

WildWings: The Sub-Antarctic Islands of Australia & New Zealand

22 November – 9 December 2001

A personal account by John Brodie-Good

I awoke after sleeping through most of the trans-Pacific flight, just as we began our descent into Auckland, dawn's orange glow on the port side of the aircraft. Two flights gone, still two to go down to Invercargill. An overnight hotel stop, including dinner with all the passengers, Rodney Russ, our expedition leader and his team, and then a late morning transfer to the Port of Bluff.

22 November

The bus pulled up alongside our vessel, the Akademik Shokalskiy, looking smart after a fresh coat of blue paint. We piled aboard, stowing our gear in our cabins, and then time to explore the ship. Originally built in 1983, refurbished in 1998, a former polar research vessel, now home to forty odd passengers from around the world for the next eighteen days and our voyage of over 2500 nautical miles. At about 14.30 we slowly drifted away from the dockside and turned south, heading for the open ocean, which a fresh breeze was blowing over, with many small whitecaps catching the sun's rays. As the pilot's boat left us, just outside the harbour wall, I was wondering when we would see our first albatrosses. About 30 seconds later the first of a number of White-capped Albatrosses appeared! The first few minutes of this voyage pretty much set the scene for the rest of it. For the rest of the 18 days, whenever you came up on deck, there were always at least a few seabirds to see, albatrosses, prions and Cape Petrels and at times so many, you really didn't know what to look at first. This trip is not called the ultimate pelagic for nothing. We sailed southwards for the rest of the afternoon, with Stewart Island on our starboard side. Salvins, Wandering and Northern Royal Albatross swelled the species list, Northern Giant Petrels, many Sooty Shearwaters, our first Mottled, Soft-plumaged & Grey-faced Petrels, as well as numerous Cape Petrels (of the Snares race) along with our first White-chinned Petrels made up the rest of the afternoon's highlights. The only South Polar Skuas of the trip were seen too. We turned in highly expectant of what was to come.

23 November

First light found us at anchor in the uninhabited Snares Islands, home to breeding seabirds and Hooker's (New Zealand) Sea Lion. Thousands of Cape Petrels and Sooty Shearwaters milled about offshore, a number of New Zealand Fur Seals were also present. We took to the Naiads (zodiacs with metal hulls) to get in close, first enjoying and photographing the handsome endemic Snares Crested Penguins and then looking for the island's two passerine endemics. The island's delightful Tomtits were seen well, coming down to the rocks by the sea. The local race of the Fernbird was also seen well by all. A lucky few scored with the trip's only Buller's Albatross, a later breeding species in these islands but this bird back early. We hauled up the anchor late morning and headed on south again. The afternoon was spent seawatching as the ship rolled gently in

the Southern Ocean swell, not all appeared for dinner. New seabirds included our first Southern Royal Albatross, Black-browed Albatross, Campbell Albatrosses, and the super slim Light-mantled Sooty too. Fairy Prions were all over the sea, two Black-bellied Storm Petrels and a few Common Diving Petrels finished a superb first full day.

