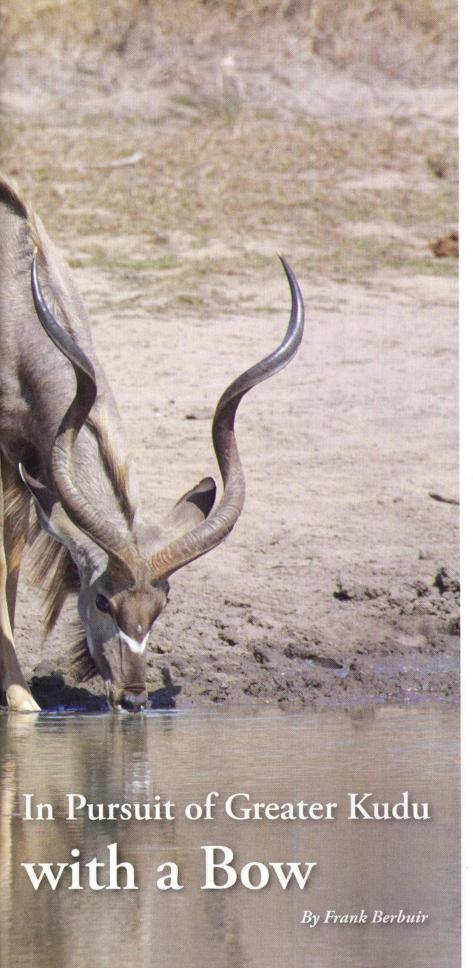


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My second safari in Namibia was as amazing, exciting, beautiful – and successful – as the first.

uring the 245-mile drive from Windhoek to hunting farm Okapunja near Otavi and the Etosha National Park in northern Namibia, I connected once again with the beauty and wildness of Africa.

When PH Gustav Bauer and his wife Uschi gave me their hearty welcome for my return trip, I felt as though I was coming back "home" rather than being in a foreign country far from home. It was also good to return to eland steak dinners and Uschi's homemade desserts, and to sit around the barbecue fire under the *lapa* making hunting and holiday plans for the next days.

The first morning, we set up a tree stand near a waterhole where Gustav and Rudi Scheidt, one of his hunting guides, had found the recent tracks of several major kudu bulls. Kudu was the top priority for me on this bowhunting safari. So I found myself sitting in the tree stand that afternoon, while Gustav placed himself 40 yards away in another stand with the video camera.

Half an hour later, Cape doves, speckled pigeons and rosy-faced lovebirds gathered beside and above me in the tree where I was

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sitting. Within 10 minutes, more than 20 birds were curiously watching this African sniper-camouflaged creature — me! It was incredible. Soon, two young warthogs and some kudu entered the scenery but, unfortunately, no kudu bull. After a nice "three-hour suntan" we decided to climb down and leave, also because of the upcoming changing winds.

We went out very early the next day to a ground blind at another waterhole on their huge 17,000-acre property. I enjoyed a wonderful African sunrise with the funny cackling and spectacular sight of helmeted guineafowls and go-away birds. Again, several kudu does with adolescents showed up, while the trophy bull stayed perfectly covered at the edge of the bushes. Now

I know for myself and understand why the kudu's nickname is the "grey ghost of Africa." For over an hour the bull stood in the bushes without any movement. Unfortunately, when some young oryx bulls approached, he finally decided to disappear again.

After this exciting morning we drove back to the farmhouse for Uschi's magnificent breakfast. The hot hours of the day we enjoyed by swimming, tanning, and hanging around the pool or relaxing in the shade, reading a book or hunting magazine, or observing the waterhole 90 metres away from the farmhouse. There, hunting was strictly prohibited and you could find a lot of action – like when, in the midday heat, a troop of 12 black wildebeest galloped in

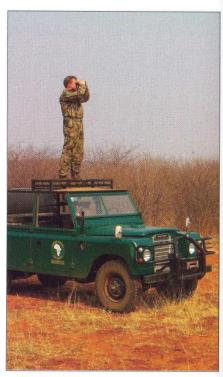
for a quick drink, or over 20 mongooses strolled in and tried to get a nip without falling into the water.

For the evening hunt, we returned to the ground blind, but no kudu bulls came in.

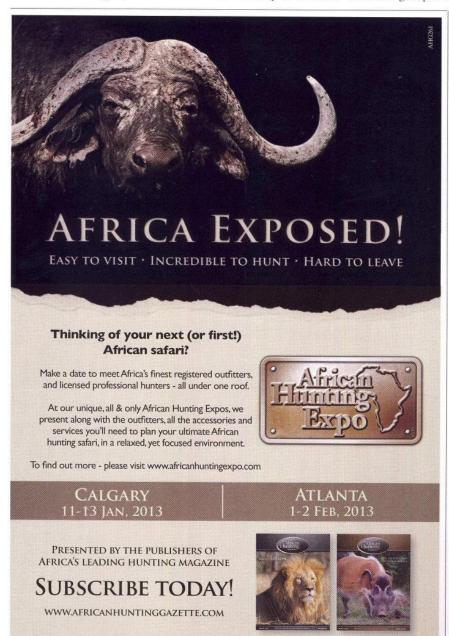
The next two days we spent on a sightseeing tour of Swakopmund and roamed this pleasant and clean seaside city on the Atlantic, shopping, sipping sundowners at the shore, and touring the Namib Desert – the oldest in the world – in our Land Rover Defender.

