

Its mother does everything possible to help it.  
The storm is now subsiding,  
but not all the elephants have been so lucky.  
One youngster has got lost.  
Thirsty and exhausted,  
it follows the tracks of its mother,  
but sadly in the wrong direction.  
At the peak of the dry season  
water arrives in the swamps.  
It fell as rain a thousand miles away in the highlands  
and has taken nearly five months to reach here.  
The water drives out insects from the parched ground,  
which are snapped up by plovers.  
Catfish,  
traveling with the flood,  
collect any drowning creatures the birds have missed.  
It's a seasonal feast for animals of all kinds.  
Birds are the first to arrive in any numbers -  
wattled cranes,  
then black storks.  
Behind the birds come buffalo.  
After weeks of marching their trek is coming to an end.  
As the water sweeps into the swamps,  
a vast area of the desert is transformed into a fertile paradise.  
Nowhere on our planet is the life giving power of water so clearly demonstrated.  
The swamp becomes criss-crossed with trails as animals move into its heart.  
The new arrivals open up paths like arteries  
along which water flows,  
extending the reach of the flood.  
This is an Africa rarely seen -  
a lush water world.  
Some creatures are completely at home here.  
These are antelope with hooves that splay widely,  
enabling them to move its speed through the water.  
For others the change is far less welcome.  
Baboons are somewhat apprehensive bathers.  
The water brings a season of plenty for all animals.  
Hunting dogs.  
These are now among the rarest of Africa's mammals,  
but then nonetheless the continent's most efficient predators.  
Their secret is teamwork.  
Impala are their favorite prey.  
They start to hunt,  
and the pack splits up.  
An aerial viewpoint gives a new insight into their strategy.  
As the dogs approach their prey,  
they peel off to take up separate positions around their target.  
They seem to form a cordon around the impala.

Moving in total silence,  
they take up their positions.  
Those ears can detect the slightest rustle.  
The hunt is on.  
Three dogs close in on one impala.  
Missed.  
The lead dog drives the impala towards the hidden flankers.  
Anticipating their line,  
the leader cuts the corner,  
and joins a flanker for the final assault.  
It's all or nothing.  
One on one.  
The dog has stamina,  
the impala has speed.  
Leaping into the lake is an act of desperation -  
impala can barely swim.  
The dogs know their prey must come out or drown -  
now it's a waiting game.  
The rest of the pack are calling.  
They've made a kill in the forest,  
and this is an invitation to join in the meal.  
The impala is in luck.  
A pack this size kills once a day and everything is shared.  
And this impala is reprieved.  
The elephants are nearing the end of their long journey.  
After weeks of marching they're desperately tired.  
The matriarch can smell water,  
and encourages the herd to make one last effort.  
The youngsters are exhausted  
but their mothers have made this journey before  
and they know that they're close to water.  
After many hundreds of miles they've arrived.  
The lives of these elephants are dominated by the annual rhythm of wet and dry,  
a seasonal cycle created by the sun.  
At the southern end of the earth,  
after four months of total darkness,  
the sun once more rises over Antarctica.  
Now at last the Emperor penguins abandon their huddle.  
The males are still carrying the precious eggs that they've cherished throughout the Antarctic  
winter.  
With the returning sun the eggs hatch.  
Other birds have not even arrived.  
But the Emperors,  
by enduring the long black winter,  
have given their chicks a head start.  
These youngsters are now ready and eager to make the most of the brief Antarctic summer.  
Only 3 percent of the water on our planet is fresh.  
Yet these precious waters are rich with surprise.

All life on land is ultimately dependent upon fresh water.  
In these mysterious mountain regions -  
isolated mountain plateaus rising high above the jungle.  
This was the inspiration for Arthur Conan Doyle's 'Lost World,'  
an imagined prehistoric land.  
Here,  
strange towers of sandstone have been sculptured over time,  
by battering wind and torrential rain.  
Moisture rising as water vapour from the surface of the sea  
is blown inland by wind.  
On reaching mountains,  
the moisture is forced upwards,  
and as it cools,  
it condenses into cloud and finally rain -  
the source of all fresh water.  
There is a tropical downpour here almost every day of the year.  
Fresh water's journey starts here,  
high in the mountains.  
Growing from humble streams to mighty rivers,  
it will travel hundreds of miles to the sea.  
Angel Falls,  
the highest waterfall in the world.  
Its waters drop unbroken for almost a thousand metres.  
Such is the height of these falls,  
that long before the water reaches the base in the Devil's Canyon  
it's blown away as a fine mist.  
In their upper reaches,  
mountain streams are full of energy.  
Streams join to form rivers,  
building in power,  
creating rapids.  
The water here is cold.  
Low in nutrients,  
but high in oxygen.  
The few creatures that live in the torrent have to hang on for dear life.  
Invertebrates dominate these upper reaches.  
This invertebrate,  
its body flattened to reduce drag,  
has bushy gills to extract oxygen from the current.  
Black fly larvae anchor themselves with the ring of hooks,  
but if these become unstuck,  
they're still held by a silicon safety line.  
There are advantages to life in the fast stream -  
bamboo shrimps can just sit and sift out passing particles with their fan-like forearms.  
Usually,  
these mountain streams only provide enough food for small animals to survive.  
But with the spring melt here in Japan,  
monsters stir in their dens.

Giant salamanders,  
world's largest amphibian,  
almost six feet long.  
They're the only large predator in these icy waters.