Wild Globe Travel Consultancy
Tailored Wildlife, Wilderness and Adventure Travel Across the Globe.
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DENMARK, SWEDEN AND NORWAY

Date - July 2022

Duration - 21 Days

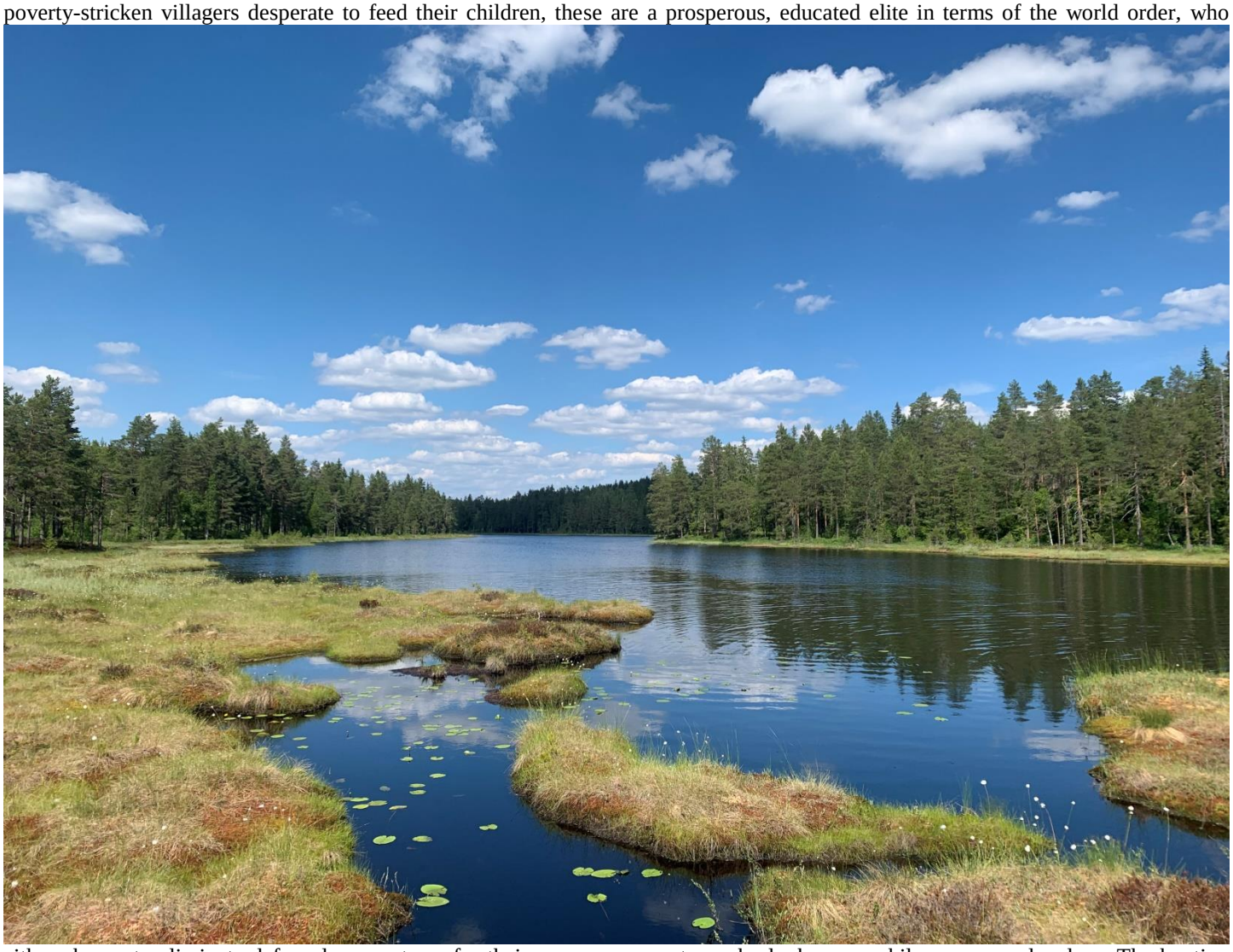
Destinations
Copenhagen - Royal North Zealand National Park - Fredensborg - Gribskov - Store Dyrehave - Jægersborg Dyrehave - Helsingør - Hillerød - Stockholm - Farnebofjarden National Park - Gysinge - Gysinge Nature Reserve - Sandviken - Kungsberg - Skinnskatteberg - Kopparberg - Malingsbo-Kloten Nature Reserve - Sarna - Fulufjället National Park - Lofsdalen - Sonfjallet National Park - Tännäs - Rogen Nature Reserve - Kårböle - Femundsmarka National Park - Helags Mountain Station - Oppdal - Dovrefjell-Sunndalsfjella National Park - Dombas - Dovre National Park

