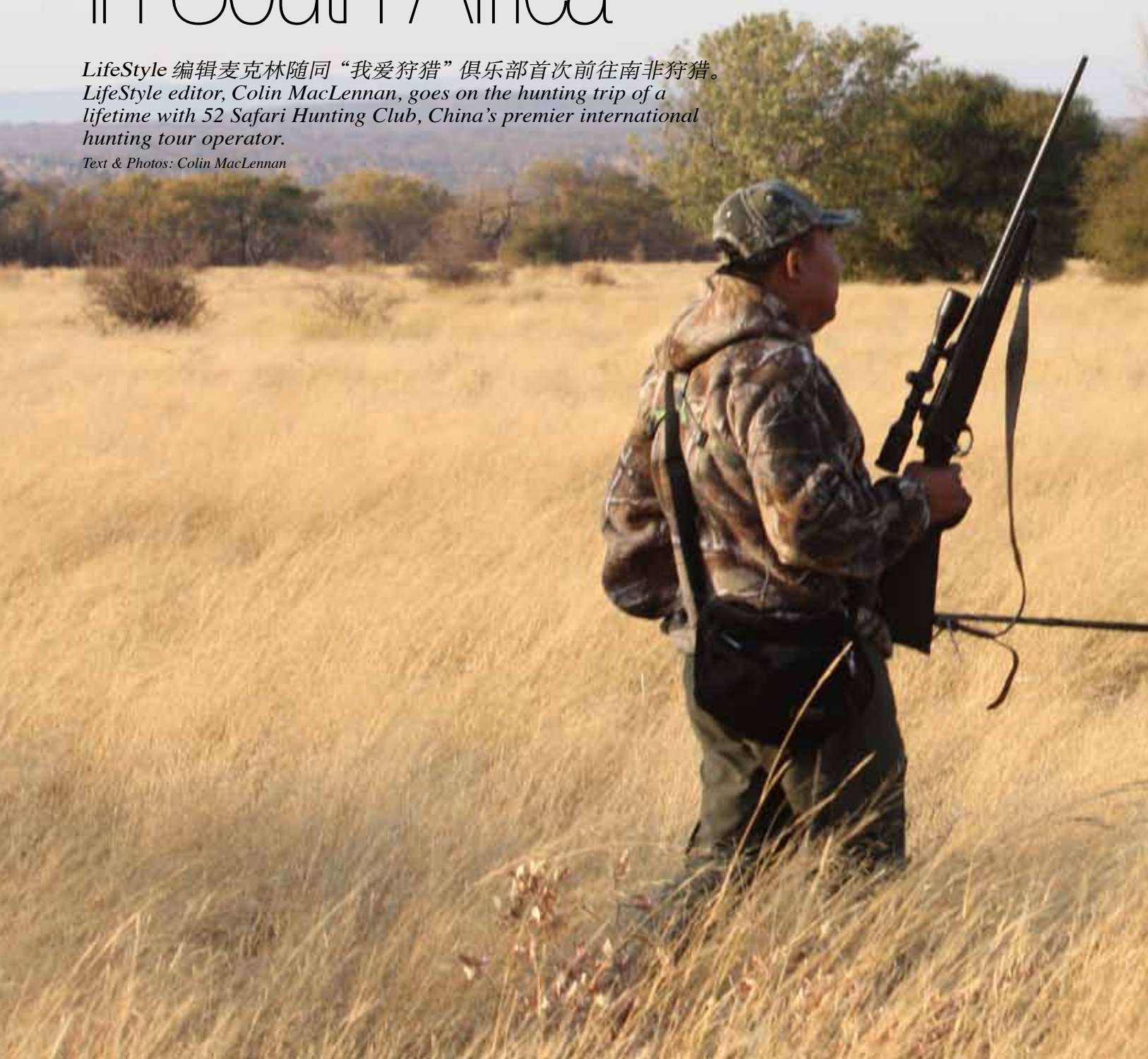


# 南非狩猎之旅

# On the Hunt in South Africa

*LifeStyle 编辑麦克林随同“我爱狩猎”俱乐部首次前往南非狩猎。  
LifeStyle editor, Colin MacLennan, goes on the hunting trip of a  
lifetime with 52 Safari Hunting Club, China's premier international  
hunting tour operator.*

