

The Adventures of YANDE

Ecological Outrage

Tome 3



PRESENTATION NOTE

In a context of profound ecological transformation, the ability to produce, promote and disseminate accessible knowledge, anchored in local realities, has a significant impact in supporting the dynamics of resilience and adaptation. In addition to highlighting these local realities, the issue of accessibility of said knowledge invites us to consider the most relevant medium(s), including from the perspective of representations and the linguistic dimension of the content, both for its transmitter/producer and for its receiver.

Yandé, the little voice of the climate" initiative is part of this perspective. It consists of an educational comic strip initiated by Enda-Energie, through the CDKN-Senegal program. This comic strip intends to address issues related to climate change, the environment, ecosystems, heritage elements and, more broadly, sustainable development, particularly at the local level. This comic strip is positioned through the prism of information, awareness-raising and the mobilization of stakeholders with a view to changing behaviors or making decisions that are favorable to communities and, within them, to women, young people and even future generations. It is therefore designed as an innovative environmental mediation tool, at the crossroads of education, culture and inclusive climate action.

"Yandé" is the name given to the main character of the comic strip: an eight (08) year old girl from a Serer village. Curious and attentive, she observes, questions, and is surprised by the transformations of her environment: disappeared trees, salinization of the land, irregularity and even uncertainty of the seasons, weakened ecosystems... She hears the older people talking about birds that existed, animals that the elders hunted, types of fish that were the pride of the fishermen... She does not understand why she did not have this chance to experience these things. This incomprehension arouses in her a kind of lack, a strong desire to restore this chance and to share it with her playmates, her generation. A need to understand... Understand! Who knows what will come of it!?

Driven by this need to understand, Yandé doesn't go looking for answers; she discovers, she admires, worries, gets anxious, gets excited, cries, sings, lets herself be guided, shakes, gives hope... But Yandé doesn't see herself as a hero; she's too afraid of the threats weighing on children, on mothers, on the right of those she loves to live with serenity. At the same time, Yandé admires her grandfather's tales too much not to dream of a better world. So she doesn't ask herself questions; she asks them of others, from one episode to the next.

Each episode of her journey thus becomes a narrative pretext to bring out the words of various actors such as: elders (witnesses of history and time), customary authorities (guardians of values), teachers (educators, transmitters of knowledge), scientists (with critical eyes), technicians (who test and apply answers), women bearers of knowledge, young people in action, among others. And this, in an approach that links testimonies, endogenous knowledge, expertise, popular stories and others, without hierarchy of knowledge or desire to standardize sources and content.

Each answer thus opens the way to a discussion, a story, or shared knowledge, to promote indigenous and local knowledge as much as scientific knowledge. In her approach, Yandé opportunely uses various frameworks or vehicles. She joins local population initiatives or actions initiated by NGOs or other development actors. She relies on cultural ties (such as the joking cousinhood between Serer and Diola) to frolic wherever she wants without fear of disturbing. Anything is an excuse to make her eyes sparkle or change the tone of her voice...

This project is fully in line with the objectives of the CDKN Senegal program, particularly in its vocation to support the production of knowledge useful for decision-making at the local and/or national level, to promote solutions from the territories, and to widely disseminate this knowledge for the benefit of populations and institutions.

Through the character of Yandé, a whole gentle but demanding pedagogy is constructed: that of climate awareness, of taking into account eco-anxiety, of intergenerational dialogue and even of the recognition of endogenous or local knowledge as levers of transformation.

Ah, Yandé comes from the verb *yandd* which, in Serer (a language spoken in Senegal and Gambia), means "to rock." Yandé thus refers to "the rocking." Rocked, among other things, by the waters surrounding the islands of the Saloum Delta... But waters that have become so murky; partly because of climate change.

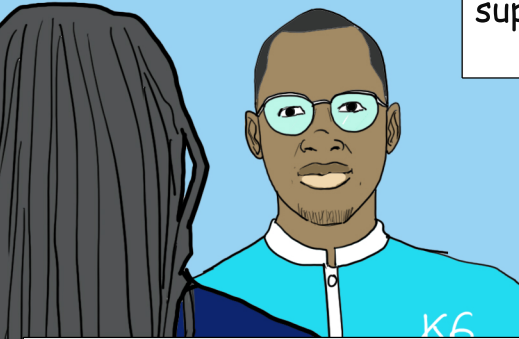


Pa-Doudou, Yandé's uncle, had promised her that his colleague, Ms. Sarr, would host radio programs on coastal issues in the context of climate change in Senegal. And, indeed, Ms. Sarr had to host and broadcast three successive radio programs. These programs highlight the negative practices that exacerbate climate change impacts and, consequently, contribute to coastal erosion and the destruction of people's property.

