



Yande's ADVENTURES

**BETWEEN CLIMATE CHANGE
AND ECO-ANXIETY**

Tome 1

PRESENTATION NOTE

In a context of deep ecological transformation, the ability to produce, promote, and disseminate accessible knowledge, rooted in local realities, has significant impact in supporting resilience and adaptation dynamics. In addition to highlighting these local realities, the challenge of making this knowledge accessible calls for consideration of the most relevant media, including from the perspective of representations and the linguistic dimension of the content, both for the sender/producer and the receiver.

The "Yandé, the Little Voice of Climate" initiative is part of this approach. It consists of an educational comic strip initiated by Enda-Energie, through the CDKN-Senegal programme. This comic strip addresses issues related to climate change, the environment, ecosystems, heritage elements, and, more broadly, sustainable development, particularly at the local level. The comic strip is positioned through the prism of information, education, awareness, and the mobilization of stakeholders to bring about behavioral changes or decision-making that benefit communities and, within them, women, youth, and even future generations. It is therefore designed as an innovative environmental mediation tool, at the intersection of education, culture, and inclusive climate action.

"Yandé" is the name given to the main character in the comic strip: an eight-year-old girl from a Serer village. Curious and attentive, she observes, questions, and is amazed by the transformations in her environment: vanished trees, salinization of the land, irregular or even uncertain seasons, weakened ecosystems, and more. She hears the elders talk about birds that once existed, animals that the elders hunted, types of fish that were the pride of the fishermen, and more. She doesn't understand why she hasn't had the opportunity to experience these things. This incomprehension arouses in her a kind of lack, a strong desire to restore this opportunity and share it with her playmates, her generation. A need to understand... Understand! Who knows what will come of it!?

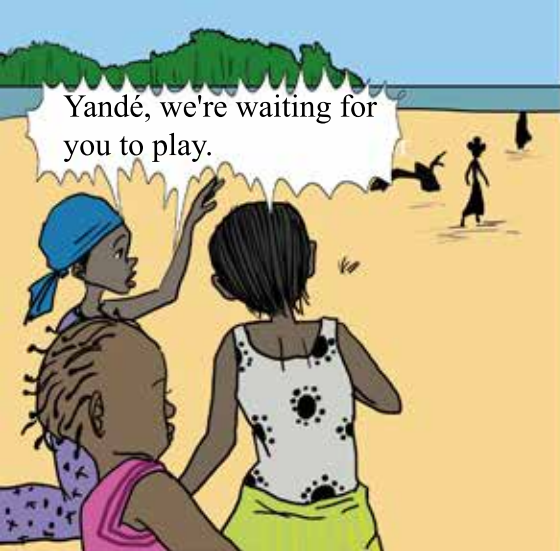
Driven by this need to understand, Yandé doesn't seek answers; she discovers, admires, worries, anguishes, becomes enthusiastic, cries, sings, lets herself be guided, shaken, gives hope... But Yandé doesn't see herself as a hero; she's too afraid of the threats weighing on children, on mothers, on the right of those she loves to live in serenity. At the same time, Yandé admires her grandfather's tales too much not to dream of another 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 for bringing out the voices of various actors such as: elders (witnesses of history and time), customary authorities (guardians of values), teachers (educators, transmitters of knowledge), scientists (with critical perspectives), technicians (who test and apply responses), women bearers of knowledge, young people in action, among others. This approach connects testimonies, indigenous knowledge, expertise, popular narratives, and others, without any hierarchy of knowledge or desire to standardize sources and content.

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

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

Through the character of Yandé, a gentle yet demanding pedagogy is being constructed, one that emphasizes climate awareness, the consideration of eco-anxiety, intergenerational dialogue, and the recognition of endogenous or local knowledge as levers for transformation.

Ah, Yandé comes from the verb *yandd*, which, in Serer (a language spoken in Senegal and in the Gambia), means "to rock." Yandé thus refers to "rocking" 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.