*Text & Photos: Colin MacLennan*





当初答应美国人卢彬（北京“我爱狩猎”俱乐部总裁）同他一起去南非狩猎时，我无论如何也想不到会独自一人伏在树上抱着 .308 口径温彻斯特来福枪静待猎物的到来。事情是这样的：有一次我去采访卢彬，看到他的办公室里挂着好几只大大的猎物标本。之后我收到他的邀请，参加前往南非林波波省一家私人猎场的六日狩猎旅行，同行的还有几位中国客人。我一直以为我很勇敢，我曾只靠搭便车穿越西藏，曾徒步穿越中国与老挝边境，曾走过海拔 4800 米的世界最高口岸——中国与巴基斯坦边境的红其拉甫口岸，还曾从中国坐火车到过朝鲜。我梦想着能有更多的冒险经历，但在遇到卢彬之前，我从未真正想过要去非洲南部旅行，更别提去那里狩猎了。虽然想象着亲手打到猎物的感觉，但无奈费用昂贵，我也许只是这次狩猎的旁观者罢了。即便如此，能有这样近距离感受的机会已经让我很满足了。

我们从北京启程，飞行 7 个小时到迪拜转机，8 个小时后抵达约翰内斯堡，又驱车向北行驶了 400 公里，在跨越半个地球后，终于在凌晨 3 点钟到达了猎场。之后又驱车 30 分钟来到位于这片 100 平方公里的猎场腹地的狩猎旅馆。途中遇到了几只长颈鹿，竟然就在距离我们的车子不到 10 米远的地方。当我在旅馆里醒来，看到一片原始纯朴的景象，意识到自己真的来到了无数次在电视里见到的广袤无垠的非洲大草原。成群结队的野生动物、澄净的蓝天、红色的砂质土壤、高高的野草、浓密的灌木丛，不时有低矮树木散落其间。还有旅馆的茅草屋，与周围的景色是那么协调。

我们在旅馆外面的茅草棚下吃了丰盛的早餐，有烤面包、炒鸡蛋以及用猎物做成的美味香肠。然后步行来到 50 米外的靶场聆听安全注意事项，并进行狩猎前的射击练习。我、卢彬和他 11 岁的儿子、来自吉林的一名中年男子和他 12 岁的儿子以及一对北京的中年夫妇，共有 7 个人参加狩猎。四名中国人里，只有来自吉林的男子有过非洲狩猎的经历。虽然那对北京夫妇曾在中国和蒙古狩猎，但只不过是打打兔子和野猪。练习了几轮射击后，我们分成两组，开始了首次狩猎之旅。



公黑斑羚和狒狒  
Impala buck and baboons

猎场主人带领卢彬父亲和那对夫妇，我和另外一对父子则跟随一名猎场专门雇来的当地职业猎人。穿上卡其装，做好伪装，我们坐上皮卡出发了，每个人手里都握着一把猎枪，胸前挂着照相机。我们沿着土路驶进灌木丛的深处，大约一个多小时后卡车在一个伪装起来的砖砌小坑洞前停了下来，附近有一个动物饮水的小水坑，这就是狩猎所用的掩体了。我们进入坑洞，等待动物到来。狭小的坑洞里又黑又脏，但我们必须保持绝对的安静，毕竟这是在非洲狩猎，不可能像坐在咖啡馆里闲聊一样悠闲自在。眨眼功夫，就接连有一小群黑斑羚、疣猪一家和一只斑马来这里喝水。坑洞里有四扇小窗户，向导占据了一个最好的位置。因此他一看斑马出现，就小声让我询问旁边的一对父子是否要出手。我话音刚落，这位父亲就将子弹上膛递给儿子，望着他，一脸迫切期待的神情。儿子一言不发，举起枪，把枪筒伸到掩体外面，扣动扳机。整个过程极其熟练，一气呵成。震耳欲聋的枪声过后，男孩子明显在兴奋地颤抖，他转过头来看看父亲，脸上笑开了花。在依次向他道贺之后，我们爬出掩体，走向躺在30米外的空地上一动不动的猎物。仔细检查之后，向导热切地宣布我们打到了一个极好的战利品——一只体型巨大的老年雄性斑马。此时，父亲却告诉儿子他能在如此短的时间近距离射杀一只斑马实在是幸运极了。因为去年秋天他自己在这里狩猎的时候，在灌木丛中艰苦跋涉了三天才发现并射杀了一只斑马，而且射程是在150米之外。我最终也意识到这个男孩子有多么幸运，因为在余下的时间里再没有斑马出现。

