



Wild Globe Travel Consultancy

Tailored Wildlife, Wilderness and Adventure Travel Across the Globe.

14 Greenfield Road, Eastbourne,
East Sussex BN21 1JJ, UK

Tel: +44 (0)1323 731865
Mob: +44 (0)7821 640118

Email: jason.woolgar@btinternet.com
Website: www.wildglobetours.com



BRAZIL

Date - September 2010

Duration - 32 Days

Destinations

Belo Horizonte - Canastra National Park - Caraca Natural Reserve - Caratinga Biological Station - Cuiaba - Northern Pantanal - Transpantaneira Highway - Taiama Ecological Station - Guapore River - Alta Floresta - Cristalino Rainforest Reserve - Cristalino State Park - Iguazu National Park - Iguazu Falls

Trip Overview

Primarily a trip to research some new guides and accommodation at several familiar Brazilian destinations and to photograph and film the huge variety of wildlife found in some of the most diverse and attractive regions imaginable. From both perspectives the tour was a great success, as I made some excellent new contacts, including guides and local operators that I have used since, and enjoyed incredible good fortune in terms of the animals encountered and how they were observed, as a number of sightings were at close quarters and for prolonged periods. My first major destination was Canastra National Park, an area of gorgeous open savannah or cerrado, famed for the relative ease with which it is possible to see the extraordinarily beautiful maned wolf. The accommodation was a simple, but comfortable hotel within a few kilometres of the park, which is often used by birding groups who visit Canastra for a massive variety of birds, including the Brazilian merganser, one of the most endangered waterfowl on the planet. Having arrived too late to visit the park, I went for an evening stroll to look for the various opossums that are often found in the fruit trees that attract so many birds to the hotel gardens. Although I did not have any success with the opossums, my luck did not take long to change the next day, as I encountered a maned wolf within an hour or so of entering Canastra and went on to see six more over the next two days, including one within a couple of metres, that I inadvertently disturbed whilst walking in the long grass, and another patiently stalking and pouncing upon several unfortunate rodents. In addition to the wolves, giant anteater and pampas deer are also commonly seen at Canastra and I encountered both on the first day of my visit and on each subsequent day. The giant anteaters are extraordinary creatures, not only in terms of their rather unique appearance, but also regarding the ease with which you are able to get close to them due to their poor eyesight. As long as you stay downwind, they can often walk right up to you and one got so close that I had to put my camera down and just watch as it slowly realised it was about to walk across something it shouldn't and quickly scurried off. At one stage I was watching a maned wolf in one spotting scope and a giant anteater in another and



eventually the two animals passed within ten metres of each other in the distance. While I rarely spend long periods searching for a single species of bird, I will generally take time to appreciate those that I see and in Brazil that means a lot of pleasant distractions, as the country is home to over 1800 different birds, many of which are either visually stunning or highly unusual. Canastra is no exception and over the course of my stay I encountered a combination of the two, with a number of excellent views of burrowing owl, king vulture, toco toucan, greater rhea, red-legged seriema and many others. When not looking for wildlife, I visited a couple of the inviting pools that litter the park, as the afternoon heat was fairly intense and it is a lovely feature of Canastra that you can just break off for twenty minutes and dive into refreshing, crystal clear waters. Caraca Natural Reserve was my next destination and the unique accommodation of



