

What a great experience with a highly professional team! The consequent hunting on tracks with the firm belief that at the end of each track we would find the game was a completely new experience for me. We always knew, that it would only be a matter of time until we made contact with the game. Therefore it was no surprise that the first days of our hunting trip passed by quickly.

However after the fifth day we decided that we needed a change and so we decided to take a boat trip. There was a small boat-dock right below the camp. Our destination was a small island in the Zambesi, which is located about 2.5 km away from the camp site. As our boat drove along the island, we saw a group of resting hippos on the shore which were sliding into the water. However the bull of the group did not slide into the water as he did not feel disturbed by our appearance. His behavior was a bad mistake! Once we touched ground on the island we decided to go to the bull hippo, which was situated about 80 meters away from us. As we approached his beach we were able to see, that he was still there. We stalked towards him only covered by a few sedges. Luke and I approached him up to a distance of 15 meters silently as the sand swallowed every sound of our footsteps. The bull was sleepy and did not feel endangered by us at all. We forgot the tripod in the car so that I had to shoot freehand. I stabilized my left arm on my left knee. It was a perfect brain shot, as he was only 3 meters away from the water. The hippo-bull is stumbling towards me. The target cross was resting just above his eye, from where a straight line led directly into his brain. I slowly pulled the trigger and the shot breaks deafening. The hippo bull slumps down immediately. The second shot was a classic shoulder shot but the bull showed no reaction as he was dead already. The hippo rolled to the left side. Luke wanted to be sure and told me to shoot again. I again shot at the bull but this time, I aimed at his chest. The hippo hunt on land is exciting yet dangerous, especially if the first shot is not aimed well.

Due to a small accident we were obliged to change our hunting area. So we went to Dande-Est to the „Karunga-Camp“. After we transferred to the Kurunga Camp we decided to go hunting in the afternoon. The hunting area of the Karunga Camp had a completely different character than the area of the Matombo Camp. We followed the trails and found fresh tracks of a herd of sable antelopes at the waterholes. The antelopes must have heard us coming and moved immediately. We decided to follow the antelopes immediately. Within half an hour we had caught up with the herd. The herd was located 200 meters away from us and was busy grazing. The

antelopes had not noticed our presence which was our chance. We managed to zoom a little closer. The antelopes spread out over the area. Some antelopes stood individually in gaps between the trees and a bull is standing at the end of the group. Luke confirmed that the bull we saw was a mature bull. I couldn't see the head of the bull only the top line of the antelope. I trust Luke when he tells me that the bull is good. I gave the shot without having convinced myself. The distance between the bull and me is about 180 meters. The gun was well positioned on the tripod allowing me to adjust the target cross centrally in the carcass. As we only had a four power scope, it was hard to determine. The shot hit the bull and he goes away with a deeply bowed head. I was no longer able to see the bull as he vanished through the dense vegetation. Luke and the tracker went after him to anticipate. I was only able to hobble slowly after them. Their eyes are focused on the ground. Our game-scout came to congratulate me whilst following the bull. The bull had made a short flight of 80 meters. I had given him a deep shoulder shot. As I finally arrived at the game, I was able to see that there was an old sable bull in front of me. The other guys managed to make a successful approach to the herd despite my impairment. What a feeling!

On the morning of the twelfth day, we discovered a dagga boy only 80 meters away from the path. We made an attempt to come close to him, but he realized our approach and headed off. We omitted to follow him further. We wanted to use the bull for our afternoon pick up game. So we let him rest first and took on his trail in the afternoon. The trackers are accustomed to reading the trails and are highly focused on their task. Therefore it was no surprise that it was easy for them to follow the tracks of the bull. The bull had managed to get a head start of 1.6 km. The tracker was 8 meters ahead of Luke and I as we finally made contact to the bull. As I saw into their direct, Luke held a gun in front of my eyes telling me to shoot. So I took the gun that Luke had given me and followed Luke's view. And there he was, the dagga boy! He must have leaved directly as he was now 25 meters away from us. The tracker remained highly focused on the tracks to determine, whether they had noticed anything yet. The upcoming curve would be the last curve before they saw the dagga boy. Only 3 seconds past from the acquisition of the rifle to the end. The bull gets shot into the shoulder and heads off with a high speed. I repeat the gun and shot a second time. A lucky shot into the spine can cause him to break down instantly. However the bullet was deflected by a branch and pitched with the broadside. Now the dagga boy is 20 meters away from the first point of contact. The

entire operation took less than 10 seconds. A good dagga boy has now become my prey.