

YANDE'S ADVENTURES

THE FACES OF THE COASTLINE

Tome 2



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.

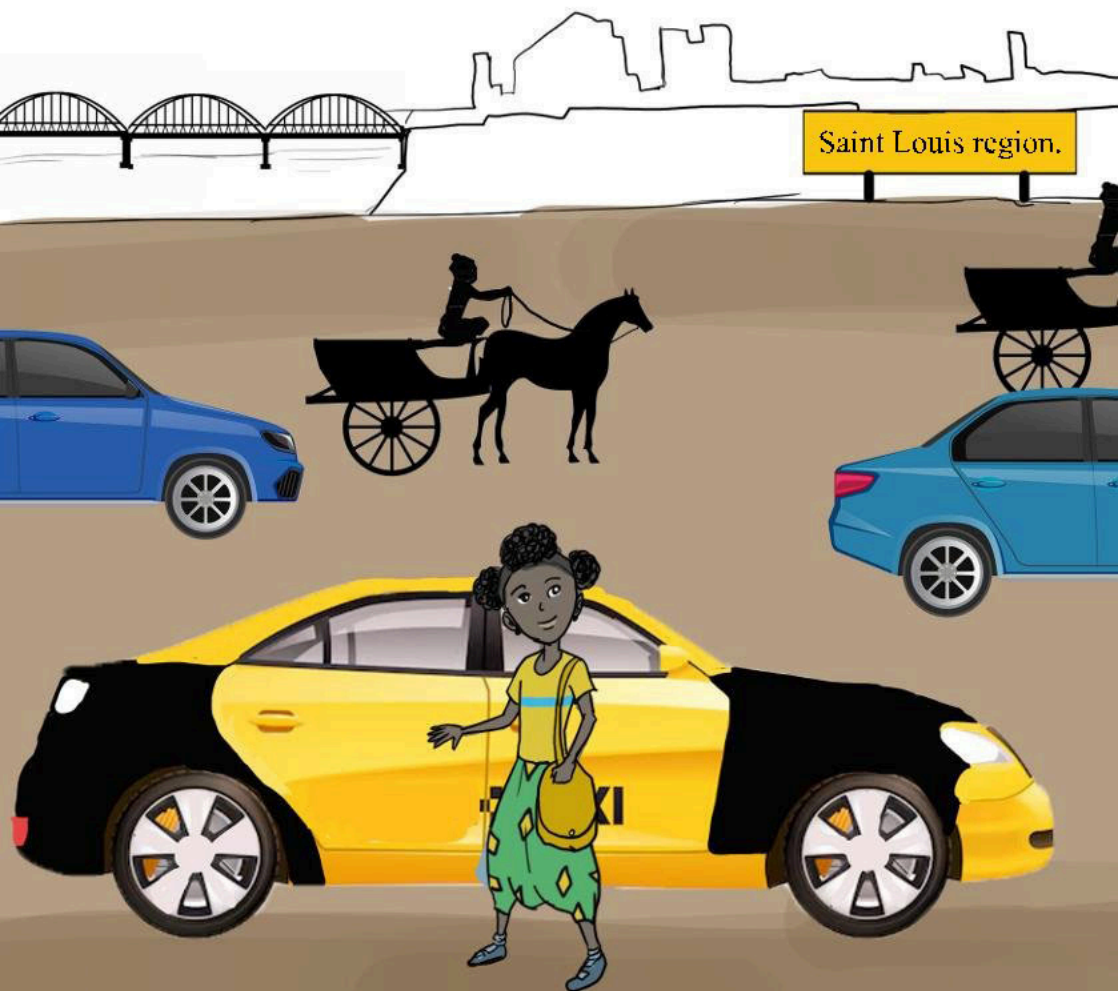
Each episode of her journey thus becomes a narrative pretext to bring out the words of various actors such as: elders (witnesses of history and time), customary authorities (guardians of values), teachers (educators, transmitters of knowledge), scientists (with critical eyes), technicians (who test and 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.



Yandé has just arrived in Darou-Tann-ba* a village located about ten kilometers from the city of Saint-Louis, in northern Senegal. She has come to enjoy the summer holidays with her uncle Pa-Doudou.

*the peace-village-near-the-salt-flats





As soon as she arrived in the village where her uncle taught, she was struck by the soil, the nature of the soil. It was the first time she had seen this type of soil; so strange, so different.



"They're tannes, that's to say salt flats" Uncle Doudou explained without waiting for her question.

Tannes are soils connected to marshes, but they receive little water. They're said to be slightly submerged. This is why the salt generally stays in place, and the soil is acidified. So nothing can be grown there."

