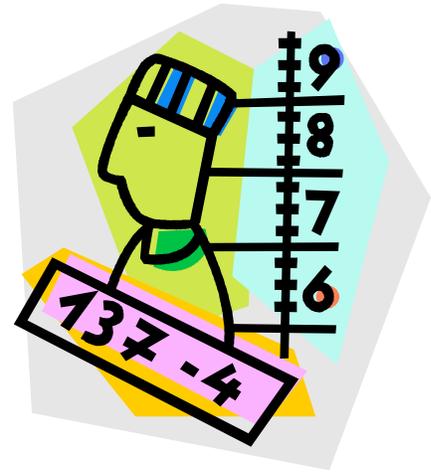


# THE DAIRIES OF A PREDATOR HUNTER

Over the years of going out hunting I have many memories of total disaster meets, trips that I could have missed - really missed!

## LORDS AND MAIDS

We start with a trip that happened about 12 years ago, it was at a place in the Northern Cape. I booked in 7 "hunters" and never met them – we only spoke via phone, and all was organised and paid up, Friday to Sunday (although 5 lasted only 3 hours at farm the other two left the next morning!).



I waited the Friday morning at the farm, arrival time was supposed to be 7 -8 bells in MORNING, the Friday came and went, and at 7-30 at night they arrived. Out of the station wagon 4x4 5 Indians climbed, and 2 white guys out of a Mazda. All carried Glock pistols and they sat down inside the guest house, we all met and I could tell not all was well here.

Half way through the introduction speech one guy got up, and went outside, came back inside with a case of whiskey. He said this is for you, I was speechless, and he asked me when the next coach bus will pass through..... I explained it don't come to this area, he asked to use our phone.

He and two other guys stood together talking, then put down the phone, cut me short and said we are leaving for Matjiesfontein now. I said but you paid till Sunday? They said its ok, we will move now, they had a huge trailer of *stuff*, and they kept me from standing close to it. They obviously wanted to put some **stuff** on a bus and follow it to Cape Town.

He asked me if I like watches, he has gold Rolex watches on sale; I was so confused I never even answered the question. Gold Rolex watches on a hunt in the Karoo???????

Anyway 5 guys got into the station wagon, and left for Matjiesfontein, I never spoke to them ever again.....

Then the two white guys sat drinking and talking inside the guest house, all heavily armed and cases of alcohol and other stuff. I went in another room and called the neighbour and asked his opinion, he said he will pop down with "friends".

I was very worried as I had no idea as to who these guys were and what the action plan was, I was not alone and had a friend with me but still was worried, I had a 9mm pistol under my jacket front and never once allowed my attention to wonder from the two of them.

The one white guy told me as he drank Whiskey how he had just got out of jail, and why he was in, and how he got pleasure by stabbing some guy on a stretcher next to an ambulance that he never liked after he had shot him in the first place and wounded him..... this was what sat across the table from me.

He explained it like this "Jaaa my broer.... Ek se. I walked up to the rooker on the stretcher and tuined him, ja jou vark, and I stabbed him, and I tuined the naaie\$ "Ja now you know how it feels jou po.."

This is what he spoke like.

These two white guys were the other 5 guys' maids, - that is for sure. He told me how he had beaten his wife and her boyfriend also and he also sat in jail for that, (they all carried guns).

The other white guy was more presentable and better spoken; the criminal one was real rubbish, just looking at him you could tell.

The presentable one never spoke much.

After about 10 minutes the bakkies pulled up outside and they came inside, and then it was very tense. After about 10 minutes they said (the two white scum) they will go to sleep now as they are tired, and I then showed them a room. They had no kit with them, just the whiskey. The one guy carried a big satchel and was pretty heavy looking.

They went to bed and we all stayed up all night in case the others came back, we also warned the SAP in the town about suspicious movements, but they could do nothing if nothing illegal was happening.