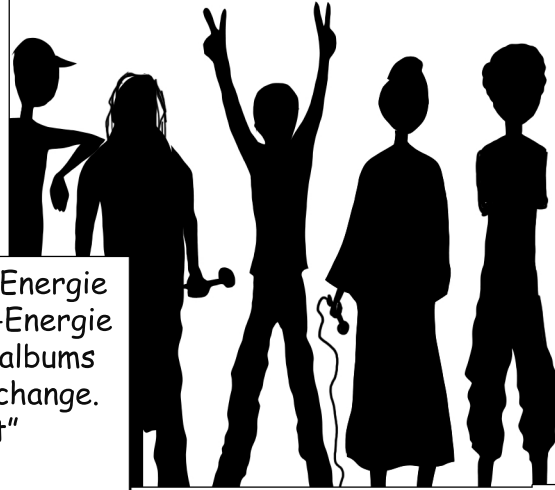


The radio broadcasts and their messages resonated so strongly that a young resident of Saint-Louis felt they echoed his own eco-anxiety. Every day, he witnesses houses collapsing due to the sea-level rise, and farmers being forced to find alternative livelihoods because their land is becoming too salty to farm. Plume-Perdue - his slam poetry stage name - decided to share his experience on the impacts of climate change he is witnessing in Saint Louis, by sharing a slam poem with Yandé.

What Plume-Perdue didn't know was that another artist, Mame J Rassoul, had also just committed to supporting Yandé's momentum.



Mame J. knew Yandé through Enda-Energie and is one of the singers that Enda-Energie supported in the production of two albums about the environment and climate change. He is part of the "Jambaar-u-climat" collective(1).



La-Plume-Sévère - a young woman fully passionate about slam poetry - got to know Yandé while leafing through the pages of the first adventures of the 8-year-old girl. She then decided to join forces with Yandé.

(1) Enda had brought together several artists and supported them through writing workshops on climate change and energy access for the benefit of communities, as well as for the release of 2 successive albums.



Her stern slam poetry ultimately proved to be a balm to Yandé's raging heart. Indeed, the little girl found in this older sister the courage to express herself, the power of words, and the beauty of their vibrations.



Yandé is now convinced: everyone is experiencing climate change. But everyone must also take action to limit its harmful effects, both for their community and on a global scale. It's a basic principle of survival and solidarity.

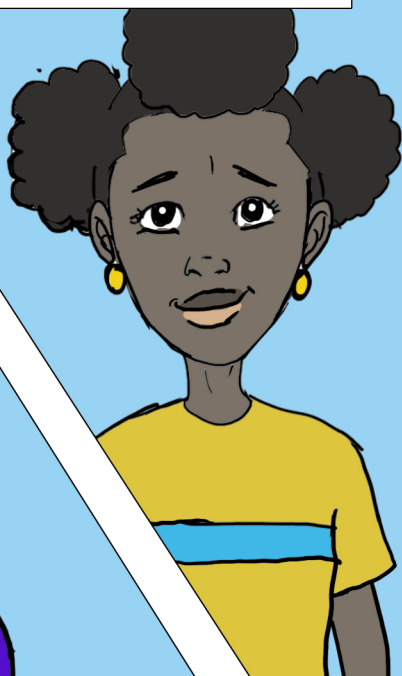
Because carelessness is not the way forward! Future generations also have rights, which they are already demanding; even if it means considering legal action to bring about change.

To be continued!

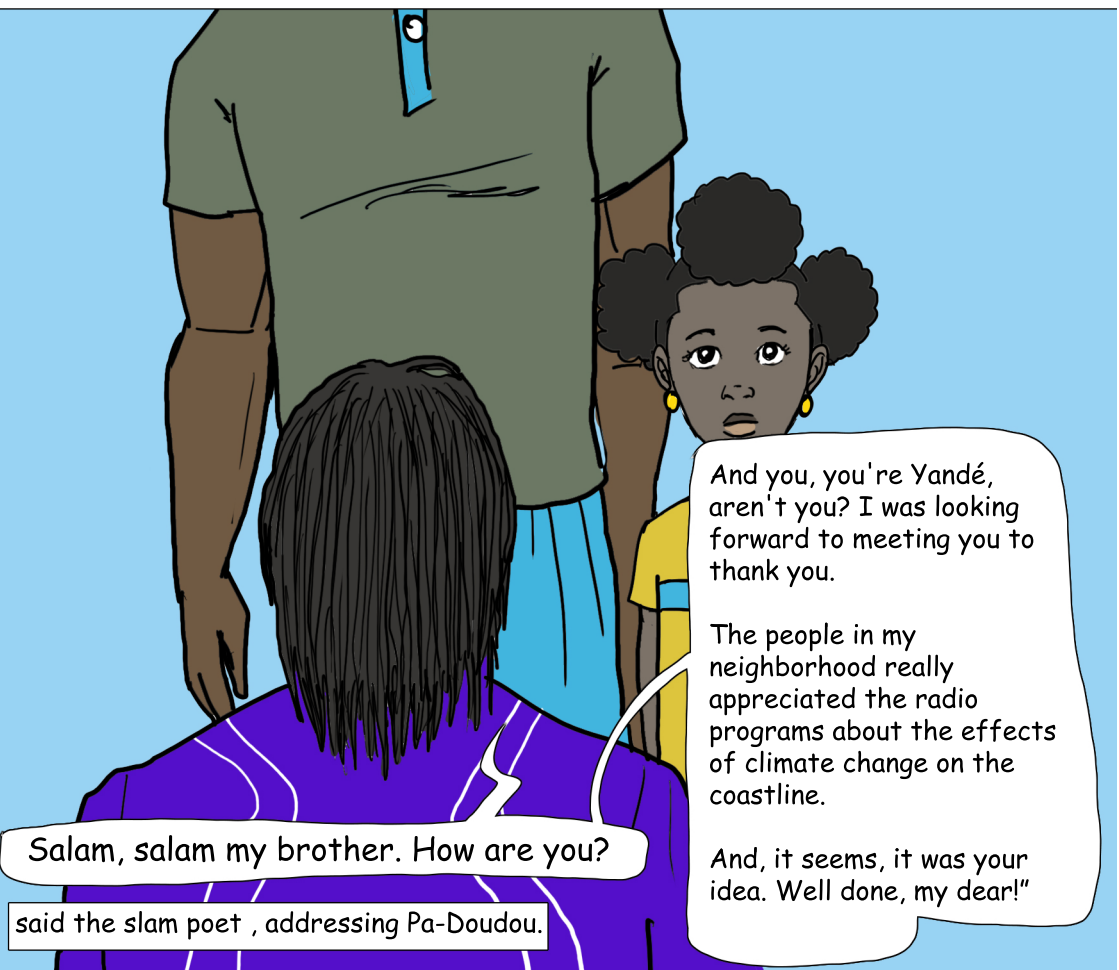
Seeing the little girl approaching him with infectious cheerfulness, La-Plume-Perdue immediately knew it was Yandé.