24 November

We awoke coming to anchor off Enderby Island, at the top of the Auckland Islands group, with a full day ashore exploring the island planned. An Australian Gannet out in the bay being an unexpected surprise. We landed at a sandy beach and had to be careful not to step on a pair of Tomtits and a few New Zealand Pipits which were under our feet. As we walked onto the main part of this small island, Auckland Island Banded Dotterels posed for the cameras. We walked over onto the cliffed western coast as a group, our first quarry being the strange and unique Sub-Antarctic Snipe. About twenty of us spread out in a line and started walking slowly over the low vegetation. Within minutes, a 'brown ball' was spotted skulking amongst some long grass, our quarry. Excellent views were had and photographs taken of this enigmatic species. A number of others were seen throughout the day, usually flushed from underfoot, they prefer to run than fly. As I arrived at the cliff top, an Antarctic Fulmar flew by, whilst just below, four pairs of Light-mantled Sooty Albatrosses were nesting, the adults sometimes gliding along past. A few pairs of Southern Royal Albatross also nest in the centre of the island, although being morning, meant the few adult birds present were dozing on their nests. We were free to take a slow walk around the north of the island, finishing back on our landing beach late afternoon. A number of the slightly alien-looking Yellow-eyed Penguins were scattered around the island, much the shyest member of the family. Small groups of Red-crowned Parakeets were common, parrots and penguins! The island's other endemic was soon encountered too, the Auckland Island Flightless Teal, found in the quiet pools around the shoreline. A few Antarctic Terns were fishing offshore, whilst Auckland Island Shags went about the business of nesting, many birds tearing clumps of grass from the hillsides, their mauve eyes glowing in the afternoon sun. Part of the group had brief views of a New Zealand Falcon flashing over a beach and rapidly disappearing again. Bellbirds and Tui's were present in the thickly vegetated areas. Late afternoon, we returned to the vessel, but within a few minutes an unexpected situation had arisen. The staff quickly realized from an unturned tag on the board by the gangway, a passenger was missing ashore. No names, but it also emerged he was diabetic too. Two zodiacs immediately set off round the island whilst Rodney and the team went back to shore to rapidly retrace the group's steps. They all returned about two hours later, still no passenger. With only a few hours of light remaining, the majority of us on the ship split up into groups of four to five and all went back ashore with torches and radios. We searched until after dark but then the real risk of losing more people became apparent and we returned to the ship out in the bay. Many more snipe were seen though, and a few of us heard what surely was an Auckland Island Rail, thought to be extinct on Enderby Island. I don't think anyone slept well that night, luckily for a certain person, a calm dry one.

25 November

Up before first light as I was in one of the second wave of rescue teams. 200 miles away in New Zealand, a coastguard helicopter was on scramble alert, we had two hours to try and find him, then they would come and join us in the search. Rodney had a hunch as to

where our missing gentleman was and Steve Smith and I joined him at breakneck pace ashore, we headed for the centre of the island. As we tried to keep up with Rodney, a bird shot out in front of us and landed in a bush 20 yards away. We put our bins up to discover a stunning New Zealand Falcon, just off the nest, its brood patch clearly visible. One of the harder species to see, we knew we would be pushing it if we watched it for too long, for the bird's sake and Rodney's blood pressure! We rejoined him quickly and soon after came across our missing gent, sitting on a bush eating a Mars bar, none the worse for his ordeal. Rodney wanted him back on the ship for a medical check, he wanted to look for our falcon! With the excitement finally over, we hauled anchor and sailed down the east coast of the island group, heading for Carnley Harbour on Auckland Island itself. We enjoyed a short forested walk at Tagua Bay with its flowering Rata trees before moving the ship to enable the more adventurous to climb the SW Cape and get close to the nesting White-capped Albatrosses. Across the water from them, was one of the main Gibson's Wandering Albatross colonies too. Late afternoon and the Shokalskiy turned south towards Antarctica and our next destination, the true sub-Antarctic island of Macquarie. As the coast of Auckland Island fell behind, the seabird spectacle around the ship was unforgettable. 22 species in the air at once, you really did not know what to look at first. The new species included our first White-headed Petrels, one of the smartest pterodromas, along with our first Grey-headed Albatross, Antarctic Prions, Wilson's & Grey-backed Storm-petrels and three Little Shearwaters of the sub-Antarctic race, elegans. The second Antarctic Fulmar of the trip was seen too, this time I managed to get most of the group on it. It was still only day 3!

26 November

The first of a number of days spent entirely at sea, with over 15 species of seabird seen. Unexpectedly good weather meant we were sailing south east with a following breeze, our ship gently moving on the sea. No new birds but finally some cetaceans. A Sperm Whale in the morning, seen briefly swimming in the opposite direction, but close to the ship. In the afternoon however, two gorgeous Hourglass Dolphins came in to the bows and stayed with us for about 10 minutes giving everyone great views.

