WILDLIFE WORLDWIDE
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Tour Report
Best of Brazil
6 – 24 July 2026

Hyacinth macaw



Jaguar



Six-banded armadillo



Maned wolf



Compiled by Helen Bryon

Summary

Brazil's staggering biodiversity is well documented, and on this incredible trip, we visit three of its six biomes: the Amazon, the Cerrado (savannah) and the Pantanal. Appealing to anyone with a general all-round interest in wildlife, this is not a dedicated birding or photography trip, but there will be ample opportunities to enjoy both. Mammals can be elusive in both the Amazon and the Cerrado (especially the latter), so it is worth knowing that we spend a lot of time birding. A brief look over the Species List from the last few years will provide a clear indication that birds outnumber mammals ten to one.

Our time in the fabulous Amazon is spent on the river, exploring rainforest trails, and watching sunrise and sunset from 50-metre-tall canopy towers. Whilst we don't have a target species there as such, tapirs and otters are undeniably high on the wish-list, yet butterflies, reptiles, frogs and bugs will all receive top billing. Cristalino Reserve is a birding hotspot, and there are some flamboyant corkers to be found! In the Cerrado, we'll embark on vehicle safaris on a quest to find the maned wolf. In addition to tracking collared research animals with the help of local wildlife NGO, Oncafari, the reserve is home to a host of other secretive species, including puma and jaguar, which are most definitely a challenge to find, but we'll give it our best shot. Finally, we visit the Pantanal, where two nights on the Transpantaneira will offer our best chance of coming across giant anteater and tamandua. Moving towards the Cuiabá and Three Brothers rivers, jaguars and giant river otters will take centre stage. It can get very busy down there, but with over 400 recognisable jaguars on record, we try to avoid the crowds, choosing to work harder and reap the rewards when finding our own sightings.

This holiday is full of long travel days, early starts, humidity, heat, and sometimes cold fronts all to be expected, but if you're willing to put in the effort, the rewards are well and truly worth it!

Monday 6 July 2026

Day 1:
London Heathrow to São Paulo
The group met up with tour leader Helen at Heathrow and flew nonstop overnight to São Paulo with LATAM.

Tuesday 7 July 2026

Day 2:
São Paulo to Alta Floresta and on to the Amazon
Weather: sunny and clear, 24°C

Arriving into Guarulhos Airport slightly ahead of schedule, we completed arrival formalities quickly and within an hour were being transferred via minibus across to Viracopos Airport in Campinas, two hours away, subject to traffic. By 07:30 we had been dropped off and had the morning to kill before our early afternoon connection to Alta Floresta, gateway to the southern Amazon. All-important coffee was first on the agenda, after which we got to know each other before splitting up to stretch our legs and have brunch.

At 14:10, precisely on schedule, we set off for our just shy of three-hour flight. Representing Cristalino Lodge at the other end, we were met by Nicolas and were swiftly shown to our transfer vehicle. Fuelled with water, a cereal bar and a beautifully cold flannel, we left town, and scarlet macaws bickering on a fence kickstarted our Species List. The surrounding land was agricultural, with Nelore cattle accompanied by their namesake egrets sitting comfortably alongside rock pigeons who lined the telegraph poles as we traversed fields of corn and sesame.

Half an hour later, we turned off the tar road to cut across country, entering Cristalino land next to a hanging oropendola nest. Immediately, we were plunged into the forest, viewing a super relaxed southern crested caracara (ooopf, the late afternoon light on it was glorious!), white-browed meadow-lark, smooth-billed ani, Spix's guan and a crab-eating fox en route to the Tele Spires River. There we met our guide, Rafael, and boat

pilot, Flavio, and clambered aboard our open motorised dugout canoe as the descending sun painted the sky pink across the tree line.

Despite dusk falling quickly, the 15-minute ride to the lodge provided sightings of spectacled caiman, anhinga, neotropical cormorant, and capped heron. It was dark when we reached the lodge jetty and were welcomed by a chorus of frogs and concierge Caroline, who escorted us to the communal area to check us in. We were shown to our rooms, where we had an hour to settle in before reconvening for our evening meal at 19:30. It was fish BBQ night and the buffet was nothing short of delicious. Guava soufflé with cheese sauce (yes, really) and fresh fruit was the icing on the cake before we had a quick nosey at a moth trap and then gratefully sank into our beds. It had been a long journey to get here, but we had made it and our adventure could now begin.

Wednesday 8 July 2026

Day 3:
The Brazil Nut Trail and afternoon canopy tower sunset
Weather: sunny and hot, 34°C

The five-hour time difference behind the UK meant that we were awake long before our alarms advised it was time to get up. Lying in the dark listening to the sounds of the forest, common pauraque especially, was a soothing introduction to this new and wonderful world. Our departure upriver to walk The Brazil Nut Trail was scheduled for a very civilised 07:00, and we gathered for breakfast an hour before.





Right next to the jetty, we spent time with a fishing juvenile rufescent tiger heron, its plumage resplendent in the sunshine, as a large male capybara played peek-a-boo while he munched on water hyacinth. A red-throated piping guan soared overhead, and we watched a red-capped cardinal whilst also enjoying fly-bys from ringed kingfisher, green kingfisher, golden-winged parakeets and green-and-rufous kingfishers.

A spectacled caiman floated calmly right off the bow, and as we set off, with mist still clinging to the water, Kawall's parrots flapped by as if their lives depended on it. A black-throated mango was our first hummingbird, and then swallows took over with white-banded, white-winged, migratory black-collared and southern rough-winged, all observed low over the water or resting on emergent rocks in the river. We stopped next to a dead branch sticking out of the water at a 45-degree angle. Lining its underside were 12 long-nosed or proboscis bats, their eyes glinting in the light. They were unexpected and proved to be a highlight. Next, we answered a question from last night: "Are we likely to see sunbitterns?" The answer was a definitive yes as we watched a pair walk along a beach and fly along exposed tree roots lining the riverbank. Black-fronted nunbirds sounded the alarm above them as lesser kiskadee, blue-headed parrot, Amazon kingfisher, swallow-winged puffbirds, white-eyed parakeets and red-fan parrots joined the avian jamboree.

Then it was time for another mammal to take centre stage. A neotropical otter swam along the bank, its head popping up, followed by the smooth outline of its back and tail. We followed its progress for quite some time until it disappeared. Flavio, meanwhile, had seen movement in the trees some way back and suggested it may be primates. We went for a closer look and were rewarded with white-faced/whiskered spider monkeys flying through the canopy. A number stopped handily in the dead branches of a ridiculously tall tree, giving us great views of them, including one with a baby on its back. One individual was eating fungus

with gusto, and we sat and enjoyed their company for around ten minutes.

As we continued on our way, we were distracted by a roadside hawk, a snowy egret, a pair of beautiful, capped herons complete with powder-blue bills and buttermilk chest feathers, a hanging wasp's nest, and striated herons before we caught up with our otter once again. It was marking territory, and climbed out onto a beach, turning to face us rather obligingly before heading back into the depths. A cocoi heron then flew from tree to tree, and we stopped to view another spectacled caiman, well camouflaged and thermoregulating halfway up a bank. Above him were holes made by catfish during the rainy season, long since abandoned by them, yet re-homed by spiders and reptiles now that they were above the water line.

At 09:00 we finally reached the start of the trail. Walking into the deciduous forest, it was cool, with dappled light showcasing astonishing shades of green. We walked over dried leaf litter, being careful not to step on the numerous sand tunnels built by termites that continued up tree trunks too. Their presence was also signified by pyramidal mounds and circular nests in trees. At ground level, aspidistras dominated, and we learnt that indigenous tribes wrapped fish in their leaves before placing them on the fire to cook. Açai palm was pointed out, and all bark appeared to be in full camouflage mode, with lichen and moss covering every conceivable surface. Hanging lianas needed Tarzan to do them justice, and we absorbed the accompanying sounds of cicadas, woodcreepers, chestnut-eared aracari and red-and-green macaws. Their movement through the canopy meant a continual rain of leaves from above, but perhaps the most iconic call was made by the repeated vocalisation of screaming piha.





The red cases of amascla fruits dotted the path, producing a citrus-smelling oil, and the musky, damp scent of peccaries also filled the air. We found the feathered remains of a tinamou and admired the deep raspberry-coloured flowers of cacao clustered tightly along the bark. A tapir track was spotted by a salt lick, and later, ocelot tracks too. Returning to signs of the former, a thin tree with its trunk broken in half was pointed out, a clear indication that a tapir had been feeding on the now attainable younger leaves found at the top.

We reached the trail's namesake, a huge Brazil nut tree rising 50 metres up and with a lower trunk circumference of almost ten metres! Used by harpy eagles for nesting sites due to their height, the flowers are pollinated by bees, and we searched for fallen kernels, learning that agoutis are the only animal able to penetrate the tough surround. Once opened and the nuts eaten, poison dart frogs lay their eggs in the remaining casing during the rainy season.

Walking on, we came across lines of leaf-cutter ants along the ground as well as moving down the near-vertical trunks of numerous trees. It was addictive work, watching them and contemplating their existence on a one-for-all and all-for-one basis. The multiple roots of the pachiba tree were abundant, enabling the tree to 'move' when necessary, and we noticed an increasing number of butterflies as the heat increased. A swallow-tailed variety with stark brown and white patterning was particularly striking. A fallen umbrella tree was covered in semi-circular ears of fungus, and our final sight was of cicada towers rising from the forest floor. Made of mud, these tubular constructions rise and act like snorkels when water levels rise. They were prevalent as we retraced our steps to the river.

It was 11:00 when we met back up with Flávio, boarded our boat and peppered the journey home with stops to view clouds of sulphur butterflies. At one beach, many other unidentified species were present besides,

and they were busy, rarely staying still long enough to capture them on film. We decided video would be the sensible option. A grey-headed wood-rail disappeared up a gully behind them and a greater yellow-headed vulture flew high, high above. A final raptor, a great black hawk, was spotted, standing tall in a sparsely leafed tree just outside the lodge. We all agreed that the bar had been set very high by our outing and a fantastic morning had been had by all.

Over our three-course lunch, we watched golden tegu, green ameiva lizards, Madeira parakeets, and a pair of bare-faced curassows walking behind the library. Suitably fed and watered, we retired for a rest, meeting up again on the jetty at 16:00 ready for our first canopy tower climb. From the jetty we observed red-throated caracaras and then took off downriver, enjoying the natural air-conditioning as a yellow-rumped cacique mimicked other birds. A striking razor-billed curassow walked with deliberation along an exposed beach, and bare-faced fruit-crows flew overhead.





Our 20-minute walk to the base of Ted Parker Canopy Tower II was uneventful, and we strolled along to the repeated call of a plumbeous pigeon. Up we climbed, taking it slowly, soon reaching the first platform 30 metres up. Continuing an additional 20 metres, we were rewarded from the top with a view of never-ending broccoli florets in all directions. The turquoise plumage of a spangled cotinga caught our eye, as did red-necked aracari, palm tanager, chestnut-fronted parakeets and the screeches of blue-and-yellow macaw pairs drifting along at eye level. Cryptic forest falcons and white-throated toucans were heard but not seen, and as the sun went down, we descended into the by-now dark interior. The walk back to the river resulted in sightings of Amazonian black scorpion, little tree frog, wolf spider, Brazilian wandering spider and whip spider. Our cameras picked up incredible detail, and as we approached the boat to return to the lodge, all hell broke loose above us. The cacophony of noise was most likely caused by a curassow moving unexpectedly, but it sounded like a helicopter taking off directly over our heads! As we crossed the river back to the lodge under a canopy of stars, we picked up eye shine for a ladder-tailed nightjar and a stationary frog caught in our torchlight.

Thursday 9 July 2026

Day 4:
The Serra Trail and afternoon river cruise
Weather: sunny and clear, 34°C

We busied ourselves on the jetty watching the lesser kiskadees this morning before setting off upriver at 06:30. Mealy parrots flew overhead, and we were almost immediately captivated by the antics of a pacu fish jumping clean out of the water to nibble on overhanging leaves. What a wonder! We trained our cameras on it, trying to get an in-focus shot before noticing a silvery antbird loitering on a dead branch right next to it.

As we passed through the first set of rapids, still within sight of the lodge, we were distracted by a neotropical otter, and the next 75 minutes can well and truly be described as otter-tastic. We followed the otter downstream, more often than not moving parallel with it as it climbed up onto beaches and branches, rolling over and over onto its back scent-marking. It would disappear into a tangle of roots, only to reappear a little later. A sunbittern was spotted close by, and when we left the area, we stopped to view a preening

Amazon kingfisher bathed in bright morning light, followed by a plumbeous kite that calmly descended and landed in a tree.