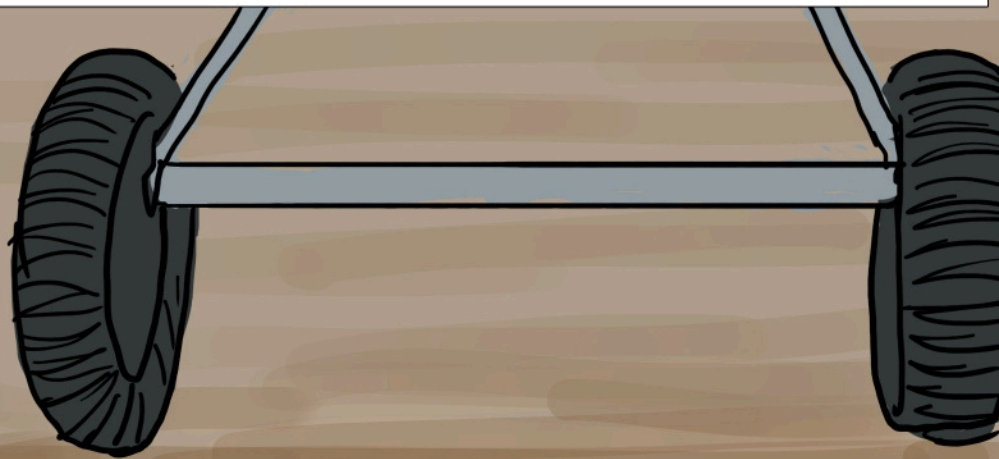


Yandé had indeed noticed the white lines that streaked the ground, and she wondered what could explain that. Just knowing that no plant species could be cultivated, she began to feel sorry for the villagers, even though she didn't know them yet.





Throughout the cart journey to the village, Yandé watched, while Pa-Doudou explained to her that the cart driver had to make detours to avoid getting stuck.



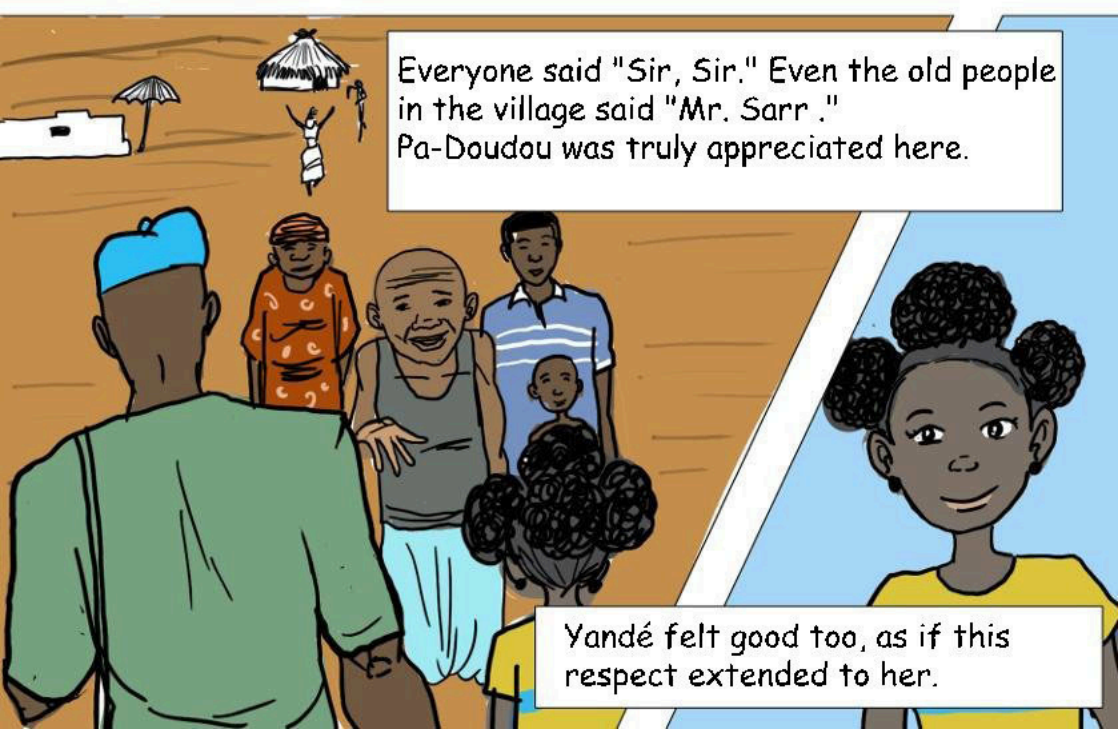
If you don't know the area, you can find yourself trapped, as if in a swamp. Because at first glance, everything is flat and identical.





Finally, they reached
the village

Yandé was struck by the the warmth
with which people - children and
adults alike - welcomed her uncle.



Everyone said "Sir, Sir." Even the old people
in the village said "Mr. Sarr ."
Pa-Doudou was truly appreciated here.

Yandé felt good too, as if this
respect extended to her.