La-Plume-Perdue smiled at her, and Yandé, with her carefree confidence, returned the smile.



She glanced towards her uncle, Pa-Doudou, as if seeking confirmation that this was indeed the person they had come to meet.



And you, you're Yandé, aren't you? I was looking forward to meeting you to thank you.

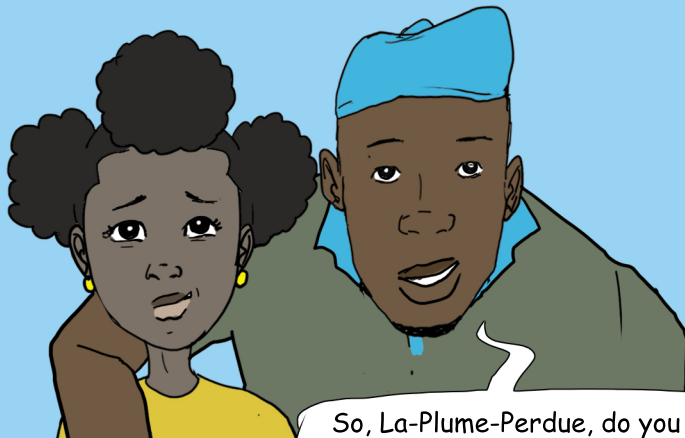
The people in my neighborhood really appreciated the radio programs about the effects of climate change on the coastline.

And, it seems, it was your idea. Well done, my dear!"

Salam, salam my brother. How are you?

said the slam poet , addressing Pa-Doudou.

Yandé felt both delighted and embarrassed. She didn't really grasp the significance of this awareness campaign. She simply smiled.



So, La-Plume-Perdue, do you have a message for Yandé ?

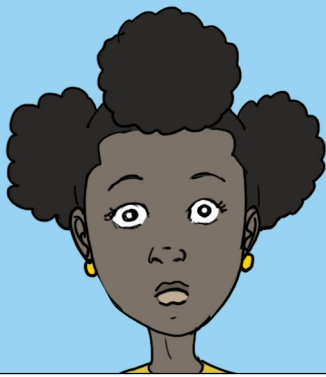


Yes, I wanted to show her how much her struggle resonates with us. Because for us coastal dwellers, the sea was our whole life.

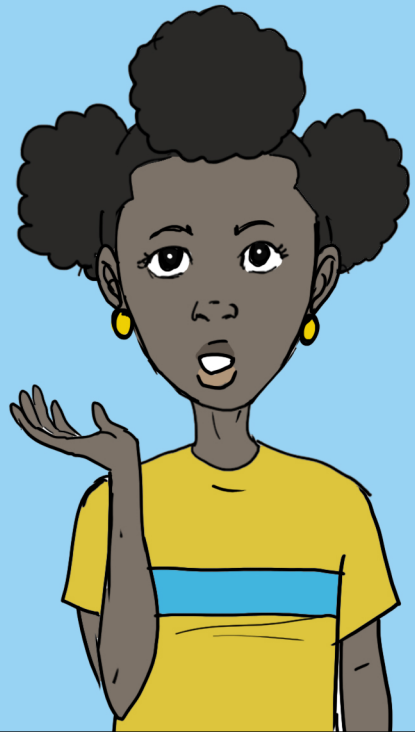
Today, we're all disoriented. Whether it's the old fisherman, the woman who works in the factory, the young market gardener, the canoe builder, or the town council - everyone is worried! Even the cemetery is submerged by the rising waters. Can you imagine ?

We're losing everything. Hundreds of families are constantly being forced to move, one after another, their homes having collapsed or being severely threatened by the relentless waves. And I'm not even talking about the floods.

Our entire lives revolve around the water.