Caraca Monastery, where the seminary has been adapted to provide attractive guest rooms in a superb setting. Although I also wanted to look for a couple of primates, the main purpose of my visit was to witness the traditional evening feeding of maned wolves, when priests leave food on the monastery patio and call the wolves to come and eat. Unfortunately, my arrival coincided with a public holiday and the reserve was very busy. This worried me slightly in terms of seeing the wolf, but I explored the park for much of the day and sat down hopefully after dinner to begin what I imagined would be a fairly brief vigil. Despite the shouts and laughter of other guests, I was still relatively hopeful at 8.30pm and by 10pm I had convinced myself that the wolves were just waiting for things to quieten down and for everyone to go to bed. When they had all done so by 11.30pm, I reasoned to myself that they probably needed a good couple of hours of peace before they made an appearance and at 2pm I remained optimistic. By 4am I was less so and by 5am I was so cold that I almost did not care. The new dawn delivered another tinge of expectation, but sadly, no wolves. Having finally accepted that my elusive wolf was far more elusive than I had realised, I finally gave up at 7am and met my guide to go on a hike looking for masked titi monkey. As primates go, these ones were very much in the 'sitting high in the canopy' variety and it took me two hours of scrabbling around on the forest floor to get even a partially obscured picture. After more or less 28 straight hours of searching for mammals I had managed to photograph about 70% of a



titi monkey, birders really have no idea! Fortunately, these things generally even themselves out over the course of a trip and after three hours sleep and some nice photographs of a guianan squirrel, I was told, within about five minutes of sitting down to eat dinner, that my tardy wolf had finally emerged. After the previous night's fasting he was probably as hungry as me, but dinner was quickly abandoned as I dashed for the seminary steps and a first glimpse of a very special and intimate wildlife encounter. Although I do not generally hold with feeding wild animals in order to observe them, there is something unique about this event. Both the animal and the setting are singularly beautiful, but there is more to it than even that, as there is a reverence about the experience that is hard to define or explain to someone who has not seen it. The hushed tones of the crowd expressed the mood far more eloquently than I can and it is very rare that one can savour quality time so close to such a delicate and graceful animal. Having spent a couple of days searching intermittently, my other target species at Caraca appeared to have eluded me, as my final morning was greeted by torrential rain and there did not look to be any real prospect of finding animals. However, the skies cleared quickly and my guide and I decided to take one last hike to look for black-tufted ear marmoset. It was a good call, as we soon found a family of rather bedraggled monkeys, who were more interested in drying themselves than running and I managed to get some decent pictures. Primates were very



much the focus of attention as I moved on to Caratinga Biological Station, most notably the critically endangered northern muriqui, an attractive spider monkey that now only survives in a few fragmented areas of its former range. Thankfully, most of these are now protected and, at Caratinga at least, the muriqui appears to be doing well. I managed to see a troop of about 40 moving through the trees before stopping to feed and, in one case, mate. Brown howler monkeys and black-tufted capuchins were also easy to find and I was able to complete the set of four primates that Caratinga is known for, when I found a few buffy-headed marmosets in their favourite patch of bamboo forest late in the afternoon. As I only had one day at Caratinga, I did not have a great deal of time remaining to look for the brown-throated sloths that are occasionally observed here, but I was more than happy with the first section of the trip. All three reserves had

delivered exactly what I had hoped and it was now time to begin the next phase of the tour with a flight to Cuiaba, gateway to the northern Pantanal and the Transpantaneira Highway. It is no secret that I believe the Pantanal to be one of the great wildlife destinations and although I personally just slightly prefer the southern Pantanal, if you are looking for jaguars, then the areas accessed from Cuiaba cannot be beaten. This is the jaguar viewing capital of South America and September is the best time to visit in my opinion, as the heat is not oppressive, but the water sources are rapidly diminishing and large numbers of animals congregate around the remaining pools. This was never more obvious than on this trip, as hundreds of caiman were sharing shallow channels surrounded by even more waterbirds and at one small pond, as I stopped to photograph a particularly large caiman, I suddenly noticed three neotropical otters, one of which had part of its front leg missing and a caiman-tooth sized hole in its head. They were old injuries and I spent over an hour watching the otters swimming and fishing, although one at least maintained a very respectful distance from the giant reptile sharing the pool. All my days in the Pantanal were exceptional, but my first just kept on getting better and better, as I had