Trip Overview

This report should have been titled Denmark, Greenland and Sweden, but my recent bad luck with cancelled tours continued when I was informed that my two-week trip to Greenland had been called off just two hours before I was due to fly from Copenhagen. Apparently there was a problem with the boat that we were going to use to traverse the western coast, but it has since been established that the local operator involved, Aurora Arktika, have actually defrauded several travel companies by cancelling tours at the last possible moment and keeping the money paid in advance for each trip. I did not book directly with them, but the agency that I used has been unable to make contact and we have since been made aware that they are in the process of selling their fleet. Indeed, when we attempted to determine the exact situation on Facebook, they instantly closed their account and this is precisely why I personally travel with every operator before I even consider them for my guests, as I will not personally lose a great deal of money regarding this fiasco, having used a reputable company for the actual booking, but anyone who has booked directly with Aurora Arktika, will have lost everything. As it was, instead of boarding my flight to Sisimiut in Greenland, I had to quickly source an alternative back to the UK and to make matters even worse, I was only in Denmark because it was so convenient in terms of the onward Air Greenland flight, as you would certainly never choose the most southerly of the three Scandinavian nations for a wildlife tour. In fact, in terms of wildlife tourism, Denmark would probably not feature in the top 100 countries on the planet, which is fairly indicative considering there are only around 200 in total. At around a sixth of the size of the UK, at least when you exclude its dependencies Greenland and the Faroe Islands, Denmark is a relatively small landmass and perhaps this partially explains the lack of enthusiasm regarding any form of significant or sustainable conservation. Indeed, the first national park, Thy in northwest Jutland, was not created until 2008 and almost 95% of all habitat is considered to be in poor or bad condition. Sadly, there appears to be very little appetite for any genuine change and my stay consequently consisted of less than two full days within Royal North Zealand National Park, one of five national parks in the country, excluding the massive Northeast Greenland reserve, which was established in 1974 and therefore predates all of those on mainland Denmark by more than three decades. Given the lack of productive alternatives, as well as the shortness of my stay, I decided to concentrate my visit around the par force hunting landscape that Royal North Zealand is primarily known for and which, rather inexplicably given the brutality involved, has been listed as a cultural World Heritage Site by UNESCO. For those who are not aware, ‘par force’ is a French term and means by force, which is an entirely appropriate interpretation when you consider that this form of hunting involved mounted hunters chasing a single stag with a pack of dogs until it was simply too tired to run, at which point it would invariably turn to defend itself. For whatever reason, par force was considered to be the most noble form of hunting and usually ended with the exhausted animal cornered by ferocious hounds as the king or highest ranking noble present, dismounted to inflict the ‘coup de grâce’ with either a sword or spear. The UNESCO site comprises three main areas, Gribskov, Store Dyrehave, and Jægersborg Dyrehave and whilst the first two are reasonably wild with naturally occurring animals, the third is not and incorporates four managed deer populations, red, sika, fallow and roe. I enjoyed pretty hikes at both Gribskov and Store Dyrehave, where I encountered single fallow and roe deer respectively and although I also saw multiple red, sika and fallow deer during a shorter walk at Jægersborg Dyrehave, they cannot be considered wild. I also found time to visit the remarkable Frederiksborg Castle at Hillerød and the equally arresting castle Kronborg at Helsingør, the English version of which is Elsinore. If that name sounds familiar, it certainly should, as William Shakespeare based his perhaps most famous play ‘Hamlet’ at this royal Danish citadel and I had wanted to visit Elsinore since I saw the spellbinding Laurence Olivier film version of Hamlet as a child. Although it was not actually filmed at Kronborg, the play begins on the battlements of a mighty coastal fortification and in some ways the atmospheric castle was almost as much a star of the film as Olivier himself. A few years later I took my partner to see Kenneth Branagh play the young Danish prince at the Barbican Centre on the bank of the River Thames in London and it is fair to say that she was not so acquainted with the works of the most famous of all

English bards. When she told a colleague that she was going to see Hamlet that evening they replied ‘Ah, the Prince of Denmark’, only for her to respond ‘No, the Barbican’. It still makes me smile years later and was very much on my mind as I spent my last couple of hours in Denmark exploring what was once an important fortress guarding the entrance to the Baltic Sea and was later transformed into a magnificent renaissance palace and another UNESCO cultural World Heritage Site. Sadly, there was not a great deal more smiling over the next day or so, as I was informed that the subsequent leg of my journey had been cancelled and that instead of flying to Greenland, I would have to return to the UK for the ensuing two-week period before travelling on again to Sweden. I would ultimately do so with some trepidation, as I have mixed feelings about visiting Sweden and have consequently delayed my return for a number of years. My issue is not the country itself, which is so ravishingly beautiful you could easily be in the wilds of British Columbia, nor any lack of naturally occurring wildlife, as the region is blessed with some of Europe’s most iconic species, including wolf, brown bear and lynx. No, my issue with Sweden is the people and not the fact that they are unfriendly, as almost every Swede I have ever met has been well disposed and courteous. In fact, this is part of the problem, as Swedes are on the whole erudite and socially responsible citizens who benefit from excellent education, healthcare and a consistently high standard of living. Indeed, Sweden ranks seventh in the world on the Human Development Index, which measures our quality of life based on earnings, education and life expectancy, and the Democracy Index currently rates Sweden as the fourth most democratic nation on earth, behind only its neighbours Norway and Finland, as well as New Zealand. In terms of human rights, Sweden constantly features within the top ten countries of the Human Freedom Index and everyone, regardless of gender, class or ethnicity, has equal access to healthcare services, which are considered to be the third best in the world. In short, we are largely talking about an affluent and well educated populace with a collective respect for the welfare of their fellow man and, as all good Swedes would no doubt correctly point out, fellow woman. Therein lies the problem, at least as far as I am concerned, as these noble sentiments are rarely applied to the wildlife that such a fortunate and learned society is charged to protect. In fact, the opposite is the case, as not only do the vast majority