Yandé and Pa-Doudou were speechless. So they started walking with La-Plume-Perdue around the neighborhood to see for themselves.



But, beyond the sea rising level, does the local community bear some responsibility for this?



If you knew your identity
You would have recognized the one
about water
Because she participated in your being
You, a drop of creation

And now worry assails you.
You grind your teeth over time
You twirl, you search for it, the water
And when you pass it, you size her up Without
respect, you use it and abuse it generosity.

Rediscover your identity, my dear, my dear
And you'll better recognize the place of
the water As a hyphen Between your being,
your person and your future. Between the mud,
the parched earth and the evaporated water.
Between the forest, your community, and our humanity.

As the water flows and quenches our thirst
Along the waterways that suffer from our pollution
I'm here to talk about a world drowned in indifference.
Where the oceans weep in silence,
The rivers hold the memory of an amnesiac people
The waters speak to me
We speak
But nobody dances to her music...

As the water flows and quenches our thirst
Along the waterways that suffer from our pollution
The waters speak to me...
They murmur salty psalms,
Prayers from gutted mangroves,
The anger of rivers foolishly attacked

As the waters flow, the predator's instinct
dominates the human
Madly happy, fabulous, her recklessness borders
on insolence

I can hear them.
These singing waters
And these waters that enchant
The belly of the seas has become a cemetery

As the water flows and quenches our thirst
Along the waterways that suffer from our
pollution
I saw bottles floating where our ancestors sailed.
Plastic bags replace the stars in the reflection of
the waves.
Fish that have become homeless.
Humans exploit the waters maliciously.
Their motto: "Progress!"

Progress that kills, yes!

Saint-Louis, my city,
Is a verse torn from the Bible of the living,
A poem scarred by a hallucinatory gas attack!
Diattara has become a nightmare for fishermen
But the waters forget nothing
They are the memory of happy days.
And the anger of the days to come

We are in this situation because water is not
silent.

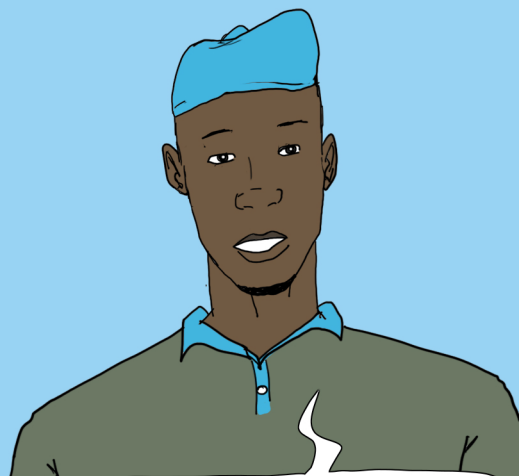
She hopes for and awaits our awakening
She hears the complaints
She counts the acts
And understands emotions
Now she demands justice.





Yes, look at these children.
Don't we deserve justice?

Shouldn't adults think
about our futures too?



Pa-Doudou, isn't that Mame J
arriving here? I like her dreadlocks.



Hun?!



In his relaxed, seasoned Reggae-style, Mame J greeted Yandé, mixing phrases, handshakes, and warm embraces. Although surprised, Yandé enjoyed the game; she was managing somehow.



Finally, you're here, Yandé!

Mame J, you know you're funny? You're like Pa-Dourdou: you always learn something from him. And I like discovering things; it helps me understand.



Come, I have something to tell you. But first, promise me you'll talk about it with others. Is that alright with you?



She nodded:

I'm listening, Mame J.



Yandé, young girl,
Many women dig their graves
In their own homes.
Please tell them, tell them:
By lighting the Thiouraye - incense placed on charcoal, resins,
and fragrant seeds such as Gowé,
We're filling our lungs with smoke,
We cause lung diseases, because Allaji wants a woman
Mokk-Pooj(2).

While there are alternative techniques and processes.

Ignorance kills in our homes!

Little Yandé, tell them, tell them!

Nervous breakdowns along our roads.

The exhaust pipes are a testament to the quality of our Damar¹

Carbon dioxide, nitrogen oxides, carbon monoxide, sulfur and unburned hydrocarbons
They also pollute our lungs.

They irritate our breathing and our eyes.

Transportation is one of the major sectors emitting greenhouse gases.

And what does our dear Government have to say about that?

Little Yandé, if you know, tell me!

Because in the meantime,

The trees that lined our streets have been cut down.

Maladaptation is the human strategy.

We wonder if there is a land-use planning policy

Or sustainable management of the living environment.

Little Yandé, if you know, tell me!

And this law that bans certain types of plastic bags

What are the Members of Parliament waiting for to enforce it?

All the while, plastic invades and ridicules our environment.

Plastic ends up in fish food

And it threatens our international cuisine, Ceebu-Jën.

The plastic ends up in the stomachs of our livestock

And we then consume it through a transfer effect.





What does the Minister of Health say about this?

Little Yandé, if you know, tell me!

Yandé, little girl,

I observed these national and international elites
Who travel for a 'yes' or a 'no'.

Those who are talking about international climate negotiations,

On desertification, biodiversity and international trade.

But little Yandé,

Are they not pretending?