Perhaps ten minutes later or so, we stopped at a yellow-footed tortoise lying on a bank, feet and head withdrawn into its protective carapace. We were some distance from it, and it slowly emerged, as did a giant river otter who trotted up the bank to have a closer look at it. Rafael was extremely excited, stating that giant river otters are rare sightings here. His enthusiasm was infectious, and we set about maintaining visual as the otter continued on its way. We needed eyes in the back of our heads as it swam with us, in the shadows, through vegetation, and later, directly across our bow. A stalking striated heron caught our attention, and we were wary of an anhinga directly above us, as we were directly in its firing line should it need to do its business, so to speak!

We lost the otter, so we continued to our destination, the start of the Serra Trail. By 08:00, we were walking into an area of flooded forest and the difference to yesterday was immediately evident. The vegetation was much more dense, with very little sunlight penetrating through to the forest floor. We walked over the wonderfully squishy (technical term there!) pale pink flowers of the paca tree. We could see a tiny hole that bees are able to penetrate and then lifted the cap-like structure to reveal a deeper marbled pink beneath it.

Electric ant nests were dotted above our heads, clinging to lofty tree trunks, their hanging scalloped patterning looking very much like scales on a pangolin. The forest was quieter than yesterday until the squawks of red-and-green macaws once again penetrated the calm. The deeply folded bark of the mosquito tree was pointed out, as was native bamboo, and the plaited, thick vines of strangler figs were everywhere. Tiny green semicircles of lichen ascended vertical branches, and we were soon marvelling at the striking bright red flowers of *Passiflora cristalino.* Discovered here during an affiliation with Kew Gardens in 2011, the exquisite flowers pretty much stopped us in our tracks for some time.

We stepped over lion ant holes in the dry sandy soil beneath our feet and admired fantastical cobwebs with large circular openings before starting to climb over pink quartz rocks towards a viewpoint 96 metres above river level. There were railings to hold on to as we climbed slowly but surely. Once above the canopy, the now deciduous forest opened up before us, and we noticed wild pineapples and yellow orchids as well as the beautiful white flowers that literally burst out of empiricu trees. We felt tufts of wild cotton blown by the wind before reaching a fantastic viewpoint overlooking the Amazon below. The gorgeous blue hues of a masked tanager were revealed, and then Rafael heard the calls of a yellow-tufted woodpecker. Playing their call through his mobile phone, he lured them closer until four of them flitted in a nearby tree, their colourful markings a delight.

Having savoured the view, we carefully negotiated our way back down using the same trail, and by 10:30 we were enjoying the natural air conditioning provided by our movement along the river. We continued upstream, rather than heading straight home, and soon spotted a capybara moving deftly through the water. We spent ten minutes following its progress as Madeira parakeets and a king vulture moved overhead. A fly-by across the river from a razor-billed curassow caused oohs and aahs of appreciation before it disappeared as quickly as it had arrived.

We spotted our first terrapin, a yellow-spotted one, with its head covered in butterflies trying to drink moisture from its eyes. We then passed the low overhanging branches of a particularly green tree (that

sounds ridiculous, but it really was!) and a dark shape leapt from a cup-shaped nest close to the waterline. Identified as belonging to an Amazonian streaked antwren, although we could see movement deep within the foliage, we couldn't actually see the bird, so we didn't feel that we could record the individual on our Species List. A little later, we slowed and almost circumnavigated an island close to the lodge, finding out afterwards that we had been looking for an anaconda. With no luck, though, we arrived back via a quick detour to the staff village to be shown a two-toed sloth, lying upside down high up in a palm tree. A flurry of butterflies by the shore took a few more minutes of our time, prolonged by our first blue morpho flying by, but by now it was seriously warm, so we retired to our rooms for 50 minutes of rest before lunch.

At 16:00, we were back on the jetty and ready for an afternoon on the river. Our plan was to head down to the Tele Spires River to see what we could find. Within one minute of being on the water, we were with a neotropical otter, likely to be the same individual as seen this morning. He was swimming directly towards us, and we repositioned constantly to watch him feed and avoid our gaze seemingly at all costs! We left him to stop to view a flock of golden-winged parakeets fly overhead, as well as spotting a white-throated jacobin, bat falcon, and, we couldn't believe it, a tayra. Standing stock still on a tree trunk that had fallen into the river, it froze like a statue, then shot off into the interior before we could barely register its existence.







As we turned into the wider Tele Spires, a yellow-billed tern flew close by, and we watched pied lapwings strut along a beach before negotiating a series of rapids to arrive at a tree on an island literally dropping in neotropical cormorants and cattle egrets. Wave after wave of egrets arrived, all jostling for space on the isolated island away from predation while cormorants grunted their displeasure at the constantly diminishing space. It really was quite the spectacle, but with the light fading, we needed to get back upstream before we lost the light due to the sheer number of submerged rocks in the vicinity.

As we turned for home, a black skimmer flew alongside, and we turned around to look back on the most spectacular sunset. The river was burnished gold and rays of light shot up into the sky where Venus held court over the proceedings, shining brightly. We coined it the art deco sunset and referred back to it regularly during the rest of the trip.

Turning back into the Cristalino River, Helen jokingly asked for a boat-billed heron as part of the night cruise. Lo and behold, one was found in our spotlight. Next she asked for an Amazonian tree boa, and although it was a case of ask and ye shall receive, first came a double helping of pacas. Deeply camouflaged behind the exposed tree roots lining a riverbank, we pulled up close to them and watched in wonderment as they retreated deeper into their hiding spot. Moving to the other side of the river, the boa came next, a bright orange and truly beautiful specimen. It lifted its head high to gaze down on us, not a metre away, its pale ventral underside pure white.

As the stars and Milky Way filled the night sky above, we returned home, had 50 minutes to freshen up before dinner, and then gathered in the communal area to discuss another day in paradise. It was hard to believe we'd only been here 48 hours. It felt much, much longer… in a good way, of course!

Friday 10 July 2026

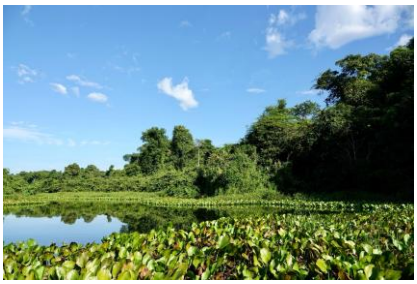
Day 5:
Cristalino State Park visit and afternoon river cruise
Weather: sunny and hot with scattered clouds, 33°C

An earlier start saw us out on the water at 06:00 with a drab water-tyrant seeing us off. Blue-headed parrots squawked overhead, and we saw the first of many plumbeous kites. The silhouettes of white-throated toucans bounced from branch to branch in an impossibly tall tree, and we came across another pacu fish jumping for its vegetarian breakfast. We were on course for the Cristalino State Park, a vast protected area bordering our reserve that acts as a valuable wildlife corridor in an area otherwise dominated by agriculture.

Facilitating Flávio to negotiate some shallow rapids with a lighter load, we disembarked and walked across a short headland before continuing on our way upriver. We noted our first great egrets and watched as a rather bolshy cattle egret saw off two capped herons as a hugely vocal ringed kingfisher advertised his presence above them. Green ibises were out in force, their gorgeous yet understated colouring the shade of oxidised bronze. New species seen included scaled pigeon, long-billed starthroat, plumbeous pigeon and red-bellied macaw.

We passed a few ramshackle fishing huts and platforms in a state of disrepair, and then the vegetation noticeably changed. We lost beaches, gaining instead thick vines dangling down into the river, leading to floating carpets of water hyacinth that bobbed up and down in our wake. Palm trees became more abundant, and with them, blue-and-yellow macaws. We found one pair hanging onto a hole in a vertical trunk in which they were no doubt nesting. Their yellow bellies shone as the sun, and their blue backs dazzled like a tropical ocean.





We were 30 kilometres from the lodge and it felt remote, wild and untouched. We drifted into a lagoon, keeping a close eye out for hoatzin, and on cue, one flew across our bow, its deep rusty colouring disappearing into liana-covered vegetation. We could see and hear movement, but being a very shy bird, it had essentially vanished. As dragonflies hovered around us, we sat quietly, hoping it might reappear. We decided to try another lagoon but were waylaid briefly by yet another neotropical otter balancing on a dead branch lying horizontally above the water. It vanished at our approach.

We floated silently into our second lagoon, and whilst observing a statuesque great egret to our right, a hoatzin flew quickly afore us to the left. It too was soon engulfed in greenery, and despite the fact that they were simply too speedy for our cameras, before the morning was out we must have seen five to six individuals, including two who appeared to be mating. We were approaching our pontoon when we were advised that a giant river otter had just been seen in the area. We stopped and waited, the sun baking down on us as we drifted beneath a wasp's nest. It raised its head to breathe, and we followed its progress downriver as it changed direction constantly. It was clearly hunting. A few minutes later, we spotted it propped up within some dead fallen branches, munching on a large fish. Our view was somewhat obscured, but we could hear it chewing away loudly.

It was 11:30 when we finally called it quits, having spent five and a half hours on the river. Walking back to our rooms, a troop of tufted capuchin monkeys careered through the canopy above, and we went our

separate ways to rest and freshen up before reconvening for lunch. A little more downtime ensued, and then we set off once again at 16:00.

Our first stop was for a spectacled caiman sunning itself on the bank, which looked incredibly pale as its skin was completely dry. It eyed us steadily before slowly making its way to the water's edge and slinking beneath to its aquatic sanctuary. A second reptile, a Geoffrey's side-necked terrapin, came next. We kept our distance as they tend to dive at our approach, but this one was most receptive and allowed our presence. While watching it, Rafael advised we had a neotropical otter (another one!) fishing just slightly further upstream. While we manoeuvred towards it, it caught a fish and clambered onto an exposed rock, providing us with a superb sighting. It was supremely relaxed and ate away with aplomb before a fish startled it (call it karma?!) and it quite literally jumped out of its skin and into the water. We watched it cautiously poke its head up, stand on its back legs like a meerkat (honest guv!), creep forward from several angles as if to check that the coast was clear before darting forward to grab its catch and take off with it towards the closest bank.





As we continued, our plan was to do a short trail upstream after our somewhat sedentary day so far. It was clouding over, though and approaching five o'clock, so we knew that the forest floor would be quite dark. We very much had our hearts set on finding tapir and decided that the river would be the best place from which to do so, so we remained onboard. An olive oropendola flew overhead, landing in a tree, allowing us a brief look at it, before we stopped at a sandbar alive with baby caiman. Nine individuals were dotted about, some in the water, and some sunning themselves on the bank. Our first thought was, "Where's Mum?" We spotted her, facing away from us, around a metre or so away. We edged ever closer to them, delighting in hearing them vocalise (little squeaks) and use their legs to scratch itches on their backs. Never having seen this behaviour before, we were enthralled. One by one they moved towards a shallow pool just beyond the sand bar, so we left them to it, but all agreed that they'd been the stars of this afternoon's show.

A brown-winged schiffornis was spotted next to an impossibly white tree trunk before we did a U-turn and retraced our steps home. We paused the journey to listen to, and watch, a white-throated toucan seemingly having a conversation with at least one more on the other side of the river. As dusk and darkness fell, the rest of our journey was uneventful, but a lovely day on the river had been had by all.

At 19:00, there was a presentation at Cristalino Lodge on the conservation/research initiatives it is involved in, and then it was time for dinner. We were all shattered after a mentally exhausting day scanning the riverine forest and banks for wildlife, so we retired to bed as we'd be watching sunrise from a somewhat lofty position tomorrow.

Saturday 11 July 2026

Day 6:
Canopy tower sunrise and afternoon river cruise
Weather: Sunny with scattered clouds, 31°C

Our earliest start yet saw us hitting a trail directly from the lodge at 05:00 en route to Chip Haven Canopy Tower I. Our progress was slowed by eye shine, which turned out to be from a red-backed deer, but as we couldn't actually see the outline of the animal, we didn't add it to our species list. We reached the base of the tower in the dark and began the climb using the light from our head torches to illuminate the way. It

was getting light by the time we reached the top, but the sun had not yet broken above the horizon. Soft light greeted us, though, along with flying rivers of rising mist, and we absorbed the serenity of sound as the rainforest woke up far, far below.