of Swedes fail to live in harmony with their environment, they actively choose to persecute specific species and clearly enjoy doing so. Whilst hunting is widespread across much of the globe, the Swedish hunting mentality is one of utter domination and hunting pervades society in a way that is considered unacceptable almost anywhere else in the world. Not everyone hunts of course, but almost everyone knows a hunter and at least accepts the brutality that takes place each year. These so called civilised Europeans continue to vote for governments that not only advocate these atrocities, but actually instigate them and I am not talking about poverty-stricken villagers desperate to feed their children, these are a prosperous, educated elite in terms of the world order, who



either choose to eliminate defenceless creatures for their own amusement or who look away while someone else does. The hunting mentality pervades almost every element of society and one hunter informed me that the pastime is so ingrained within the Swedish psyche, that those involved would rather spend the hunting season with their friends than Christmas with their families. Indeed, whilst much of the world does its best to now desperately save species from extinction, one of the main Swedish hunting organisations actively campaigns for the total extinction of the wolf within its borders. I will reiterate that, just in case it is not entirely clear, as these progressive members of a European civilization that has supposedly evolved to at least some degree over the previous 50,000 years, are actually calling for the wolf to be eliminated for a second time in around half a century, as the wolf population has already been eradicated once by Swedish hunters and wolves did not return to the country until the early 1980s. During my visit the wolf population was estimated to be around 400, which is already pitifully low in terms of a sustainable population, particularly when you consider that Romania is home to up to 3,000 wolves and that Sweden, as the fifth largest country in Europe, is more or less twice the size of that nation. Even tiny Serbia has twice as many wolves as Sweden and yet, shortly after I returned from this trip, the Swedish government, many of whom either hunt personally or support hunting for commercial gain, announced that the wolf population would be culled to around 170. You suspect that they would have preferred to go even lower, but this figure is already at the very bottom of the 170 to 270 range that allows the country to comply with the ultra conservative requirements of the European Union's Habitats Directive. So basically, under European law, Sweden cannot legally reduce their wolf population to less than 170, but in 2019 their own Environmental Protection Agency announced, after a four-year study involving two independent research groups, that in order to avoid significant inbreeding and thereby protect a healthy and viable population, there had to be at least 300 wolves in Sweden. Even this number is incomprehensibly low for a country of the size and prosperity of Sweden and you can only imagine the global outrage if the government of India announced that tiger numbers were going to be reduced to 170 because these iconic predators kill too many domestic animals, or even wild animals that hunters genuinely believe should be left to them to shoot. To be entirely fair, this is an argument that I have heard espoused by hunters well beyond Sweden, who vehemently maintain that apex predators need to be eradicated, purely because they kill the same animals to survive that hunters enjoy killing for fun. In addition to the wolves butchered each year, hundreds of brown bears, Eurasian lynx, wolverines and other carnivores are also slaughtered, but the most persecuted animal in Sweden is probably the harmless moose, whose real crime, other than being edible, is the fact that it prefers to feed on the new shoots of trees. For those who are not aware, whilst almost 70% of Sweden is covered in forest, very little pristine primary forest now remains and around 80% of all existing forest is farmed commercially. As such, Sweden is actually the world's fifth largest exporter of timber, paper and pulp and the export industry alone is worth billions of US Dollars every year. Of course, not everyone benefits to the same degree from these massive profits, as around half of all forest is owned by 320,000 highly privileged individuals