Aren't they playing hide-and-seek with the local communities?

And what about the poor populations of the South?

Yandé, little girl, the horizon is very murky.

But I continue to hope

Because, like you, I have faith.

Yandé, the climate has chosen you

To speak to our consciences.

You know that saying:

"Xale bou loxoom settè , mèn na lekkè ak mag yi"

Because "value does not wait for the number of years".

Go ahead, Yandé.

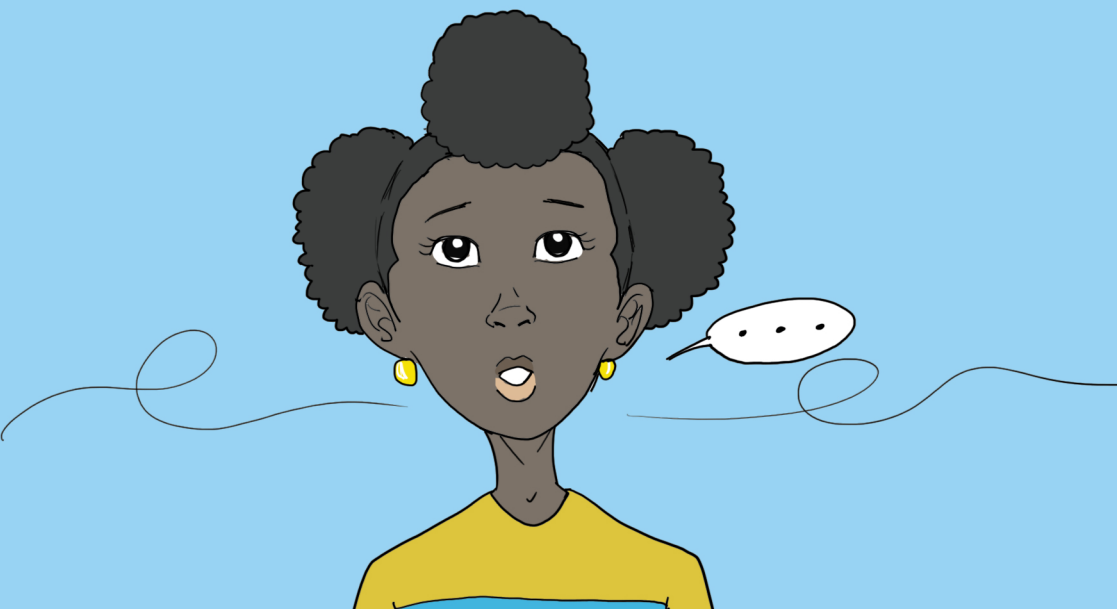
Raise your voice for the voiceless of the climate crisis.

Go ahead, Yandé.

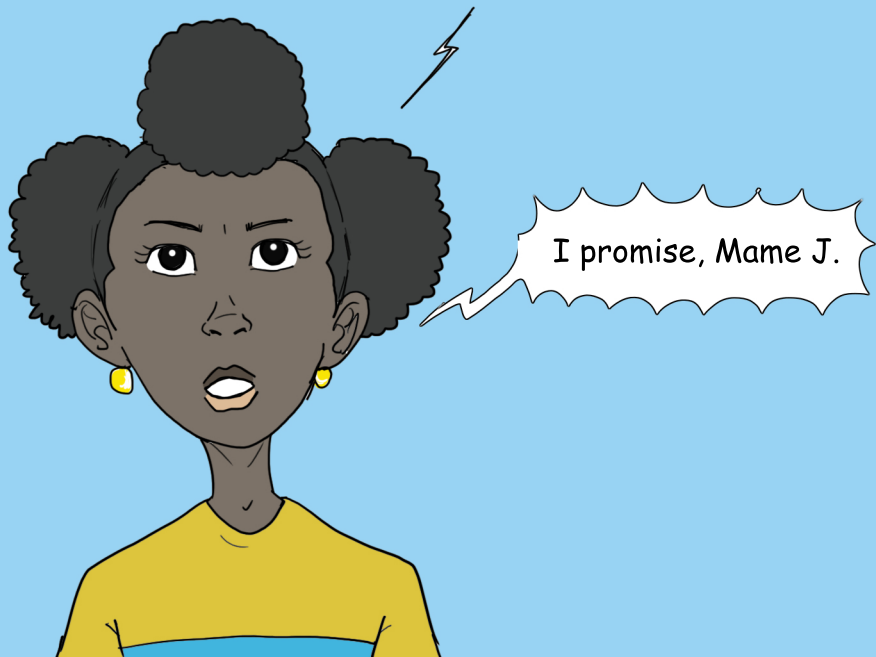
You can count on me; I'm following in your footsteps.

Go ahead, Yandé.

We, the Climate Artists, will always be with you.