在与猎物合影留念并把它拖上卡车后，我们返回营地，迅速吃完午餐再返回继续狩猎。那位父亲渴望打到南非最大的羚羊——大羚羊（成年大羚羊的体重可达600公斤）和长着一对又长又直的角的直角羚。就在他上一次，也是首次非洲狩猎之旅时，五天的时间里他总共打到了15只动物，却没有遇到过一只他中意的猎物，因此这一次他志在必得。我们在掩体里等待了好几个钟头，却没有一只动物出现。最终我们等来了一群疣猪，父亲再

次鼓励儿子出手，儿子也再次不负父望。同样，合影留念，装上卡车，继续狩猎。又是几个小时过去了，这位父亲期待的猎物依然不见踪影。黄昏来临的时候，疣猪再次现身，男孩子第三次出手。再次与疣猪合影后，我们返回营地，享受了丰盛的晚餐，其中就有烤野味。相互交流了一天的经历之后，我们一致认为首次狩猎大获全胜，这自然是由于我们轻易就将一头斑马收入囊中。

接下来的狩猎中，这对父子又收获了好几只猎物，其中就有黑斑羚和林羚（这两种都是肉味异常鲜美的野味）。除此之外，我们还看到了许多其它种类的大型羚羊，诸如捻角羚、狷羚和水羚，不过这位父亲谢绝出手，因为上次狩猎中这些已经是他的囊中之物了。那对北京夫妇打到了两只斑马、一只牛羚、一只水羚、几只黑斑羚和疣猪。丈夫有两次还差点打到一只林羚和一只捻角羚，可惜的是两次枪都卡住了。更加遗憾的是，那位一心想打到大羚羊和直角羚的父亲为此连续两天从早到晚守在掩体里，一枪不发，却始终没能等到他心仪的猎物。就在第二天的黄昏时分，至少有60只狒狒来到附近的小水坑喝水。在此之前，我们已经连续等待了将近7个小时，因此在看到这么一大群又叫又跳活跃非常的动物时，我们都非常兴奋。然而向导却让我们保持绝对安静，甚至不许悄悄说话。据向导说，狒狒生性高度警觉，善于发现潜在的危险，其它许多动物经常把狒狒的举动视为风向标，这就是所谓的“大的看小的，小的看狒狒”。如果后者能够自由自在地饮水，那么其它动物也会毫无顾忌地随之而来。果不其然，几分钟后一只巨大的四脚动物无声无息地出现了。由于天色已晚，一开始我们很难辨别是何种动物，但不一会儿向导就确定这是一只身型异常庞大的牛羚。就在那位从未见过牛羚的父亲急于瞄准射杀的时候，向导却示意他把枪放下，低声告诉我这是一只独角牛羚。当他得知这一消息时失望地叹了口气，因为独角猎物是不适合当做战利品制成标本的。在非洲大草原狩猎就是如此，事情总是千变万化，永远无法预知，而乐趣也恰恰在此。

连续五天的狩猎之后，“意外”来临了，卢彬特意为我在行程的最后一天安排了一次猎杀黑斑羚的机会。这远远超出了我的想象！因为我所期待的只是用相机见证这次狩猎之旅。紧张之余，我甚至盼望旅行早点结束。但既来之则安之，我欣然接受了这份“馈赠”。最后一天的上午，猎场主开着皮卡带我来到猎场中一个我从未来过的地方，我们爬到一棵树上，坐在离地大约有4米高的树枝上的一个金属座位上。这是我第一次体验树上掩体，看起来它比黑暗憋闷的坑洞有趣多了。但不久我就发现并非如此。等待了将近一个多小时后，一群黑斑羚出现了，但它们始终不肯接近小水坑，由于视野不够清晰，我也就无法射击。后来我才得知这是因为在开阔的地带，当微风吹过，猎物很容易嗅到猎人的气味。我还进一步知晓猎物都是极其谨慎小心的，特别是在饮水的时候，因为此时他们最容易受到攻击。经过亿万年的进化，这些生活在遍布大型肉食动物的非洲大草原的生灵具备了敏锐的生存本能。踌躇了几分钟之后，其中一只突然箭一般地逃窜，于是整群羚羊受到惊吓，逃跑得无影无踪了。这时我的同伴说他需要回营地处理一些事情，让我留在这里，几个小时之后来接我。