Maam-Roky, I just learned that, if nothing is done, soon there won't be any more oysters in our dishes. Is that true?

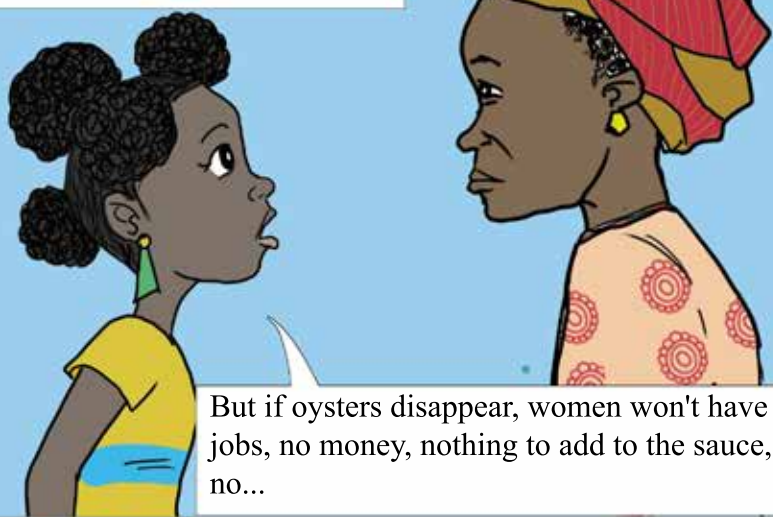


"Saly-Sene!" Little girl, you really love oysters! Don't worry, sometimes they're rare, but we are striving to ensure there are always some. You know very well that oysters are part of our lives!



The grandmother had difficulty understanding the reason for this question; but especially the scope she should give to her answer, both to enlighten her granddaughter and to avoid giving her information that was not usually part of a child's mental universe. With a certain level of restraint, Maam-Roky said

As if her grandmother hadn't said anything, the little girl continued.



But if oysters disappear, women won't have jobs, no money, nothing to add to the sauce, no...

Maam-Roky interrupted



Yandé, wait, calm down!" First, tell me: what's really worrying you? What are you really afraid of?

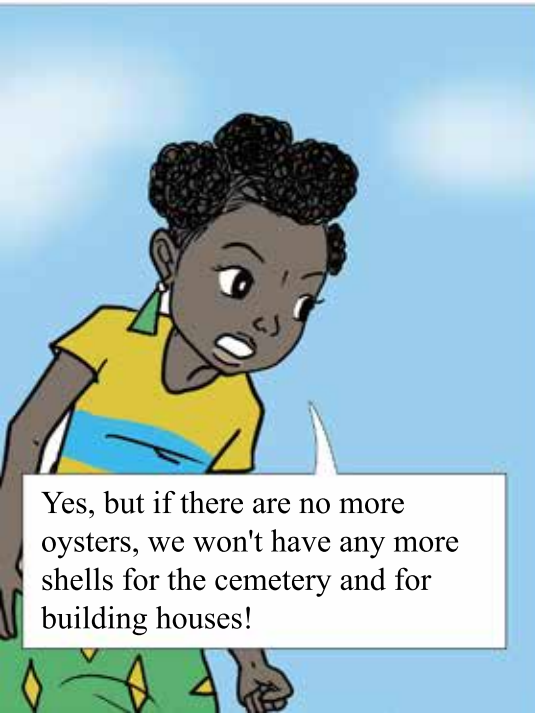


While we were playing in front of Pa-Lamine's Boutique, I heard someone say on the radio that the mangrove is seriously threatened and that if it disappears, we'll have no more oysters, fish, wood to cook with at home, wood to smoke fish...

Maam-Roky interrupted again, placing her hand on his shoulder.



You know, all that's true, but why do you think I'm often away from home? Right now, I'm supposed to meet with an NGO, hum, some people who want to help us find solutions to combat the degradation of the mangrove. And if it works, you'll see, you'll have nothing to worry about anymore.