As Rafael talked us through the calls we were hearing, including the helicopter blade-like sound of piping guan wings, our first visual was of a white-necked puffbird in his scope. Red-necked woodpeckers came next, landing on pale bark that really showed off their plumage. A southern crested caracara flew past, unusual in these parts, complete with a kill in its talons, and a superb spot by an eagle-eyed client had us peering through the scope once again at a black-crowned tityra far off in the distance. A double-toothed kite came next, and then a burst of beautiful, ultra-violet blue was provided by an opal-rumped tanager. A flock of red fan parrots flew past, landing in a flowering tree covered in orange blooms, and they were joined by a number of white-bellied parrots, with both species stopping long enough for us to really admire them.





On the way home, a chestnut woodpecker landed above our heads, and we stopped in amazement at a dead moth that had had a bad day being infected by a parasitic fungus. More aptly known as zombie fungus, cordyceps infects insects and spiders, essentially hijacking their brain, and then releasing fresh spores from their prey's now defunct bodies. Pretty much straight out of a sci-fi movie, we were fascinated. As we returned to the lodge, a troop of Guianan brown capuchin monkeys limbered through the trees above us.

Following breakfast, we were keen for more and were out on the river by 08:45. As is so often the case in the rainforest, it is the small, unexpected sightings that prove to be the most memorable. We admired four exquisite butterflies on a rock. Amazonian beauties, their pale wings opened to reveal a blue of startling intensity. The movement of water around more exposed rocks, a close-up look at red-necked aracaris and a swallow-tailed kite silhouetted against gathering clouds in the sky were other highlights.

We stopped to walk through an area of (previously) flooded forest to a salt lick, giving the poop of howler monkeys a wide berth as we searched for signs of peccaries and tapir. The ground beneath our feet was spongy, and we'd only just set off when we were distracted by the deep chocolate brown markings of a flame-crowned manakin. Having observed it for some time, we returned to the river where a deep hullabaloo above alerted us to the presence of red-and-green macaws. It was some time before we gained a visual of three, quickly usurped by a flock of their yellow-and-blue cousins perching high in the canopy above the swaying pendulums of a skirt tree. We were almost home when a client spotted a blue morpho flying along the riverbank. We followed its progress for some time, marvelling at its electric blue colouration.

A golden tegu walked by during lunch, quickly becoming camera shy, and a rufescent tiger heron juvenile walked the grounds of the lodge before we gathered on the jetty at 16:00 ready for our last afternoon boat cruise. Two muscovy ducks posing on the trunk of a tree that had collapsed into the river turned into three, and then as we passed, a total of six flushed and flew across our bow. We knew that some other lodge guests had had a fleeting glimpse of a harpy eagle earlier today, so all eyes were on stalks, scanning the highest trees within sight. We reached the Tele Spires River once again, where we were distracted by two large-billed terns sharing an exposed rock with a snowy egret. They were preening in unison, twitching and shaking their heads regularly to rid themselves of annoying flies. A pair of southern lapwings flew overhead, followed by an umbrella bird and a greater ani.

Dusk was falling and we were about to turn back up into the Cristalino River when Helen asked Rafael to confirm that her eyes were not deceiving her. They weren't. Around 30 metres up in the canopy lay a green iguana on a horizontal branch. A little later, a short-tailed nighthawk passed us, and another boat-billed heron, before we were amazed at the spot of a century, another, but smaller this time, Amazonian tree boa. It stared right at us from the fork of a tree, its body wrapped around a vertical branch. It looked like ET in miniature and we were captivated. England were playing in the quarter-finals of the World Cup and although we were keen to get back for the second half (sorry!), all thoughts of football disappeared at this stunning little creature. It yawned, revealing its huge gape, and then continued to simply watch us as we







watched it. We let it be, getting home in time for extra time, victory, and another fabulous fish BBQ. Afterwards, we went on a night walk directly from the lodge, moving towards a salt lick close by. Stepping over termites and wolf spiders, the trapdoor of a trapdoor spider was pointed out directly on the path, ridiculously well concealed. At the salt lick, all was quiet, but a column of army ants went on, and on, and on. A somewhat intimidating sight, they marched ferociously across the forest floor, on a mission, no doubt terrifying their would-be prey.

Sunday 12 July 2026

Day 7:
The Amazon to São Paulo
Weather: Sunny and clear, 29°C

Our final Amazon excursion consisted of two parts. We set off from the lodge on a walk initially, heading for the salt lick. We clocked up Madeira parakeets, blue-headed parrots, palm tanagers, chestnut-fronted macaws and our hundredth species, a silvery-beaked tanager from the lodge.

It was overcast and humid as we entered the forest with Guianan brown capuchins flying through the canopy directly above us, akin to trapeze artists after too much coffee! We side-stepped the huge tripod roots of sumauma trees, passed a hole made by a giant armadillo and upon arrival at the salt lick, were once again absorbed by the trail of ants still going strong. Upon hearing the calls of antbirds, Rafael advised that they follow these trails, not to predate on the ants themselves, but to feast on the insects that they flush out. Genius. An unidentified snake darted across a fallen truck, disappearing into leaf litter before half of us were even aware of its existence. We passed an old tapir skull and stopped to note that almost every leaf tip around us was tapered, an adaptation to ensure a supply of gentle drips into the earth long after the rain has stopped.

All was quiet at the salt lick so we returned to the lodge and headed towards the jetty for part two, a final river trip. More new species awaited us, with grey-rumped swifts flying like lightning above us and cream-coloured woodpeckers landing on a tree. A neotropical otter swam fluidly alongside us, lazily marking territory, rather than hunting as per our previous experiences. Next came a squirrel cuckoo and lettered aracari, and then another unexpected sighting: pacu fish once again, who surprised us with another nuance to their diet, flowers. Their backs broke the waterline repeatedly as they fed on tiny blossoms dropping

from an overhanging fig tree.





We stopped for a while, and then the wildlife gods struck once again. Rafael burst out, "Tapir!" The object of our wish-list since day one, we had an individual walking along the riverbank up ahead and to our right. It was out of the water entirely. What a rush! Cameras and binoculars flew up to our faces to capture this special moment, and then it sank into the depths, just its head, complete with a wonderful proboscis nose, above water and being used as a snorkel. It swam away from us, and we followed slowly, Flávio's master boat skills keeping us not far behind. It passed numerous banks so could easily have moved away if it wanted to, but we stayed with it until it approached a yellow-sand beach, got out, shook itself off, and then walked away up a gulley and out of sight. We exhaled. Wow. Wow. Wow. Although we'd had to wait for the sighting, it had been well and truly worth it.

We grinned as we turned 180°C and began our journey home. A grey-lined hawk loitered in the canopy overlooking our jetty, and we went our separate ways to shower, pack and ready ourselves for departure. We met up again around 11:00, having vacated our rooms and then tucked into lunch an hour later. We settled our bills, completed a comments card, and set off downriver at 13:30 to retrace our steps to Alta Floresta. One final neotropical otter feeding on a fish saw us off, as did three consecutive neotropical cormorants perching on tree stumps. We said our goodbyes to Rafael, Flávio and Caroline, who had looked after us so well, and during our minibus transfer we disturbed a large group of jabiru storks and were greeted at the airport by two scarlet macaws.

Departing on time for São Paulo, we were met by transfer driver Santos, who swiftly drove us to our overnight accommodation, Ramada by Wyndham, where we gratefully fell into bed.

Monday 13 July 2026

Day 8:
São Paulo to Brasília and on to Trijuncao Reserve
Weather: sunny at our destination, 28°C

We enjoyed a lie-in today, having breakfast at a time to suit, before returning to the airport at 08:30. Grabbing lunch to enjoy 'on the hop' later, our late morning flight to Brasília departed promptly and by 13:15 we had touched down in the nation's capital. Met by our drivers Pablo and Bruno, we split across two brand new SUVs and headed north-east, passing through undulating countryside dominated by sorghum, corn and soya production, as well as cattle. We made a few comfort breaks but with a five to six-hour transfer ahead, pressed on. Wildlife-wise, we spotted red-and-green macaws, red-legged seriema, black vulture and southern crested caracara.

It was dark and pushing half past seven when we finally reached our destination, the impossibly beautiful Pousada Trijuncao. Illuminated by lanterns, we were warmly welcomed by general manager Joao and our naturalist guide Vini, as well as by a few bold crab-eating foxes. We were shown to our rooms and then met up a few minutes later in the restaurant where we ordered from the à la carte menu, and were run through a few housekeeping rules. Dinner was superb, after which we hit the hay after two long travel days.

Tuesday 14 July 2026

Day 9:
Morning safari and afternoon with the Oncafari team
Weather: sunny with a pleasant breeze, 30°C

Fruit and muffins accompanied our coffee when we gathered at 05:30 ready for departure 15 minutes later. A cavy (Brazilian guinea pig) shot across the road as we left the lodge in the dark, and was quickly described as a maned wolf cookie by Vini. We scanned the savannah by spotlight, passing maned wolf tracks and scat until dawn blushed the sky pink. We approached Lagoa das Araras or Macaw Lake, where tall palms and dense greenery belied the subterranean aquifer below. When we reached the water itself, we sat and watched the avifauna come to life with turquoise-fronted Amazon, yellow-faced parrot and blue-and-yellow macaws the first to make their presence known. The macaws especially were vocal, and during the course of the morning we watched pair after pair sit atop palm trunks reinforcing their pair bonds, one male even regurgitating food for its nesting mate. A number of them practised geophagia, supplementing their diet with minerals from the lake shore.







White woodpeckers adorned vertical palm stumps as we were taken through the differences between blue-crowned and peach-fronted parakeets, then red-and-green and red-shouldered macaws. Cinnamon tanager, masked gnatcatcher and black-throated saltator competed for the best contrasting facial plumage award as blue-and-white and southern rough-winged swallows flew low over the water. Six muscovy ducks followed suit, and a glittering-bellied emerald was our first cerrado hummingbird. Low shrubs laden with purple blooms were abundant, known locally as pink bush *(Macairea radula).* Within their branches we spotted pale-breasted thrush, southern house wren, blue-black grassquit, rufous-collared sparrow and yellow-bellied elaenia.

We disembarked the vehicle to walk down to the water's edge, passing the well-protected young stems of a wolf apple/tomato plant and an occupied wasp's nest balancing in the tall grass. Tapir and peccary tracks were pointed out as we followed a game path. Looking up, an Aplomado falcon was busy mobbing a lesser yellow-headed vulture and a little later, we followed a crane hawk being blown about in the breeze. We stopped to view the tall, yellow, upright flowers of a gum tree, whose sap is enjoyed by primates and in whose amber, insects get caught.

We stopped to discuss a maned wolf trap on the left-hand side of the road, used when collaring individuals, and left out in the bush so they become part of the landscape. We then glanced to our right, where a female brown brocket deer was staring at us intently. For what seemed like an age, yet was probably only a few seconds, it stood its ground before springing for refuge behind a tree a few metres away. It put a little distance between us, but we could see the tips of its ears and its outline. Not wishing to stress it out unnecessarily, we moved on.

Toco toucans made their first appearance, their large bills glowing in the morning sun, and we stopped to view a stingless bee nest, learning that there are over 300 species in Brazil alone. A sucupira tree was our next focal point, where we bit into the dried seed pods to taste the acrid, but we were promised medicinal properties held within! Foxtail grass danced in the wind and by 09:30 we were home, being serenaded by chopi blackbirds and curl-crested jays after a wonderful introduction to this magical part of the world.

Following a fabulous breakfast, Helen undertook a brief orientation walk, during which we came across our

first black-tufted marmosets, the undisputed stars of the show. We learnt where the hotspots were for two (currently hiding) resident armadillos and then dispersed to rest or photograph swallow-tailed hummingbird, scaled dove, saffron finch, rufous hornero, sayaca tanager, campo flicker, and more. Around 13:30, after numerous armadillo scouting missions, we were rewarded with the sighting of a female six-banded. Grins creased our faces as the endorphins hit. These really are the most captivating creatures. Up on her hind legs feeding, tiny tail tucked beneath her, her scales expanding like an accordion as she moved, she scurried off at a gentle pace, sniffing beneath a bird feeding station, before suddenly accelerating like a bat out of hell. She ran off into the bush, and we very much hoped to see far more of her during our stay!