already seen both red and grey brocket deer, marsh deer, crab-eating fox, capybara, South American coati, collared peccary, yellow armadillo, bearded capuchin, black-tailed marmoset and red-rumped agouti by the time I dropped my bag off at the first lodge. In the hour or so that I had spare before departing on a river trip, I decided to explore one of the adjacent trails and within ten minutes had strolled across a very sweet southern tamandua, which I proceeded to follow and watch quietly until I had to return for the boat tour. My luck very much continued on the water, with an almost immediate sighting of black-and-gold howler monkeys and another neotropical otter, which proceeded to climb in and out of the river and to pose for photographs on the bank. A jaguar was very much on my mind given the way the day was unfolding, but they are not as common on the stretch of river that I was searching and instead my next encounter was with a family of nine giant river otters. After barking their usual warnings at us, they also climbed up on the riverbank and I had an excellent view of a their distinctive markings, as well as three young pups scampering after their parents back to the water further along the river. As I arrived back at the lodge, the hyacinth macaws were returning to the dead trees that they nest in and the last few minutes of daylight were spent in their delightful company. Over dinner my guide and I chatted about the various sightings and I informed him that after such a wonderful day, we had to see a cat when we went spotlighting that evening. He agreed

that it was a good possibility and went on to mention that the lodge had a good reputation for ocelot sightings and that a margay had also been seen in the area recently. We therefore set out with high fairly expectations, which were actually exceeded during a fantastic night. Although we had our own car, we initially went on a two-hour trip organised by the lodge, as they had a high game-driving



vehicle which offered superb visibility. During the first hour or so we mainly encountered crab-eating raccoons and foxes, but it was not much longer before we saw a nine-banded armadillo scuttling along the side of the road and shortly after, the lodge guide shouted out margay and I had a brief glimpse of a very small, distinctively patterned cat about 20 metres in front of the vehicle on the edge of the road. Whether it was the light or the guides proclamation that disturbed it, the cat instantly disappeared into the vegetation and was not seen again, despite our efforts to search for it on foot for about fifteen minutes. We only saw three more animals for the remainder of the drive, but as these were a tapir, a giant anteater and another southern tamandua, we were far from disappointed. The tapir was actually seen walking across the car park as we returned to the lodge and the giant anteater, which I have not come across often at night, was shambling along in that very characteristic style in a field just beyond the road. We did not leave the vehicle for either of these animals, but we did for the tamandua, as it was climbing around a very low tree immediately next to the road and the opportunity for nice photographs was too good to resist. We made sure not to disturb it for too long and when we got back to the accommodation, we decided to take a short break and then go out again on foot on our own. This was another great decision, as we were almost immediately rewarded with far closer views of crab-eating raccoons and a tapeti, a small rabbit common across much of



South and Central America. We did not see a great deal else for a while and were walking back when I spotted a cat in the long grass. It took a few moments to determine that it was an ocelot and we had now seen both of the cats discussed at dinner. Fortunately, this superb creature was far more relaxed than the margay and allowed us to approach to within about fifteen metres. We did not need or try to get any closer, as we already had a perfect view and were concerned that we might scare it away. The sighting actually turned into a great one over almost half an hour, as the cat was totally unperturbed by our presence and we were able to watch it stalking along a narrow stretch of water before it eventually crossed the road and vanished into the night. It was a truly magnificent way to end an almost perfect day. The ocelot was the 22nd mammal of the day and although we had arrived very early, after spending the previous night in Cuiaba, and did not finish spotlighting until well after 1am, this number of different species was pretty spectacular for a day in the Pantanal. Needless to say, we slept very well and very contentedly that night. Of course not every day here was this productive, but some were fairly close and of the 22 species observed on that first day, we only failed to see the nine-banded armadillo and the tapeti again. After a few days at different lodges and fazendas along the Transpantaneira, we moved on to the Taiama Ecological Station, the first of two areas specifically selected to see jaguars. You do not actually stay at the reserve, as it is not accessible to the public, but there is a nice lodge nearby and the river around the reserve is not restricted. We had three days here in all and by the time we departed we had seen seven jaguars and another ocelot. To call this a highlight of the trip would be an understatement, as I never grow tired of seeing these resplendent animals and most of our sightings were within a few metres of the boat in bright daylight. The jaguars here are of course now well used to people navigating the river in noisy boats and are not at all disturbed by the human activity. Indeed they

