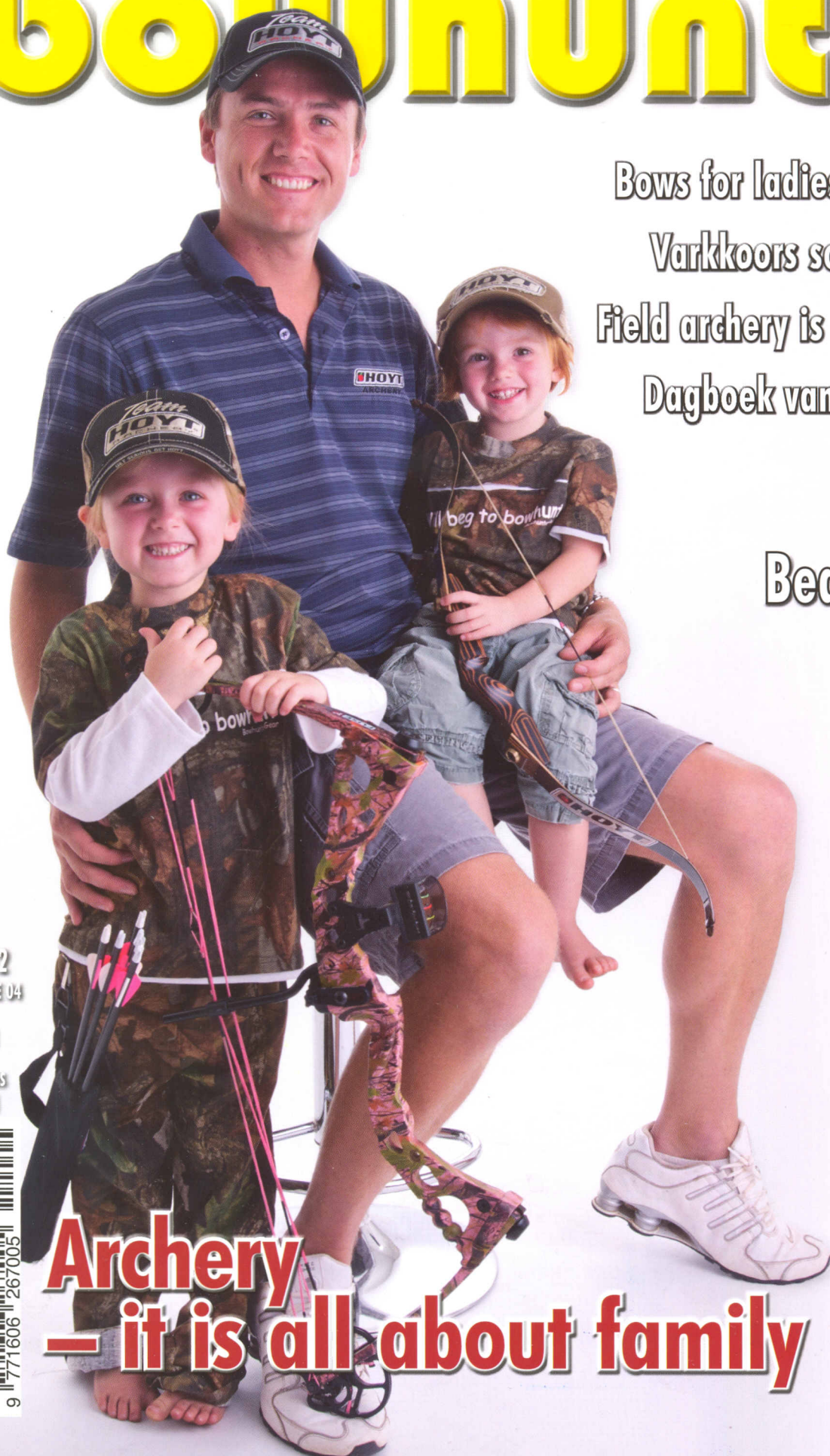


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# A close encounter of that special kind with black-backed jackals

**Frank Berbuir, renowned international hunter from Germany, tells how he hunted two jackals on a farm in Namibia.**

It is 4:00 am when my alarm clock jolts me out of my dreams and makes me aware that it is time to get up, take a shower and slip into my Sniper Africa camo clothes.

Outside it is still dark, quiet and peaceful when I close the door of my nice and cosy room.

It is the end of August and I am happy to be back in Africa, staying on a wonderful family-owned farm in Namibia. I go around the house and in the lapa I meet Rudi, my professional hunter – a really good guy. After a quick coffee and some home-made cookies from Roswitha, his wife, we head out into the bush in an old, almost indestructible Land Rover. The wind-shield is folded down so we can feel the fresh morning breeze on our faces and smell the odours of nature around us – although we get a stronger smell of unburned fuel from the old Landy. We park the reliable old-timer under a camelthorn tree before we walk the last three-quarters of a mile to our blind over the darkish savanna.

Gorgeous rosy faced lovebirds and masked weaver birds are the morning messengers in the bushes around our blind welcoming the rising morning sun with their chirps. Like the sunsets also the sunrises are always wonderful and especially the feeling how immediately the upcoming warmth makes you feel more comfortable. With the light also the first animal visitors show up at the little waterhole – helmeted guinea fowls and doves.

It is around 6:20 am when all of a sudden the bunch of fowls and other birds run and fly away in the deuce of a stir.

What rocked the boat? Two black-backed jackals (*canis mesomelas*) seem to appear from nowhere, heading straight for the waterhole. What an amazing surprise. I am not only awake now but also really excited. The jackals also behave in an excited and skittish way when they come closer to the waterhole. The younger and smaller one is nudging and teasing his fellow when they arrive at the water, whereas the bigger one is looking in our direction checking out if everything is alright. We are both dead quiet, like pillars of salt in the blind. I have my faithful Mathews LX bow in one hand and the Gold Tip Lazer carbon arrow in the other hand and am staring at 21 metres distance through the mesh of the blind. Rudi is also standing deadly silent behind the video camera, focusing on the jackals. The big jackal is becoming

bugged by the younger one. He bares his teeth and barks at him. This short distraction gives me the opportunity to quickly nock the arrow, lift up my bow and get to full draw. The “wild dogs of the African savanna” are standing still now at the waterhole and both have dropped their head to have a sip. That is my one and only chance to put the sight on the vitals of the big male in front. Fortunately the younger one is not standing behind him and the line of fire is clear when I release. The arrow with the Silverflame 125-grain broadhead penetrates the body of the animal just over the left front leg and the jackal jumps up immediately. In three or four wild turns he tumbles around to the right, then expires within seconds. No long suffering. The young jackal is completely irritated about what happened. He runs around the dead jackal twice before he escapes to somewhere. We wait a couple of minutes before we pick up the jackal and look for the arrow, which we finally find 70 metres behind the shooting spot.

Two days later in the same blind and at nearly the same time in the early morning this complete scene repeats like a play-back when a younger, smaller *rooijakkals* visits the waterhole and I can shoot him also – what a lucky hunter!

ABH

## Equipment:

**Bow:** Mathews LX, 70 pounds

**Arrow:** Gold Tip Lazer

**Broadhead:** German Kinetics Silverflame

**Optics:** Zeiss Victory binoculars & Bushnell rangefinder

**Release:** Scott

**Camo:** Sniper Africa



The author with one of the jackals he shot.