27 November

Due to the favourable wind and sea conditions we made record time and woke at dawn, at anchor off the south-west corner of this slim island. The sound of distant trumpets could be heard and I quickly dressed and went out on deck. A damp, grey morning greeted us and the source of the trumpets became clear, groups of 20-30 King Penguins were swimming around the ship, looking up to see what was going on. A naiaid picked up some rangers from the ANARE Base and we sailed along the coast towards our landing, Sandy Bay. The NE swell that had helped us the day before was now becoming a problem, making getting in and out of the naiads interesting. We sped ashore in the light but continuous drizzle, literally thousands of penguins on the beaches waiting for us. The landing point was enlivened by a small group of bull Southern Elephant Seals mock fighting whilst the King's couldn't wait for you to take your life jacket off, they were in amongst us, giving gentle pecks to see if we were edible. The beach was heaving with King's at the end we landed on, giving way to Royal Penguins further down, Macquarie's endemic. It was hard to move with any speed, and the group delighted themselves slowly moving along, burning film and video in large quantities, the sounds and smells of the throng being an unforgettable experience, the high point of the trip for many people.

Just above the beach, a large Royal penguin colony, with both dark and white-throated birds present. Whilst curious and friendly with us, they viscously pecked their neighbours and any passing birds. Not one of the biggest colonies on the island, it still had a river of penguin pee coming down onto the beach. Macquarie Island Shags could be seen diving for food out on the water. The rain persisted all morning and the majority finally returned to the ship went wet through, a few staying ashore to score some sunshine which suddenly appeared for a few minutes. Back on the ship, another drama, this time a flipped naiad by the gangway, Rodney and one of the Russians taking an unplanned dip! The other naiad soon retrieved it, a group of inquisitive King Penguins in the middle of it all. We hauled anchor and sailed further up the coast but the swell was still increasing which put paid to any other landings that day. Most people still had a very warm glow inside from the morning however.

28 November

The wind had died down, the rain stopped although it remained overcast overhead. We went ashore at Bucklers Bay to visit the base and surrounding area. My group was led by the charming cat eradication lady, whose job seemed finished. No signs of any felines for at least six months, the cat eating dogs had done their work. She was soon to be replaced by the rabbit eradication person! She led us around, showing us the old digestors and trypots, a grim reminder of the days most of the local wildlife was boiled up for it's oil. Although south of New Zealand, Macquarie is in fact Australian territory, the base being run by the Tasmanian Wildlife Service. Around the base were a small colony of Gentoos and some Rockhopper Penguins, adding to our growing penguin list. Brown Skuas and Southern Giant Petrels gorged themselves on the various carcasses on the beach (why do Brown Skuas like the oldest, driest ones?). Some looked for the island's Starlings (why!) and Mike Scott-Ham pleased everyone by calling out "Orca" mid morning, a pod swam behind our ship in the bay, looking for elephant seal weaners which had to take to sea soon. We were then invited into the base and enjoyed fresh baked muffins and hot coffee. Manned year round, the staff usually spend 6-12 months on the island, mainly working with the wildlife. One year, Rodney arrived a day early and found all the guys dressed in drag! At lunchtime it was time to go, we bade farewell to our hosts and the Shokalskiy turned north-east for the Campbell group. We spent the rest of the day at sea, with the new species being our first Blue Petrels, slightly prion-like but that white terminal tail band is very obvious, even at some distance. A total of nine Hourglass Dolphins were seen, all came in to bow ride. At one point, Dick Filby and I were standing in our cabin, looking out of the open window. Before either of us could blink, an Hourglass Dolphin leapt clear of the sea in front of us, the perfect photo opportunity but our cameras were upstairs.