often lie sprawled in the sun on the riverbank and seem completely oblivious to our presence. Even when spotted at night they do not appear unduly concerned, as I encountered the largest male I have ever seen at night on this trip and he continued to patrol the steep banks as if we did not exist, although, as always, I was careful to shine the spotlight behind him and not directly in his face. Other success in this area included a second ocelot and a small troop of azara's night monkeys, one of the few nocturnal primates. We travelled to our second jaguar location, a small remote lodge nestled on the banks of the Guapore River to the extreme north west of the Pantanal, with the pressure very much off. After discussions with my guide, who was proving to be indispensable, I decided that we would split our time between searching for jaguars and looking for boto, an Amazon species of river dolphin that also occurs in rivers further south. The jaguars are not as easy to find here as they are at Taiama, but our local guide has been navigating these waters for 30 years and with him and my own guide on board I was fairly confident. As it was, I actually spotted the first of two

jaguars encountered within a couple of hours of our arrival, a male fixed intently on a group of capybara and then slowly walking away as we attempted to get closer. The jaguars are not as used to people here, as very few visitors are aware of this area and, despite our best efforts to approach cautiously, we may have cost this big cat his dinner. Looking at the size of him, I doubt that this was any more than a brief delay however and it was not long before the local guide had spotted another, which was peering out of the undergrowth at us. This one was slightly more relaxed, but it did not fully emerge and eventually turned and disappeared into the dense vegetation. Perhaps uniquely, we had actually seen jaguars in two countries within two hours, as the Guapore River acts as the border between Bolivia and Brazil and we had observed these apex predators on each riverbank. On the Bolivian side lies another of nature's masterpieces, Noel Kempff National Park, a pristine wilderness that I had visited previously and that I had now seen a jaguar in. To rather prove my good fortune to date, we did not see another jaguar during our stay here, despite spending several hours looking each day. It can happen like that and of course it makes any encounters far more thrilling when you appreciate that they are not guaranteed. Happily, my luck in general had not changed and on the second day the three of us spent a glorious afternoon with a small group of boto playing and fishing in one long stretch of river. Initially we tried to stay with them, but as we realised they were cruising up and down the same area, we just turned the engine off and enjoyed the spectacle. The only slight drawback was the intense heat, as there is no shade in the middle of the river and the afternoon sun was fierce out on the water. The solution was fairly simple though, as we just took it in turns to jump off the side of the boat and relax in the cool river. We did not make any attempt to swim towards the dolphins and they were not at all disturbed by our presence, as they stayed with us for more than three hours and made the occasional inquisitive foray to see who had joined them in the water. It was another magical experience on a trip where they were becoming almost commonplace and, as we spotlighted on the journey back to the lodge, we saw several spotted paca, a large nocturnal rodent, common throughout much of Central and South America, but rarely seen. The final highlight of our stay here was another tapir, which had made its home near the lodge and was observed on a night game drive around the property and access road. My time in the Pantanal was almost up, but I had left two days spare in case I needed them for a particular animal and decided to spend them back on the Transpantaneira, at a lodge I had not visited previously. Of all the decisions made on the tour, this one was undoubtedly the best. We saw a large number of animals on the first of my two final days, including another southern tamandua, several large groups of coatis, which are always supremely entertaining, particularly when running as a group with their tails pointed towards the heavens, and a very large tarantula walking across the road at night. I spent part of that evening chatting with another guest who had been at the same lodge for a week with the sole intention of seeing a jaguar, unfortunately with no success. Although I explained that they were



less certain around the Transpantaneira and advised a couple days at the Taiama Ecological Station, he was leaving for home after lunch and his last chance would come the next morning. It was also my last morning and we went in separate directions at first light. As I was not expecting a great deal on my final day, my guide and I took a leisurely drive and stopped on a number of occasions to photograph some of the birds I had missed, as well as a pretty green iguana. We were just deciding whether to turn round and head back for lunch when a puma crossed the road 50 metres or so ahead of the car and walked into the bushes. My guide instantly floored the accelerator and we spent