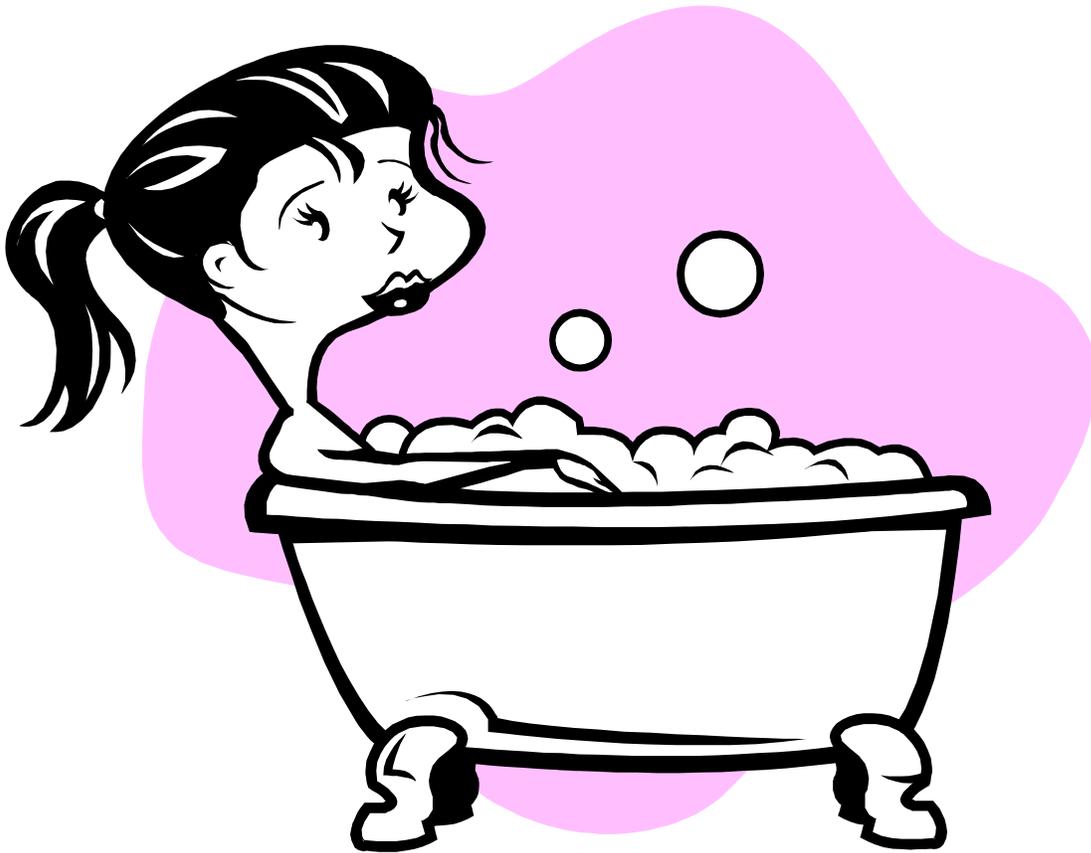
The next morning early the one guy walked out of the guest house and asked me if we have a place he can find old dead animals, I said a few dassie remainders are next door, he gave me a camera and held up a dassie about a week old, and I took a photo, he told me that's for the wive **s** back home.

Then he said that the two of them are joining up with the other 5 in Cape Town today and they are leaving now, they started the Mazda and departed and never once did the one guy never be far from that satchel, they had no clothes etc.

After all this we all sat down and tried to work it all out, and after chatting to a few cops' friends, we decided that; they were gun or drug movers, and we got used as a restroom and whatever between Durban and Cape Town.

This was a very heavy experience and one I will never forget, just one of a many that will always be remembered.

# DIE GOGGA VAN GOCHAS



1998 was the year, we got an invite to spend some quality time in Gochas, being such a small town we thought it would be boring but wanted to enjoy a good holiday, and to get out and call a few jackals also.

So, we went to Windhoek and preceded to Gochas, as usual, I brought a load of free stuff to give to the farmer to show our thanks, I always pay my way even if asked on a holiday in some way or other.

It was late and we went directly to bed on our arrival at his home. The next morning we met everybody, the wife and her daughter and son, we then generally walked through the town, from one end to the other took about 5 minutes to walk.