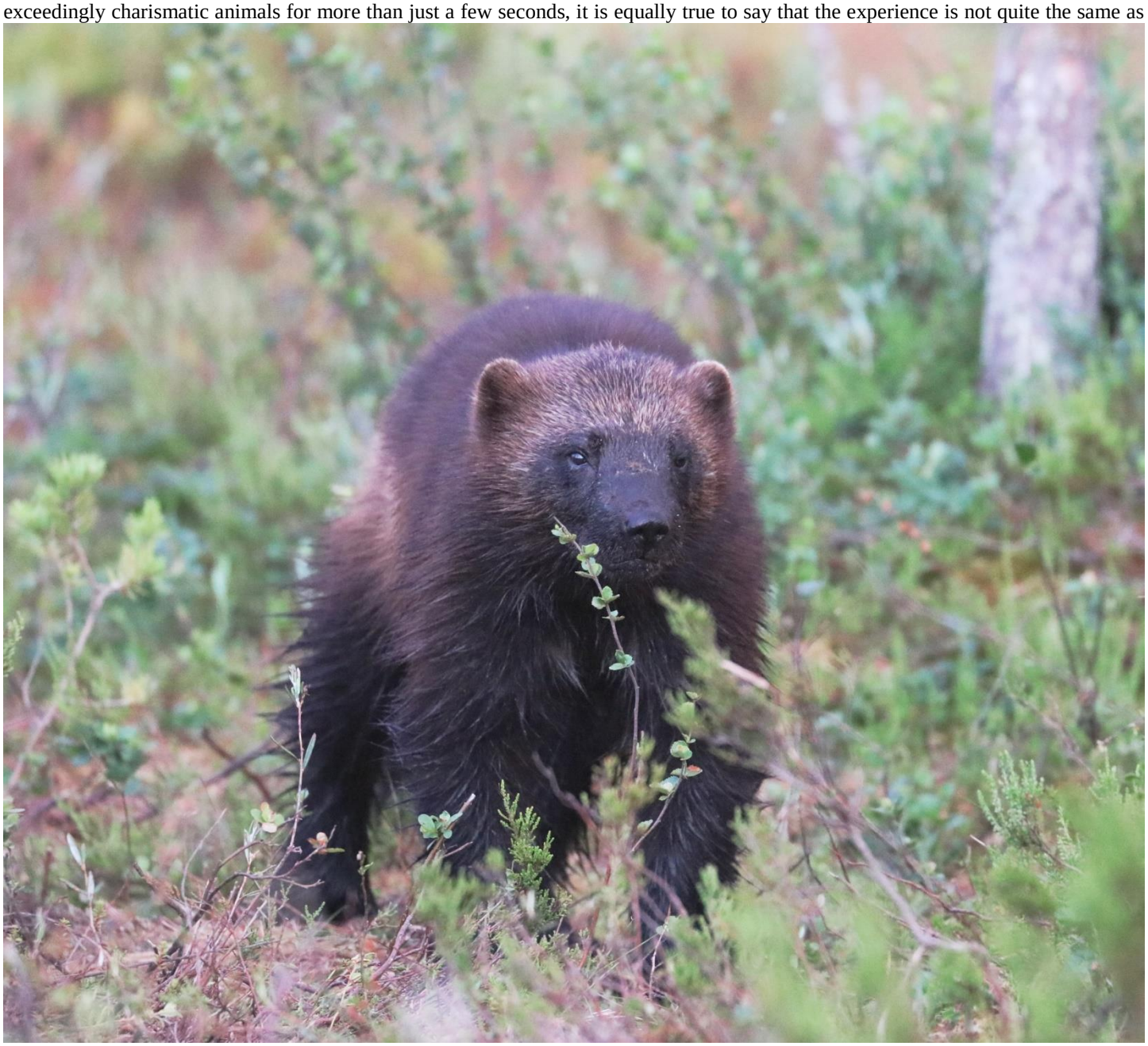
and families and the remainder is split between commercial forestry companies, which are again mainly owned by the wealthiest members of society, and the state, which in turn is largely administered by the highest echelons of the Swedish ruling-class. Not surprisingly, given the people involved, there is little room for sentimentality where profits are concerned, let alone any meaningful conservation, and consequently, around 100,000 moose, or about 25% of the population, are routinely killed every year. This basically means that in a country where human life expectancy now exceeds 83 years, it is highly unlikely that a moose will survive beyond the age of four and even hunters agree that it is now extremely rare to encounter an old moose, and by old, they generally mean an animal approaching ten. This is about half the age that the largest of all deer species can survive to if left undisturbed and of course when a hunter does then discover an older more imposing beast, they automatically want to shoot it. This is not natural selection with the strongest or most adaptable of the gene pool surviving to produce healthy future generations, this is human selection, with the hunters killing the most impressive animals with the largest antlers to hang as a trophy on the wall. The hunts themselves, if they can even be classified as hunts, do not give the animals any chance of escape, with beaters driving the terrified prey towards a wall of guns. The killing is so efficient and utterly ruthless, that whilst the moose hunting season can technically continue until the end of January, the majority of the 100,000 or so hapless animals have all been despatched within the opening two or three weeks. Calves are not exempt from the carnage either and thousands of the young born each year, never make it beyond a few months old. For all their grandiose principles regarding social justice and human rights, clearly Swedish national altruism does not extend to all living creatures and although I was not aware of it at the time, even one of the wildlife companies that I had arranged tours with employs hunters. The company concerned was Wild Sweden, the largest and I had considered the most ethical of the operators that I wanted to research for future guests. I had actually wanted to travel with this operator for some time and had even been hoping to try one of their longer tours the following year, until, that is, the guide on my first moose safari casually mentioned shooting and eating the animals we were in the process of searching for. I was so disappointed, not to mention annoyed that I had not been made aware of this situation before I travelled, I made a point of contacting the owner to ask why he considers it acceptable for one of his guides to show a tourist a moose calf in September and to shoot it in October, particularly when the company website makes absolutely no mention of the fact that some of the Wild Sweden guides enjoy killing the animals they are profiting from in terms of their commercial tours. In fact, the opposite was the case and one of their hunting guides was actually referred to as ‘the moose whisperer’ within the biography section of their website, with no mention at all that he liked to do his ‘whispering’ with a high powered rifle. That reference has since been removed, no doubt as a result of this observation, and whilst I received several ostensibly reasonable explanations regarding the owners motives for employing hunters, including the fact that he considers ‘habitat loss a far greater problem’ and that it is ‘more ethical to hunt a moose...than support the meat industry’, none of them really addressed my main issue, in that he was not presenting the full facts to his prospective clients to enable them to make their own informed choice. Whilst I also strongly disagree with his rationale that just because some issues are worse than others, the less serious ones become irrelevant, I more wanted to convey just