Yes, but if there are no more oysters, we won't have any more shells for the cemetery and for building houses!



And who destroyed the mangrove?

She doesn't ask "what destroyed it, but who..."; it's not the what that interests her; she's looking for the person responsible, even the culprit.

Maam-Roky heard the anger in her granddaughter's voice and, although surprised by the turn of the discussion, tried to calm things down.



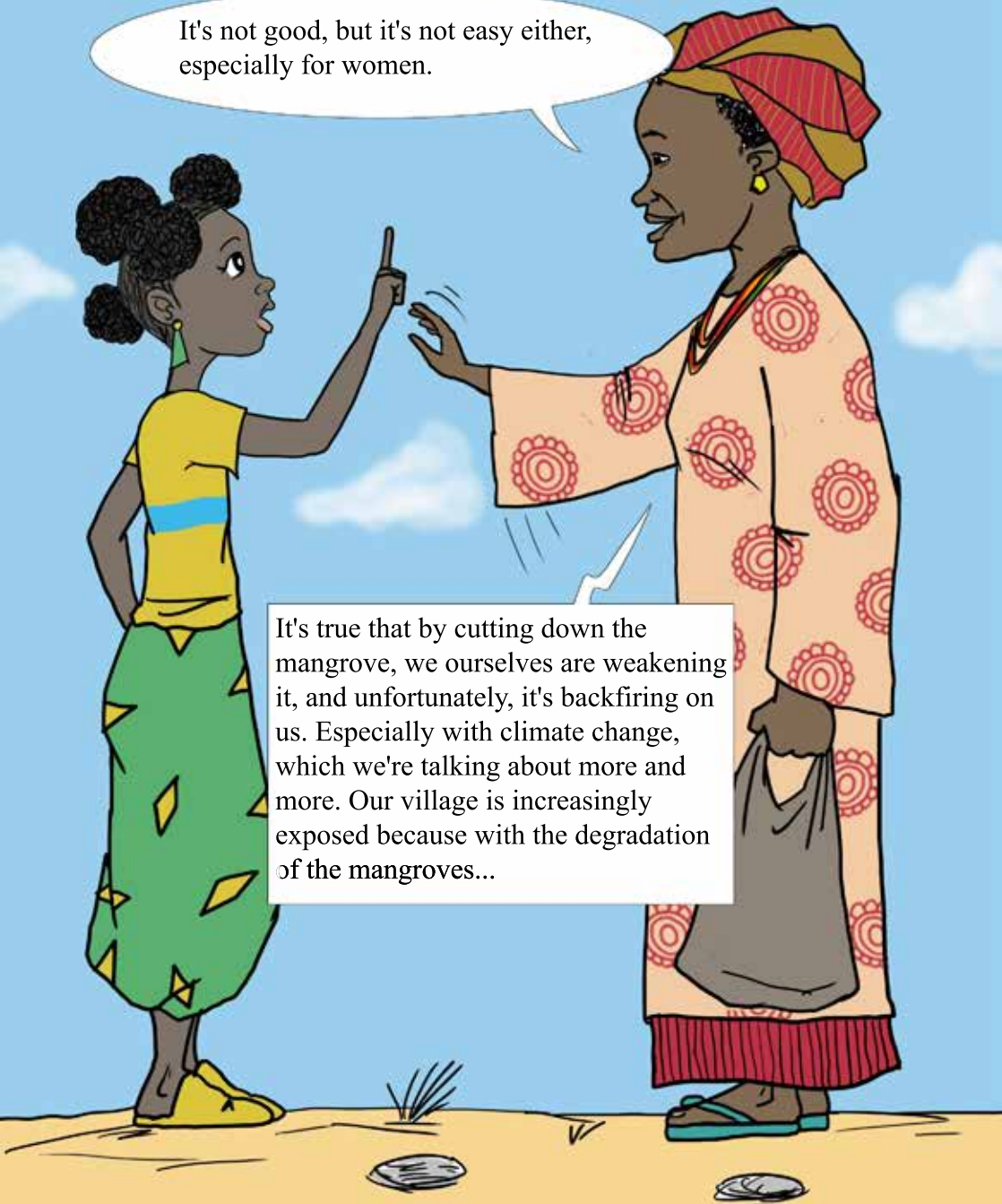
You know, no one chose to destroy the mangrove, but people have to prepare meals, and for that, they need wood or LPG gas. LPG gas is very expensive, and the store doesn't always have it. So, they need firewood. Where can they find firewood if not in the mangrove? It's true that we should take the firewood, but sometimes you have to go inside the forest to find firewood; it's not always easy: sometimes you're in a hurry and you cut wood somewhere and leave very quickly before anyone sees you.