The next day, Pa-Doudou took Yandé to almost every compound in the village



Beyond his own courtesy visit, he had to introduce his niece to everyone.



This way, Yandé could better integrate and play with the village children.



Around 5 p.m., Pa-Doudou set out on his daily walk.



Yandé hadn't yet realized that the village was located a few kilometers from the sea, to the south.

The further they got from the houses, the louder the noise coming from the sea became. The more aggressive the wind became, too, and it carried fine sand.





Yandé's lips dried out very quickly, and when she tried to moisten them with her tongue.



Yandé tasted salt and traces of dust. She immediately felt thirsty.



Pa-Doudou, do you have some water?



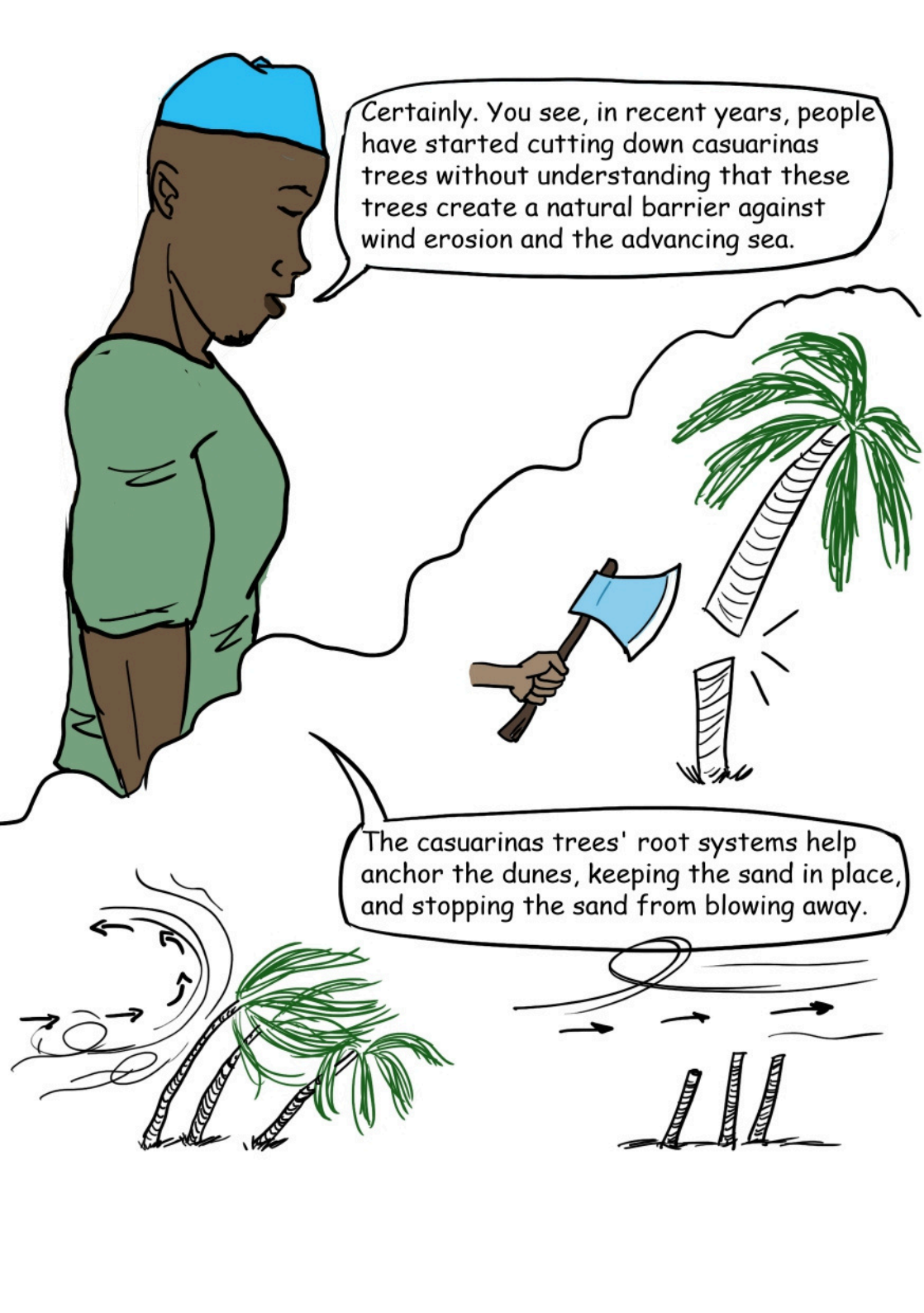
Handing her the water bottle hanging from his shoulder, the uncle advised:

Also put a little shea butter in your nostrils; it will prevent you from catching a cold. Here, when the wind blows hard, the fine sand is blown inland, and sometimes it comes as far as the village.