29 November

There is no nicer way to be woken up than with the words " Three Humpback Whales coming towards us, breaching!" Hastily pulling clothes on, we rushed out onto the bows to join the entire ship's company for the show. Indeed, two adults and a younger animal were heading towards us, the adults breaching every few minutes. Andrew, our amiable Australian cruise director suddenly started a running commentary on the biology of Humpbacks, it turned out he'd spent the summer on a whale-watching boat out of North Island. Just as the animals were starting to come into the big lens's range, they veered away, presumably heading south to their feeding grounds in the Antarctic. We steamed

north-east all day, no new birds but plenty of old friends to keep us company. We managed another 11 Hourglass Dolphins too, every single one coming in to bow-ride.
30 November

We awoke to a calm anchorage at 06.00, in a spectacular bay on the eastern side of Campbell Island. Two walks were on offer, a gentler one on the boardwalk to the top of the island and a more adventurous and longer one for the fitter. We landed by a not long abandoned weather station and walked up through scrubby vegetation (with Blackbirds and Dunnocks singing, and Redpolls flying around!) heading for the more barren and bleaker top of the island. We had already seen the island's endemic shag on the way in. Big white dots were scattered around the hillsides, nesting Southern Royal Albatrosses. It only took about half an hour to get up there, and we were greeted by an almost hurricane like wind which came out of nowhere. Thankfully, it only lasted about half an hour and subsided again. The less enthusiastic returned down early, leaving the few of us left to spread out and pick our albatross. I have been lucky to see a number of the large albatrosses at sea but this time we could get yards from them on land. Being the morning, most nests were occupied by just one parent bird, and most were asleep or dozing (albatross colonies are like student digs, nothing happens in the mornings). I sat down quietly by a sleeping bird and watched. She woke with a slight start a few minutes later and eyed me up and down. I obviously passed because she seemed quite happy, no bill-clicking to indicate displeasure, she started to doze again. I felt my eyes going with hers. Needless to say, a lot of photographs were taken that day. A great honour to be in such a place with such company, a personal highlight for me. The island was also carpeted with two flowering species of mega-herb, a great splash of colour in a rather bleak landscape. I liked Campbell Island, its wildness and albatrosses a global treasure. Only earlier in the year, the island had over 120 tons of rat poison dropped all over it by helicopter, so far, no signs of rats. New Zealand has lost so much of its original wildlife due to man introducing species, it currently leads the way in trying to restore remote oceanic islands to their former state. Our day wasn't over yet, even though the landing was. We sailed out of the bay and ran up the east coast of the island. We assembled on the back deck for Rodney's first chum session, cameras ready. Surprise number one was when opening the drum he found out the wrong fish bits had been supplied and it was still frozen. The smell was enough to do the job though, and soon we were surrounded by the lovely Campbell Albatrosses, skimming the water and over our heads, with Cape Petrels in underneath them. Campbell Albatross is one of the new species, similar to Black-browed but with pale 'honey-coloured' eyes and darker underwings. Even I got some good photos.

1 December

Another day at sea, a change in the weather though, not the big swells or winds we feared but unusual conditions for this part of the world, fog and mist. Unfortunately three days of it in the end. Visibility varied the whole time, often only a few hundred yards sometimes, at others about a mile or so. Possibly the quietest day of the trip, still with plenty of seabirds, no new species but the return of Salvin's Albatrosses and Fairy Prions, both species seen on the first two days of the trip.

2 December

Another group of islands, this time the Antipodes, but the weather had worsened. Strong north-west winds meant a swell and we spent hours bobbing about offshore, the island

appearing and disappearing in the mist and low cloud. It did calm a bit in the afternoon, just enough to put two naiads in the water to cruise close in. The brave were rewarded with super views of our next endemic penguin, the Erect-crested, which breed in these lonely cliffs, and which had been seen in the water around the ship. Antipodean Wandering Albatrosses flew around, whilst the parakeets on the island proved very difficult to get to grips with in the conditions. Feeling a little disappointed, I joined Mark Marshall outside on deck as we sailed away in the now fading light. Everyone else was inside, getting ready for Dick's round of drinks, to celebrate his last species of penguin. Mark drew my attention to a bird coming into towards the bows. As I raised my bins and focussed on the bird that feeling in the pit of my stomach happened when you know something big is about to happen. We were both watching a legendary Magenta Petrel, the region's and one of the world's rarest seabirds. Having had just enough views to i.d. the bird, it crossed in front of the bows, we raced around to the port side but it had gone into the murk. Whilst ecstatic with our bird, we were not looking forward to telling the others inside the ship.