Before the little girl could react, she anticipated his remark.

It's not good, but it's not easy either, especially for women.

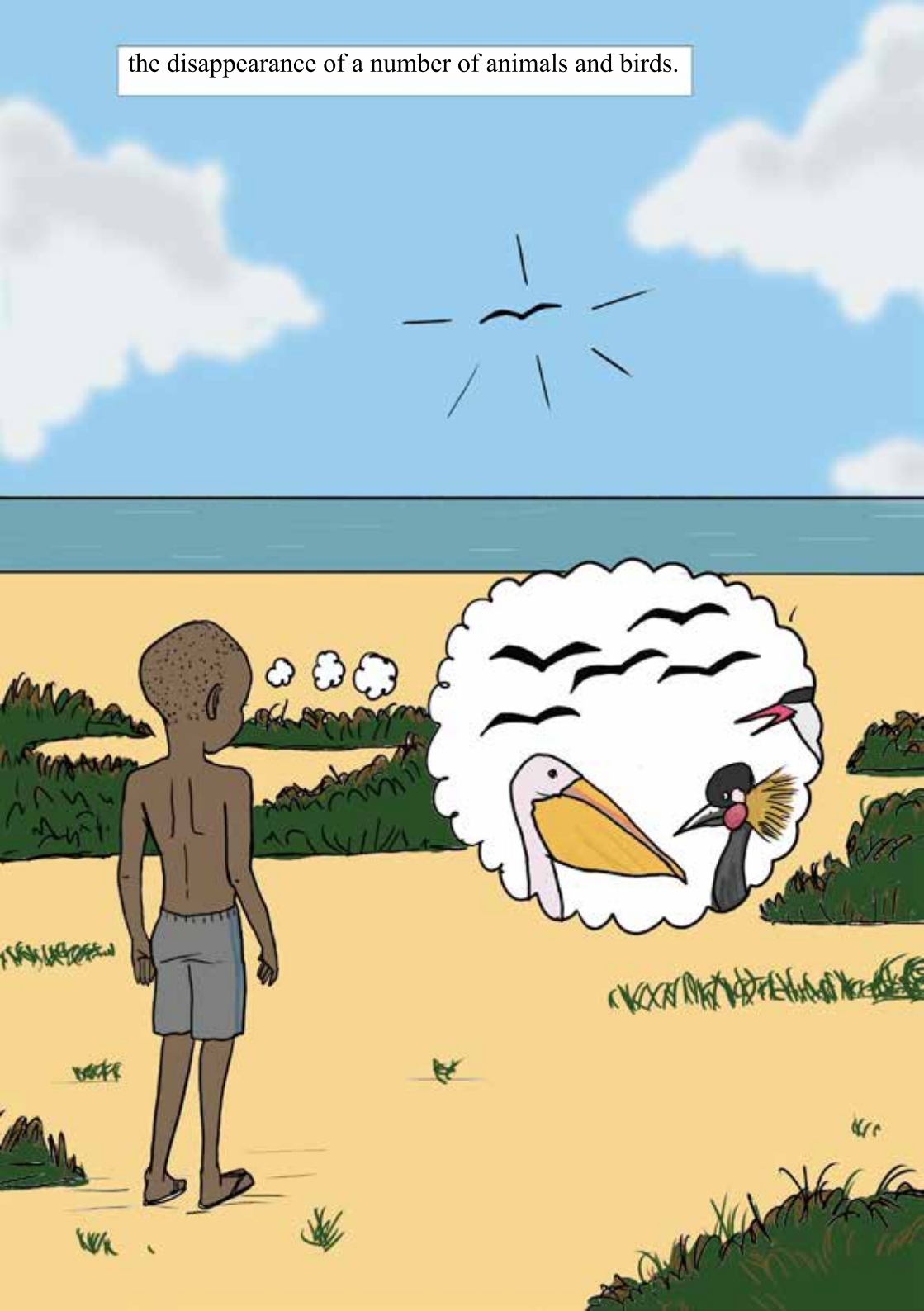
It's true that by cutting down the mangrove, we ourselves are weakening it, and unfortunately, it's backfiring on us. Especially with climate change, which we're talking about more and more. Our village is increasingly exposed because with the degradation of the mangroves...