After catching up on some much-needed sleep, we met in Reception at 16:00, ready to meet Maju and Isabella, our naturalists from Oncafari, a Brazilian wildlife NGO. Based here full-time, they are undertaking research on maned wolves, and we hoped to track some down using their GPS and VHF tags. First of all, we were taken through an introduction to their work and to maned wolf behaviour, before setting off at 16:45.

Our six-banded armadillo saw us off, and we drove towards a road demarcating the boundary between Trijuncao Reserve and a neighbouring farm where land had been cleared and then planted with millet to ensure ground cover before further crops are added. We were advised that Savana, a collared wolf, had had a litter of pups in this field at the end of May. She also has two one-year-old pups who are still around, as proven by some drone footage showing the older offspring meeting the latest brood. A little co-operative breeding, perhaps? Our plan, therefore, was to drive surrounding roads in the hope of finding her. It didn't take long.

Side-tracked along the way by two aplomado falcons sitting in a tree, flitting blue-black grassquits, a rufous-bellied thornbird nest and a brown brocket deer fawn in the road, we resumed our search, and it didn't take long. An antenna on the bonnet was picking up signal for all collared wolves within a kilometre and Maju advised she had Savana's. Using telemetry, Maju expertly set about finding our target. She advised that Savana was up and about, so we drove parallel to her. Although wolves have a tendency to zigzag their way through the scrub, she appeared to be heading towards a nearby road. We moved ahead in her direction of travel and waited on a rise, hoping to intercept her.

As the sun was setting, the signal got stronger and stronger. We were close. With every fibre of our being, and with bated breath, our anticipation grew until we finally saw a pair of pale ears protruding above the tall grass. She stopped. We prayed fervently that she would keep on coming out of the thick vegetation and directly towards us. Rather wonderfully she obliged. With her mane raised, she cautiously moved forward, revealing more and more of herself until she stood in the open, directly in front of us, side on. What a fabulous creature.





With her long, long legs, flowing chestnut coat and broad white tail, she calmly set off down the road ahead only to squat and perform her evening ablutions. She then ambled forward, as we followed, taking her in and not quite believing our luck. Every now and again she would turn, stare intently into the bush, and then pounce. She stopped at a wolf apple/tomato tree, disappeared behind it, and when we could see her again, she had a fruit in her mouth. She lowered her head into the grass, gently dropped it, and moved on. Clearly it wasn't quite to her taste!

We watched her stroll away with elegance and grace until she disappeared out of sight. The realisation of what we'd just seen hit us, and it proved to be quite an emotional moment. What a complete and utter privilege. We sat quietly for a moment, until a female scissor-tailed nightjar broke the mood and a barn owl flew past, eventually perching in a dead tree up ahead.

We had a weak signal for Savana's partner, so we tried, unsuccessfully, to pick him up, but he is notoriously shy. We stopped instead to stargaze, dismounting from the vehicle to view the Milky Way stretched out above us in all its glory. Satellites galore were circling overhead, and we were talked through Scorpius, Leo, the Southern Cross and indigenous beliefs detailing a tapir who walks through the sky. Whilst discussing Savana once again, Maju did a superb impersonation of a roar bark so that we would be familiar with it should we hear it during the night. It had been quite a day, so upon our return home, we profusely thanked the team for their efforts, had dinner, and enjoyed a welcome, early night.

Wednesday 15 July 2026

Day 10:
Morning safari and afternoon visit to Grande Sertao Veredas National Park
Weather: mixed, sunny with overcast spells, 27°C

At 06:00 we were back on the road with Vini. Awake if not bright-eyed and bushy tailed, we were jolted into a heightened state by a dark shape running ahead of us on the road. Initially thinking it might perhaps be a jaguarundi, it turned out to be a crab-eating fox. Dawn, a little later, was a quiet affair, and we passed the bottle-brush type red flowers of calliandras en route to the spot in which we'd left Savana last night. We hoped she might retrace her route this morning, and while we waited, we listened to the wonderful tinkling of red-legged seriemas and indulged in a little birding. Resultant sightings of southern beardless tyranulet, yellow-bellied seedeater and white-rumped tanager ensued, after which we changed position as more seriemas ran across a field in the distance. The avian Olympics were on!

With the sun rising steadily, it was past the usual bedtime for our wolves, so we cut our losses and moved towards Lagoa das Araras. Screeching macaws, of course, awaited us as a large flock of white-faced whistling ducks flew by, living up to their name. Six comb ducks came next as a lone pied-billed grebe ducked below the water surface repeatedly. We dismounted the vehicle once again for a closer look at the shoreline where the yellow blooms of savannah cotton waved in the breeze, and we had a close-up appreciation of the impressive jaws on leaf-cutter ants. Driving on, a birding bonanza got underway with lesser seedfinch, brown-crested flycatcher, rufous-browed peppershrike, southern yellowthroat and white-vented violetear all seen.

After breakfast back at the lodge, we had five hours in which to rest and/or explore. Ameiva lizards were

out in force, their bright green and turquoise colouring contrasting with the deep orangey-red plumage of hepatic tanagers who visited the bird feeders. Black-tufted marmosets once again flew through the lodge courtyard, a labyrinth pepper-frog lazed in the pond, and we enjoyed the breeze and the views from the three-story observation tower on site.

We resumed armadillo watch in anticipation of another sought-after sighting of this endearing little mammal, but it didn't oblige until 14:30, after we'd been watching toco toucans feed for a while. When it did show up, we got more than we bargained for! Red-legged seriemas had been sitting behind the kitchen, their knees bent in the opposite direction to ours, minding their own business for some time when the armadillo arrived. It immediately got stuck into the maize meal left out, and we watched one seriema get up and cautiously make its way towards the feeding armadillo. Approaching with trepidation, it repeatedly jumped back, timid and uncertain. The armadillo moved off and the seriema followed. Turning towards each other, as if in a standoff, neither moved. Suddenly, the power dynamic changed, and the seriema essentially chased off the armadillo, who moved away at great speed, simultaneously coming across as completely unbothered. What an unexpected chain of events.





Our destination this afternoon was neighbouring Grande Sertão Veredas National Park, a huge protected area providing a haven for all manner of savannah-dwelling wildlife. Home to maned wolf, puma, jaguar, small cats, marsh deer (including a melanistic population) and lots more besides, we kicked off our sightings along the way with narrow-billed woodcreeper, white-rumped monjita, yellow-headed caracara, a pair of greater rheas, and nesting southern crested caracaras. We passed Fazenda Santa Luzia, an initiative that includes cattle, cheese, wine, crop and vanilla production alongside eco-tourism, acting as a model for diversification benefiting both commerce and wildlife.

We turned into the park and descended along a wide dirt road framed by dense, dusty vegetation as far as the eye could see. We stopped as a woman on a quad bike came towards us, telemetry antenna clearly visible on the front of her vehicle. Part of the Oncafari team, she had been searching for a collared melanistic jaguar, another of the research projects they are working on here.

We continued on our way, spooking two brown brocket deer, and passing Cerrado bottlebrush, complete with its distinctive long pink blooms, before reaching a bank of tall buriti palms. Laden with drooping fruit fronds, each tumbling down in lengthy bead-like fans for in excess of a metre, these palms indicate the presence of surface and subterranean water, creating a swampy microclimate and ensuring the survival of dependent wildlife. Keeping the oasis of palms to our right, we drove for nigh on two hours along them, viewing copious blue-and-yellow macaw pairs, red-and-green too, plus buff-necked ibis and a black-and-white hawk eagle. We discussed termites at length, ground and tree, the latter of which were often pockmarked due to the tendency of peach-fronted parakeets to nest in them.

We entered a slightly more open area where ferns dominated and later found the tiniest pocket within the wall of vegetation, through which we could see dark flowing water. As dusk descended, we made our way back towards Trijuncao. Two crab-eating foxes and numerous nightjar eyes lit up our route home, but shortly before leaving the park, we saw something altogether larger in the road. A tapir! We slowed and stopped far from it, giving it a chance to become aware of our presence. It stood side on to us, then with very deliberate step placement, proceeded to zigzag up the road ahead of us. We watched through our binoculars as it made its way into the bush, disappearing off the side of the road. We went to continue on our way but

realised it had stopped still in sight, so we silently observed it, crinkling its huge nose constantly before delicately stepping through branches and vanishing into the night. We were thrilled. A glimpse of a common potoo later, and we were home, ready for dinner, and shortly thereafter, ready for bed after another great day.

Thursday 16 July 2026

Day 11:
Morning safari and afternoon special sundowners with night drive
Weather: sunny, 25°C

Waking to a much cooler morning, we donned our layers and set off into the crisp, clear morning air. We returned to the area in which we'd last seen Savana and waited for perhaps thirty minutes or so for any signs of maned wolf, but all was quiet, so we drove towards Lagoa das Araras, stopping for avifauna en route. A white-tailed hawk caught our eye, and then peach-fronted parakeets and yellow-faced parrots in quick succession posed for us in the morning sun. A small-billed tinamou darted across the road, and we were utterly charmed by the repeated tail and wing flapping dance of a pair of Chapada flycatchers.

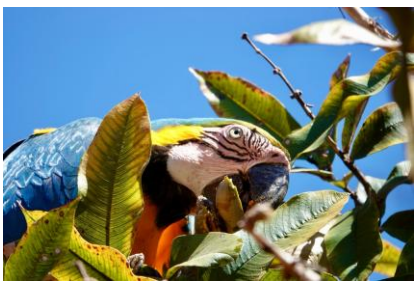
We skirted the northern perimeter of the lake, and walked along a jetty to the water's edge where a ringed kingfisher flew across our line of vision. On the beaches to either side of us, we were taken through a masterclass in tracking. Maned wolf, puma and tapir had all left their mark on, or perhaps more accurately, in the muddy substrate, and dotted around their spoor were very attractive, tiny, miniature yellow flowers. These transpired to be carnivorous plants of the *utricularia* genus. Thriving in shallow water and swampy conditions, their roots suck in and trap unsuspecting insects. Every day is a school day!

On the way home, with the sun slowly increasing in intensity, we scanned the tall grasses for signs of giant anteater. Although we found fresh footprints for one, bearing an uncanny resemblance to a child's footprint, there was no sign of the owner, but we did drive through an area that smelled of coffee to some, and marijuana to others! We were surprised to learn that this was the work of a hog-nosed skunk. Who knew?

Two more Aplomado falcons, one with a lizard in its talons, landed close to our resident, and we black-tufted marmosets welcomed us home. After lunch, we strolled around the lodge, binoculars and cameras at the ready as always. We spotted a blue-and-yellow macaw land in a tree directly behind the lodge, only two metres or so above our heads, and watched as it cracked open seed pod after seed pod with incredible precision. Toco toucans made numerous appearances on the feeders and finally, around 15:45, the armadillo arrived, waddling adorably in its usual style.







We set off on a drive with Vini and Carl at 16:00, knowing that we had a surprise in store. We had no idea what it might involve, but we were game! We soon stopped in the warm sun to discuss wolf apple fruits, the medicinal properties of a 'leather-like leaf' plant, and to admire a fresh snake track concertinaed across the road. We reached a small structure and dismounted for a closer look. It was a chapel, dedicated to St Francis, rather apt here due to his association with wolves. Next to it was a totem, or a marker, signifying that we were in Bahia state. We were told we'd be commencing a very short hike to discover the meaning of Trijuncao. Intrigued, we followed, pausing to admire a funnel web spider in its magnificent web, before finding a second totem, this time for Minas Gerais. A little further on still and we came across a third, for

Goiás. We were at the junction of three states, Trijunção.

We set off down a path with Vini advising, "Come on. Time waits for no man!" We therefore (obediently!) fell into line and quickly followed him along a ridge where the red earth fell away to our right, revealing unbroken cerrado as far as the eye could see. It was a fabulous view. As we rounded a corner, a wooden platform could be seen on the edge of a cliff. It was set up with chairs, bubbly on ice, juice and snacks. So this was our surprise. How wonderful! We sat down, took in the panorama, and fell into silence for sunset. It was a good one.

With the horizon as flat as a pancake, we watched the colour being squeezed out of the sky until just a small band of blood orange remained. As night fell, Venus and a sliver of moon provided little light as we commenced our journey home. A common pauraque flew ahead in the road, stopping directly in front of our vehicle, affording us a fantastic look at its cryptic colouration. It eventually moved off, landing in leaf litter next to us, where it almost disappeared in front of our eyes. Once home, an early night was in order. This wildlife touring is fabulous but exhausting, don't you know?!

