everywhere. We then ambled upon three black rhinos standing in the open, whose testament to their recent wallow appeared two-toned with dark, glistening bottoms and dry tops. The two adult females and unsexed juvenile were magnificently framed beneath the deep blue sky, with springbok, blue wildebeest and a solo yellow-billed stork in close proximity. As we went to pass them, the youngster gathered pace towards us but thankfully gave up the chase before Mum could follow protecting it.



We made it to the office unscathed, ready to fix the cable and fill up with diesel. Jobs done, Gary drove us to a large boma where we were told two lionesses were currently housed, awaiting transportation to another reserve in South Africa. As they peered at us, just their ears and eyes visible peeping up above the fence, we learnt about the relocation of these felines, a necessity to preserve genetic dispersal due to South Africa's fenced wildlife systems, which negate human wildlife conflict. Sitting with them for around an hour or so, we comprehensively covered lion management during which a small journey of giraffe approached and cautiously drank from pools in front of us.

By now it was 19:40, and we would shortly lose light, so we moved a little further away and set up sundowners. As darkness descended, a shape appeared in the distance, moving towards the boma in fluid movements. Through our binoculars, we identified a distant lioness. My word, we were sharing the earth with her! We watched her scrape her back paws repeatedly as she walked closer, scent marking, and we then heard her contact calling to other potential pride members in the area. We climbed back up onto our vehicle and watched in silence as she moved towards a nearby tree, spraying it to within an inch of its life, illuminated by our headlights. She lay down, ignoring us with all attention on the boma. After a while, she stretched and walked away, disappearing behind a thicket, and we left her be.

Our night drive home got off to a stonking start with a sub-adult black-backed jackal gazing at us from the road. Next, we reversed for what Helen very much hoped was indeed a flap-necked chameleon and not a

camelthorn seed pod (it was the former). Next up was perhaps the most obliging owl any of us had ever come across. Literally a metre away from us, sitting in a tree, a spotted-eagle owl held our gaze at eye-level for at least ten minutes (image credit Gary Schneider). It was quite incredible. Eventually, we drove on through a very quiet Kalahari until two springhares saw us home.



Making our way straight to the boma for another fireside dinner, we indulged in the most fabulous rump steak (or alternative vegetarian meal of course) served with creamy spinach-filled gem squash and potato salad. A superb deconstructed apple pie (the pastry was omitted due to the inability to bake without electricity!) with ice cream was the icing on the cake and a great night's sleep was had by all.

**Tuesday 13 January 2026**

**Day 5:**

Checking camera traps and wild dog monitoring

*Weather: sunny and hot, 36°C*



French toast and baked beans greeted us when we gathered for breakfast at 06:30, serenaded by a cacophony of bird song. Upon departure from camp, it transpired that our waterhole had been a hive of activity overnight with lion, elephant, white rhino and buffalo tracks seen in abundance. A little rain had fallen and the morning dawned bright, crisp and sparkling...full of promise. A great spot from a client had us admiring a huge old buffalo bull resting beneath a blackthorn. He stretched languorously and lumbered down the road ahead of us, dictating the pace as he was in no hurry whatsoever.

Lion spoor over last night's tyre tracks had us changing direction a few times trying to follow it, but with no luck, we knew we'd have to just keep trying. Another check on our fence-line camera trap revealed not one, but two huge male lions passing by, the first shortly after 19:00 last night and the other much later. Passing curtains of tall, spiky, purple flowering cat's tail (*Hermboetia fleckii*), we conducted our usual springbok counts as we passed our closest pan. At the next one, four warthogs ran like the clappers into the safety of surrounding vegetation, most likely spooked by our approach. Although not naturally found in the Kalahari, they moved into the area with agricultural activity and although thriving in terms of finding sustenance, they are susceptible to predation.

En route to our morning tea and coffee stop, we passed a ridiculously tall bull giraffe who almost evaded attention standing in the shade of a camelthorn, and then came across a very handsome blue wildebeest who walked slowly towards



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standing water in the pan. Another bull came charging over, bucking, in a display of dominance intended to intimidate his rival. This proved fruitless as he was largely ignored by the drinking newcomer, who walked away nonchalantly, scent-marking a rubbing post with his pre-orbital glands along the way. It was a standoff with no winner, but was very interesting to witness.