we're seeing salinization of our farmland.



the disappearance of a number of animals and birds.



And, as you said, we have fewer and fewer fish. That's why some of our men have given up fishing, and some young boys are tempted by illegal emigration; because they need to boost their self-esteem, help their parents, and think about their future by starting a family."



Look! This is also why mothers who smoke fish are finding it increasingly difficult to generate income: fresh fish is scarce and more expensive, while the selling price of smoked fish can't fluctuate much because there are many competitors in the sub-sector. The Bana-bana may no longer come to us and could go to Joal, Cayar, or elsewhere to buy smoked fish.



This information had a strange effect on Yandé: she remained silent for a moment, filled with questions and emotions. The realization This bordered on eco-anxiety...



Maam-Roky noted the tension in her granddaughter. While she understood how deeply Yandé was affected by the news, she couldn't pinpoint which aspects were troubling her the most. She chose to focus on one part, her tone very tender, as if to establish a bond between them.

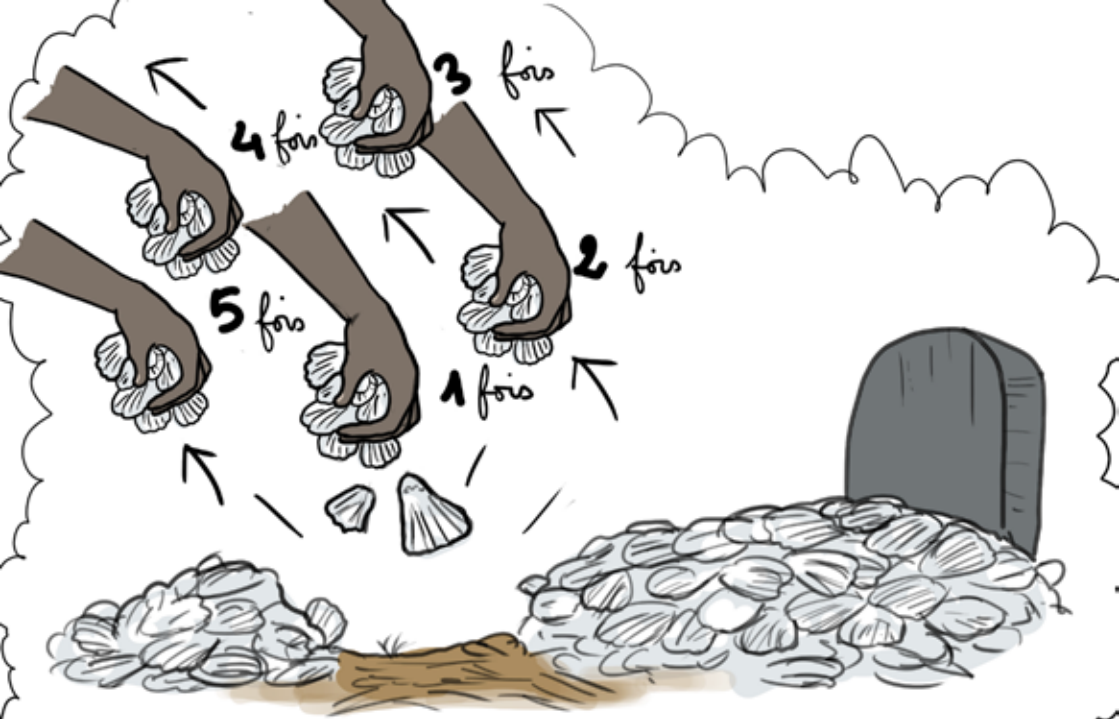
Yandé, do you remember what your grandfather said to you the day you were playing with shells without knowing why there was a shell mound behind the house?