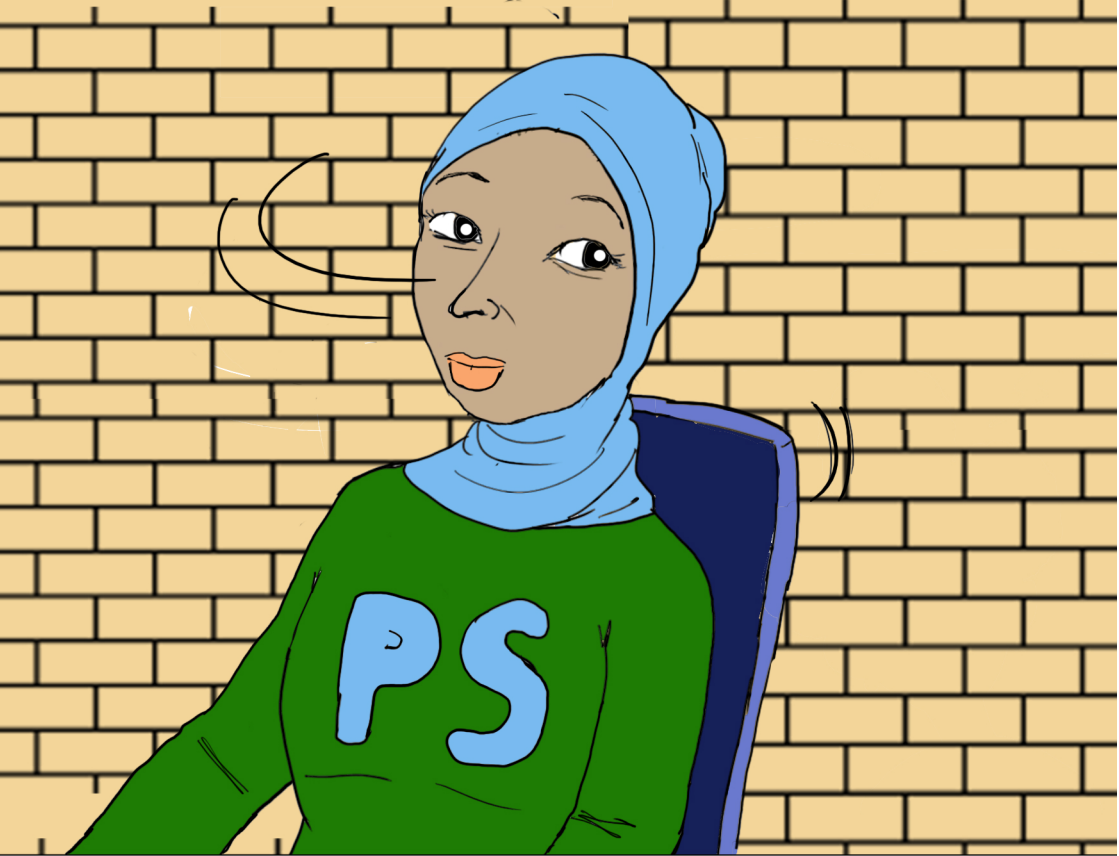
And, after a few seconds to digest this generous and captivating jolt, Yandé simply said:



Two days later, Yandé arrived in Dakar. The school holidays were coming to an end.



At Enda-Energie, Nath and Ibra Cassis were keen for her to also meet another slam artist named La-Plume-Sévère.



Upon seeing her, Yandé smiled inwardly and said teasingly:



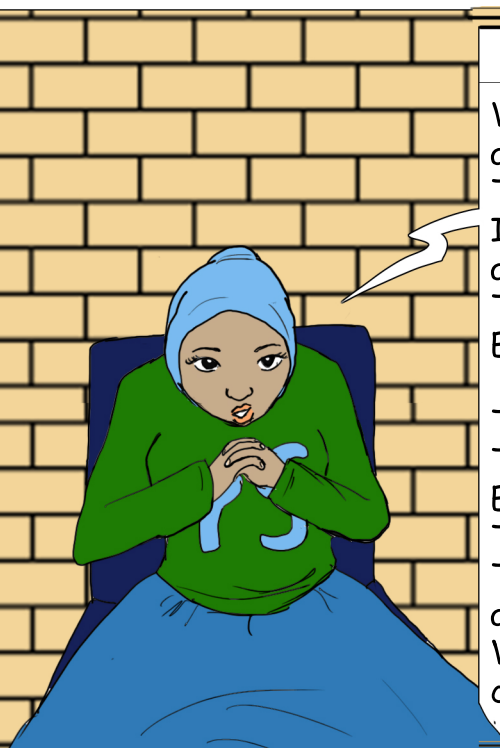
With that angelic face of yours,
are you La-Plume-Sévère ! ?

La-Plume-Sévère didn't want Yandé to realize that she, too, was overjoyed to meet her. She blurted out:



Yo, sister Yandé

Hey, big sister. Are you really La-Plume-Sévère?



In response, she launched into:

We are worried: the Earth is stressed and
The tears of the sky alarm us.
In bitterness, our steps strike the asphalt, placards raised,
To denounce this violence that Planet Earth is suffering.

The seasons have lost their minds.
The rain comes as it pleases.
Even out of season, it torments us.
The sun is scorching the crops.
The forests are burning, the animals are disappearing silently.
Who will compensate the poor community for its losses and damages?

The glaciers are melting like broken promises,
And the sea spews its venom upon our means of subsistence.
If it is not nature taking its revenge,
Isn't it humanity that is paying for its negligence?