We had refreshments by our waterhole, noticing the conspicuous absence of sandgrouse (we couldn't believe that we hadn't seen any yet) but enjoying the constant to-ing and fro-ing of numerous other avian species. We arrived back into camp at 10:45 and relaxed before a lovely lunch of potato and carrot rostitis, served with steak salad and rounded off by juicy, sweet and delicious lychees. With the continuing absence of electricity, the pool was well utilised, and we, of course, had shower hour to look forward to!



When 16:30 rolled around, we set off on a quest to find a collared pack of wild dogs. We had been warned it would be a long drive to reach their last known location, so we sat back and enjoyed the scenery as wildflowers and stunning grasses lined our route.

We passed a nesting yellow-billed hornbill and a number of buffalos before checking one of our camera traps, immediately noticing that it was sitting much further down the tree trunk we'd previously secured it to. We assumed rhinos had been tampering with it and sure enough, a quick analysis of images showed us that six black rhinos

and three white rhinos had all come to investigate it during the last 24 hours!

As we drove several kilometres of fence line afterwards, we stopped for our first Burchell's sandgrouse (finally) and then a dark shape in the road ahead morphed into a wild dog. Hoorah! More heads appeared on the side of the road and we got closer, and we counted seven snoozing dogs who barely registered our arrival. As we watched them, they constantly re-positioned, becoming a tangle of interwoven limbs in the still strong heat. We couldn't see the whole pack of eleven but settled down to wait and see if they might move with the setting sun while we learnt about the difficulties of managing wild dogs.

Suitably more informed, and with no sign of movement from the dogs, we dismounted for sundowners a few metres away, enjoying the golden skies provided by the setting sun. We couldn't see the dogs due to the tall grasses, but we knew we would likely hear them should they begin to move off. Our discussions continued as barking geckos began to call and a positively huge build-up of red-billed queleas gathered just north of our location, making an absolute racket. We thought about going to investigate but saw movement through the thickets as the dogs gathered together excitedly, white tails raised and chitter-chattering excitedly as they greeted each other after their slumber. A few dogs began to move down the fence line so we, of course, followed. Dusk was falling and we were losing light fast as they cut off into the bush and we watched their ears disappear. It was too dark for us to off-road after them but we'd seen them and felt it likely they'd hunt in the next 24 hours.

Commencing the long night drive home, we sighted eye shine further down the fence and came across a family of endearing bat-eared foxes illuminated by our spotlight. Numerous bronze-winged coursers flew up into the dazzling night sky at our approach, as did a lone spotted thick-knee. Closer to home, we discovered two porcupines who slowly ambled away from the open area in which they'd been foraging. We decided to stop there, kill the engine, and spend a little time simply sitting in darkness taking in and contemplating the vast, incredible starscape above us. A symphony of insects, beetles and crickets filled the air as we sat in silence and all agreed it had been a magical experience.

Shortly afterwards we passed our waterhole, disturbing a Verreaux's eagle owl who flew hastily upwards at our approach. Finally, as we reached camp, we enjoyed several fleeting fly-bys by our Western barn owl.

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It was after 21:00, so we headed straight to the boma where we enjoyed chicken, rice and bean salad, accompanied by individual, and very fine, homemade banoffee pies! We were joined by Mark, a former freelance guide who had worked for Gary and Edyta a few years ago, who now fulfils a conservation role working closely with the reserve ecologist. After another lovely evening, we hit the hay.

**Wednesday 14 January 2026**

**Day 6:**

Grass survey and wild dog monitoring

*Weather: Sunny and hot, storm building in the afternoon but dissipated, 36°C*

Pancakes got the day off to a flying start at 06:30, followed by an amenable oryx, posing beautifully as we drove out into the bush. Heading east under a cerulean sky, we stopped to admire quite possibly the most perfect, ornate Southern masked weaver nest we'd ever seen. A peregrine falcon upped the number of bird species seen so far into the 80s and we admired a stunning nursery herd of oryx, perhaps 40-50 strong.

We were conducting a grass survey this morning, collecting data from one of 60 sites dotted around the reserve measured annually. In conjunction with an annual game count, all information is analysed by the reserve ecologist in order to gauge vegetative growth or decline and how that affects wildlife. Findings are extrapolated to understand what is happening across the reserve. With sunscreen, hats and long sleeves on, we jumped down into carpets of a beautiful perennial herb, *Indigofera daleoides*, complete with mimosa style leaves and petite raspberry red flowers.