3 December

The wind had dropped but the visibility if anything was worse. Poor old Angus had had a nightmare involving a Magenta Parakeet! Rodney announced on the P.A. system that we were in fact in the middle of the Bounty Islands, but you could'nt see them! We drifted for a while, the bridge team keeping a close watch on the radar, but it was useless. Luckily we did see the only endemic from the ship, Bounty Island Shag. By late morning the decision was made, head north again towards our final island group, The Chathams. Lots more seabirds for the rest of the day, Fulmar Prions added themselves to our still growing list and later in the afternoon a bird many of us had been waiting for, White-faced Storm Petrel. They did not disappoint, delightful little birds, with a fairly typical storm petrel type flight some of the time, then they seem to have little manic spells when they go all over the place at high speed. A welcome sight for the rest of the trip.

4 December

At last the fog and mist seemed to be lifting, as we headed on north, through waters historically rich in cetaceans. Expectations were high. But by late afternoon, they had gone, we spent some hours cruising over some underwater canyon edges but simply nothing, not even a dolphin. A large Ocean Sunfish early afternoon was it. The birds however were improving again. Not only numbers were building but three species joined the trip list. The first was a dark phase Kermadec Petrel, flying ahead of the ship for a few minutes amongst the many Grey-faced. Late afternoon and the Chathams appeared ahead of us, with Pyramid Rock the closest point. Our 14th species of albatross's entire world population breed on that single rock, the handsome Chatham Island Albatross. They were joined offshore by their cousins, Pacific Albatross. We circumnavigated the rock twice, noticing on the first circuit, with some surprise, three people ashore halfway up the rock. Rodney tried the radio and was soon talking to them, they were ashore to census the alberts. Eyebrows were raised, scopes with tripods came out as the news came down from the bridge that there was one pair of Indian Ocean Yellow-nosed Albatrosses breeding, the first record for New Zealand. A brave if futile attempt to see them by certain members of our group! Having seen our first White-faced Storm Petrels yesterday, they were everywhere today, hundreds of them. We headed on into the island group proper, and our anchorage for the night, off South-east Island. The

breeding site of Chatham Island Petrel, the keen stayed on deck until after dark to see if we could by chance see one returning to its burrow, another imaginative attempt! The naiad which left for the island after dark caused intrigue, what were Rodney's sons doing in their scuba gear?

5 December

South-east Island's other claim to fame is the home of two endemic waders, Shore Plover and Chatham Island Oystercatcher. The morning was a beauty, no wind and blue skies. We piled into the naiads, sod breakfast. The short cruise into the bay quickly revealed our quarry, both species seen very well, some of the Shore Plovers with small chicks. A Little Blue Penguin just on the cliffs above the water was an added bonus, with a few Chatham Island Shags above it. We could see Tui's ashore in the vegetation but no sign of the fabled Black Robins. Small parties of Chatham Island Red-crowned Parakeets flew around. After such a great start, breakfast. We couldn't help but notice the entire crew including the captain were fishing off the back deck, we had turned into a trawler. As a guide to the richness of these waters, they each dropped a line with four or five baited hooks into the water. Literally seconds later, they would pull the lines back in, each hook with a gleaming Blue Cod on it. The birders got a great bonus too, the fish were being gutted on the spot, the waste thrown back into the sea. The local Pacific Albatrosses soon got the idea and were squabbling for the titbits, very close to us, well within photographic range. This is what I call a real expedition cruise, when even the captain and crew chum for you! At midday we sailed northwards, slowly picking our way through the island group. Quite a few more Little Blue Penguins in the water, Pitt Island Shags and a trickle of other seabirds. Our second day of seeing Broad-billed Prions too, with one found dead on the back deck first thing. We anchored in Pitt Strait off the coast of main island for a few hours. Magenta Petrel breeds in the forested valley in front of us by Taiko Head, and we stayed on the top deck with the remote chance we may see a bird returning, no luck. An hour before dark however, Rodney appeared with a steaming tray of fresh grilled Rock Lobster with wedges of lemon, the only way to eat it, absolutely delicious. You don't get that kind of service on the Scillonian or the Biscay ferry! Now where did he get those from?