这样，没有了职业猎人的指导，我只能依靠自己的判断了。我必须独自发现合适的羚羊（最理想的是长着长长的角的老公羊），选择合适的时机，然后最好将其一枪毙命。我耐心地等待了大约一个小时，却再没看到一只羚羊，我开始担心向导回来之前恐怕不会再有羚羊出现了。也许有时候狩猎有一点点单调，但也正因为其中的不确定性才使猎人更加充满期待与渴望，当目标最终出现时，猎人就会瞬间被兴奋攫住。正当我濒临绝望的时候，竟然有五只体型庞大的大羚羊现身了！而之前的整整五天，那位非常希望打到大羚羊的中国人却从未遇见过一只！这些为数众多的大羚羊确是相当难以捉摸！为此，除了巨大的体型之外，这一特点也使其成为众相追逐的对象！一时间，我目瞪口呆，不禁为他没能在这里感到遗憾，我甚至很想为他射杀一只，以弥补他的遗憾。但很快我就克制住了这种冲动，因为我想到如果他认为这不是亲手射杀而不肯付相应的费用的话，那我岂不是要付出巨大的代价？这样想着，我逐渐恢复了理智，将近一个小时都

满怀敬畏平静地望着它们。它们简直就是小心翼翼的动物的典范，直到现在都没有一只羚羊前去喝水。可能是嗅到了我的存在的缘故，它们一直反复地进进退退。黑斑羚终于出现了，我的心狂跳起来。然而向导很快就要回来了，我一定要抓紧时间出击。我把枪放稳，在视野范围中搜寻，终于找到了我想要的那一只。它正站在100米外的灌木丛后面，我等待它走得更近一些。当它恰好处于合适的距离的时候，我拉掉保险，将准星对准它的肩膀，深吸一口气，果断扣动了扳机。听到隆隆的枪声，黑斑羚和五只大羚羊霎时逃窜得不见了。我急忙从树上下来，肩膀上吊着来福枪，向目标跑去。在100米开外的地方我停了下来，开始搜索猎物，但不见任何踪迹。我检查地上是否有血迹，心想它可能受伤逃走了，大多数猎物在这种情况下都是如此。通常受重伤的猎物会跑出一段距离，但有时也会跑出几百米甚至几公里远。周围植物茂密，可见度很低，我仔细搜寻了大约15分钟后决定不再盲目兜圈子，而是利用剩下的极为有限的时间回到树上等待猎物的再次出现。然而直到15分钟后听到汽车马达的轰隆声，我再没看到一只羚羊。向导回来了，我的狩猎之旅结束了。

我再也无从得知是否打中了那只羚羊，这让我很失落。但这六天的经历让我意识到狩猎是所能想象到的最变化莫测的活动。实际上，除非亲自体验，否则根本无法想象它到底有多么千变万化，但这也正是它令人兴奋与值得尝试的原因。狩猎并非仅仅是杀死猎物，而是体验狩猎带来的乐趣。你身处大自然中，跟踪、等待你的猎物，观察各种各样的动物自由自在地在栖息地徜徉。仅此次旅行，我就见识了几十种共上百只动物，包括美丽的鸟儿，欣赏了令人叹为观止的壮丽风景，学到了有关野生动植物、狩猎和非洲草原的很多知识，比如月亮和风的运动都会对动物行为产生影响。我还结识了很棒的朋友，猎场的主人和员工对人都很友好平和，学识渊博，给我们讲述了许多扣人心弦的打猎故事！久居城市的人或许会觉得身处大自然中颇有不便，其实无需担心，这里的房间舒适干净，饭菜也十分可口。这次旅行将会是我一生中永久珍藏的记忆！

若想了解更多有关南非及世界各地的狩猎信息，  
请登陆 [www.52safari.com](http://www.52safari.com)