Gary began by gathering inflorescence from the most common grasses found at the site, talking us through their common and Latin names. Now able to identify sickle grass from silky bushman and love grass from Kalahari sand-quick, we began to log species found, and their dimensions, along a 100 metre transect at two metre intervals. Once we got into our stride and knew which measurements we'd be asked for and in what order, we began to fly along the tape measure fixed in a line along the earth. As we recorded results, African grass blue (or sooty) butterflies settled on our hands as we came across sedges, herbs and wild flowers, taking photos of them in order to identify them once home. Later, we found these included the beautiful white star-shaped flowers of salt of the tortoise (*Oxygonum delagoense*) and the dual sepals of gorgeous purple blue *Commelina livingstonii*.

It was seriously hot when we completed our task and we were, needless to say, very pleased with ourselves. It had been satisfying work. We headed for home, passing helmeted guineafowl and a super speedy African hoopoe, but with our interest in all things green piqued, we stopped to view more plants along the way, including Kalahari sour grass (*Schmidtia kalahariensis*), wild everlasting (*Helichrysum argyrosphaerum*), signal grass and Januariebos (*Lasiosiphon polycephalus*). Arriving back at 11.45, we were more than ready for some downtime before lunch. Halloumi stuffed peppers, pasta salad, lots of fresh fruit and a few raucous jokes later, and we retired to the pool, our balconies or beds to while away the heat of the day. Those who opted for the former observed a brown snake eagle land in a tree opposite the pool, which was then repeatedly mobbed by a Gabar goshawk.



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We still had no electricity so the generators went on at 15:00 for showers and by 16:30, we were back in the vehicle, eager to learn what the afternoon had in store. We were to look for the collared pack of wild dogs once again who had moved a little further south in the reserve. Along the way, we passed a female ostrich, a close black-backed jackal lying calmly under a tree and a mother-calf pair of black rhinos. Multiple breeding herds of zebra and blue wildebeest, the young still with umbilical cords attached, grazed around us and as we approached a waterhole, two female giraffe led the way for another five who had been drinking while a yellow-billed kite flew overhead.

We'd spent the afternoon so far driving towards a storm with thick, swirling cloudscapes building up and painting the skies above us a deep grey, akin to whipped meringues before they are cooked. Distant rain was clearly visible as deep rumbles of thunder were heard and sheet lightning lit up the horizon.

We approached the last known coordinates of the dogs from 06:00 this morning when they had been at least two kilometres away from the closest road. Rather than heading off-road when we were potentially moments away from a torrential downpour, we retrieved the telemetry set and Gary climbed onto the roof to try and pick up a signal.

With a range of up to 1.2 kilometres in the right conditions, we had nothing to lose. Initially, we were unsuccessful, but from attempt number two, it appeared they had moved and were currently seven hundred metres or so behind us. Off road we went, negotiating thickets, logs and holes until two sets of those conspicuous ears appeared above the grass line.

More came into sight and they slowly moved into a slightly more open area, a few strikingly pale dogs leading the way. We snapped away with glee, loving their proximity and nonchalance, once again, at our arrival. They flopped down into the sand and one by one, the rest of the pack followed. They had clearly eaten since yesterday so we logged their new location, their condition, and let sleeping dogs lie (sorry)! Under increasingly threatening skies, we made our way back to the road and towards a nearby pan where we intended to stop for a drink as long as the storm didn't hit us first.





We finally arrived at our destination to find a huge open area with a five-kilometre circumference absolutely teeming with wildlife. Oryx, mewing blue wildebeest, plain's zebra, springbok and running bat-eared foxes greeted us and it was a timeless scene, unchanged for millennia. The sky was absolutely magnificent, a deep sepia to our west characterised by darkening peach and pink hues, while to the east, our horizon was heralded by still clear blue skies, descending to blues, purples and greys later. As we absorbed its beauty, a serenity descended and we toasted a simply fabulous day with sundowners...but the bush wasn't done with us yet.

As we headed for home in low light, a creature flew across the road in front of us about the size of a jackal, and Gary was convinced it was feline. We fumbled urgently to set up our spotlight and once we caught eye shine, we were thrilled to be faced with a cheetah cub. Another appeared, jumping high in fright at something in the road before both sprinted off to our left. We followed slowly, hearing a contact call from Mum, and they appeared fleetingly a few more times before we left them alone, not wanting to stress them unnecessarily. We were buzzing, absolutely buzzing! We'd only been discussing earlier how difficult it is to see cheetah on the reserve (with the exception of a coalition of four brothers, one of whom is collared), as they are simply not habituated to vehicles, yet here we were, literally stumbling across the next generation. How utterly brilliant!