You even have to close the doors and place cloths under the doors and windows to prevent it from entering through the cracks.

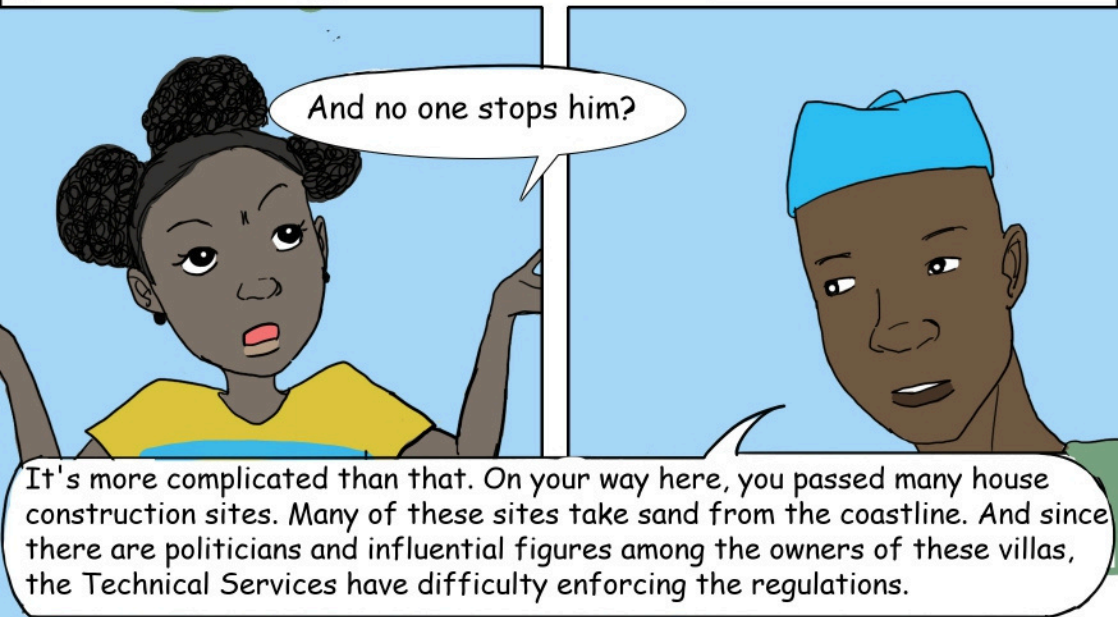
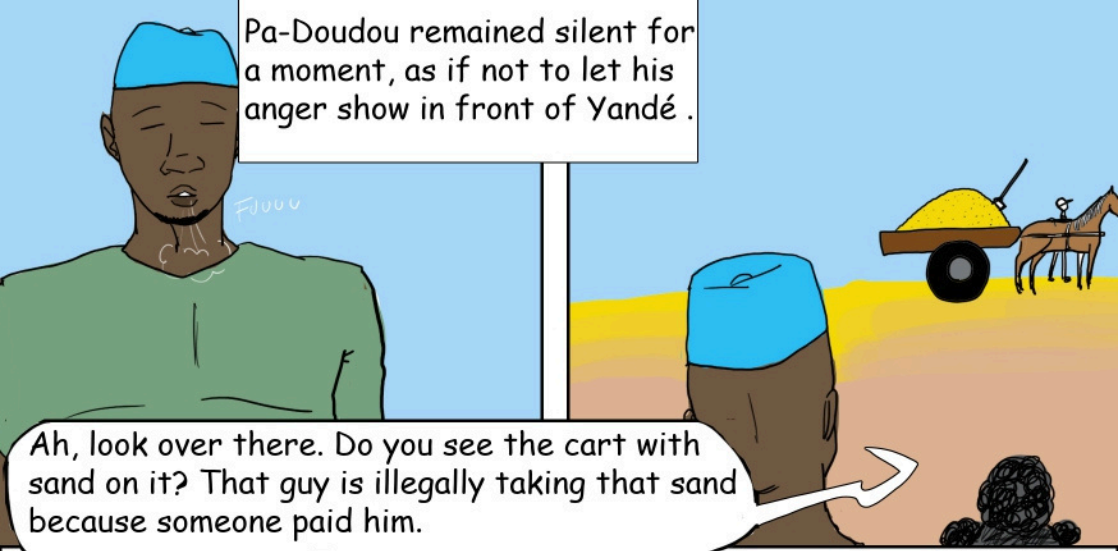


But the village is far from here!



Certainly. You see, in recent years, people have started cutting down casuarinas trees without understanding that these trees create a natural barrier against wind erosion and the advancing sea.

The casuarinas trees' root systems help anchor the dunes, keeping the sand in place, and stopping the sand from blowing away.