疣猪标本  
Warthog trophy mount





树上掩体  
Tree blind



When I first agreed to accompany Scott Lupien, President of 52 Safari Hunting Club, on a hunting safari to South Africa, I didn't imagine myself sitting alone in a tree cradling a .308 Winchester bolt action rifle while waiting patiently to shoot my first impala. After interviewing him for an article at his office in Beijing under the seemingly all-seeing eyes of several big game trophies mounted on the walls, Scott had been kind enough to invite me to join him and a small group of Chinese clients on a six day trip to a private hunting reserve in South Africa's Limpopo province. Having lived in China for years, I like to consider myself a fairly intrepid traveler; I've hitchhiked across the Tibetan plateau; crossed the border from China into Laos by foot; travelled to Pakistan from China via the 4800m high Khunjerab Pass (the highest international border crossing in the world); I've even taken the train to North Korea from China. Despite having all that adventure and more under my belt though, until I met Scott, I had never once seriously considered traveling to the "Dark Continent", let alone for a hunting safari! Even then, once I agreed to go, I assumed it would merely be in the capacity of a passive journalistic observer. Of course, I harbored fantasies of actually bagging a beast of my own but considering that African hunting safaris are a rich man's game, I felt grateful enough to simply have the opportunity to be in close vicarious proximity to such an exciting activity.

After a long journey half way across the world (a 7 hour flight from Beijing to Dubai, followed by an 8 hour flight from Dubai to Johannesburg, and a 400 km drive north), we arrived at the gates of the hunting reserve at 3 am. It took another 30 minutes just to drive from the highway to the hunting lodge nestled deep inside the 100 square kilometer reserve; on the way, we spotted a couple of giraffe standing not more than 10 meters from our van. Later that morning, I woke up surrounded by a pristine wilderness resembling the images I had seen countless times on television of an endless African savanna teeming with wildlife: red sand, tall grass, and dense shrubbery interspersed with low-lying trees, all under a clear blue sky. Even the thatched-roof bungalows we stayed in resembled the terrain. Breakfast was eaten outside under a thick straw thatched roof and consisted of toast, scrambled eggs, and tasty sausages made of wild game from the reserve. Right after breakfast, we walked over to the firing-range 50 meters away for a safety briefing and shooting practice. Our group consisted of Scott, his 11 year old son, myself, and four Chinese clients. The Chinese clients included a middle-aged man from Jilin province and his 12 year old son, as well as a middle-aged husband and wife from Beijing. Apart from the father of the 12 year old, none of the Chinese clients had ever hunted in Africa. The husband and wife had previously hunted in China and Mongolia, but only small game like rabbits and wild boar. As soon as we had each fired a few practice rounds, we split into two groups and set off on our first day of hunting.

Scott, his son, and the couple from Beijing went with one of the owners of the reserve, while the father and son from Jilin and I went with a local South African PH (professional hunter) who had been hired by the reserve to guide us on our hunt. Dressed in khakis and camouflage, we set out in a pickup truck fitted with seats in the back, which we sat on while gripping rifles and cameras. We drove deep into the bush along a dirt road for about an hour before parking the jeep in a densely wooded area. From there we walked for about 10 minutes until we arrived at a small camouflaged bunker located near a watering hole. Known as a "blind" in hunting parlance, we entered the bunker to



《品味生活》杂志编辑麦克林  
LifeStyle Editor, Colin MacLennan



大羚羊  
Eland bull

wait for wild game to come and drink. It was dark, dusty and cramped inside and we had to remain perfectly silent, but we were there to hunt (or observe the process, in my case), not to chitchat over lattes. Within what felt like no time at all, animals started appearing at the watering hole - a small herd of impalas, a family of warthogs, and then a lone zebra. Once our guide spotted the zebra (he had the best view from the bunker, which had only four very small windows), he turned to me and asked in a whisper to ask the two clients in Chinese if they would like to shoot it. As soon as I translated the guide's question (neither of them spoke English), the father immediately loaded the rifle and handed it to his 12 year old son, while looking at him with an expression of expectant urgency. Without a word, the son raised the rifle, poked the barrel out of a small opening in the blind and squeezed the trigger - all in one fluid motion, as if by instinct. A loud explosion rendered us temporarily deaf and dumb, then the son, who was clearly shaking with adrenaline, turned to his father and started beaming with joy. After the father, guide and I took turns shaking the son's hand and congratulating him, we all exited the blind and walked over to a lifeless zebra lying in a clearing 30 meters away. Our guide inspected it for a moment before declaring enthusiastically that it was a very large old stallion; the perfect trophy. The father also took this opportunity to inform his son how lucky he was to have shot a zebra so quickly and from such a short distance. As it turns out, the father had actually hunted at the same reserve the previous fall. During that trip he also shot a

zebra, but it had taken him three days of trekking through the bush on foot before he spotted any, and the one he shot was over 150 meters away. I eventually came to learn for myself just how lucky his son was, since we didn't spot another zebra the entire trip.