Eye shine just above ground level, seen a little later became another family of bat-eared foxes whilst with the oncoming storm, bronze-winged coursers and rufous-cheeked nightjars lined our path readying themselves for the frenzy of insects about to emerge. If we may anthropomorphise, it presumably felt like Christmas Eve for them!

Otherwise, and somewhat unusually, our night drive was dominated by a diurnal creature, eland. We drove through a super-herd that we estimated must have consisted of three to four hundred individuals. They just went on and on and on. At one point, we stopped and sat silently amongst them, listening to the gentle clicks made when they walk. Later, as we approached camp towards 21:00, we could see lights...the electricity was back! We still ate around the fire in the boma, tucking into homemade burgers, onion rings and chips, followed by jelly and marshmallows, before heading to bed after a superb day.

**Thursday 15 January 2026**

**Day 7:**

Anti-poaching presentation and pangolin monitoring

*Weather: sunny and hot, 36°C*

Another beautiful day dawned and we luxuriated in having borehole-pumped water back with the reintroduced electricity. Edyta had taken full advantage, baking up a storm, and after our breakfast of bacon and eggs, we also had cinnamon loaf during our morning's presentation on poaching within South Africa. Focusing on rhinos in particular, Gary used his background expertise in this area to provide a comprehensive and factual discussion over the course of a few hours.

Many questions later, we tucked into tuna salad with freshly made beer bread, rounded off with refreshing papaya. It was still seriously hot when we left camp at 17:00 to try and find a female pangolin who had, rather unusually, not left her burrow for four consecutive nights. Although she was our focus, no one had told the reserve's rhino population that.

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Ten minutes into our drive, we bumped into a very distinctive white rhino female and her calf. Her horn grew straight out at a vertical angle from her head and Gary knew her to be very skittish. True to form, she didn't hang around, so we drove on, passing a herd of red hartebeest and discovering meerkats using the same burrow we'd spotted them at the other day. With no sign of the heavily pregnant female, we wondered if she was perhaps underground nursing her new offspring. A small leopard tortoise walked nearby and a kori bustard strutted ahead of us in the road, working itself up to a trot, before taking flight. We gawped in awe at its wingspan, easily the width of the road, as up to 18 kilograms of bird took to the skies.



We followed extremely fresh black rhino tracks that ironically veered off into the bush just before the junction where four camera traps had been set up specifically to try and find the injured bull who had potentially lost an eye two months ago. We couldn't quite believe it then, when we approached our pangolin burrow a few kilometres away, to find the sought-after individual within perhaps 50 metres of it. This was a severe case of Murphy's law. Although it was great to find him, and thankfully, he looked to be in good health, heading to the pangolin burrow on foot now with him in the area was out of the question.

He trotted away from us in the opposite direction and we lost him to a thicket of blackthorn, but typically, these are inquisitive, tenacious and aggressive creatures so we weren't out of the woods just yet. We fully expected him to come back and investigate us. We drove on perhaps 100 metres and sat to wait and see if he would reappear. He didn't.

Gary took the opportunity to climb up onto the vehicle roof to both scour the surrounding veld and try to locate the pangolin using telemetry. He picked up a signal very close to us and we cautiously off-roaded in the relevant direction. Coming to a stop, Gary hit the roof again for another scour, and with the all clear, set off to search for the pangolin. All guests were charged with searching the bush in different directions to ensure the rhino did not return while Helen moved into the driving seat in case we needed to make a quick getaway.



Just 15 metres or so away from us, though, Gary stopped. A minute or two later, he returned, clearly relieved, saying she was in the burrow and had peeked her head around to look at him from within it. The mystery remained as to why she hadn't come out to feed for four nights, or at least been recorded as coming out to feed, but at least she was alive. Potentially, the batteries or casing were misaligned or defunct so we settled down and indulged in sundowners, hoping against hope that she would emerge to feed. We could then check her tags and ensure she looked healthy.

While we waited, Gary talked us through the challenges of dealing with pangolins rescued from electric

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fences and poachers. There can be few people in Africa who know more about ground pangolin after four years of intensive rehabilitation, so we listened enthralled. He went back to check on the burrow, eventually calling us over when we could hear rustling in the grass. She was out! With us all standing behind her, he set to work checking the battery casings. One tag flashed red, indicating low battery power, so he replaced a set as we watched in wonder at this prehistoric creature, likened to a globe artichoke! We were on cloud nine as darkness descended, an undeniable wildlife high, and we left her to a night of well-deserved feeding.

