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# Walking with wildlife in Zambia

Anne Z. Cooke, *McCLATCHY-TRIBUNE NEWS SERVICE*

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Sharp-eyed Rabson Banda spots a monitor lizard. He is a guide at Zebra Plains Camp. (STEVEHAGGERTY / MCT)

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MFUWE, Zambia - We're nodding off in our tent, pitched under a tree, when the crunching and gnashing begin.

It's the hippos again, a half-dozen massive beasts climbing up from the Luangwa River for their nightly feed. During September, a hot, dry month here at Zebra Plains Camp, in northeast Zambia, the tree's foot-long fruit hang low, an irresistible meal for diners with gaping jaws and fist-size grinders.

Silence falls as the hippos lumber away. For a moment we doze - well wined and dined after a long day tramping through the bush, tracking wild game. Then the bushes rustle and the elephants arrive, treading gently to avoid our plastic ground cloth and canvas patio chairs. Amazed at how quietly those huge feet step, we peer out through our screened windows, spotting a shifting shadow reaching for the top branches.

I fall asleep wondering who decided to pitch the tent under a sausage tree. Intentional, perhaps, or a prank, to give the dudes a thrill? But Garth Hovell, manager at Zebra Plains, a walking safari camp in the most remote sector of the South Luangwa National Park, shakes his head. "No way," he says. With 20 years of bush experience, Hovell, head naturalist for Sanctuary Retreats' five Zambian lodges, says that here in the bush, where we're the intruders, safety is Rule One. No blood allowed on his watch, is what I'm thinking.

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"If it gets much hotter you'll thank the tree for such big branches," says Milemia Banda, guide and second in command, with a twinkle. "And anyway, the animals are more afraid of you than you are of them. With no roads, no vehicles and no airplanes in this sector, they rarely see or hear people. To them a tent is like a tree, something to walk around."

The Luangwa River, pristine and undammed, is the reason we - and the wildlife - are here at Zebra Plains, near the national park's northern border. Flowing in wide, curving loops over fertile plains and through wild miombo woodland, the Luangwa supports an immense diversity of species, a veritable Zambian ark.

From elephants to antelope, lions to leopards, crocodiles to hippos, all flourish within this vast wildlife refuge. "Living with them, you really feel close to the animals," says Hovell. "And you'll see them, once you know where to look."

During the dry season, August through mid-October, inland waterholes dry up, pushing wildlife toward the river. It also brings them closer to our camp and to the sausage trees.

As with the animals, your feet will be the only transport available during your stay at Zebra Plains - hiking boots are definitely in order. Except for the three-hour drive from the Mfuwe airport - and the return when you leave - your own legs will take you across the plains, along the riverbank and to the campfire for appetizers and a sundowner. "The road ends here, so we have to walk the last bit, less than a quarter mile," Hovell announced when we first arrived. "I want you to see the river and the camp on foot. You need to experience it the way the early explorers did."

Digesting that unwelcome news (jet lag is a buzz-kill) we managed smiles for the three camp staff who hoisted our heavy suitcases up onto their heads and fell into line. Tramping along after Hovell, we must have looked the very image of Henry Stanley, searching for David Livingstone, the missionary, in 1869, weary reporter in rumpled khakis trailed by a long line of perspiring porters.

Walking-only safari camps, like Zebra Plains, are probably this decade's biggest news in African safaris - and ironically, the oldest. The first Europeans to venture deep into the continent - glory-seeking adventurers, greedy miners, and relentless missionaries - expected to walk. Even after trucks and jeeps arrived, hunters and photographers bunked in tents, stalked their quarry on foot, and thrilled to the charge of angry lions.

The first guest-organized walking camp was founded south of Zebra Plains in 1961 by Norman Carr, a former ranger and lifelong environmentalist. Since then, hard-core walking camps have become Zambia's signature.

Most safari lodges are commercial enterprises, of course, relying on a half-dozen off-road vehicles and guides who radio big-animal sightings from guide to guide. Guests get what they've paid for: guaranteed close-ups of lions yawning and elephants trumpeting. Luxury is the norm, as is a large staff, mostly local people, from manager, rangers, and guides to the chef, dishwashers, maids, laundresses, and the fix-it crew.

"That's not Zebra Plains," said Hovell. "We're designed for people who've been on safari before but are tired of sitting in a vehicle. Curious people who want to get away from exhaust fumes and down on the ground. They want to hear dry grass crackle underfoot and smell the earth," he said, as we gathered in the mess tent for a first-day orientation. In the days ahead, he promised, we'd

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track sign (footprints and spoor), be alert for unexpected encounters, and "see the animals the way they really are in nature."

As in all game lodges, our days began at 6 a.m. while the air was cool and the animals active. On the first day we headed for a distant loop of the Chibembe River, led by Mathews, the camp's armed guard, rifle loaded and at the ready. Hovell followed, carrying binoculars and a day pack with a first aid kit, loaner hats, survival gear, extra water, and sun lotion.

We six, dressed in khakis (tan makes the best camouflage), fell in behind. Guide Rabson Banda, walking shotgun, kept us bunched up tight. Predators like to pick on stragglers, he told us with a grin. Banda's backpack overflowed with the tea things: a portable gas stove, pot, cups, tea bags, cookies, brownies, and water.

Here and there groups of tiny puku grazed calmly, lifting their heads to watch us pass. Three giraffes and sable antelopes were more wary, moving into a grove of mopane trees. After an hour's walking, stopping to identify plants and tall-tale spoor, Mathews and Hovell pulled up short and bent over to inspect a lion track. With a zing of fear, we stood still and peered left and right until Hovell spied two lionesses at 50 yards, half hidden in deep grass. For a long minute they stared at us, unmoving, and then they were gone, fleeing the other way.

Each day followed a similar pattern. Morning game drives lasted from 6 to 11 a.m. followed by lunch and downtime for a shower, journal notations, or photo downloads. From 4 to 6 p.m. we set out again, now searching for the elephant family approaching the river, or to watch the hippos grunt and growl, jockeying for position.

At twilight we gathered around the campfire for a glass of wine, some surprisingly appealing dishes, and an evening of stories and stars. Escorted back to our tent by a game-wise guide with a flashlight (sometimes Isaac our porter and guard, and sometimes Milemia or Rabson), we took a warm shower, crawled under the mosquito netting onto a first-class mattress, and fell asleep to the hippo chorus.

Because walking safaris are specialized, choosing an itinerary that includes stays at other lodges is a good way to broaden your experience. Sanctuary Retreats has five Zambian lodges, each different from the others. Driving safaris are most popular, but several lodges lead guided walks as well. Having done both, I confess that I like the convenience, comfort, and range that a vehicle provides. But if you're like me, you won't say you've really seen Zambia until you've walked the walk.

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**Anne Z. Cooke**  
*McCLATCHY-TRIBUNE NEWS SERVICE*

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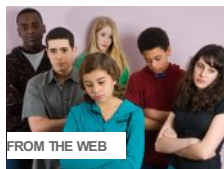
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