In Africa, drought is causing famine.
The ground is cracking, just like our hopes.
Here and there, the floods are displacing families.
Has the climate become a weapon of mass destruction against the most vulnerable?

But demonstrating is not just about marching;
It is also a refusal to remain silent.
It also means questioning those in power:
If today's profit compromises the future
Why not spare future generations?

Solutions exist; they require courage.
For unambiguous compromises.
Respecting the Earth means:
Planting trees instead of concrete,
It's about dressing, moving, eating and living simply and ecologically.

Change our actions, change our laws,
Educate, protect, consume differently.
Saving the planet is not a dream,
This is an urgent responsibility, now.



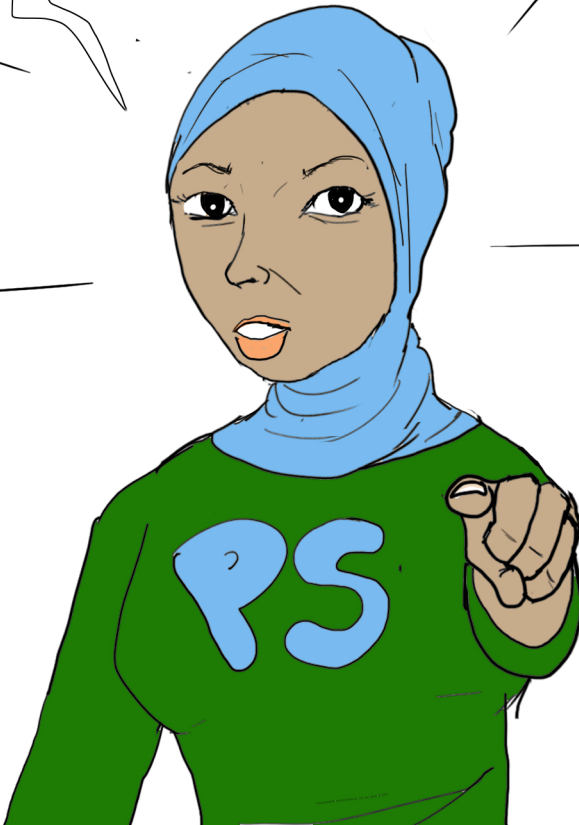
Because there is no Planet B,
And tomorrow is built today.

They chanted: "Cruel city" because "Things
fall apart";

But "The Wretched of the Earth" are not
obliged to suffer "The Last Days of a
Condemned Man"

Because "Night Flight" also evokes the
sense of responsibility.

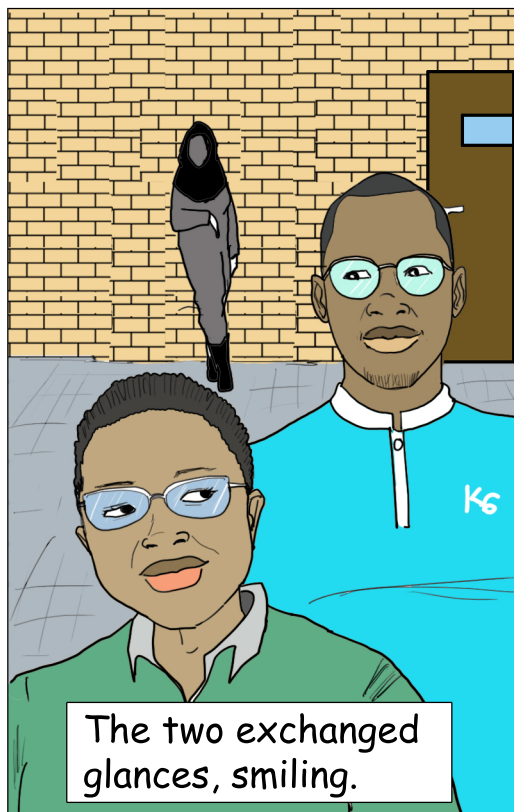
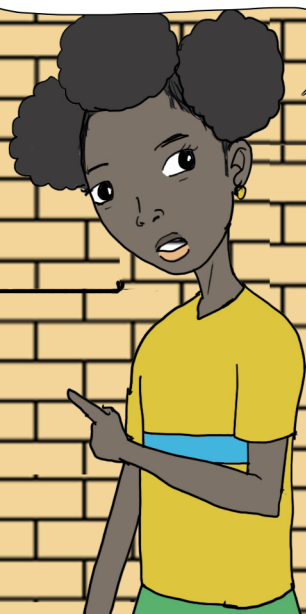
So stand up, together, for Mother Nature
For Planet Earth
For... life on Earth!





Yandé had absorbed every word, every rhythm, every intonation. Not for a second had her eyes left the slam poet . The latter had just transported her to another dimension. Yandé became even more aware of the need to act, not to wait until climate change translated into widespread panic.

Maman Nath, Cassis, could Enda support my school and our community to fight climate change?



The two exchanged glances, smiling.