After posing for photos with the zebra and loading it onto the pickup truck, we headed back to camp to drop it off and have a quick lunch before heading back out into the bush to continue hunting. The father was keen on shooting an eland, the largest species of antelope in South Africa (an average mature bull weighs 600 kg), and a gemsbok, a large antelope with extremely long, straight horns. The last time he hunted at this reserve, which was his first time hunting in Africa, he shot fifteen animals in five days but failed to encounter a single eland or gemsbok. This time he was determined to get both. Back at the blind, we waited and waited for hours but neither animal appeared. Finally, when a group of warthogs appeared, the father encouraged his son to shoot one, which he did. As with the zebra, we posed for photos with it, then put it on the truck and continued the hunt. Several more hours elapsed without spotting an eland or gemsbok. As dusk was nearing more warthogs appeared and the son asked to shoot another one. After posing for photos with the second warthog, we headed back to camp for a hearty dinner, which included delicious barbecued wild game. After discussing the day's events with Scott, it was determined that our first day of hunting had been a great success, no doubt on account of having bagged a zebra so easily.

During the rest of the trip, the father and son shot several more animals, including impala and bushbuck (both of which are extremely good to eat; the meat is very lean and tender). We also spotted many other large species of antelope, including kudu, hartebeest and waterbuck, but the father declined to shoot any of these because he had already done so on his previous trip. The husband and wife from Beijing shot two zebras, a wildebeest, and a waterbuck, along with several impala and warthogs; the husband almost shot a bushbuck and kudu as well, but on both occasions the rifle jammed. Unfortunately, the two animals the father from

Jilin desperately wanted to shoot - eland and gemsbok - failed to materialize. He even spent two entire days waiting in blinds from dawn until dusk without firing a single shot. Nearing dusk on the second of these two days, a troop of at least sixty baboons descended on the watering hole close to our blind. We had been sitting in a blind for nearly seven hours straight at this point, so it was quite exciting to see such a large group of highly animated primates jumping about shrieking and gesticulating. Our guide was excited as well but urged us to remain perfectly still and not so much as whisper. Apparently, baboons are extremely alert and adept at detecting danger, so much so that game animals often follow them, using them as a sort of biosensor alarm system. Our guide told us that big game observe small game but all game observe the baboons; in other words, if the latter were comfortable drinking at the watering hole, they would attract game animals to come drink as well. And sure enough, after only a few minutes, a large four-legged animal appeared behind the baboons like an apparition. At first it was difficult to make out what it was because it was nearly dark but after a moment, our guide determined that it was a wildebeest, and a huge one at that! The father had never seen a wildebeest before, so he wanted to shoot it. Just as he was taking aim though, the guide suddenly signaled him to put the gun down, then turned to me and whispered that it only had one horn! When I told this to the father, he sighed in disappointment; after all, a one-horned animal would not make a suitable trophy. That is just the "nature of the beast" though, as they say. You never know what you're going to encounter out in the wild, which is a big part of what makes hunting so appealing.

After five straight days of hunting, I was actually looking forward to the end of the trip. Not because I wasn't enjoying myself - I was immensely - but because Scott was kind enough to arrange with the owners of the reserve for me to shoot an impala on the final day. As I mentioned at the beginning of this article, I didn't expect to shoot any animal, except with a camera, of course. I was there as an observer and couldn't afford the fees to shoot anything anyway (hunters are charged a "trophy fee" for each animal they shoot), but when the offer was unexpectedly made, I eagerly accepted it. On the morning of the final day, one of the owners of the reserve took me in his pickup to a part of the reserve I had yet to visit. The two of us climbed a tree and sat in a metal seat perched on a branch about four meters off the ground. This was my first time sitting in a tree blind, and it was much more interesting than sitting in a dark and stuffy bunker. I soon discovered that tree blinds were not all I thought they were cut out to be though. After close to an hour, a herd of impala finally appeared near a watering hole close to the tree we were perched in, but they would not approach the water, so I couldn't get a clear shot. This, I was later told, was because they could smell the scent of our bodies much more easily in an open tree with a breeze passing through it. I learned on this trip that wild game are ultra-cautious, especially around watering holes (they are at their most vulnerable while drinking). The products of millions of years of evolutionary adaptation, they have developed keen survival instincts, particularly in places like Africa, which abounds with large predators. After vacillating for a few minutes, a member of the herd suddenly bolted, which spooked the rest, and they all fled. At this point, the owner of the reserve who was sitting with me said that he needed to go tend to something back at camp; he told me to stay and continue hunting alone, and said he would pick me up in a few hours.