how upset some visitors would be to discover that their wildlife guides were involved in a practice they abhor, as I genuinely was. For me, it was just another example of the stunning hypocrisy of a nation that will close an entire section of a national park in order to protect a nesting gyrfalcon, as I was happy to observe occurred on this trip, and even warn you that it is a crime to move a single stone in case you damage the delicate lichen, but who will collectively overlook the genuine wildlife atrocities being committed across the country in the name of both profit and pleasure. Unacceptable does not even begin to cover it in a major enlightened country in the 21st century and I have consequently decided that I will no longer offer wildlife tours in Sweden and would encourage prospective visitors to similarly look elsewhere. Whilst the country is unquestionably one of the most beautiful on the planet and the wildlife as diverse and compelling as anywhere in Europe, the people themselves, or at least the majority, appear to have an almost complete lack of empathy with the natural world. I will therefore look towards a more enlightened nation in terms of my European wildlife tours and can only hope that over time the people of Sweden will come to understand the meaning behind the words of Mahatma Gandhi:

'The greatness of a nation and its moral progress can be judged by the way its animals are treated.'

Given that I now have no intention of running trips here, there is little point in describing the areas visited as usual and I will instead concentrate on the various wildlife highlights of my tour, some of which, as you would expect given the majesty of my surroundings, were typically spectacular. This was sadly not the case regarding brown bears though, as I suffered a remarkable run of shockingly poor luck with these delightful creatures and ended up missing them at three hides, which is the first time this has ever happened to me. I was advised that increased hunting had dramatically reduced sightings in recent times at two of the hides, but even so, you

would generally expect to see a bear over three nights and I missed them elsewhere in more natural settings as well, most notably staked out on freezing hillsides in heavy rain in the Sonfjallet National Park area. So no bears on this occasion and an extraordinary lack of predators in general, as I cannot recall a tour in Europe when I encountered as few as four carnivores and two of these were observed from hides and therefore barely count. Even on my last UK tour, where we have wiped out most of our wildlife and particularly the predators, I encountered five different carnivores, and all of them naturally. Every trip is different of course and in addition to the single badger spotted at the first hide at Kungsberg, I spent a delightful evening watching a pair of wolverines on the first of two visits to a hide at Kårböle, where a couple of red foxes also skulked out of the forest in search of a free meal. The wolverines did not reappear on the second night, although the foxes did, and whilst it is always a pleasure to be able to observe these exceedingly charismatic animals for more than just a few seconds, it is equally true to say that the experience is not quite the same as



encountering them in genuinely wild conditions. A few red foxes were also chanced upon beyond hides at three different locations, but the only really exceptional carnivore encounter took place at Helags Mountain Station, where I spent an enchanting morning in the company of an adult Arctic fox and eight playful cubs. Situated within a comfortable hike of the Helags Massif, the highest mountain in Sweden beyond the Arctic Circle, reaching the mountain station is an adventure in itself, as you have to leave your vehicle at a nearby village and then follow a twelve kilometre trail that winds its way up towards the rustic mountain accommodation. The hike is as breathtaking as you can imagine and on my ascent I spotted one of only two Norway lemmings encountered throughout the trip, the other being on one of the trails near the top of the Njupeskär Waterfall in Fulufjället National Park, not far from the famous Norway spruce Old Tjikko, which, incidentally, is more than 9,500 years old. They have been studying the small Arctic fox population at Helags for more than a decade and the proceeds of all fox tours are used to help conserve this vulnerable species, which, it will probably not surprise you to learn, is highly endangered in Sweden. The tour is operated by the Swedish Tourist Association and can only take place when the location of a den has been established each year, which usually occurs between the end of June and early July. Only two tours are offered each week, to avoid disturbing the foxes, and mine was due to take place on the 5th of July. It was therefore something of a relief to learn that a den had been located this early in the season and after a short hike and a wait of perhaps an hour, a single adult fox emerged from one of the entrance sites I had been scanning, followed almost immediately by eight boisterous cubs. To again avoid pressurising the animals, we were not particularly close, but it did not overly matter, as the view was uninterrupted, we were perched high above the foxes looking down, and the weather had fortunately cleared after heavy rain the previous evening. I could have obviously gone back on my own later and got a great deal closer, as you are free to hike anywhere in the area and could easily come across the den purely by chance. However, I chose not to, as I did not want to encourage other visitors