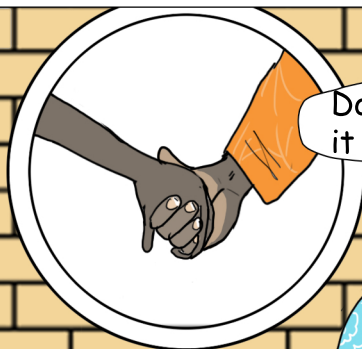
But it was Ndèye Mané, standing right next to them, who reacted first:



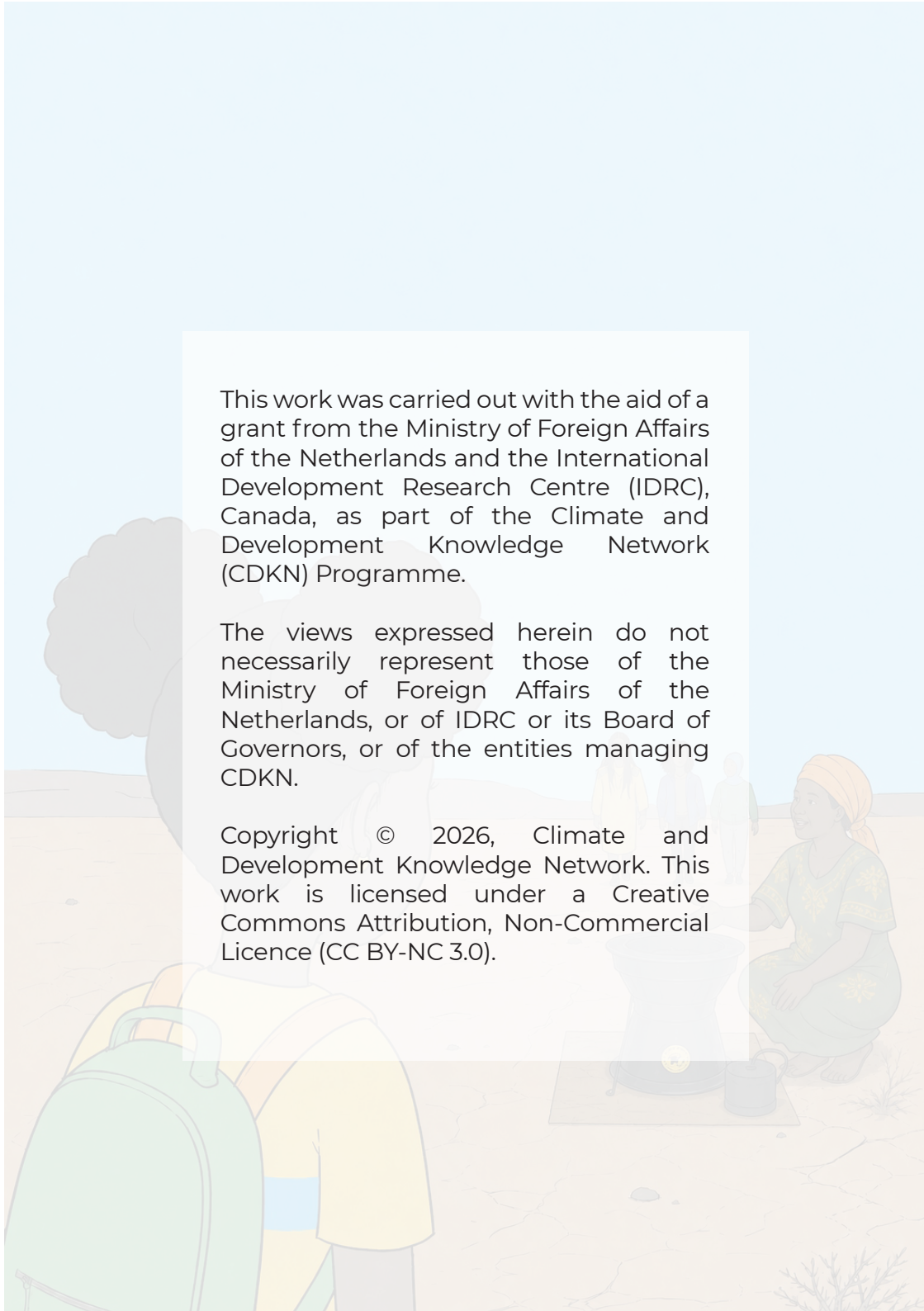
In fact, we will soon be implementing a new project on climate change education.



Don't worry, we'll talk about it again.



Yandé grew closer to Ndèye, as if she had found in her another big sister, a symbol of an active youth.



This work was carried out with the aid of a grant from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Netherlands and the International Development Research Centre (IDRC), Canada, as part of the Climate and Development Knowledge Network (CDKN) Programme.

The views expressed herein do not necessarily represent those of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Netherlands, or of IDRC or its Board of Governors, or of the entities managing CDKN.

Copyright © 2026, Climate and Development Knowledge Network. This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution, Non-Commercial Licence (CC BY-NC 3.0).

Scenario:

Kaback O Jean Pascal CORREA
correa.jpascal@gmail.com

Ndèye Mané FALL
fndeyemane@gmail.com

Ibra SECK Cassis
cassismc@gmail.com

Couver Design : Moon Creative
mooncreative@gmail.com

Drawing : Momar J M T/ FS I Senegal
Contacts: +221773254242
fsillustration16@gmail.com