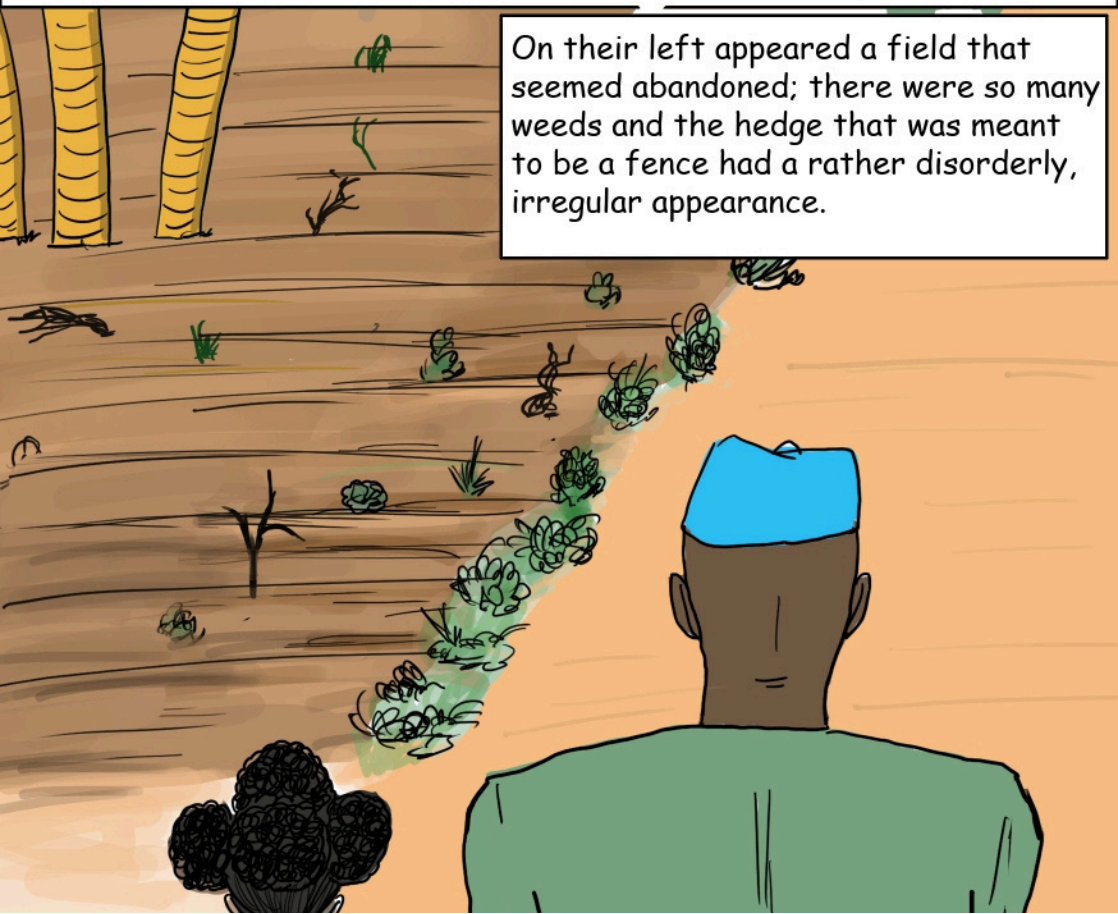
But, weren't these politicians the ones who should have set the example?



Pa-Doudou smiled tenderly at his niece and continued walking with her.



On their left appeared a field that seemed abandoned; there were so many weeds and the hedge that was meant to be a fence had a rather disorderly, irregular appearance.



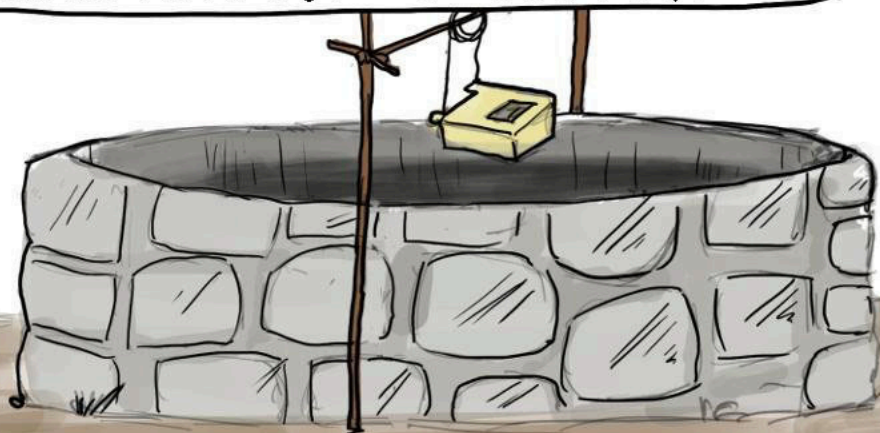
Pa-Doudou said to Yandé :



You see this field, it's abandoned because the winds blow the plants down and the salt sticks to the stems and leaves, and damages the plants that are still standing.