Nocturnal animals evaded us as we returned home, but we passed a giraffe walking across a starlit pan and at our waterhole, a white rhino female and calf pair disappeared into the night. A little further down the road, a white rhino bull appeared, giving us a total of six rhinos in one drive! It was 20:40 when we arrived back at camp to have dinner with the reserve ecologist and his dog. With the wine flowing, we demolished our fish pie dinner, followed by carrot cake and thoroughly enjoyed his company. Finding it hard to keep our eyes open, we went to bed, more than ready for our final day in the bush.

**Friday 16 January 2026**

### **Day 8:**

Herbicide application and pangolin monitoring

*Weather: sunny and hot, 35°C*



Mother Nature both gave and took away today in an emotional turn of events where we witnessed the beauty as well as the thin line that exists between life and death in the world's wild areas. Events began at breakfast when we watched a very young blue wildebeest calf unusually alone on the open area in front of camp. We drove out to investigate at 07:15, immediately noticing fresh lion tracks right outside our perimeter fence. Had it been separated from the herd during a hunt? Had its Mum been taken? Or had it simply been abandoned? We began to follow the tracks, losing them quickly, but Gary heard lion vocalising to our west so we headed that way. Initially driving the closest fence-line, we

returned to camp spiralling outwards in all directions, but found nothing. We'd been ghosted. We did, however, see our first aerial 'suicide' display by a red-crested korhaan as we breathed in the beautiful, warm morning.

A turn around the waterhole revealed a brown hyena spotted by Helen ambling away from us through the grass, but by the time we'd turned off-road in order to try and gain visual for the group it had well and truly disappeared. Undeterred, we carried on, enjoying two slender mongoose sightings before stopping in an area proliferated by an alien invasive plant, mesquite, which was originally brought in to Namibia from Arizona by cattle farmers keen to provide fast-growing, shady trees and fodder for their livestock.

It has since spread like wildfire and is making itself quite at home in the Kalahari. It is seemingly indestructible but armed with gloves, buckets and pellets of a new herbicide we set about our morning activity with aplomb, a gorgeous male Marico sunbird overseeing proceedings from above. We were shown how to identify the plant and differentiate it from several native candle-pod acacias and young camel thorns also in the area, and we threw different-sized handfuls of the herbicide at the base of the alien invasive depending on its size. What happens next is that when it rains, the coating around each pellet dissolves enabling the chemical to infiltrate the soil, hopefully killing the mesquite outright in due course.

It was hot, so job done, we made our way to a nearby pan for drinks. En route, birds were alarming, so we went to investigate whether the threat was aerial or arboreal, i.e., a snake. Many species were flying from tree to tree, mobbing whatever the predator was so we assumed it was perhaps a pearl-spotted owlet or

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small raptor, but with no visual and the turmoil dying down, we followed a well-trodden rhino path back to the road.

At our destination, we had our tea, coffee and delicious banana bread up in the company of yet another kori bustard (we'd seen them every day so far), a herd of springbok complete with a newborn, and a lappet-faced vulture stationary on the ground in the distance.

Spotting our first tamma melons (they look like perfectly miniature watermelons), we arrived home shortly before 11:00 and gratefully sank into the plunge pool with a beer to escape the heat. Giraffes joined us for lunch at 13:00 when homemade quiche was served with butternut balls.



The pool called again afterwards, with lilac-breasted rollers collating on the dead tree branches nearby, perhaps attracted by the myriad of insects we kept fishing out of it. Shaft-tailed whydah, violet-eared waxbills and Southern grey-headed sparrows darted to and from the bird baths, alongside Cape starlings and African red-eyed bulbuls. We nattered away, savouring our surroundings and marvelling at how special this part of the world is. At 16:30, we set off on our final drive with a lion at the top of the wish-list. Little did we know what was in store.

We were advised that our priority was to try and find another pangolin that hadn't appeared from its burrow for three nights. Again, concerns were raised as to whether it was alive or whether it was another battery issue. We set off, passing meerkats, raised mounds of earth around the base of blackthorns that were teeming with pugnacious ants, and for once, a super obliging herd of oryx who posed for us beautifully in the afternoon sun. An enormous white rhino bull crossed a cutline we were driving and when we reached it, he wasn't alone. A female, a sub-adult and a calf appeared to be with him. The bull's tail was curled up, indicating a sign of stress, so we continued, stopping only to photograph a steenbok, who again, in an almost unheard of fashion, posed like a model in full sight. It was almost as if the bush was pulling out the stops, enabling us to capture photographs we'd been trying to get all week!