After our return, I was more than excited to hunt again and went out very early with Rudi, determined to bag my kudu with a bow. In his 30-year-old but still working Land Rover we drove several miles and then walked ¾ miles to our blind. I was really happy to be wearing a warm jacket, because Rudi had folded down the front window and the early morning September wind was pretty cold and the fine red sand was grinding my teeth.

Before sunrise at 5.30 we were ready in the blind. As always, guineafowls were our first visitors. At around 8.00 I thought about shooting one for the kitchen, but decided against any possible risk of alarming any approaching game. This proved to be good thinking because several minutes later I could see some small brown-grey tips going



When not in a tree stand or ground blind, old-fashioned scouting the bush from a high point with a good pair of binoculars was the next best way for Berbuir to get onto a trophy kudu bull.



up and down in the near treetops which meant that a male *Tragelaphus strepsiceros* was approaching!

As usual, the does came first while the three good bulls stayed at a safe distance at the edge of the scrubland. Then four young blue wildebeest bulls came nearer.

The does drank quickly before they trotted away. The wildebeest snorted several times and the irritated kudu bulls decided not to drink and took another route, but not to the water. That's the way life goes – sometimes.

We left the blind quietly, and Rudi climbed a nearby tree to glass where the bulls had stopped. They were not far away, so we decided to stalk them. We had to make a bigger loop to bypass the thorny bushes and keep the wind against us. Meanwhile, it was 9.30 and pretty warm. We stalked very slowly and quietly, clearing the way of any noisy foliage or branches and always checking the wind.

One hour later we made our way through to the edge of the scrub. With binos we could see the bulls. They'd gone only 300 to 400 yards from the blind and now stood in the shade under some huge camel thorn trees. From our position the bulls were 60 metres away, but for a good shooting position we had to stalk a bit nearer.

When we made our first step, we heard barking, like from a dog. Several does had come in 50 yards behind us and had seen our movement. The alerted bulls were gone once again, and we went back to the farm a little disappointed.

After having stocked up our energy with a good meal and relaxed a little bit we resolved to return to the blind. I was thinking... hoping... saying to myself, "The bulls must come back, they want to drink." Back in the blind at 3.00 p.m., I was right! The three bulls showed up. With the binoculars we judged the best one. With every step closer to the trio, my blood pressure went higher and higher.

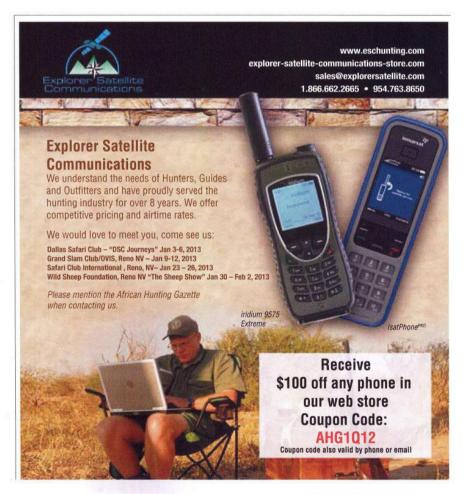
"Now I know for myself and understand why the kudu's nickname is the 'grey ghost of Africa."

Finally, the biggest kudu bull stood broadside at 31 yards. I was at full draw with my 70-pound Mathews LX bow. I pulled the trigger and released the SilverFlame broadhead arrow. Within a second it stroked through both lungs of the animal before the trunk of a small tree stopped it.

The other two bulls jumped and, after a



During his second safari to Namibia, Berbuir was able to approach his trophy kudu to within 31 yards, taking it with a 70-pound Mathews LX bow and a SilverFlame broadhead arrow.



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30-yard run, stopped as if they were asking, "Hey, why did we run away?" They watched their stricken companion 50 yards away, but when they saw the bull collapsing they cut off directly into the bush. I was totally happy. The grey ghost expired within our sight.

We waited some minutes before I went to my trophy and realized it was a fine bull. We'd made it! What a fantastic hunt and thrilling day! A day to be kept in my memory for a lifetime.

Thanks to all who made my bowhunt an unforgettable success.

German hunter Frank Berbuir is passionate about the outdoors and hunting—especially bowhunting, which he has practised for more than 12 years. Although he's bowhunted in several countries, he's become addicted to hunting in Africa since his first safari in 2004. Frank is a mechanical engineer and quality auditor in the automotive industry.



Frank Berbiur (top middle) thanks (L) PH Gustav Bauer and his wife Uschi (with a baby baboon in her lap) and (R) Rudi and Roswitha Scheidt for making his safari both a success and an unforgettable memory.