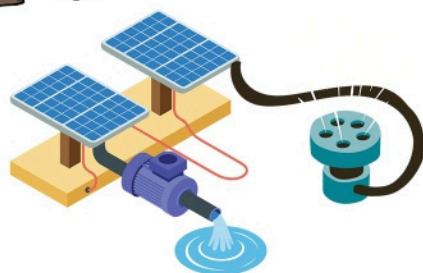
In addition, the salt makes its way into the fresh water well, which means it can no longer be used to water crops





While Yandé was thinking about the bad practices of the men who had harmed this field, Pa-Doudou continued:

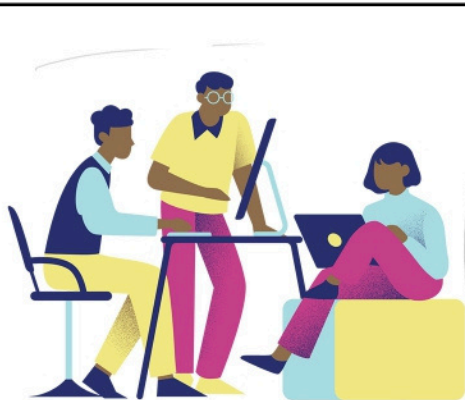
The owner is a Senegalese man who had been living abroad and had decided to return to invest in the land. Now he needs help. He needs climate technologies adapted to sustainable land management, and a more suitable pumping and irrigation system to resume his business.



And to add:

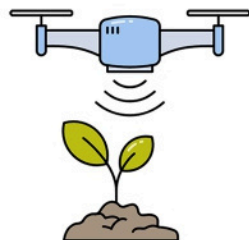
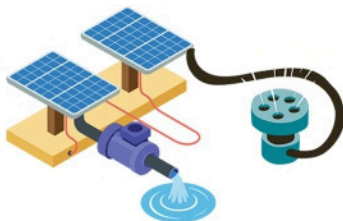
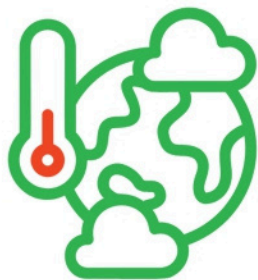
I'm going to talk about it to Modou, one of the village chief's sons: he has developed an agritech startup.

What's that?

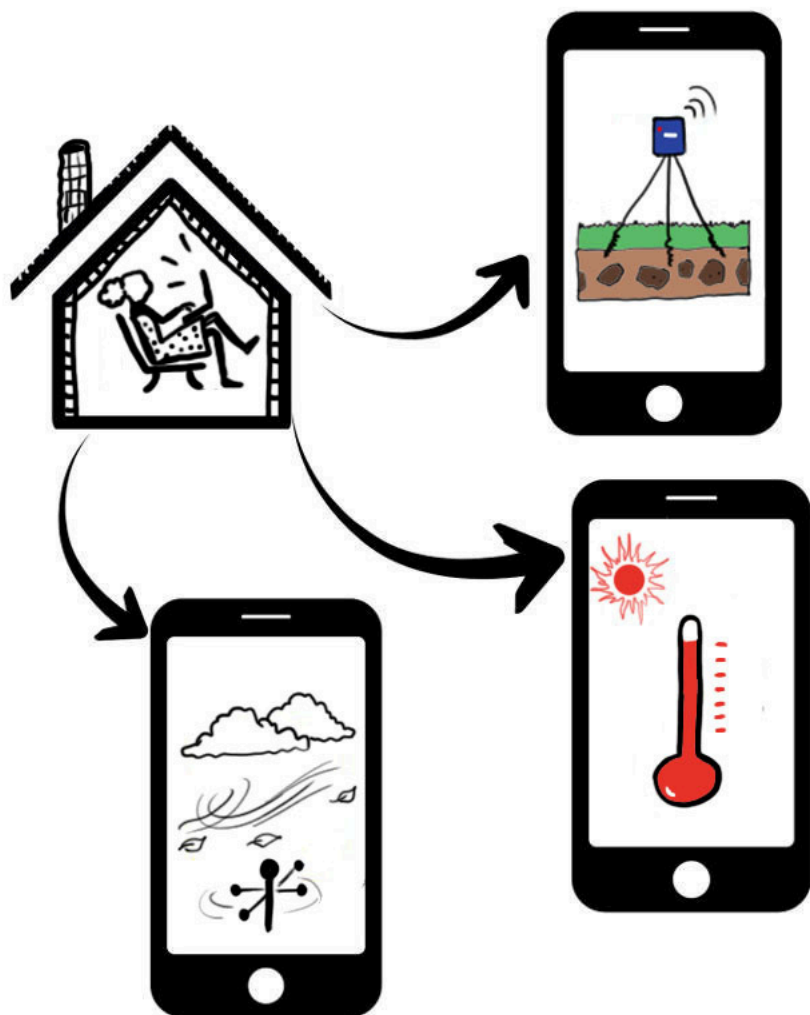


An agritech startup is a new company that offers solutions, through equipment and processes that are adapted to the situation of agricultural activity, but using IT or digital technologies.