Friday 17 July 2026

Day 12:
Trijuncao to Brasília and on to Cuiabá
Weather: cold to start, then sunny and warm, 24°C

It was a shock when our alarms went off this morning, but it was oh, so worth it an hour or two later. We were excited to meet the Oncafari team once again, despite it being 05:30. We set off wrapped up well in our thermal layers, beanie, gloves and down jackets to ward off the cold. Maju picked up a stationary barn owl in her spotlight and as darkness gave way to dawn, we made our way, as usual, towards Savana's current den site. A dark, hairy blob with a white tip to its tail ran across the road in front of us and we realised it had been a skunk. We tried to re-locate it but it had long gone.





Savana and Barum's signal was strong and growing in intensity as we drove ever closer, hoping they may be on the move, searching for one last snack before bed. Stopping regularly to check their direction, we admired a number of short-eared owls flying beautifully low over the fields, but it appeared that our canid targets were deep in the safety of their millet haven. Maju prepared to launch a drone, advising that we'd then hopefully be able to gain a bird's-eye view of both the parents and their pups. A thrilling prospect, we watched the screen as she tried to locate them using thermal imagery. She could see one pup, then a second, glowing red on the screen, but we thought she was superhuman as we couldn't make out a thing! She changed the visual, and we were faced with two tiny creatures jumping over each other in the tall crop. Wow. We zoomed in as they cavorted and we oohed and aahed in appreciation. Crikey, this was good. Maju landed the drone and then set it off again to try and find the adults. She was successful.

Landing the drone for a second time, we left the little family to their own devices but were prevented from starting up our engine by the appearance of a cavy, or guinea pig, coming towards us. Closer and closer it came until it sat on its haunches right next to our front right tyre. What a bold little creature. We were entranced and sat with it for some time before it walked calmly off into the savanna. Coal-crested finches flew around us, and when we resumed our drive, we visited last year's den site and then stopped for a mini

breakfast of wolf apple. It took a little time to find the ripest fruit, which smelt incredibly like peach Hubba Bubba. Once we cut into it and ate the pale yellow flesh that had the consistency of mango, it tasted like a combination of banana and kiwi. Whilst most of us enjoyed it, a few experienced a bitter aftertaste, so we made a beeline for the lodge and coffee! Blue-fronted parrots delayed our arrival though, as they perched obligingly atop a tree close to the pool.

Once home, we tucked into a huge breakfast as we knew that lunch would be a packed affair, and dinner, if wanted, would be at Brasília Airport. By 12:00, as a king vulture flew overhead, we were ready to head back to the capital, and our two SUVs arrived shortly afterwards. We made excellent time, passing tens of burrowing owls along the way, and arrived in good time for our late evening flight to Cuiabá.

Met at the other end by driver Kelvin, we were dropped at our comfortable overnight accommodation, Hotel Deville Prime, and ten minutes later were checked in and heading to our rooms.

Saturday 18 July 2026

Day 13:
Cuiabá to the Transpantaneira, afternoon walk and safari
Weather: sunny and hot, 35°C

What a treat. Breakfast was at our leisure this morning, with the only time restraint being departure at 08:30. We were early, meeting our naturalist guide, Edson, in Reception and setting off full of anticipation with driver Gilerbe at the wheel. It didn't take long for our Species List to start growing exponentially.
In addition to the already-seen great egret, black and lesser yellow-headed vulture, and greater rhea, we added savannah hawk, hyacinth macaw, whistling heron, guira cuckoo, plumbeous ibis and black-bellied whistling duck before we even reached the famous gatepost signifying the start of the Transpantaneira.






We dismounted for a photo and were distracted by a roadside hawk accompanied by a cacophony of kiskadee whistles. Beneath a huge fig tree to our left, we noticed a large gathering of birds and a troop of Azara's capuchin monkeys. Going for a closer look, we noted purple jay, yellow-billed and crested cardinal, greyish baywing, rufous-bellied thrush and crested oropendula vying for attention with silvery-beaked tanagers as a black-and-white tegu slunk past behind them. We continued on our way, driving over elevated bridges with channels of water thick with water hyacinth, yacare caiman and capybara below. Snail kites adorned fence posts, as did a striking male vermillion flycatcher, while limpkin, jabiru stork, wood stork, cocoi heron and sunbittern waded through the shallows on their constant quest for prey.

Our arrival at Pousada Araras coincided with lunch, a lovely buffet served al fresco by the pool. Afterwards, we checked in and were shown to our rooms, before we wandered around the lodge familiarising ourselves with our new surroundings. More sightings followed: yet more yacare caiman, monk and blue-crowned parakeet, scaly-headed parrot, black-backed water tyrant, crested oropendula, narrow-billed woodcreeper, mating wattled jacanas, mating egrets, and a trio of super relaxed hyacinth macaws. Our Pantanal wildlife experience was very much underway!

Coming together for afternoon tea at 15:00, the banana bread went down a storm, and we set off towards an elevated boardwalk that led towards 'Egret Tower'. A nesting box for hyacinth macaws was pointed out

close to the pool, in the same tree that barn owls are nesting. We walked very close to an occupied rufous hornero nest, a clay construction akin to a small pizza oven. Next to that, another nest caught our eye, this time a circular twig nest made by grey-crested cacholote. Clearly, love is in the air this season!





As we walked past and over yacare caiman, barred antshrike and rufous casioris flitted in the reeds as noisy chaco chachalaca made their presence known. We ascended the 18-metre-high tower, gazing down over the wetland, and green-barred woodpecker made the list, as did solitary cacique. A superb spot by Edson had us looking above our heads and into deep foliage to spot two incredibly well-camouflaged green iguanas. We walked underneath a cashew tree and around a small dam to hopefully spot a great horned owl nest complete with two chicks. The female was there with them, and the little balls of fluff certainly put a spring in our step for the afternoon!

The impressive appendage of a red-billed scythebill was our last sighting before we boarded a vehicle and set off for a drive. With Claudio at the wheel, we passed an orange-backed troupial, monk parakeets, peach-fronted parakeets, more sunbitterns and a pole-dancing little woodpecker before we'd even left the lodge gate. Crossing the Transpantaneira into adjacent land, we stopped for a blue-throated piping-guan in a tree and then came across five water buffalo, looking very muddy indeed. A red brocket deer shone in the late afternoon sun, as did bare-faced ibis, great black hawk and our first roseate spoonbill. A southern crested caracara came down to daintily drink, and a campo flicker flew across, its yolk-yellow plumage giving it away.

We stopped on a bridge to peer down on a search for an anaconda. When we looked up, bubbles and freshly baked crisps (crispage to those in the know!) were laid out on the bonnet. We ate and drank in the company of four chestnut-bellied guan as the sun began to set. It was rather special.

We carried on and the first of many crab-eating foxes caught our attention. A blob in the road turned into a six-banded armadillo, and as we observed it through our binoculars, we realised it had a bloodied front left paw and was limping. Once darkness descended, the comforting smell of warm dust permeated our nostrils, and to the sound of frogs croaking, caiman eyes lit up the waterways, seemingly reflecting the stars. Nightjar eyes illuminated our way, and once back, the lawn was flooded by capybaras, and one of the adult barn owls stared silently down on us before dinner. We had an early start ahead, so an early night was enjoyed by all.

Sunday 19 July 2026

Day 14:
Morning and afternoon safaris
Weather: sunny and hot, 35°C

The early bird catches the worm, they say, but in our case, it was a giant anteater. We awoke to an alarm of screeching macaws and by 04:30 were heading north up the Transpantaneira on a mission to scout out the termite-ridden land for hairy mammals. We got more than we bargained for!

It started with a tapir walking parallel to the road. We watched it manoeuvre underneath the fence and cross the road directly in front of us. Next came a brown brocket deer, two jabiru storks high on their nest, and then a crab-eating raccoon. It ran away gracefully and shortly afterwards we spotted a tamandua. We

dismounted and, on foot, watched as it moved, backlit, through our spotlight until it disappeared into the night. A boat-billed night-heron followed, perched over another swamp full of stars, otherwise known as caiman eyes. A great horned owl crowned a telegraph pole and then success! Far in a field to our right, a giant anteater.

It was still dark, but once again we dismounted and climbed through the roadside fence to get a closer look. The sun was just beginning to peek over the horizon, and the light was low. We had to trot a little, Benny Hill-style, to close the gap with it, and when it stopped, we were met with the most extraordinary creature. We gazed at it on an elevated hummock before it lolloped away, cantering towards a nearby tree line.





On a wildlife high, we returned to the vehicle but Edson wanted us to try and find more. Oh, go on then! Further north we spied another, closer to the road, meandering along with its nose to the ground, sniffing out prey. We watched it from the vehicle this time as it steadily moved parallel with us. We loitered with intent across the entrance driveway to another lodge, Pousada Piuval, and it duly crossed in plain sight. Hoorah!

We turned and headed for home, more than happy with our morning so far. It was far from over, though. Almost every avian species in the Pantanal seemed to make an appearance, and we stopped for a gathering of wood storks, working together to corral fish, with snowy egrets, great egrets, and roseate spoonbills joining the party. The latter were spectacular in the light, their raspberry ripple plumage nothing short of gorgeous. A female marsh deer came next, elegantly jumping a fence, and then white-collared peccaries. A small group of greater rheas later, and we were welcomed home by hyacinth macaws and a sneaky peek of a barn owlet. We watched nanday parakeets on a feeder during and after breakfast and by 08:15 were back on the road. There's no peace for the wicked, you know?!

The sun was already strong when we passed a huge strangler fig giving a terminal embrace to its host palm tree. After a fleeting visual of an Azara's agouti we turned our attention to botany, noticing mistletoe and tall, narrow cactus as dust devils dissipated in the welcome breeze. A laughing falcon and multiple savanna hawks adorned trees and perched atop termite mounds until we focused on the subtle, yet stunning facial colouring of a whistling heron walking like an Egyptian through the grass, looking for insectivore prey. As we arrived back at the lodge, a non-venomous parrot snake was on the path, its glorious green head catching the sun. It moved with speed and grace into the closest tree, literally disappearing in front of our eyes.

After lunch and some downtime, we met up for afternoon tea with chestnut-eared aracaris flying through the trees above us. We set off for a walk at 15:30, and what began as an 800 metre stroll over an elevated boardwalk to the 'Monkey' canopy tower, turned into a lovely two and a half hour wildlife walk. We stumbled across an Azara's capuchin monkey with no tail, and then, casting our eyes downwards, we looked into the curious faces of numerous coati. Their chestnut coats and stripy tails were glowing in the afternoon light, as was the red breast of a blue-crowned trogon seen a little later.





From the top of the sturdy 25 metre tower, we spotted a marsh deer and enjoyed the pleasant breeze absent down below. Once back on terra firma, we opted out of returning via the boardwalk, instead choosing a longer circular trail through deciduous forest during which we photographed black-fronted nunbirds, yellow-rumped caciques and a buff-throated woodcreeper. We then found black-and-gold howler monkeys, a lineated woodpecker, red brocket deer and a pair of antshrikes. Dusk fell as we reached the lodge, and we had an hour to ourselves before dinner.

Half an hour after finishing our meal, we were out yet again. This time we were doing a night drive and, tongue in cheek, asked Edson for an ocelot. He duly asked the driver to go north up the Transpantaneira once again, and soon we were with our second crab-eating raccoon of the day. Other nocturnals followed: crab-eating fox, boat-billed, and black-crowned night-heron. Edson advised he had ocelot eyes in his spotlight but said they were too far away and we'd try on the way home. As we'd planned on being out for around an hour and a half and were already 45 minutes into the trip, Helen suggested turning around. Returning to our ocelot spot, Edson found it again, and rather cooperatively, it was closer to the road. It was still some distance away but through our binoculars we watched it move with feline fluidity through the reeds. Stunning. We stayed with it for perhaps ten minutes or so, losing it and then relocating it once more. Eventually we moved on, and would you believe it, a tapir materialised on the side of the road? This was getting ridiculous. Brilliant, but ridiculous. We simply couldn't believe our luck. As the moon was perfectly reflected in the still water beneath us, we returned home, unusually lost for words.

Monday 20 July 2026

Day 15:
Pousada Araras to Porto Jofre and Mutum Houseboat
Weather: sunny and hot, 34°C

Orion was low in the sky this morning when half of the group left for an early safari at 05:00. Within minutes, we were in the company of a tapir walking slowly through an open area. A little later, we came across crab-eating foxes, two of whom were spraying almost imperceptibly whilst another chowed down on a large yellow fruit. Babybaras, young capybaras, stole the show walking amongst adults single file into a lagoon, and we heard the most incredible sound, apparently one of an impressive repertoire of vocalisations made by chaco chachalacas. Shortly before returning to the lodge to have breakfast and meet up with the others who had opted for a lie in, we had a close fly-by from hyacinth macaws.