around fifteen minutes searching on foot and scanning the horizon in the hope that it might reappear. We both knew that there was no real point, when a puma disappears it really disappears and there was probably more chance of us finding another one than seeing this one again. I did not care at all and could barely believe my luck, pumas have always been my favourite cat and I was thrilled to see one so clearly, albeit briefly. We both agreed that this was an incredibly fitting way to finish what had been a remarkable couple of weeks and returned to the lodge. Over lunch I met the same guest who was still desperately looking for a jaguar, his morning had



again been fruitless and he was going to delay his departure for a few hours to have one last try that afternoon. After I had informed him of the puma, he decided to try the direction we had taken that morning and I resolved to go the opposite way, as he had mentioned a great horned owl that was reasonably visible and I thought it would be nice to photograph. We again set off together and within about 30 minutes I had found the owl and was taking pictures at the base of the tree. As I went to get back in the car I saw movement among the water hyacinths on the other side of the road. Partially obscured by a fence, I at first thought it was another puma, but as I got a clearer view I could see that I was watching a young jaguar at exactly the same spot the other guest had seen the owl earlier that morning. We both quickly jumped in the car to avoid disturbing it and watched with excitement as it slowly approached, taking a few careful steps at a time before lying down among the vegetation for a few minutes

and then beginning the process again. It was already by far the best jaguar sighting of the trip, but it was about to get even better as, having moved the car to a more suitable position, we immediately realised that it was stalking a caiman. After stealthily approaching to within five metres it ran and pounced in one motion, landing on the oblivious reptile in an instant, at which point we realised the caiman was oblivious because it was already dead. I am uncertain whether the jaguar had killed the caiman earlier and had been disturbed before it had a chance to claim its prize, but the way it attacked, and the fact that it was an immature animal, suggested that it might not have known that it was dead. Whatever scenario is correct, we spent the next few minutes watching with disbelief as the jaguar continued to spring at the motionless caiman and to throw and turn the body in the water. At this stage it began to look more like a young animal practicing its hunting technique, as the jaguar made no attempt to eat or remove the carcass and eventually discarded it and walked off into the distance. My guide and I barely spoke during the entire event, we were both far too absorbed by the dramatic natural behaviour we had been so privileged to witness. When the jaguar finally departed we just looked at each other, shook our heads and drove off, it was that type of experience. The entire encounter had lasted more than an hour and when we eventually got back to the lodge the other guest, who I was to discover had not been so lucky, came over to say goodbye with the words 'please don't tell me you have seen a jaguar'. He knew the answer as soon as he looked at us and his subsequent rant, particularly about finding 'his jaguar under his owl', was as poignant as it was funny. It has happened to me in reverse on many occasions and it obviously always can when you are dealing with unpredictable wild animals. However, you can greatly improve your chances with the help of a knowledgeable local guide and it is always essential to research an area thoroughly if you have not visited it previously. Over dinner my guide and I reflected on the incredible success of the previous two weeks and much of our conversation turned to the events of that afternoon. We both questioned the wisdom of whether we should go spotlighting that night, as surely nothing could compare with what we had already seen and we did not want to end on disappointment after encountering a puma and a jaguar on our final day. After having already made so much effort for me I left it to him to decide and eventually we went, as he reasoned that when you are on a streak like this you roll with it for as long as possible. That is my philosophy as well and he was right of course, that night we saw not one but two tapirs on foot and another ocelot, our third different cat of a truly extraordinary day. I drove out of the Pantanal the next morning with a wealth of unforgettable memories, not only of the majestic mammals that I had seen, but of a dazzling array of spellbinding birds that had brightened every day and of reptiles almost as vibrant, including two anacondas and several other species of snake and lizard. You may see more large animals in some other countries, but the Pantanal is difficult to beat in terms of exotic wildlife and how it is viewed, as you have so much freedom to explore here and many of the encounters are exceptional personal experiences as a result.