From that point, I was on my own; without guidance from a PH (professional hunter), it was up to me to spot a suitable impala (preferably an old buck with long





牛羚  
Wildebeest trophy



卢彬和他打获的直角羚  
Scott Lupien with Gemsbok trophy

horns), choose the right moment, and take my best shot. I sat there patiently for another hour or so without spotting a single impala, and began to worry that I wouldn't before my guide returned. Hunting can get a bit monotonous at times but on the flipside, the uncertainty inherent in such a sport increases anticipation, which fuels desire, and when a target animal finally appears, the hunter is instantly intoxicated by a rush of adrenaline. Just as I was beginning to despair, this is exactly what happened to me when not one but FIVE large eland suddenly appeared! Remember, I had spent the previous five days hunting with a Chinese client who was obsessed with shooting an eland and we didn't spot one the entire time. While plentiful, eland are one of the most elusive species of wild game in South Africa - in addition to their enormous size, this makes them a highly desirable trophy animal. After being momentarily stunned by their unexpected presence, I couldn't help thinking to myself 'if only that client had decided to hunt with me today!' I even felt tempted to shoot one of them for him, so that he would at least have the trophy, but I repressed that urge once I considered how much I would have to pay for it if he didn't want to pay the trophy fee (since he wouldn't have actually shot it himself). Once I regained my senses, I sat perfectly still staring at them in awe for close to an hour. A testament to just how cautious wild game are, not one of them drank from the watering hole the entire time. They would approach it, then turn away, over and over again - most likely because they sensed my presence.

Finally, a herd of impala appeared and my heart started to race. I knew I didn't have much time before my guide returned, so I had to take a shot as soon as I could. I steadied my rifle and scanned the herd through the scope until I spotted a large buck with long horns. He was standing behind a bush about a hundred meters away, so I didn't have a clear shot. I waited for him to emerge from behind the bush. When he did, I released the gun's safety, lined up the crosshairs of the scope with his shoulder, exhaled, and squeezed the trigger. The bellowing sound of the gun shot was like a thunder clap. Terrified, the impala herd and five eland immediately vanished. I scrambled down the tree with the rifle slung over my shoulder and started running in the direction of my target. When I was about a hundred meters away from the tree I had been sitting in, I stopped and started to scan my surroundings but saw no sign of a dead or wounded impala. I checked the ground for fresh blood, thinking maybe it had ran away after

being shot, as many wounded animals often do. Usually a mortally wounded animal will run at least a short distance before dying but sometimes they run for hundreds of meters, even kilometers. I scoured the area for about fifteen minutes or so before finally giving up. It was a heavily wooded area with poor visibility and everything looked the same, so instead of spending more time walking in confused circles, I decided to use the extremely limited time I had left to go back to the tree blind and wait for more impala to arrive. Unfortunately, no more impala appeared before I heard the sound of a grumbling diesel engine approaching about 15 minutes later. Of course, I knew that was my guide, which meant the hunt was over.

I'll never know if I actually hit that impala or not, which is disappointing, but I learned over those six days that hunting is one of the most unpredictable activities imaginable. In fact, it's impossible to imagine just how unpredictable it is until you've actually tried it. This is precisely what makes it so exciting and rewarding. Hunting is not just about "killing things", it's about the experience of the hunt: being in nature, tracking and waiting for your prey, and seeing wild animals of all kinds in their natural habitat (as opposed to a zoo). During my trip, I saw hundreds of animals belonging to dozens of different species, and experienced breathtaking scenery. I also learned a lot about wildlife, hunting and the African bush, for instance: the moon affects animal behavior, as does the wind. I met great people as well. The owners and employees of the hunting reserve were friendly, laidback and extremely knowledgeable about their profession; they also told me some fantastic hunting stories! For those who are afraid of "roughing it" in the great outdoors, not to worry, the accommodation and food were excellent. The rooms were luxurious and comfortable and there was always plenty to eat and drink. It was an unforgettable experience that I'll cherish for a lifetime. █

For more information about hunting in South Africa or other parts of the world, visit: [www.52safari.com](http://www.52safari.com)