6 December

We came into the dock on main island at dawn, and clambered ashore at the little wooden jetty. Civilisation again! A pair of Welcome Swallows flew around us, Skylarks were singing everywhere (can we have some back please?) Our ground transport was waiting and we piled into the Landrovers and headed off for the Tuku Reserve, about half an hour's drive over dirt roads. Our driver was called, Bruce, so it seems was every other man on the island, as we drove along it was Bruce's farm on the left, then on the right, Bruce's farm! A few Australian Harriers could be seen quartering the fields. Our local guide met us at the reserve entrance and we walked in. A unique piece of native forest with Tree Ferns abundant. We walked slowly along the narrow paths looking for the specialities. Chatham Island Warblers seemed quite common, excellent views were had by all. At one point we reached a fork in the path, one indicated by a piece of blue plastic around a tree. Taikos breed up there said the guide, Mark and I were the only ones not wishing with all our hearts that we could take that path. A few minutes later, the sound of flapping wings and our first Chatham Island Pigeons, very impressive beasts. A few other birds were seen in this magical valley, Fantails and a number of people

encountered Wekas crossing the paths. Flowering orchids and a few butterflies added a more temperate feel to the place. We trooped out, another pigeon posing nicely in a lone tree. Back at the quay by lunchtime, fish and chips and tea made with fresh milk, a few phone calls home from the payphone. Our last naiaid ride back to the ship and we sailed again, this time for our final destination, South Island, NZ. We headed south-west and into an increasing wind. The message from the bridge was that we were going to have 'some wind' tonight, early to bed I think.

7 December

Apparently it was a fairly roly night, I slept soundly through it. Daybreak and the wind had gone, still a bit of a swell on the ocean. We were to spend the last two full days at sea, just south of the Chatham Rise. Plenty of seabirds again including yet more new ones. The majority of our group finally connected with a number of Cook's Petrels, one of the possible pterodromas in these more northern waters. At lunchtime I came back out on deck just in time to see a Black-winged Petrel wizz down the side of the ship, underwing facing me. A species many missed sadly. The striking Buller's Shearwaters were starting to appear again and finally decent views were obtained of five or so Westland Black Petrels. Not so easy to i.d., slimmer and slightly smaller than White-chinned and Grey-faced Petrels, they had to be pretty close though to see the bill pattern properly.

8 December

A very gentle sea, some weak sunshine and our old enemy, mist again. It was a quiet morning, and we went down to lunch expecting a long slow afternoon. I was one of the first back up and immediately noticed five Common Dolphins heading towards us, Long gone by the time the first of the rest of the passengers came up, we took our positions for the afternoon. "Blow" came the shout, "and another"...whales at last, but distant. We were puzzled at first, they were large animals but what were they? They seemed to have diffuse rounded blows which vanished very quickly in the still air? We had a bit of time in hand and so we went for them. Closer too and the mystery unfolded, they were Sei Whales. We enjoyed great views of one in particular, which swam parallel to us for a few minutes. Seen closer too, the last part of the animal left on the surface was the falcate dorsal fin which actually stays above the water for some time before finally submerging too. Everyone was up in and around the bridge, a number of blows around us. I noticed one group looking at something else in the water at about ten o'clock. I put my bins up and saw a small group of much smaller cetaceans. When I saw a long whitish beak coming out the water I shouted "beaked whales" which quickly focused everyone's attention on them. We had good views for a few minutes and then they were behind us. We grabbed the whale book from the bridge and worked through the key. Gray's Beaked Whales was the unanimous decision, a species Rodney then said they had seen before. Rodney then insisted we had to all go downstairs for the final recap and disembarkation briefing, a tough call when many of us had waited so long to see more cetaceans. Again, I was one of the first back up, just in time for two more Sei Whales, I wonder how many there really were? The seabirds had picked up again too and the photographers enjoyed close views of many birds from the stern, including some Soft-plumaged Petrels. Martin Hale and a few others claimed the last surprise though, a Chatham Island Petrel. What a finale!