We set off for a walk at 07:00, enjoying great sightings of black-backed water-tyrant and a green-barred woodpecker. Golden-collared macaws flew ahead and we passed the lodge stables where we admired a southern crested caracara with a kill that it presented to its mate. As we made our way to a tree known to host a common potoo, we noticed more and more strangler figs with their death vice grip very much in evidence. Unfortunately, the potoo was not home, despite being seen by another guide yesterday, but tinkling above alerted us to a hummingbird. It took a while to locate it, but we were rewarded with a glittering-throated emerald busying itself in the now hot morning sun.

We turned into shade and followed a fence-line where a brown brocket deer stood facing us far ahead. She slowly edged closer before turning into thickets. A client then spotted black-tailed marmosets in a tree and we walked towards them, but they were super speedy and vanished quickly. A rufous-tailed jacamar was a good consolation, and then we found howler monkeys once again. Although the dark males moved into deep

foliage, a female with a youngster posed beautifully in the fork of a tree. As we left them, we followed a caracara leading the way along the trail. It even turned right when we needed to! We finished off our morning with a wallowing water buffalo by the lodge and a fishing jabiru stork bathed in stunning light.







We spent the next few hours packing, resting, and strolling around Pousada Araras on a quest for final photos before tucking into lunch at 11:30. As we were about to dish up, DJ came and introduced himself, our guide for the next few days. He ate with us and then joined us for our transfer south to Porto Jofre. For the first two hours, we drove through dry and dusty cattle farms before reaching more verdant, flat flooded fields where waders and raptors were absolutely thriving. Vultures navigated the thermals whilst neotropical cormorants, great and snowy egrets, cocoi herons and jabiru storks increased in number. Snail kites dominated, adorning branches every 20 metres or so apart as black-collared hawks sat atop telegraph poles and white-winged swallows perched on wires. A marsh deer appeared ahead, and another off to our right side, before we slowed for a yellow anaconda, at least two and a half metres long, crossing the road. Those who wished to jumped out of the vehicle, grabbing cameras to capture its striking scales, colouration and beauty. This was yet another highly sought-after species for us and we couldn't believe our luck.

We stopped for our first southern screamer, one of a number of bird species outnumbered big time by cattle, and shortly after 16:00, approached Porto Jofre. Rather than going into the town itself, we turned left and next to a river, a number of houseboats were moored on the banks of the Cuiabá River. We walked down a gangplank and found ourselves on Mutum Houseboat, home for the next three nights. We were welcomed by the captain, who introduced his crew, and were shown to our compact but comfortable cabins.

Knowing that we were about to set sail for an hour or two to reach our overnight mooring, we reconvened in the dining room for coffee and cake before heading out on deck. It was still warm as we glued our eyes to the banks, searching for big cats. An osprey flew past with its catch of the day firmly in its grip, but only Helen saw it so it couldn't be officially recorded. Beer o'clock arrived and we indulged accordingly, taking a seat at the bow and watching the onset of dusk. Mosquitoes began to swarm, so we moved into the air-conditioned lounge and chatted until dinner at 19:00. Being two weeks into the trip, we felt the time was right to sample local caipirinhas. We can confirm that they were excellent and that the local economy shall continue to be supported! An early night followed, full of anticipation for what may lie ahead tomorrow.

Tuesday 21 July 2026

Day 16:
On safari
Weather: sunny and hot, 34°C

Breakfast was served at 06:30 and half an hour later, we were donning our lifejackets and taking our swivel seats in our private launch. Every seat was a window seat, the roof was down, and we set off along the river, reaching the Black Channel ten minutes later. We stopped to view a preening ringed kingfisher who facilitated our proximity and interest before flying off. A boat sped by and we were advised that a jaguar had been spotted not far away. We arrived at the scene where a number of boats were drifting next to a large-leafed tree whose branches hung down to the water. The tree was moving, and through our binoculars we could see the outline of a huge cat moving slowly through a knot of roots. The visual was limited, and more boats were arriving, so we opted to leave the area and find our own sighting.

We navigated up the Three Brothers River, viewing rusty-backed spinetail and stopping at the remarkably loud call of a donacobius. Two jabiru storks stood tall on their lofty nest, moving twigs around, and we spied two male black-and-gold howler monkeys high in a tree. They moved down the main trunk as we snapped away and a short while later, we stopped again, this time for an enormous bee's nest. We could see the occupants on their honeycomb, which hung like whale baleen right next to a tree termite nest.







Two wallowing capybaras came next, sharing space with a pale-legged hornero, and then we began to head for home. We'd heard on the radio that another jaguar had been seen in the Black Channel and we went to investigate. The three-year-old was sitting in a fork of a tree directly over the water, and it was a stunning sight. Once again, there were lots of admirers, so we didn't stay long. We did a rapid U-turn at the sight of a snake darting through the channel, but it had gone before we reached it. Its colouring was that of a false water cobra, but it was too speedy and far for that to be confirmed.

Close to our houseboat we stopped to view a number of yacare caimans on a sandbank. One had a large fish in its impressive jaws but was not eating it. Perhaps it was recuperating after the effort of catching it? Large-billed and yellow-billed terns squawked on the bank, the size differential between them perceptible. We then spied a tiny collared plover, until our attention was drawn to bright orange butterflies resting on the snouts of more caimans along the beach, drinking fluid from their eyes.

We arrived home at 11:45, and lunch was served 15 minutes later. A little rest time ensued to while away the heat of the day and we were off again at 14:30. We decided to go up the Cuiabá River for a quick venture as a female jaguar with a cub had been seen up there this morning, and there were also the remains of a cattle carcass that had been attracting some interest. The river was quiet, very quiet, but we reached a beach with three capybaras sitting on their haunches, one of whom was decidedly pregnant.

Further on, we located the carcass and watched black vultures squabble over the remaining hide as southern crested caracaras looked on. Continuing, we decided to loop around to the Three Brothers River, and sped up to do so. The natural air-conditioning was more than welcome in the heat. We happened upon a beach strewn with black skimmers, yellow-billed and large-billed terns, pied lapwings, neotropical cormorants and more collared plovers. They were making a racket and there was much activity from them, although thermoregulating caiman relaxed from afar. We watched the skimmers skim, and the terns dive for perhaps ten minutes or so before needing to move in order to cool down once again.

Ahead, two black-and-gold howler monkeys became three when we spotted a little one hitching a ride on Mum's back. When we finally turned into the narrow Three Brothers River, the sun was lowering and the late afternoon light was golden. We watched swallows sitting by holes in the bank and a stunning black-crowned night-heron who obligingly posed for pictures. Caiman glistened, lazing on beaches, and then we rounded a corner and everything went quiet. A jaguar was hauling itself out onto the bank. We held our breath as it disappeared into the verdant vegetation, praying it would come back. It did! It walked along the bank, parallel with us, spray marking territory but walking with an ever so slight limp.





We had the jaguar to ourselves for 30 full and wondrous minutes. It slunk along the bank, trying to flush out prey and marking territory. No one came to join us. It was quiet, unhurried, and a very special encounter indeed. It swam across the river behind us, hauled itself up a bank, and then walked away into the undergrowth. We exhaled, smiled, and thanked our lucky stars for the sighting. Fireflies provided temporary flashes of light as we made our way home in the dark, just the dark silhouettes of perching birds and our thoughts for company. What. An. Outing.

Wednesday 22 July 2026

Day 17:
On safari
Weather: sunny and hot, 34°C

Well, lessons learnt from this morning were to always take spare water and a banana with you wherever you go! We ended up being out for six and a half hours, and it was worth every second! Our plan was to make our way up the Three Brothers river to where we'd left our jaguar last night, and then meander downstream, taking in channel after channel to see what we could find. It was a brighter morning when we departed at 07:00 and the light was stunning. Cocoi herons and rufescent tiger herons positively shone and we soon stopped to observe the antics of a troop of capuchin monkeys. A little further on, more primates occupied the limelight with black-and-gold howlers multiplying in front of our eyes. As we said our goodbyes, one female lifted her arm as if to wave us off. Her timing was impeccable but it transpired that she was actually scratching an itch!





A while later, a rusty-backed spinetail nest nestled into the dead branches of a fallen tree and as we wished the owners would sit still for long enough to be captured on film (they simply wouldn't), we spotted all manner of other birdlife in the area. A great potoo camouflaged to perfection sat regally above us and in another tree, two plumbeous ibis raised their crown feathers in a crest that would have made Sid Vicious proud!

Two capybaras, one ridiculously well hidden behind another one sat nonchalantly on a bank, only to be usurped by the blood-red plumage of a silvery-beaked tanager. We just about accessed a very shallow channel in time to observe a great black hawk comically lose its footing high up in the canopy above, as the dead branches of numerous trees reached up into the sky, frozen in time and sculpted by the wind, rain and sun into pieces of art. A black-collared hawk and a southern crested caracara both lost out on a kill when the latter swooped down on to the former, causing it to drop its catch having only dug in a third of it. How rude.

A vermillion flycatcher later, and we spent 90 minutes slowly traversing one channel with very little to be seen other than perching raptors, waders and a super stunning, and chilled, roadside hawk. Coming out of the channel, we hit a snag, most likely a submerged log that couldn't be seen in the tea coloured water. We drifted while Chico tried his hardest to restart the engine, but to no avail. Another boat fortuitously appeared a few minutes later, with jaguar identification researchers at the helm. They towed us back to the main river where they waited while we tied ourselves to the buttressed roots and overhanging branches of a densely leaved tree and radioed for help. It was 10:40. We knew we were in for a wait so before they left, we asked if they knew the jaguar we'd seen last night. It turns out his name was Siriri.

As time went on, we heard a few boats coming towards us and if they were going in the right direction, we flagged them down, hoping they might be able to take us two by two back to our houseboat. Who'd have thought we'd be up for hitch-hiking in the Pantanal? A few stopped but they were either out for the day, were fishing, or had no seats available. We chatted amongst ourselves instead, quite relaxed with our current status, as there was absolutely nothing we could do about it but sit back, enjoy the quiet, and of course, the view. A green iguana was spotted sunbathing on top of a shrub across the river and a crab that had hitched a lift in our boat was helped overboard as we resumed our conversation.

Unbelievably, our replacement boat arrived at 11:30. Helen was the last to clamber aboard, but as she did so, she lifted her head up and exclaimed, "Otters!" Giant river otters had been mysteriously absent from the Cuiabá and Three Brothers rivers for the last few weeks, so this was pretty special. With no further ado, we set off to follow them. They were speedy. Asking Chico how fast we were going, he responded, "Seven kilometres per hour." They were easily keeping up, if not streaking ahead. Regularly. There were four of them and they were clearly hunting.







For the next hour we stayed with them, the occasional boat joining us but not staying for long. They were so dexterous in the water, and we would soon find out on land too. They lifted their heads high, craning their necks, as they sought food using both sight and smell. We could hear them breathing. In the water hyacinth they would catch fish, rolling with them in their jaws and multi-tasking by eating as they swam to keep up with the others.

Eventually they stopped, resting on a bank where they preened, scratched and then somewhat unbelievably, started to ascend the near two metre high vertical bank, disappearing into a holt at the top. One went first, followed by another. A third lay in the water, munching its way through a fish as the final one moved downstream to utilise another entrance in the bank. To watch 35 kilograms of mammal claw its way up was nothing short of impressive.

While we sat with them, events were unfolding across the river. A southern crested caracara mobbed a black-shouldered hawk (again) in a superb aerial display of talons, flapping wings and aerodynamics. Whilst this was happening another caracara flew in from behind, landing in a tree with a snake in its formidable bill. Crikey, it was all going on.





We decided to leave the otters after 70 minutes in their presence, but the wildlife gods were not done with us yet. As we set off for home, a gathering of eight or so boats sat in the middle of the river. Obviously they'd seen something, and that something was likely to be a jaguar. We approached with caution and sure enough, after much reed wiggling, a magnificent female appeared like an apparition walking along the raised bank. She slowly made her way down towards the water's edge. She was a beast. A fabulous, beautiful, and incredible beast.