From Cuiaba I flew to Alta Floresta and took a boat transfer to a private jungle lodge at Cristalino Rainforest Reserve, bordering Cristalino State Park in the southern Amazon. I had not visited Cristalino previously and the idea was to see how easily this part of the

Amazon could be combined with the Pantanal and whether the wildlife was any easier to see here than in the lodges further north around Manaus. I had tried to hire a private guide, which you would very much need if you stayed here, but they had none available when I enquired at relatively short notice and I had to share a guide with one other couple, which was better than could have been the case, as guides often work with groups of six or even eight. The results over the next few days were mixed, as the wildlife is fairly accessible, but the success of a visit will very much depend on the quality of the guide and I had one that was not at all keen to go spotlighting in the jungle, which is essential given the number of nocturnal animals in this habitat. He kept mentioning snakes and other dangers, but groups did go out at night and it appeared that I had the one guide who had



a phobia about the jungle he had chosen to work in. He was actually due to go travelling for several months just after my visit, so perhaps he was being overly cautious in case his trip was ruined by some incapacitating bite or sting. I did eventually insist, but our night excursions were half-hearted efforts, as he always selected the most popular daytime trail and I ended up doing most of the spotlighting as he examined every inch of the well-maintained path. It was actually fairly comical, but I did still manage to find a lone kinkajou and a grey four-eyed opossum, as well as the usual large number of frogs, spiders and insects that you would expect in such



an astoundingly diverse ecosystem. A beautiful female tarantula had made her home within a few metres of my bungalow and I would often see her at night, dashing out of her burrow to inspect any vibrations and then quickly backing in again out of sight. I was sorry to leave her when I eventually departed and hoped that the next occupant would not be concerned that they had a very large spider as a neighbour. During the day sightings were more regular and several were superb, including a family of giant river otters that climbed onto a fallen tree in the water after fishing around us for over an hour. These were probably the most relaxed giant river otters of the trip and they proceeded to begin grooming a few metres from us before falling asleep in the bright sunshine. Their reverie was disturbed when one of the young pups rolled in its sleep and promptly fell straight off the tree into the water with a loud splash, instantly scattering the entire family, that plunged in en masse to

investigate the disturbance. It took several minutes for the extremely agitated adults to reassure themselves that all was well and swim off happily back down the river. On another boat tour we saw two white-lipped peccaries drinking at the waters edge and minutes later a pair of tapirs doing exactly the same thing. Unfortunately the peccaries were nervous and disappeared quickly and the tapirs were spotted at distance and had also left by the time we got reasonably close. On one amazing occasion our boat driver spotted what we thought was a false coral snake at the edge of the river and as we approached we could see that he was correct and that it was an

incredible sighting on his part. However, the snake appeared to be swimming without moving away and it was only when we got within a couple of metres that we saw the anaconda on the riverbank and realised that it had caught the other snake by the tail. I knew already that barring a miracle the pretty false coral snake was doomed and indeed, over what proved to be a fascinating but fairly uncomfortable forty minutes, the anaconda proceeded to pull the smaller snake towards the bank and begin coiling itself around its victim. The end did not come quickly for the unfortunate snake and although we were all aware that we had witnessed some truly remarkable natural behaviour and had been immensely fortunate, it was not particularly easy to watch. Other sightings were certainly more enjoyable and azara's agouti were periodically encountered on one of the forest



trails, giant river otters were viewed on a daily basis and neotropical otters were also regularly observed. Brown-tufted capuchins, or Guianan brown capuchins as they are now known, were frequent visitors to the lodge, but other primates were more difficult to find and, of the several species that occur here, I only saw red-handed howler monkey and white-whiskered spider monkey. The spider monkeys were watched from one of the two fifty-metre observation towers within the reserve and although you do not generally see many mammals from these structures, they can provide good views of primates and occasionally sloths. The spider monkeys aside, I saw mainly birds from the one tower I visited, but the views across the thick forest canopy were fabulous, particularly in the early morning, as the mist began to clear and the lush carpet of green was slowly revealed. Whilst I would always need to ensure that a private guide was available, Cristalino is certainly worth returning to and I would not hesitate to recommend it to guests, as there is always something to grab your attention, be it a glorious butterfly, a camouflaged tree frog, a cute little bat or any one of the hundreds of birds and reptiles that make the forest their home.