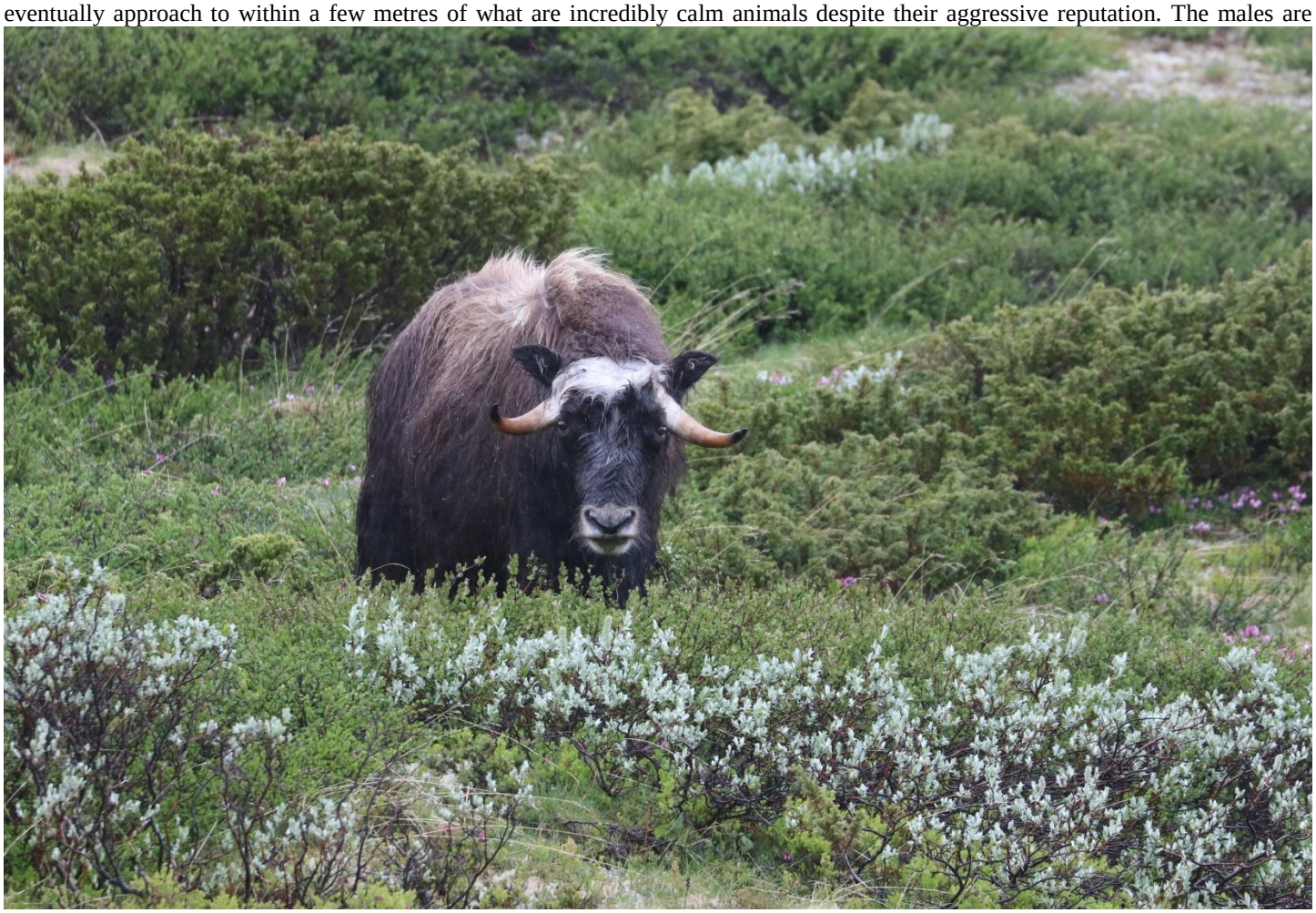
who would have no idea how to approach these animals without disrupting them and I was also more than happy with the initial encounter, despite the distance and the lack of anything more than a few reference shots. After all, our small group had enjoyed the best part of a morning enthralled by the entirely natural behaviour of eight spirited cubs and a parent that initially spent most of its time attempting to keep the rowdy youngsters under some sort of control, before giving up entirely and simply falling asleep in the sun. I stayed at Helags for a couple of nights and on the hike back down I encountered small groups of reindeer, which live in the wild, but are all domesticated animals owned by the Sami, the indigenous inhabitants of Sápmi or Lapland as it was formally known. Sápmi extends over a large part of both Norway and Sweden, as well as smaller areas of Finland and Russia, and one of the guides at Helags was explaining that at certain times of the year it is possible to watch the traditional herding of the reindeer, which involves motorbikes and helicopters, but apparently not a single trace of irony. Unfortunately, and this sadly applies to various indigenous people across the globe, the Sami have as little empathy for wild creatures as the rest of the country and will not tolerate any predators

within the vicinity of their domestic animals, which number in the region of a quarter of a million in Sweden alone. Indeed, bears and wolves are killed each year just to ensure that their populations never reach a level where they could have any impact on reindeer numbers and in certain parts of the country, particularly the Härjedalen, Jämtland and Lappland provinces, basically all you encounter are these domestic animals, often in large herds sprawling along the road. All of the reindeer have brightly coloured ear tags to verify exactly who owns them and my visit reminded me of a holiday in Wales, where you will see a vast number of sheep living an apparently natural existence across the rugged hills, but at the expense of almost every other living creature. Between the hunters and the herdsmen, not to mention the developers and loggers, you wonder sometimes how anything wild survives these days and several

