

Day 8 Saturday

A positive lie in this morning with a 7am start but before that most of the group had already awoken to the sound of Howler monkeys in the near distance and in fact very few of the team slept in until the allotted hour. The magic of JoLt ensuring that most of us now awake with the dawn. As we packed up and cleared the campsite we watched Brown Backed Tamarin monkeys playing and running along the tree vines. We said a final farewell to our jungle camp and headed by boat back to Wasai Tambopata lodge.



On the way we stopped at a wide sandbank and had some fun playing volley ball and beach cricket as well as some paddling and swimming in the Tambopata River - another great Amazon experience. Joseph Musisi sat and did some artwork and then burnt off some energy doing back flips on the beach. Some of the team sat in the shade including Pixie and Joseph Rendle who dug a deep hole and then buried Joe Mercer up to waist in it. Unable to get out afterwards he had to be pulled out almost losing his swimming trunks in the process!

We arrived at Wasai Tambopata lodge to utter luxury after the last two nights, wooden chalets with proper beds! There was even a shower although very few of the group were willing to test out the cold water. Jess being one of the brave ones at least could claim not to smell over dinner later that day.

Lunch was served in the lodge followed by an afternoon learning jungle skills. In teams we learnt how to trap animals, make a fire without a match, make use of jungle plants for medicine and shoot bow and arrows with (Dan and Jess hitting the target and Delwyn hitting the post). The rest of us JoLters will have to hone our skills a little further if we want to survive.

We had our first game of limb ball, a free for all game with no apparent rules which gave everyone chance to burn off some energy. Such were the sounds of screams and laughter echoing through the rainforest that soon all the staff of the lodge came out to watch the game. Pixie ended up on the floor again, so determined was she not to relinquish the ball until she got it through the goal posts whilst Josh Gr certainly had fun confusing everyone as to which team he was on to his own advantage- such are the rules in limb ball!



As dusk arrived we started to prepare for our nocturnal trip to the river, an eagerly awaited 'hunt for caimans' and by the time the boats left the river side it was pitch black as we slowly and stealthily made our way down river under the expert skills of our guides. Silently we sat in

the dark whilst a solitary flash light skimmed over river and banks looking for the tell tale signs of red eyes reflecting in the light, soon we were rewarded by the sight of a caiman on the bank with a poor unsuspecting family of peccaries near by.