We reached the last known coordinates for the missing pangolin and found ourselves at a massive porcupine 'villa', complete with multiple entrances to this underground haven. Due to the danger of potential inhabitants rushing out (honey badgers, snakes and even leopards), Gary went to investigate and look for tracks alone. We could see bones littered around, indicating the possible presence of hyena, but there was no sign of any immediate occupants.

While we had sundowners, a Go-Pro attached to a long plastic tube was inserted into various entrances before Gary came to the conclusion that the pangolin was not there. Wondering if perhaps it had been attacked by hyenas, and the tags discarded in the sand, we searched the area but to no avail. The only thing to do was to drive the surrounding area holding the telemetry set high, to try and find it. This we duly did, flanked by a blazing sunset.

As we lost light, a troop of chacma baboons appeared and we completed a full circle around the block of land we thought the pangolin was in. Around we went again, this time coming across a puff adder and an almost translucent, orangey mole snake in the road until we finally picked up a weak signal. As we drove the fence line, desperately hoping it wasn't heading in that direction, we picked up an oryx calf in our

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headlights. It was walking right next to the electric trip wire, too close, appearing disoriented and unsteady on its feet. We saw it get shocked but it would not move away from the danger. Soon enough, we understood why, when a spotted hyena stepped out of the bush. It had cornered the unfortunate creature, leaving it stranded between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Whilst we know that predators chase their prey into electric fences, we were now seeing it firsthand and it wasn't an easy watch. We immediately killed our lights, not wishing to give the hyena even more of an advantage and we heard the pitiful cries of the calf as it succumbed to its fate. We drove off-road, following the sound, and found the hyena with the calf in its jaws. It lifted its prey with ease, still kicking, to a spot a few metres away and began to eat. Another spotted hyena appeared, clearly of a lower ranking as it did not venture anywhere near the kill, instead loitering metres away, ever alert to the threat of others attracted to the area. We stayed for perhaps 15 minutes, watching the increasingly bloodied face of the dominant individual before resuming our pangolin search (image credit Gary Schneider).



We circled the area once more, coming across a leopard tortoise, two Western barn owls, a spotted eagle-owl and a posing bat-eared fox cub who simply stood in our path staring at us. By now, it was late and we were still far from camp. We had no option really but to abandon our search for now. We therefore turned for home and could not believe our eyes when a few kilometres away, we were faced with a lion roadblock. A huge Kalahari male lay in the road, flanked by a female behind him and three cubs. We estimated them to be around three and a half months old or so and we parked up, appreciating the scene before us (image credit Gary

Schneider). Ten minutes later, we left them to it, viewing a porcupine and a Verreaux's eagle owl perched on a dead tree in full sight. Gosh, we were being spoilt.

Just past our waterhole, our disbelieving selves came across another lioness in the road, also with three cubs, but these were younger. We followed them into the bush, remaining with them for a short while before finally reaching camp at 22:45. What an evening.

Adrenaline levels were running high during our meal of spaghetti bolognese, garlic bread, and milk tart (a typically South African custard dessert), especially when we heard birds alarming right next to the dining tent. Gary went to investigate, walking in perhaps two minutes later with a rhombic egg eater in a bucket. With three snakes in one evening plus all of the other drama witnessed, we had a lot to contemplate as we hit the hay for our last night.

**Saturday 17 January 2026**

### **Day 9:**

Return to Johannesburg and depart South Africa

*Weather: sunny and hot (at origin), 34°C*

Breakfast was served at 06:00, during which time we noticed that the wildebeest calf outside camp was still alive and still alone. This was bittersweet as it will likely lose condition quickly but we continued to hope that its herd may reappear at some point, however unlikely. A journey of a giraffe was our final salute as

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last-minute preparations were made before departure.

Heartfelt goodbyes were expressed, and the group left for Johannesburg with Brian at 06:45. Gary, Edyta, Helen, the dogs and the rhombic egg eater led the way to the gate to wave them off as the feisty snake was released. After what can only be described as a fantastic week, the Kalahari Conservation Experience in Green Season had well and truly exceeded expectations...once again.