Angus had won the paint competition, with four different colours on his jacket (the Russians kept painting the ship and not putting up signs!)

9 December

Dawn found us skilfully steaming up the river towards the port of Dunedin and the end of an incredible voyage. Two hats, one of our favourite Russian crew members became 3 hats as he now wore a hard hat on top of his baseball cap and davey crockett fake fur number. We had been lucky with the weather, the roaring forties and fifties had spared us, and between us we had seen nearly everything we could have hoped for. Farewells to Rodney and the team on the quayside, he had just a few hours before they sailed again, with new passengers and a different itinerary. By 08.00 we were on a bus in town, dropping various people off at different hotels and then the half hour drive to the airport. We managed a few more birds even, Little Shag, Spur-winged Plovers, Black Swans, Paradise Shelduck, Pukekeo, Variable and Pied Oystercatchers, Australian Magpies and 2 New Zealand Kingfishers. Then it was the four flights home again.

10 December

I had just dozed off on the final leg from L.A. to London when a tap on my shoulder re-woke me. "Wanna see the Northern Lights?" Not half, we were over the Canadian Arctic somewhere and by shrouding yourself in an airline blanket by the window, you could see white curtains in the sky. A fitting end to an unforgettable trip.

Species List

King Penguin
Gentoo Penguin
Rockhopper Penguin
Snares Crested Penguin
Erect Crested Penguin
Royal Penguin
Yellow-eyed Penguin
Little Blue Penguin
Penguins sp.
Antipodean Albatross
Gibson's Wandering Albatross
Wandering (Snowy) Albatross
Southern Royal Albatross
Northern Royal Albatross
Grey-headed Albatross
Campbell Albatross
Black-browed Albatross
White-capped Albatross
Salvin's Albatross
Chatham Albatross
Buller's Albatross

Pacific Albatross
Light-mantled Sooty Albatross
Northern Giant Petrel
Southern Giant Petrel
Cape Petrel (Snare's and Southern forms)
Mottled Petrel
Cook's Petrel
Grey-faced (Great-winged) Petrel
White-headed Petrel
Soft-plumaged Petrel
Black-winged Petrel
Magenta Petrel
Chatham Island Petrel
Blue Petrel
White-chinned petrel
Westland Black Petrel
Kermadec Petrel
Antarctic (Southern) Fulmar
Australian Gannet
Buller's Shearwater
Sooty Shearwater
Little Shearwater
Broad-billed Prion
Antarctic Prion
Fairy Prion
Fulmar Prion
Wilson's Storm Petrel
Grey-backed Storm Petrel
White-faced Storm Petrel
Black-bellied Storm Petrel
Common Diving Petrel
Little Shag
Stewart Island Shag
Chatham Island Shag
Campbell Island Shag
Auckland Island Shag
Bounty Island Shag
Macquarie Island Shag
Pitt Island Shag
Spotted Shag
Mallard
Auckland Island Flightless Teal
Australian Harrier
New Zealand Falcon
Weka
Variable Oystercatcher

Chatham Pied Oystercatcher
Auckland Island Banded Dotterel
Shore Plover
Turnstone
Sub-Antarctic Snipe
Godwit sp
Arctic Skua
Brown Skua
South Polar Skua
Dominican Gull
Red-billed Gull
Black-billed Gull
Caspian Tern
White-fronted Tern
Antarctic Tern
Chatham Island Pigeon
Red-crowned Parakeet (and Chatham and Antipodes races)
Fantail
Tomtit
Snares Island Fernbird
Silvereye
Chatham Island Warbler
Song Thrush
Blackbird
Dunnock
Skylark
Welcome Swallow
New Zealand Pipit
Bellbird
Tui
Redpoll
Starling

Minke Whale
Sei Whale
Orca
Sperm Whale
Humpback Whale
Gray's Beaked Whale
Whale sp.
Dolphin sp.
Hourglass Dolphin
Common Dolphin
New Zealand Fur Seal
Southern Elephant Seal
Hookers (New Zealand) Sea Lion

Ocean Sunfish

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