It was already well after 13:15 and we did discuss heading home as our new boat was out of water. The jaguar moved though, coming onto a fallen tree trunk, and it was too good an opportunity to miss. She just kept on coming, the visual getting better and better. She had eyes on a caiman in the river below and we watched with bated breath for what she may do. She leapt into the water but clearly missed. We couldn't see her so repositioned but there was no need as she made her way back up on to the tree trunk and disappeared into vegetation. She peered out through a gap a few metres along, and kept walking. She peered out again, maintaining visual on another caiman, but this one had the wherewithal to dive and remove itself from a potentially sticky situation!





We decided to head for home, arriving around 13:40, hungry but supremely happy. Lunch was wolfed down, a BBQ on the back deck, and by 15:45, we were ready for our final excursion on the river. We started with another jaguar. Well, you would, wouldn't you? Pulling up next to a BBC boat, we watched the hyacinth and reeds shake once more as a stunning female emerged. She walked along towards a flurry of boats, so we turned away and headed up into the deliciously quiet Black Channel. There we came across a caiman clamped on its recently caught fish prey, a swimming, and alarming capybara, a rufous-bellied jacamar and a whole heap of serenity. Drifting calmly through the late afternoon light was pure magic.

Returning to the main river, we carried on, turning left into Charlie's Channel. It was darker here, with dense vegetation providing a haven to caimans in its deep, chocolate brown water, and to Amazon and green kingfishers beneath its inverted U-bend boughs. The waterway was clogged with water hyacinth so we couldn't go far turning back on ourselves and heading back out to the main river.

Here, we came across an utterly beautiful sight, two capped herons bowing to each other and reinforcing their pair bonds. We watched as they would lower their necks, then stretch them out, their head feathers upright against the sky. Hints of blue sky dotted with creamy clouds complemented their facial colouring and we were transfixed. An orange-rumped troupial was pointed out on the other side but it didn't get a look in unfortunately!





We passed a beach and reached a wide bend in the river where the sun was setting, casting a raspberry glow over the water. We turned around and set course for home, reds bleaching first to orange and then to yellow before giving in to the impending darkness. Band-tailed nighthawks led the way and fireflies, once again, provided brief bursts of magical light.

Thursday 23 July 2026

Day 18:
Cuiabá to London
Weather: overcast, clearing late morning, 34°C

Waking to overcast skies, breakfast was served as we cast off from our mooring at 06:30 am. When refilling our coffee, we noticed a group of boats up ahead which could only mean one thing. Jaguar! Sure enough, sitting on a bank facing the river, with her head resting on her front paws, our goodbye from this wildlife-rich region was brief, but certainly in style. We reached Porto Jofre an hour later where we lazed on deck waiting for our minibus transfer to arrive at 09:00am. Rodriguez, our driver, was early, so we said our farewells to the crew and set off northbound up the Transpantaneira ahead of schedule.

We'd asked DJ to keep an eye out for southern screamer and guira cuckoo photo opportunities. He duly obliged, and we stopped repeatedly to try and get the shots, passing marsh deer too. At one gathering of woodstorks who flew off as soon as we disembarked, we walked to the other side of the vehicle to be rewarded with a pool of waders galore. Roseate spoonbills, cocoi herons, great and snowy egrets were all in attendance but it was the latter we couldn't get enough of. Two potentially duelling individuals were standing with feathers to attention, giving them a somewhat frazzled appearance, as if they'd been electrocuted. We came across jaguar tracks, looked down on yacare caiman from elevated wooden bridges and by 11:30, we were pulling into our lunch stop at Hotel Mato Grosso. We had half an hour to kill before our meal would be served so went up the observation tower, watched rufous horneros flit in and out of their clay nest over the river, and clocked up shiny cowbirds as a new species.





By 12:35, we were back on the road admiring the bright pink blooms of ipe trees contrasting with the upright yellow flowers of cambara trees. We considered the plethora of food, including lungfish who bury deep into mud as the Pantanal's pools dry out as the dry season progresses, thereby bringing a valuable food source to multiple bird species. We got our guira cuckoos, and one client had a Dorothy moment, getting caught up in the eye of a dust devil. We ran into an agouti roadblock, had a comfort break in Poconé, and were dropped off at Cuiabá airport at 15:30, from where we flew to São Paulo and on to Heathrow. We

all agreed that we had very much experienced the best of Brazil's wildlife.

Friday 24 July 2026

Day 19:
Arrive UK

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Checklist for Best of Brazil

	Common Name	*Scientific Name*	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5	Day 6	Day 7	Day 8	Day 9	Day 10	Day 11	Day 12	Day 13	Day 14	Day 15	Day 16	Day 17	Day 18
	MAMMALS																		
1	Crab-eating fox	*Cerdocyon thous*	✓						✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	✓			
2	Guianan squirrel	*Sciurus ingrami*	✓																
3	Capybara	*Hydrochoerus hydrochaeris*		✓	✓	✓								✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
4	Proboscis bat	*Rhynchonycteris naso*		✓	✓		✓												
5	Neotropical otter	*Lontra longicaudis*		✓	✓	✓		✓											
6	White-faced/whiskered spider monkey	*Ateles marginatus*		✓															
7	Lesser sac-winged bat	*Saccopteryx leptura*		✓															
8	Giant river otter	*Pteronura brasiliensis*			✓	✓												✓	
9	Two-toed sloth	*Choloepus didactylus*			✓														
10	Tayra	*Eira barbara*			✓														
11	Lowland paca	*Cuniculus paca*			✓														
12	Guianan brown capuchin monkey	*Sapajus apella*				✓	✓	✓											
13	South American tapir	*Tapirus terrestris*						✓			✓				✓	✓			
14	Brazilian guinea pig	*Cavia aperea*								✓			✓						
15	Grey (brown) brocket deer	*Mazama gouazoubira*								✓	✓			✓	✓	✓			
16	Black-tufted marmoset	*Callithrix penicillata*								✓	✓	✓							
17	Six-banded armadillo	*Euphractus sexcinctus*								✓	✓	✓		✓					
18	Maned wolf	*Chrysocyon brachyurus*								✓									
19	Hog-nosed skunk	*Conepatus chinga*											✓						
20	Azara's capuchin	*Sapajus cay*												✓	✓			✓	
21	Water buffalo	*Bubalus bubalis*												✓	✓	✓			
22	Red brocket deer	*Mazama americana*												✓	✓				
23	Giant anteater	*Myrmecophaga tridactyla*													✓				
24	Crab-eating raccoon	*Procyon cancrivorus*													✓				

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25	Southern tamandua	*Tamandua tetradactyla*												✓				
26	Marsh deer	*Blastocerus dichotomus*												✓	✓			✓
27	Collared peccary	*Pecari tajacu*												✓				
28	Azara's agouti	*Dasyprocta azarae*												✓	✓			
29	South American coati	*Nasua nasua*												✓				✓
30	Black-and-gold howler monkey	*Alouatta caraya*												✓	✓	✓	✓	
31	Ocelot	*Leopardus pardalis*												✓				
32	Black-tailed marmoset	*Mico melanurus*													✓			
33	Jaguar	*Panthera onca*														✓	✓	✓
	BIRDS																	
1	Scarlet macaw	*Ara macao*	✓	✓			✓	✓										
2	Rock pigeon	*Columba livia*	✓										✓					
3	Cattle egret	*Bubulcus ibis*	✓		✓				✓	✓			✓	✓				✓
4	Black vulture	*Coragyps atratus*	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
5	White-browed meadow-lark	*Leistes superciliaris*	✓					✓										
6	Smooth-billed ani	*Crotophaga ani*	✓						✓				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
7	Southern crested caracara	*Caracara plancus*	✓				✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
8	Spix's guan	*Penelope jacquacu*	✓				✓											
9	Anhinga	*Anhinga anhinga*	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓							✓	✓	✓	✓
10	Neotropical cormorant	*Nannopterum brasilianum*	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓							✓	✓	✓	✓
11	Wood stork	*Mycteria americana*	✓		✓								✓	✓	✓	✓		✓
12	Capped heron	*Pilherodius pileatus*	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓						✓	✓	✓	✓	
13	Common pauraque	*Nyctidromus albicollis*	✓	✓			✓					✓	✓	✓				
14	Rufescent tiger heron	*Tigrisoma lineatum*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓						✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
15	White-winged swallow	*Tachycineta albiventer*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				✓				✓	✓	✓
16	Red-throated piping guan	*Aburria cujubi*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓							✓	✓		
17	Red-capped cardinal	*Paroaria gularis*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓										
18	Ringed kingfisher	*Megaceryle torquata*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓			✓	✓	✓	✓
19	Green-and-rufous kingfisher	*Chloroceryle inda*		✓	✓	✓												
20	Golden-winged parakeet	*Brotogeris chrysoptera*		✓	✓	✓	✓											
21	Kawall's parrot	*Amazona kawalli*		✓														
22	Green kingfisher	*Chloroceryle americana*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓									✓	
23	Blue-grey tanager	*Thraupis episcopus*		✓				✓										
24	Picazuro pigeon	*Patagioenas picazuro*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

25	Black-throated mango	*Anthracothorax nigricollis*		✓	✓	✓													
26	White-banded swallow	*Atticora fasciata*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓											
27	Green ibis	*Mesembrinibis cayennensis*		✓		✓	✓	✓						✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
28	Sunbittern	*Eurypyga helias*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓						✓	✓	✓	✓		
29	Black-fronted nunbird	*Monasa nigrifrons*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓							✓		✓		
30	White-tipped dove	*Leptotila verreauxi*		✓	✓									✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
31	Amazon kingfisher	*Chloroceryle amazona*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓							✓		✓	✓	
32	Blue-headed parrot	*Pionus menstuus*		✓		✓	✓	✓											
33	Black-collared swallow	*Pygochelidon melanoleuca*		✓			✓	✓											
34	Lesser kiskadee	*Philohydor lictor*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓							
35	Swallow-winged puffbird	*Chelidoptera tenebrosa*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓											
36	White-eyed parakeet	*Aratinga leucophthalma*		✓															
37	Red-fan parrot	*Deroptyus accipitrinus*		✓		✓	✓												
38	Blue-and-yellow macaw	*Ara ararauna*		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓							
39	Roadside hawk	*Rupornis magnirostris*		✓						✓				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
40	Snowy egret	*Egretta thula*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
41	Channel-billed toucan	*Ramphastos vitellinus*		✓															
42	Striated heron	*Butorides striata*		✓	✓	✓		✓								✓	✓	✓	✓
43	Cocoi heron	*Ardea cocoi*		✓	✓									✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
44	Southern rough-winged swallow	*Stelgidopteryx ruficollis*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
45	Grey-necked wood-rail	*Aramedis cajanea*		✓										✓	✓	✓		✓	
46	Greater yellow-headed vulture	*Cathartes melambrotus*		✓	✓	✓	✓												
47	Great black hawk	*Buteogallus urubitinga*		✓	✓									✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
48	Madeira parakeet	*Pyrrhura snethlageae*		✓	✓			✓											
49	Red-throated caracara	*Ibycter americanus*		✓		✓													
50	Yellow-rumped cacique	*Cacicus cela*		✓		✓								✓	✓				
51	Razor-billed curassow	*Mitu tuberosum*		✓	✓	✓	✓												
52	Bare-necked fruit-crow	*Gymnoderus foetidus*		✓			✓												
53	Palm tanager	*Thraupis palmarum*		✓		✓		✓			✓	✓	✓						
54	Spangled cotinga	*Cotinga cayana*		✓	✓		✓												
55	Red-necked aracari	*Pteroglossus bitorquatus*		✓			✓												
56	Chestnut-fronted macaw	*Ara severus*		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓											
57	Ladder-tailed nightjar	*Hydropsalis climacocerca*		✓	✓														
58	Mealy parrot	*Amazona farinosa*			✓	✓													
59	Silvery antbird	*Sclateria naevia*			✓														