The final destination of my trip was Iguazu National Park, a highly diverse reserve in its own right, but more famous for being the home of Iguazu Falls, an astonishing collection of 275 individual waterfalls spread over nearly 3km of verdant forest. The only falls to rival the splendour of Victoria Falls, Iguazu is one of the natural wonders of the world and has to be seen in person to be fully appreciated. Whilst I did spend time looking for wildlife as always, the main purpose of my visit was to research the only hotel within the national park, as a stay here allows guests uninterrupted access to Iguazu and means that they can view the falls without the large crowds that flock into the park later in the day. I also wanted to photograph Iguazu from a number of trails, particularly the one across the border in Argentina that leads visitors directly to the top of the main falls at Devil's Throat, and to try a few of the activities in the area, including the jet boat ride that takes you under a section of waterfall and the scenic helicopter flight, which is really the only option if you want to experience the sheer scale and majesty of Iguazu. In terms of wildlife, jaguar, puma and even bush dog are resident in the national park, but it is very busy and you would have to be lucky to find much more than the coati, agouti and red brocket deer that I encountered. As a guest within the park, I had the advantage of being able to spotlight on the road between the hotel and park entrance for a few hours each evening, which was helpful in finding several black-eared opossums, my 46th and final mammal of a wonderful trip. As research tours go, this one could not have been much more successful, as I met some excellent guides, tried a lot of new accommodation and activities, and experienced a full array of the diverse wildlife for which Brazil is justly famed.