It can offer a pumping and watering system that is remotely controlled through my Smartphone.



For example, this company does studies and installations on the ground. Then, it will develop an App and install it on my phone. Then, from home or anywhere, I can monitor a few parameters - such as soil moisture , air temperature, wind speed, etc.



Based on this information, the App will suggest measures to take to either protect my plants or provide them with inputs or water. This allows me to use part of my time to do other things.



But, Yandé noticed:



Okay, but in the meantime, who will solve the problem of sand being stolen from the coast? Who will prevent the cutting of casuarinas trees and the infiltration of salt? Who will reimburse this owner, for example? Who...

Pa-Doudou interrupted his niece. He was surprised by Yandé's awareness. He also appreciated the little girl's empathy for an investor she didn't even know.

It's a tough fight, you know? People...

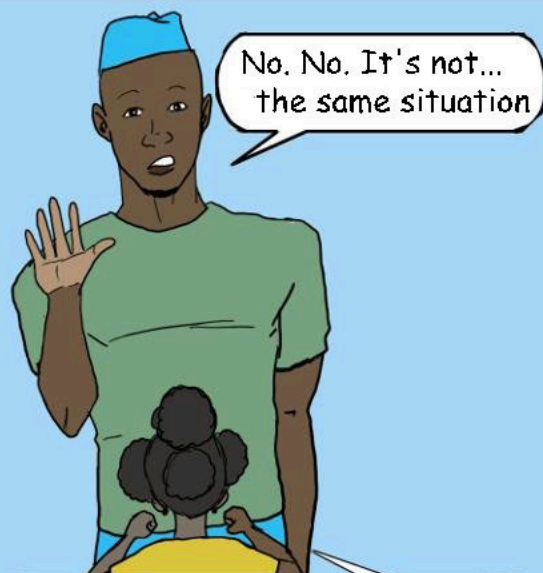


Yandé didn't let him continue his speech.

Apparently, Pa-Lamine also came back from Spain to farm, and it was because he lost his money due to the salty soil that he finally opened a shop to survive in the village. I wouldn't wish on anyone to live in despair because of the practices of some people who don't think and care about others.



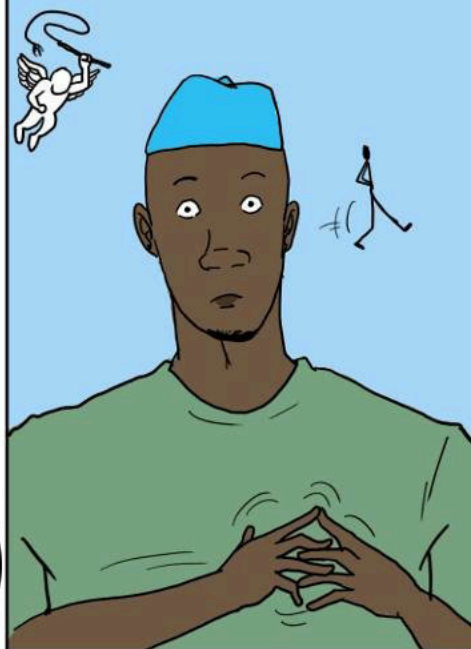
Pa-Doudou was taken aback. He stammered:



No. No. It's not...
the same situation

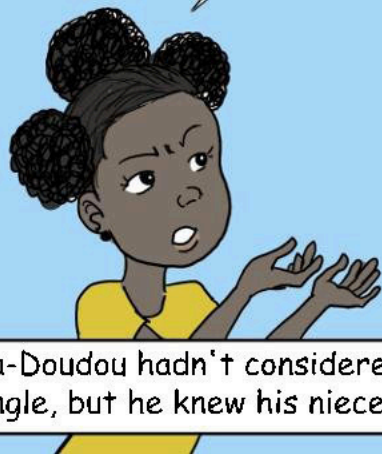
But yes! Yandé objected. Is it normal
that, to build his house, someone else
has to lose their field? How will he feed
his family afterwards?

Silence... An angel passed
by, a whip in his hand,
looking for someone to punish.



Yandé continued:

And if the police arrest the carter who steals
sand to sell it, who will feed his children?



Pa-Doudou hadn't considered things from this other
angle, but he knew his niece was right.