60	Plumbeous kite	*Ictinia plumbea*			✓	✓												
61	Masked tanager	*Tangara nigrocincta*			✓													
62	King vulture	*Sarcoramphus papa*			✓								✓					
63	Yellow-tufted woodpecker	*Melanerpes cruentatus*			✓													
64	White-bellied parrot	*Pionites leucogaster*			✓		✓											
65	Bare-faced curassow	*Crax fasciolata*			✓	✓	✓	✓						✓	✓	✓		
66	White-necked jacobin	*Florisuga mellivora*			✓													
67	Bat falcon	*Falco rufigularis*			✓													
68	Yellow-billed tern	*Sternula superciliaris*			✓										✓	✓	✓	
69	Amazonian umbrellabird	*Cephalopterus ornatus*			✓		✓											
70	Pied lapwing	*Vanellus cayanus*			✓											✓	✓	
71	Black skimmer	*Rynchops niger*			✓											✓		✓
72	Boat-billed heron	*Cochlearius cochlearius*			✓		✓							✓		✓		
73	Drab water-tyrant	*Ochthornis littoralis*				✓	✓											
74	White-throated toucan	*Ramphastos tucanus*				✓												
75	Blue-winged macaw	*Primolius maracana*				✓												
76	Great egret	*Ardea alba*				✓				✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
77	Scaled pigeon	*Patagioenas speciosa*				✓												
78	Long-billed starthroat	*Heliomaster longirostris*				✓												
79	Plumbeous pigeon	*Patagioenas plumbea*				✓												
80	Red-bellied macaw	*Orthopsittaca manilatus*				✓												
81	Hoatzin	*Opisthocomus hoazin*				✓												
82	Black-capped donacobius	*Donacobius atricapilla*				✓										✓	✓	
83	Tropical kingbird	*Tyrannus melancholius*				✓	✓			✓		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
84	Olive oropendola	*Psarocolius bifasciatus*				✓												
85	Brown-winged schiffornis	*Schiffornis turdina*				✓												
86	White-ruffed puffbird						✓											
87	Red-necked woodpecker	*Campephilus rubricollis*					✓											
88	Black-crowned tityra	*Tityra inquisitor*					✓											
89	Double-toothed kite	*Harpagus bidentatus*					✓											
90	Opal-rumped tanager	*Tangara velia*					✓											
91	Chestnut woodpecker	*Celeus elegans*					✓											
92	Swallow-tailed kite	*Elanoides forficatus*					✓											
93	Flame-crowned manakin	*Heterocercus linteatus*					✓											
94	Red-and-green macaw	*Ara chloropterus*					✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓					

95	Muscovy duck	*Cairina moschata*					✓			✓	✓	✓							
96	Large-billed tern	*Phaetusa simplex*					✓										✓	✓	
97	Southern lapwing	*Vanellus chilensis*					✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
98	Greater ani	*Crotophaga major*					✓	✓						✓					
99	Short-tailed nighthawk	*Lurocalis semitorquatus*					✓												
100	Silvery-beaked tanager	*Ramphocelus carbo*						✓		✓				✓	✓			✓	✓
101	Grey-rumped swift	*Chaetura cinereiventris*						✓											
102	Cream-coloured woodpecker	*Celeus flavus*						✓											
103	Squirrel cuckoo	*Piaya cayana*						✓							✓				
104	Lettered aracari	*Pteroglossus inscriptus*						✓											
105	Grey-fronted dove	*Leptotila rufaxilla*						✓											
106	Grey-lined hawk	*Buteo nitidus*						✓											
107	Jabiru stork	*Jabiru mycteria*						✓						✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
108	House sparrow	*Passer domesticus*							✓										
109	Red-legged seriema	*Cariama cristata*							✓	✓	✓	✓	✓						
110	Blue-fronted parrot/ turquoise-fronted Amazon	*Amazona aestiva*								✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓			
111	Yellow-faced parrot	*Alipiopsitta xanthops*								✓		✓							
112	Pale-breasted thrush	*Turdus leucomelas*								✓									
113	White woodpecker	*Melanerpes candidus*								✓	✓		✓					✓	
114	Blue-crowned parakeet	*Aratinga acuticaudata*								✓	✓		✓	✓					
115	Cinnamon tanager	*Schistochlamys ruficapillus*								✓	✓	✓		✓					
116	Grey monjita	*Xolmis cinereus*								✓									
117	Black-throated saltator	*Saltator atricollis*								✓	✓		✓						
118	Rusty-backed antwren	*Formicivora rufa*								✓									
119	Blue-and-white swallow	*Notiochelidon cyanoleuca*								✓	✓	✓							
120	Peach-fronted parakeet	*Aratinga aurea*								✓		✓	✓	✓	✓				
121	Curl-crested jay	*Cyanocorax cristatellus*								✓	✓	✓							
122	Pale-vented pigeon	*Patagioenas cayennensis*								✓									
123	Glittering-bellied emerald	*Chlorostilbon aureoventris*								✓	✓								
124	Chalk-browed mockingbird	*Mimus saturninus*								✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				
125	Yellow-bellied elaenia	*Elaenia flavogaster*								✓	✓								
126	Rufous-collared sparrow	*Zonotrichia capensis*								✓	✓	✓							
127	Masked gnatcatcher	*Polioptila dumicola*								✓	✓								
128	Aplomado falcon	*Falco femoralis*								✓		✓							

129	Toco toucan	*Ramphastos toco*								✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓			✓
130	Lesser yellow-headed vulture	*Cathartes burrovianus*								✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
131	Red-shouldered macaw	*Diopsittaca nobilis*								✓									
132	Crane hawk	*Geranospiza caerulescens*								✓									
133	Blue-black grassquit	*Volatinia jacarina*								✓	✓	✓	✓						
134	Southern house wren	*Troglodytes musculus*								✓									
135	Picui ground dove	*Columbina picui*								✓	✓	✓						✓	
136	Chopi blackbird	*Gnorimopsar chopi*								✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			✓
137	Rufous hornero	*Furnarius rufus*								✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			✓
138	Scaled dove	*Columbina squammata*								✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			
139	Saffron finch	*Sicalis flaveola*								✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			✓
140	Swallow-tailed hummingbird	*Eupetomena macroura*								✓	✓	✓							
141	Sayaca tanager	*Thraupis sayaca*								✓	✓	✓	✓	✓					
142	Campo flicker	*Colaptes campestris*								✓				✓	✓				
143	Barn owl	*Tyto alba*								✓			✓	✓	✓	✓			
144	Scissor-tailed nightjar	*Hydropsalis torquata*								✓	✓								
145	Buff-necked ibis	*Theristicus caudatus*									✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓
146	Southern beardless tyrannulet	*Camptostoma obsoletum*									✓								
147	White-rumped tanager	*Cypsnagra hirundinacea*									✓		✓						
148	Yellow-bellied seedeater	*Sporophila nigricollis*									✓								
149	White-faced whistling duck	*Dendrocygna viduata*									✓	✓							
150	Pied-billed grebe	*Podilymbus podiceps*									✓	✓							
151	Comb duck	*Sarkidiornis melanotis*									✓	✓							
152	Lesser seedfinch	*Oryzoborus angolensis*									✓								
153	Brown-crested flycatcher	*Myiarchus tyrannulus*									✓								
154	Burnished-buff tanager	*Tangara cayana*									✓								
155	Rufous-fronted thornbird	*Phacellodomus rufifrons*									✓								
156	Rufous-browed peppershrike	*Cyclarhis gujanensis*									✓								
157	Southern yellowthroat	*Geothlypis velatus*									✓								
158	White-vented violetear	*Colibri serrirostris*									✓	✓							
159	Plain-crested elaenia	*Elaenia cristata*									✓								
160	(Lowland) hepatic tanager	*Piranga flava*									✓		✓						
161	Crimson-crested woodpecker	*Campephilus melanoleucus*									✓								
162	Narrow-billed woodcreeper	*Lepidocolaptes angustirostris*									✓			✓	✓	✓			
163	White-rumped monjita	*Xolmis velatus*									✓	✓				✓			

164	Greater rhea	*Rhea americana*									✓			✓	✓				✓
165	Yellow-headed caracara	*Milvago chimachima*									✓	✓							
166	Yellow-chevroned parakeet	*Brotogeris chiriri*									✓			✓	✓	✓			
167	Black-and-white hawk-eagle	*Spizaetus melanoleucus*									✓								
168	Common potoo	*Nyctibius griseus*									✓								
169	White-tailed hawk	*Buteo albicaudatus*										✓							
170	Small-billed tinamou	*Crypturellus parvirostris*										✓							
171	Chapada flycatcher	*Suiriri islerorum*										✓							
172	Short-eared owl	*Asio flammeus*											✓						
173	Coal-crested finch	*Charitospiza eucosma*											✓						
174	Burrowing owl	*Athene cunicularia*											✓						
175	Helmeted guineafowl	*Numida meleagris*											✓						
176	Savanna hawk	*Heterospizias meridionalis*												✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
177	Hyacinth macaw	*Anodorhynchus hyacinthinus*												✓	✓	✓			
178	Whistling heron	*Syrigma sibilatrix*												✓	✓				
179	Guira cuckoo	*Guira guira*												✓	✓	✓			✓
180	Black-bellied whistling duck	*Dendrocygna autumnalis*												✓					✓
181	Purplish jay	*Cyanocorax cyanomelas*												✓	✓	✓			
182	Yellow-billed cardinal	*Paroaria capitata*												✓	✓	✓		✓	✓
183	Greater kiskadee	*Pitangus sulphuratus*												✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
184	Red-crested cardinal	*Paroaria coronata*												✓	✓				
185	Greyish baywing	*Agelaioides badius*												✓	✓	✓			✓
186	Rufous-bellied thrush	*Turdus rufiventris*												✓	✓	✓			
187	Crested oropendola	*Psarocolius decumanus*												✓	✓	✓			
188	Plumbeous ibis	*Theristicus caerulescens*												✓	✓		✓	✓	✓
189	Snail kite	*Rostrhamus sociabilis*												✓	✓	✓	✓		✓
190	Limpkin	*Aramus guarauna*												✓	✓	✓			✓
191	Vermilion flycatcher	*Pyrocephalus rubinus*												✓	✓		✓	✓	
192	Wattled jacana	*Jacana jacana*												✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
193	Monk parakeet	*Myiopsitta monachus*												✓	✓		✓	✓	
194	Black-collared hawk	*Busarellus nigricollis*												✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
195	Greyish saltator	*Saltator coerulescens*												✓		✓			✓
196	Chaco chachalaca	*Ortalis canicollis*												✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
197	Barred antshrike	*Thamnophilus doliatus*												✓					
198	Rufous casiornis	*Casiornis rufus*												✓	✓	✓	✓		

199	Little woodpecker	*Veniliornis passerinus*												✓					
200	Green-barred woodpecker	*Colaptes melanochloros*												✓		✓			
201	Solitary cacique	*Cacicus solitarius*												✓		✓		✓	✓
202	Red-billed scythebill	*Campylorhamphus trochilirostris*												✓					
203	Great horned owl	*Bubo virginianus*												✓	✓				
204	Orange-backed troupial	*Icterus croconotus*												✓	✓			✓	
205	Blue-throated piping guan	*Pipile cumanensis*												✓	✓	✓			
206	Bare-faced ibis	*Phimosus infuscatus*												✓	✓				
207	Roseate spoonbill	*Platalea ajaja*												✓	✓				✓
208	Chestnut-bellied guan	*Penelope ochrogaster*												✓	✓	✓			
209	Black-crowned night-heron	*Nycticorax nycticorax*													✓		✓	✓	✓
210	Black-hooded (Nandayus) parakeet	*Nandayus nenday*													✓				
211	Laughing falcon	*Herpetotheres cachinnans*													✓				
212	Chestnut-eared aracari	*Pteroglossus castanotis*													✓				
213	Blue-crowned trogon	*Trogon curucui*													✓				
214	Buff-throated woodcreeper	*Xiphorhynchus guttatus*													✓				
215	Lineated woodpecker	*Dryocopus lineatus*													✓				
216	Great antshrike	*Taraba major*													✓				
217	Black-backed water tyrant	*Fluvicola albiventer*														✓	✓	✓	
218	Golden-collared macaw	*Primolius auricollis*														✓			
219	Glittering-throated emerald	*Amazilia fimbriata*														✓			
220	Rufous-tailed jacamar	*Galbula ruficauda*														✓		✓	
221	Ruddy ground dove	*Columbina talpacoti*														✓			
222	Cattle tyrant	*Machetornis rixosa*														✓			
223	Southern screamer	*Chauna torquata*														✓			✓
224	Rusty-backed spinetail	*Cranioleuca vulpina*															✓		
225	Pale-legged hornero	*Furnarius leucopus*															✓		
226	Collared plover	*Charadrius collaris*															✓		
227	Band-tailed nighthawk	*Nyctiprogne leucopyga*															✓	✓	
228	Great potoo	*Nyctibius grandis*																✓	
229	Shiny cowbird	*Molothrus bonariensis*																	✓
230	Guira cuckoo	*Guira guira*																	✓