locals told me that whilst they used to see moose on more or less every forest walk, now they feel fortunate if they see one or two a year. Having driven past the hunting stands in pretty much every village, simple wooden structures from where moose and just about every other major species is shot, I could have easily explained the issue to them, but of course they know already, because even if they are not hunters, their family members, friends or colleagues are. Certainly the restaurants they eat in will serve moose, other venison, wild boar and even brown bear in some cases, more to justify the annual slaughter than as a genuine delicacy and mixed with a much higher volume of another meat, usually pork, just to make it palatable. In all, I would find a dozen moose in Sweden and seven more on a single night drive to Dovrefjell Sunndalsfjella National Park in Norway, bearing in mind that it barely gets dark at this time of the year this far north and that I was able to search for most of the night without needing a spotlight. The twelve animals in Sweden were observed across three sites, with a nice mix of females, some with calves, and big bull males. Most encounters were on my own, as the guided tours were not really long enough to be productive, although one did produce a nice view of a mother and young, and my favourite sighting was of a lone female in the middle of a field carpeted in white flowers. There was insufficient light for photographs, but what there was illuminated this beautiful creature against a stunning backdrop and the overall effect was unforgettable. In complete contrast to my long and dedicated search for moose, the drive to Dovrefjell in Norway was a spur of the moment decision and was basically made to replace the muskox that I had been more or less guaranteed to see in Greenland, as these prehistoric giants were to have been a major highlight of that section of the tour and I suddenly decided that I was determined to still find what are favourite animals of mine. There is actually a tiny herd of muskoxen in Sweden, which are the descendants of five animals that wandered across the border from Dovrefjell back in 1971 and live an entirely wild existence in the mountainous region of Härjedalen. At one stage the herd had grown to more than 30, but numbers have since dwindled and although some efforts have been made to introduce new animals and thereby improve the genetic diversity of the group, I was informed that there are now only around

eleven remaining. There is also a breeding and research centre at Tännäs, which you can visit and from where a female was introduced to the wild herd in 2013, but, as a couple of local guides confirmed, it is more or less impossible to get permission to look for the wild animals, officially at least, as they live on land reserved for the Sami for grazing purposes. My best chance on this side of the border was actually an individual male called Brutus, who split from the main herd several years ago and is occasionally seen wandering around the Svenstavik region. I did consider making a concerted effort to find this adventurous bull, but instead decided to make the dash into Norway, as I knew that I was far more likely to find muskoxen at Dovrefjell and that there can be few more spectacular landscapes in which to observe these equally magnificent beasts. To save time having to learn the whereabouts of one of

the main herds, I joined a tour and we set off in the most miserable conditions imaginable. A combination of a rapidly decreasing temperature, heavy and persistent rain and strong winds, transformed what should have been an enjoyable and relatively moderate hike into something of an ordeal for most of the participants, particularly those with children. However, an ill wind and all that, as ultimately the adverse elements worked in my favour, when the entire group, including the guide, who was given very little say in the matter, chose to leave almost as soon as the muskoxen were spotted at distance, which gave me the opportunity to stay behind and eventually approach to within a few metres of what are incredibly calm animals despite their aggressive reputation. The males are



aggressive amongst themselves of course during the rutting season, when the sickening sound of their horns and boss clashing at high speed reverberates for miles around, but this natural behaviour aside, they are decidedly gentle creatures unless they feel threatened. They will eventually charge to protect their young, but even then they give plenty of very obvious warning and the vast majority of incidents that I am aware of have been caused by thoughtless people allowing their dogs to venture far too close. I have often sat quietly in the middle of a herd with no issue and that was also the case on this occasion, when I spent eight hours with the group of six that we had initially all seen together. Whilst the peaceful muskoxen were consequently of no concern despite their proximity, I did think that I might succumb to hypothermia and after just a few minutes my hands were so cold that I could barely hold my camera. I eventually had to stop even trying to take pictures and just protect myself as much as I could from the elements, as all the while, my small family grazed contentedly around me. It was another magical experience despite the horrendous conditions and I would see two further muskoxen before I left Dovrefjell early the next morning, one from the snug and far more comfortable Snøhetta viewing platform, which is an easy one-and-a-half kilometre walk from the nearest car park. The only other mammals observed in Norway were two rabbits seen on the drive in and previously in Sweden I had encountered both European and mountain hares, as well as a number of red squirrels at various locations. At Skinnskatteberg I participated in a leisurely guided boat tour that produced three typically enigmatic beavers, as well as some of the best weather of the trip, and in roughly the same area I spent two hours waiting to see whether a Eurasian pygmy shrew would reappear after a fleeting glimpse at the base of log. I am happy to report that my patience was eventually rewarded with a much improved second view and by far the most unexpected encounter of the trip was with another member of the eulipotyphlia mammal order, the European mole. Given how exceptionally challenging they can be to observe naturally, you never expect to see a mole on any tour, but on this one I already knew that it would be virtually impossible, as I roughly know where most major mammals occur and as I plan a trip, I basically double check every possible species. I was consequently aware that as I would be travelling north from Stockholm on arrival, a mole would not be an option, as they are only found south of the capital. In fact, if you were to draw a straight line from Stockholm west across the country to the North Sea, the European mole would only occur beneath that line. That at least is my understanding of their known range and yet I encountered mine, a juvenile making its way across the road in heavy rain, in an area just south of Fulufjället National Park, which is approximately 250 kilometres north of that straight line as the crow flies. I wish that I had been able to take even a quick picture just for reference purposes, but the tiny creature had almost crossed by the time that I pulled the car to a complete stop in the wet and I barely had chance to watch it reach the forest and disappear. Whilst moles are notoriously difficult to find, adults are almost impossible and sightings generally involve young animals moving on to find their own territory, as in this case. So on this particular tour I missed bears at several locations, including three where they are fed and appear regularly, but I saw an impossible species in an area where it does not exist, which just about sums up everything I love about what I do. I hope to return to this beautiful region one day, but for now sadly, the question is, why would anyone who cares about wildlife visit a country where they will be one of the few people who does?