**Sunday 18 January 2026**

**Day 10:**

Arrive 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
	<b>MAMMALS</b>									
1	Springbok	<i>Antidorcas marsupialis</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
2	Impala	<i>Aepyceros melampus</i>	✓							
3	Sable	<i>Hippotragus niger</i>	✓							
4	Slender mongoose	<i>Herpestes sanguineus</i>	✓	✓					✓	
5	Blue wildebeest	<i>Connochaetes taurinus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
6	Oryx (gemsbok)	<i>Oryx gazella</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
7	Plain's zebra	<i>Equus quagga</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
8	White rhino	<i>Ceratotherium simum</i>	✓					✓	✓	
9	Buffalo	<i>Syncerus caffer</i>	✓			✓	✓			
10	Eland	<i>Taurotragus oryx</i>		✓			✓		✓	
11	Red hartebeest	<i>Alcelaphus buselaphus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
12	Steenbok	<i>Raphicerus campestris</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
13	Ground squirrel	<i>Xerus inauris</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
14	Black-backed jackal	<i>Canis mesomelas</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
15	Suricate (meerkat)	<i>Suricata suricatta</i>		✓				✓	✓	
16	Ground pangolin	<i>Manis temminckii</i>		✓				✓		
17	Springhare	<i>Pedetes capensis</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	
18	Cape porcupine	<i>Hystrix africaeaustralis</i>		✓		✓			✓	
19	Small-spotted genet	<i>Genetta felina</i>		✓						
20	Southern giraffe	<i>Giraffa Camelopardalis</i>			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
21	Black rhino	<i>Diceros bicornis</i>			✓		✓	✓		
22	Lion	<i>Panthera leo</i>			✓				✓	
23	Warthog	<i>Phacochoerus africanus</i>				✓		✓		
24	Wild dog	<i>Lycaon pictus</i>				✓	✓			
25	Bat-eared fox	<i>Otocyon megalotis</i>				✓	✓		✓	
26	Cheetah	<i>Acinonyx jubatus</i>					✓			
27	Chacma baboon	<i>Papio ursinus</i>							✓	

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28	Spotted hyena	<i>Crocuta crocuta</i>							✓	
	<b>BIRDS</b>									
1	Common mynah	<i>Acridotheres tristis</i>	✓							
2	Southern red bishop	<i>Euplectes orig</i>	✓							
3	Ostrich	<i>Struthio camelus</i>	✓				✓			
4	Magpie shrike	<i>Corvinella melanoleuca</i>	✓							
5	Shaft-tailed whydah	<i>Vidua regia</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	
6	Long-tailed paradise whydah	<i>Vidua paradisaea</i>	✓							
7	African palm swift	<i>Cypsiurus parvus</i>	✓	✓						
8	House sparrow	<i>Passer domesticus</i>	✓	✓	✓				✓	
9	Common swift	<i>Apus Apus</i>	✓	✓	✓					
10	African sacred ibis	<i>Threskiornis aethiopicus</i>	✓							
11	Little egret	<i>Egretta garzetta</i>	✓							
12	Western cattle egret	<i>Bubulcus ibis</i>	✓							
13	Pied crow	<i>Corvus albus</i>	✓							
14	Glossy ibis	<i>Plegadis falcinellus</i>	✓							
15	Black-winged stilt	<i>Himantopus himantopus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			
16	Egyptian goose	<i>Alopochen aegyptiaca</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
17	Greater flamingo	<i>Phoenicopterus roseus</i>	✓							
18	Laughing dove	<i>Streptopelia senegalensis</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
19	Ring-necked dove	<i>Streptopelia capicola</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
20	White-backed vulture	<i>Gyps africanus</i>	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓	
21	Kori bustard	<i>Ardeotis kori</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
22	Lilac-breasted roller	<i>Coracias caudatus</i>	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
23	Fork-tailed drongo	<i>Dicrurus adsimilis</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
24	Kalahari scrub robin	<i>Cercotrichas paena</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
25	Southern masked weaver	<i>Ploceus velatus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
26	Pale chanting goshawk	<i>Melierax canorus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
27	Haded ibis	<i>Bostrychia hagedash</i>	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓		
28	Crowned lapwing	<i>Vanellus coronatus</i>	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
29	Red-billed oxpecker	<i>Buphagus erythrorhynchus</i>	✓							
30	White-backed mousebird	<i>Colius colius</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	
31	Groundscraper thrush	<i>Turdus litsitsirupa</i>		✓						✓
32	White-browed sparrow weaver	<i>Plocapasser mahali</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

