

As David and Chris watched, mouths agape, Jane reached into her backpack for her trusty compass.

'I think we want to head North,' said Jane as she studied the metallic device.

'Agreed,' replied Chris. 'I had a look while we were on the boat. North should take us to the sloths' territory.'

With that, the trio set off through the dense rainforest.

Treading carefully, they stepped over flora and fauna, not to mention the plethora of insects on the forest floor.

Wildlife surrounded them: butterflies with the most vibrant wing patterns, frogs the colour of strawberries and lemons, and thousands of busy little bullet ants, going about their duties collecting leaves and other items.

After what felt like hours (though it was maybe two at the most), the researchers decided they needed some respite.

They were exhausted.

Before he sat down, Chris, who was jiggling now from foot to foot, excused himself from the group.

While they waited, Jane and David nibbled on some crackers - they were somewhat stale, but they certainly filled a hole that had been growing since stepping off of the boat.