The next morning, I got up and opened our door, and walked towards the toilet, in the passage was the main bedroom and I could hear a hair dryer, I walked past the main bedroom door to the toilet and sitting in the doorway on a chair was the farmers wife naked doing her hair, he was not at home. I went into the toilet and all confused walked out and she still sat stark naked doing her hair arms raised with a hair dryer, I asked my wife to go look and see if I was maybe dreaming, and she was gob smacked!



Anyway, the next morning I got up, listened and heard no dryer, I knocked and walked into the bathroom, and she lay in the bath, I said sorry and she commented, no carry on no problem...., I turned and walked out.

The next morning, I went into the kitchen, and when I saw her in the kitchen she lifted her dress, and cleaned between her legs with a towel, I was so shocked I told my wife, and when we left for Windhoek I was so glad, I never mentioned a thing to the farmer at all! This was another trip never to be forgotten!

When we pulled away in the car from that house I was amazed that a person who knows they have strangers in the house will sit nude in the open, and be so crude in the way they conduct themselves..... It was a real mind blowing event.

## NOT ALL IS MOOI in NATAL



2000 was the year and what a holiday that was, I was asked to visit Natal, I asked the farmer about 5 times if all is ok, and he said JA! Lekker kom! Mmmmmmm what a nightmare!

I landed at Durban and we met and drove to the farm in his car.

I unpacked and up till now all was ok, I put down the bags and knocked on the door, the farmer was at his bakkie, the door opened and I introduced myself. AND JUST THEN, I realised BIG MISTAKE, the look on the wife's face said it all. She looked at me, and said HULLO, she walked away with back turned and left me standing looking at an empty doorway, so I waited on the farmer to come, and we went inside, he showed me the room I slept in, and was left alone.

I heard them talking in the kitchen and it was not friendly stuff. I knew then it was a mistake. I mainly wanted to trout fish this is actually why I went to Natal.

Anyways, then I went into the kitchen and I could tell I was not wanted in her house, I unpacked all my food I bought as I cant eat a lot of stuff other people can eat, and she walked out of the kitchen and left him and I alone. I could hear her scuffling up the passage dragging her feet; she was very out of shape, very wide and heavy looking, not in any way healthy looking.

I told him we had better hurry now as we want to catch the light before jackal hunting , so we quickly ate and drank something, I then heard the shhh shhh shhh down the passage, and she screamed John Doe is not going anywhere, he must first clean the baby, wash the baby, do this and do that..... Then he got up and disappeared, long after dark, I was waiting in my room, he came in and said GOODNIGHT!

I was awoken by lots of talking, his bedroom was next to me, and he came in and said we will go fishing after breakfast.

I walked to the bathroom and asked what one, she pointed to me and I could tell that she never wanted me in her bathroom at all, so I brushed my teeth quick and went outside to the grass to pee.

We ate breakfast, she never said a word to me, spoke past me as if I was not in the room, he said we are going fishing now, she spat out John Doe you must first go to town, clean the baby, so he said Gary came to fish, she made a comment and he swore at her wildly and got up, and walked out the kitchen, leaving me with  
HER!

She got up and walked out. Leaving me alone in the kitchen.

Then he walked outside and she made a comment, he commented back saying F&K jou bit%H, then threw that door closed so hard it shook in the doorway, she went outside and shouted I DEMAND AN OPPOLOGY! He replied by F&K jou jou Bitc&.

It was very very bad hectic stuff.

I drove down the road with him to a trout spot; I said to him "listen I can tell I am not wanted I will rather leave" he replied and said "NNNNEEEE its ok, los, ek sal daai fo \*\*en bitch doodmaak. It was hectic stuff. All the shouting and swearing at each other was bad news.