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33	Yellow canary	<i>Crithagra flaviventris</i>		✓	✓	✓				
34	Monotonous lark	<i>Mirafrapa passerina</i>		✓		✓				
35	Blacksmith lapwing	<i>Vanellus armatus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	
36	Red-faced mousebird	<i>Urocolius indicus</i>		✓	✓					
37	Pearl-breasted swallow	<i>Hirundo dimidiata</i>		✓			✓	✓	✓	
38	Alpine swift	<i>Tachymarpis melba</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
39	Little grebe	<i>Tachybaptus ruficollis</i>		✓						
40	Marico flycatcher	<i>Bradornis mariquensis</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓			
41	Scaly-feathered weaver	<i>Sporopipes squamifrons</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
42	African grey hornbill	<i>Tockus nasutus</i>		✓						
43	Red-crested korhaan	<i>Lophotis ruficrista</i>		✓	✓				✓	
44	Cape starling	<i>Lamprotornis nitens</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
45	Fawn-coloured lark	<i>Calendulauda africanoides</i>		✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	
46	Red-billed spurfowl	<i>Pternistis afer</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
47	South African shelduck	<i>Tadorna cana</i>		✓	✓					
48	Temminck's courser	<i>Cursorius temminckii</i>		✓						
49	Red-headed finch	<i>Amadina erythrocephala</i>		✓		✓				
50	Violet-eared waxbill	<i>Granatina granatina</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	
51	Southern grey-headed sparrow	<i>Passer diffusus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	
52	Black cuckoo	<i>Cuculus clamosus</i>		✓					✓	
53	Levaillant's cuckoo	<i>Clamator levaillantii</i>		✓						
54	Namaqua dove	<i>Oena capensis</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
55	Cape sparrow	<i>Passer melanurus</i>		✓	✓		✓			
56	Green-winged pytilia	<i>Pytilia melba</i>		✓						
57	Southern yellow-billed hornbill	<i>Tockus leucomelas</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓			✓
58	Southern pied babbler	<i>Turdoides bicolor</i>		✓	✓		✓			
59	Common scimitarbill	<i>Rhinopamastus cyanomelas</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	
60	Wattled starling	<i>Creatophora cinerea</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
61	Swallow-tailed bee-eater	<i>Merops hirundineus</i>		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
62	Bronze-winged courser	<i>Rhinoptilus chalcopterus</i>		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	
63	Rufous-cheeked nightjar	<i>Caprimulgus rufigena</i>		✓			✓			
64	Common buttonquail	<i>Turnix sylvaticus</i>			✓					
65	Great spotted cuckoo	<i>Clamator glandarius</i>			✓					
66	Pririt batis	<i>Batis pririt</i>			✓					
67	Wahlberg's eagle	<i>Hieraetus wahlbergi</i>			✓					

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68	African hoopoe	<i>Upupa Africana</i>			✓		✓		
69	Crimson-breasted shrike	<i>Laniarius atrococcineus</i>			✓	✓			✓
70	Lesser grey shrike	<i>Lanius minor</i>			✓	✓	✓	✓	
71	Black-faced waxbill	<i>Estrilda erythronotos</i>			✓		✓		✓
72	Ant-eating chat	<i>Myrmecocichla formicivora</i>			✓				
73	Abdim's stork	<i>Ciconia abdimii</i>			✓				
74	Yellow-billed stork	<i>Mycteria ibis</i>			✓				
75	Spotted eagle-owl	<i>Bubo africanus</i>			✓	✓			✓
76	Burchell's sandgrouse	<i>Pterocles burchelli</i>				✓	✓		✓
77	Red-billed quelea	<i>Quelea quelea</i>				✓	✓		
78	Spotted thick-knee	<i>Burhinus capensis</i>				✓	✓		✓
79	Verreaux's eagle-owl	<i>Bubo lacteus</i>				✓			✓
80	Western barn owl	<i>Tyto alba</i>				✓			✓
81	Peregrine falcon	<i>Falco peregrinus</i>					✓		
82	Helmeted guineafowl	<i>Numida meleagris</i>					✓		✓
83	African red-eyed bulbul	<i>Pycnonotus nigricans</i>					✓	✓	✓
84	Brown snake eagle	<i>Circaetus cinereus</i>					✓		
85	Gabar goshawk	<i>Micronisus gabar</i>					✓		
86	Marico sunbird	<i>Cinnyris mariquensis</i>					✓		✓
87	Brown-crowned tchagra	<i>Tchagra australis</i>					✓		
88	Yellow-billed kite	<i>Milvus aegyptius</i>					✓		
89	Southern white-crowned shrike	<i>Eurocephalus anguitimens</i>						✓	
90	Lappet-faced vulture	<i>Torgos tracheliatus</i>							✓
91	Rufous-napped lark	<i>Mirafra africana</i>							✓
92	Red-billed buffalo weaver	<i>Bubalornis niger</i>							✓
93	Speckled pigeon	<i>Columba guinea</i>							✓

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