He suggested:

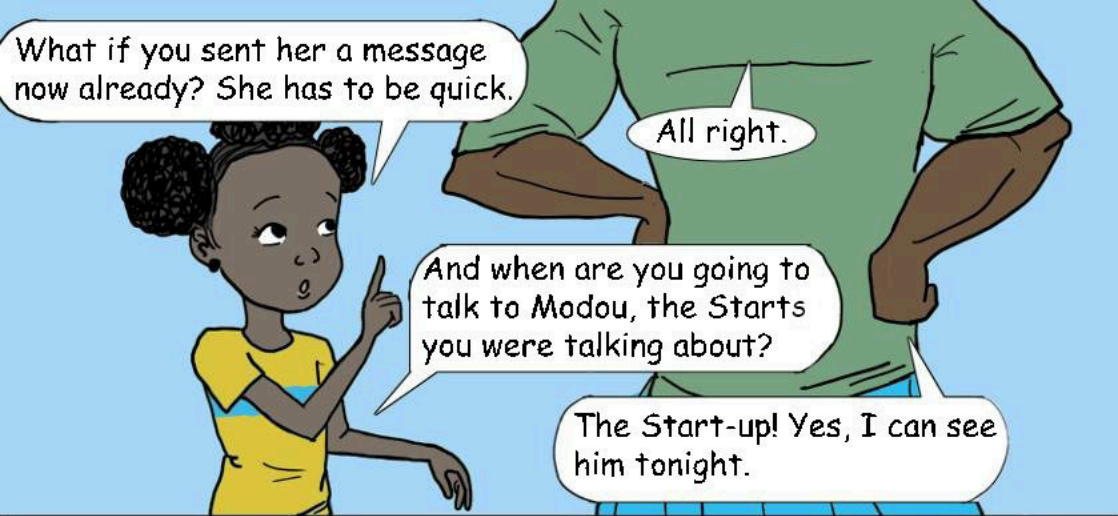
Yes, we should start that tonight.

Yandé said enthusiastically.

Pa-Doudou laughed heartily

I think I'll also suggest bringing this topic up on community radio. One of my fellow teachers hosts a show on environmental education and climate change education.

Easy, little one; we're in the summer vacation period. Madame Fatou Sarr is on vacation; she's currently in Palmarin to spend some time with her family. As soon as she returns, I'll discuss it with her.



What if you sent her a message now already? She has to be quick.

All right.

And when are you going to talk to Modou, the Starts you were talking about?

The Start-up! Yes, I can see him tonight.

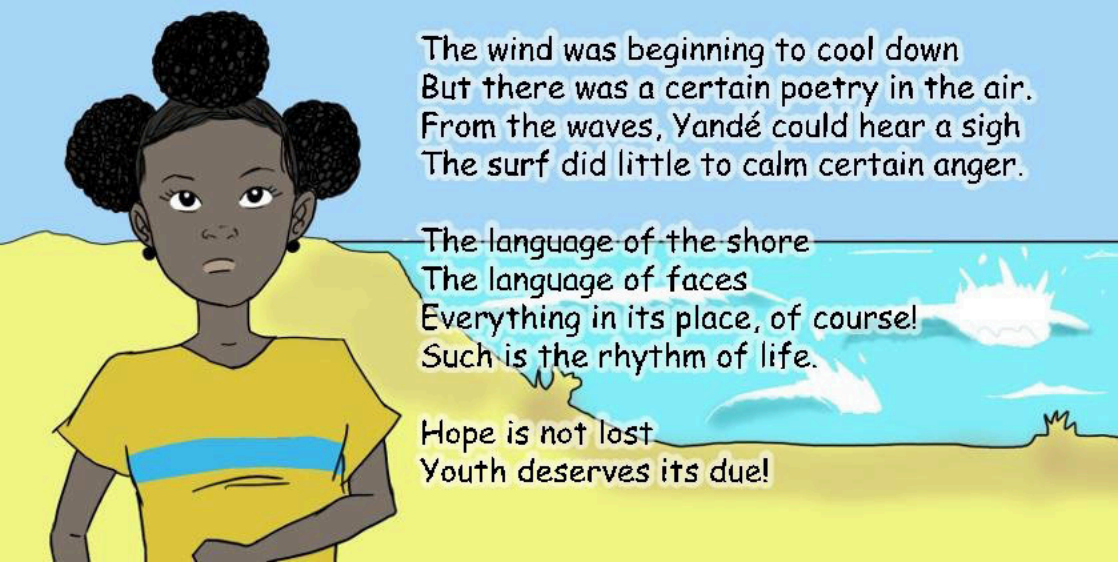
And to propose:



What if we go see him together after dinner?

Yes !!!

And they set off again on their way back.



The wind was beginning to cool down
But there was a certain poetry in the air.
From the waves, Yandé could hear a sigh
The surf did little to calm certain anger.

The language of the shore
The language of faces
Everything in its place, of course!
Such is the rhythm of life.

Hope is not lost
Youth deserves its duel

YANDE

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