**I was so gestress it was not funny.**

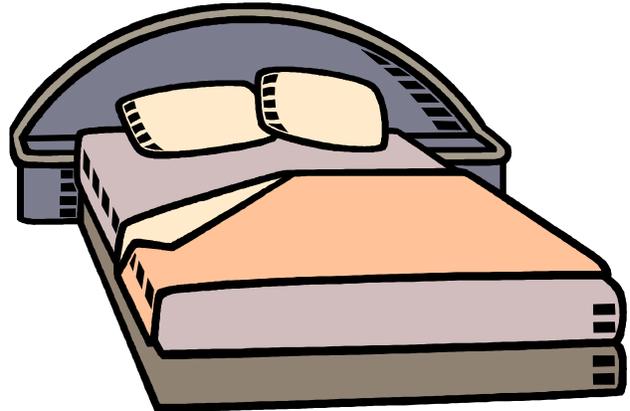
At night I never used the toilet, I peed in a water bottle in my room and through it on the lawn the next day- then I heard that my flight was cancelled - I had no return flight so booked British airways and left two days earlier, thank the lord.

Man what an experience, **a full on cast iron bitch that one!** And his poor daughter could hear all this stuff, I felt really bad, I just wanted to get away very quickly, nothing worse than when you know full well they don't want you around. I was used as ammunition to piss her off by having me their, as he wanted to show her the finger to be quite straight about it. This was the worst women I have ever met in my life, a real bitch.

# KAROO GIGOLO

Now this is a cool story, this one - you won't believe what you are reading about – amazing stuff!!!!

This is truly mind blowing! So much so you will think it's not true! BUT IT IS!!!



I booked a man and his son in at the lodge, they wanted to shoot varmints and film, so I met them the Friday afternoon, and when he arrived he said in an hour he must meet his girlfriend in the town, so we fetched her.

A while later he told me his ex wife is coming also, she will come in her car to farm, a while later she arrives. Then a while later another girl arrives, and he tells me it's his skelm.

To cut a long story short, he never left the lodge, each night he slept with another woman, and his son could see what was happening, he was about 10-12.

On the last day I was alone with the "skelm" I asked her so what's the deal here, and she told me, well "he is stinking rich, we service him and he sorts us all out each month"  
**TRUE STORY NOT NONSENCE!**

# BOTHASIG WHITE TRASH

I met the one guy and he paid for the hunt, and on the day we went to farm I was to go with them. I climbed in the Mazda bakkie and we drove to the farm.  
Two bakkies, 5 people.

It got dark and the driver drove very fast on dust roads he never knew, I warned him to slow down as he does not know the roads, he said to me its ok he is a good driver! His father sat next to him, filling his cup with brandy often.



When we arrived at the lodge he was totally stukkend, we all unpacked and then he told me to sit down (in my own building nogal) then he said to me, tell me, what the F%ck are we going to do now?" I told him nothing we are going to bed, it's after 12 at night, he then said" This is a kak place, fuc& you"

I got up and left him slurping at the table, he commented that he paid to come here so I must talk to him till he goes to sleep. I called the neighbour and he told me if anymore happens they will come and we throw them out.

The next day, this guy tells me as he fills his coffee with brandy in the morning for breakfast, he is going to walk into the land and shoot some dassie, I tell him NO, you are under the influence of alcohol, you wont go hunt no place.

We catch the two sons running after and chasing sheep in a camp, both drunk and its 8 in the morning.

He tells me “I paid to come hunt and I will do what I like” so, I called the neighbours and they arrived. Soon an argument took place and they are told to behave, the sons are very aggressive, and want to hunt, but all are drunk.

One thing leads to another and we throw their stuff out, they pack up and leave, but before they leave the one guy tells me “we are coming back so be warned” he threatens me, so they drive away, and we never saw them again.

He said he will return with “friends” –*shame man he is most welcome.*

These also in my book are the lowest of the lot, white trash and you can just imagine when they book on other hunts..... poor guides..... When I booked these people I was in contact with the one son, I never met the others; if I did I would have cancelled all plans.

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**This is why I have a strict plan and that is if I book to go live anyplace with a stranger I demand to clarify everything is ok with him **AND HIS WIFE**, I must speak to his wife personally and get it from her as I have had far too many scares.**

**Watch this spot for updates as I add in additions to this.**