No.	Species	Scientific Name	Notes
1	Arctic Fox	Vulpes lagopus	One adult and eight cubs at distance for more than an hour at Helags Mountain Station.
2	Red Fox	Vulpes vulpes	Two around Skinnskatteberg, one at Fulufjället National Park, one near Sonfjallet National Park and four across two nights at the hide in the Ljusdal region.
3	Wolverine	Gulo gulo	A pair throughout the night on the first of two visits to a hide in the Ljusdal region.
4	Eurasian Badger	Meles meles	A single animal at a bear hide at Kungsberg.
5	Red Deer*	Cervus elaphus	Large numbers at Jægersborg Dyrehave and a single pair near Dovrefjell-Sunndalsfjella.
6	Sika Deer*	Cervus nippon	Small managed herd at Jægersborg Dyrehave.
7	Roe Deer*	Capreolus capreolus	Single animal at Store Dyrehave and observed in low densities in Sweden.
8	Fallow Deer*	Dama dama	A large population at Jægersborg Dyrehave and an individual at Gribskov.
9	Moose	Alces alces	Twelve across three sites in Sweden and seven on the night drive to Dovrefjell Sunndalsfjella National Park in Norway.
(10)	Reindeer	Rangifer tarandus	Large numbers in the Lofsdalen region and north to Helags Mountain Station, but all domestic animals.
11	Muskox	Ovibos moschatus	A herd of six for an extended period and two individuals at Dovrefjell Sunndalsfjella National Park.

12	European Mole	Talpa europaea	A young animal crossing the road at night in heavy rain, just south of Fulufjället National Park, which is considerably beyond the known range of this species.
13	European Rabbit	Oryctolagus cuniculus	Two individuals at the end of the night drive to Dovrefjell Sunndalsfjella National Park in Norway.
14	European Hare	Lepus europaeus	Six in all around Skinnskatteberg, including a pair.
15	Mountain Hare	Lepus timidus	Two individuals at Skinnskatteberg, one in the Sonfjallet National Park area and one on the drive to Helags Mountain Station.
16	Eurasian Pygmy Shrew	Sorex minutus	Two views of the same animal in the Skinnskatteberg region.
17	Eurasian Beaver	Castor fiber	Three animals on an evening boat tour in the Skinnskatteberg area.
18	Eurasian Red Squirrel	Sciurus vulgaris	Encountered in low numbers in several areas in Sweden, but not at all in Norway.
19	Norway Lemming	Lemmus lemmus	One at the top of the waterfall hike at Fulufjället National Park and a second towards the end of the 12km hike up to Helags Mountain Station.
20	Yellow-necked Field Mouse	Apodemus flavicollis	An individual animal on several occasions at the bear hide at Kungsberg.

** The only species observed in Denmark, two of which, red deer and roe deer, were also observed on the subsequent tour of Sweden and Norway.*

Several bats and a single vole were also observed but not identified.


Nordkapp
Varangerhalvoya
Vadso
Stabbursdalen
Ovre Pasvik
Tromso
Lofoten Islands
Lemmenjoki
Pallas-
Yllastunturi
Urho
Kekkonen
Abisko
Padjelanta
Stora Sjofallet
Sarek
Muddus
Saltfjellet-
Svartisen
Norwegian
Sea
Rovaniemi
Oulanka
Norway
Oulu
Kuhmo
Russia
Finland
Sweden
Trondheim
Patvinsuo
Dovrefjell
Linnansaari
Jostedalsbreen
Tampere
Fulufjallet
Bergen
Lahti
Turku
Hardangervidda
Oslo
Helsinki
Uppsala
Vasteras
Russia
Lake
Vanern
Orebro
Stockholm
Estonia
North Sea
Gothenburg
Latvia
Denmark
Helsingborg
Malmo
Baltic
Sea
Lithuania
Belarus
Russia
Germany
Poland
500 km
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