| No. | Species | Scientific Name | Notes |
|-----|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|--|
| 1 | Jaguar | <i>Panthera onca</i> | Ten at three different locations in and around the Pantanal. |
| 2 | Puma | <i>Puma concolor</i> | Brief sighting at distance on the Transpantaneira. |
| 3 | Ocelot | <i>Leopardus pardalis</i> | Three sightings, two extended and one brief. |
| 4 | Margay | <i>Leopardus wiedii</i> | Very brief sighting on the Transpantaneira. |
| 5 | Maned Wolf | <i>Chrysocyon brachyurus</i> | Seven at Canastra, one at night feeding at Caraca. |
| 6 | Crab-eating Fox | <i>Cerdocyon thous</i> | Multiple encounters in the Pantanal. |
| 7 | Giant River Otter | <i>Pteronura brasiliensis</i> | Several sightings in the Pantanal and at Cristalino. |
| 8 | Neotropical Otter | <i>Lontra longicaudis</i> | Six sightings in the Pantanal and at Cristalino. |
| 9 | South American Coati | <i>Nasua nasua</i> | Widespread in the Pantanal and at Iguazu. |
| 10 | Crab-eating Raccoon | <i>Procyon cancrivorus</i> | At least fifteen in the Pantanal at night. |
| 11 | Kinkajou | <i>Potos flavus</i> | One at night at Cristalino. |
| 12 | Giant Anteater | <i>Myrmecophaga tridactyla</i> | Multiple sightings at Canastra and one in the Pantanal. |
| 13 | Southern Tamandua | <i>Tamandua tetradactyla</i> | Three individuals in the Pantanal. |
| 14 | Lowland Tapir | <i>Tapirus terrestris</i> | Six in the Pantanal and a pair at Cristalino. |
| 15 | Grey Brocket Deer | <i>Mazama gouazoubira</i> | Multiple sightings in the Pantanal. |
| 16 | Red Brocket Deer | <i>Mazama americana</i> | At least one in the Pantanal and two at Iguazu. |
| 17 | Marsh Deer | <i>Blastocerus dichotomus</i> | Over 30 in the Pantanal. |
| 18 | Pampas Deer | <i>Ozotoceros bezoarticus</i> | Small herds at Canastra and in the Pantanal. |
| 19 | Collared Peccary | <i>Pecari tajacu</i> | Several small groups in the Pantanal. |
| 20 | White-lipped Peccary | <i>Tayassu pecari</i> | Two drinking at the waters edge at Cristalino. |
| 21 | Black-and-Gold Howler Monkey | <i>Alouatta caraya</i> | Several small groups in the Pantanal. |
| 22 | Brown Howler Monkey | <i>Alouatta guariba</i> | Two groups at Caratinga. |
| 23 | Red-handed Howler Monkey | <i>Alouatta belzebul</i> | Brief glimpse of two at Cristalino. |
| 24 | Bearded Capuchin | <i>Cebus libidinosus</i> | Several encounters in the Pantanal. |
| 25 | Black-horned Capuchin | <i>Cebus nigratus</i> | Close and prolonged sightings at Caratinga. |
| 26 | Guianan Brown Capuchin | <i>Cebus apella</i> | Multiple sightings around the lodge at Cristalino. |
| 27 | Northern Muriqui | <i>Brachyteles hypoxanthus</i> | Troop of around 40 at Caratinga. |
| 28 | White-whiskered Spider Monkey | <i>Ateles marginatus</i> | Several individuals viewed from a tower at Cristalino. |
| 29 | Buffy-headed Marmoset | <i>Callithrix flaviceps</i> | Five or six at Caratinga. |
| 30 | Black-tufted-ear Marmoset | <i>Callithrix penicillata</i> | One group of maybe ten at Caraca. |
| 31 | Black-tailed Marmoset | <i>Mico melanurus</i> | Two sightings in the Pantanal. |
| 32 | Masked Titi Monkey | <i>Callicebus personatus</i> | Three individuals at height in Caraca. |
| 33 | Azara's Night Monkey | <i>Aotus azarae</i> | Small group near Taiama in the Pantanal at night. |
| 34 | Black-eared Opossum | <i>Didelphis marsupialis</i> | At least eight at Iguazu at night. |
| 35 | Grey Four-eyed Opossum | <i>Philander opossum</i> | Brief view of a lone individual at Cristalino. |
| 36 | Yellow Armadillo | <i>Euphractus sexcinctus</i> | Between ten and fifteen in the Pantanal. |
| 37 | Nine-banded Armadillo | <i>Dasypus novemcinctus</i> | One on a night game drive in the Pantanal. |
| 38 | Tapeti | <i>Sylvilagus brasiliensis</i> | One on the Transpantaneira. |
| 39 | Guianan Squirrel | <i>Sciurus aestuans</i> | Several semi-tame individuals at Caraca. |
| 40 | Capybara | <i>Hydrochoerus hydrochaeris</i> | Numerous in the Pantanal and a few at Cristalino. |
| 41 | Brazilian Guinea Pig | <i>Cavia aperea</i> | Three at one fazenda on the Transpantaneira. |
| 42 | Azara's Agouti | <i>Dasyprocta azarae</i> | Several in the Pantanal and at Iguazu. |
| 43 | Red-rumped Agouti | <i>Dasyprocta leporina</i> | Three or four encounters on one trail at Cristalino. |

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| 44 | Spotted Paca | Cuniculus paca | Several at night in the Guapore River region. |
| 45 | Punare | Thrichomys apereoides | One individual at the exit of Canstra. |
| 46 | Boto | Inia geoffrensis | Group of about six on the Guapore River. |









14 Greenfield Road, Eastbourne,
East Sussex BN21 1JJ, UK

Tel: +44 (0)1323 731865
Mob: +44 (0)7821 640118

Email: jason.woolgar@btinternet.com
Website: www.wildglobetours.com