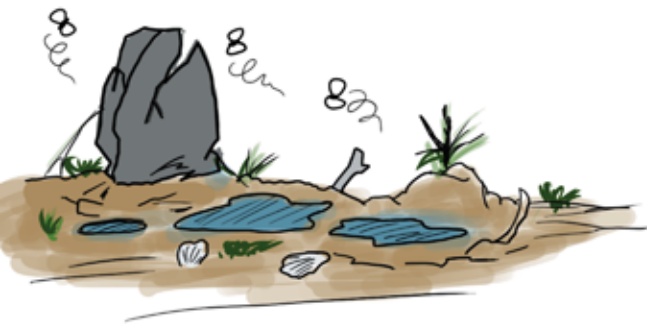
The little girl didn't see where she was going with this, but she remembered very well the scene Maam-Roky was talking about.

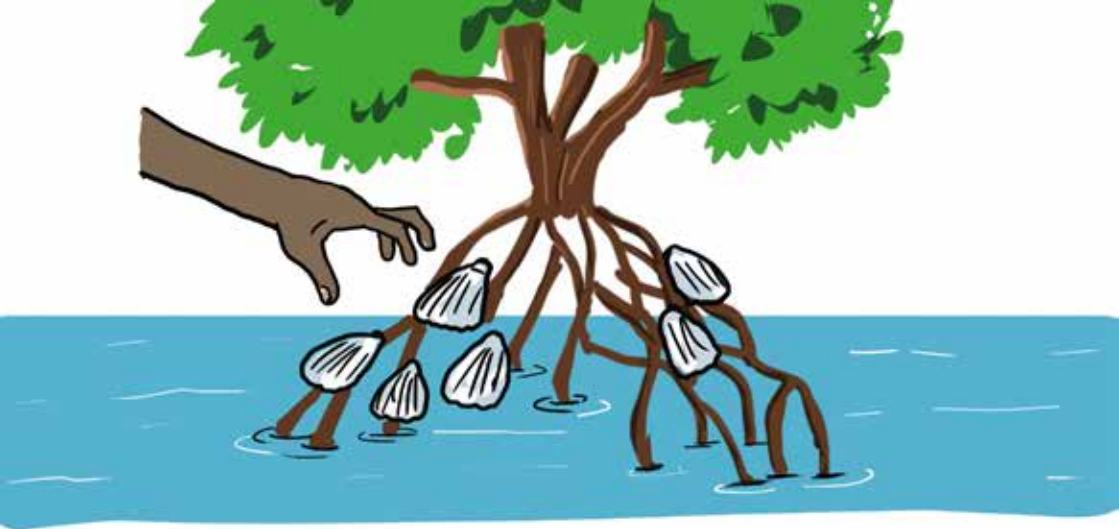
Yes, he was saying that I shouldn't take too much from that pile of shells or even scatter them around because my great-grandfather was buried there, and that pile of shells was also meant to mark and protect his grave from the winds and intense rains.





here! You didn't know that by taking shells little by little, at a certain point, you risked weakening this grave, which means a lot to the whole family.

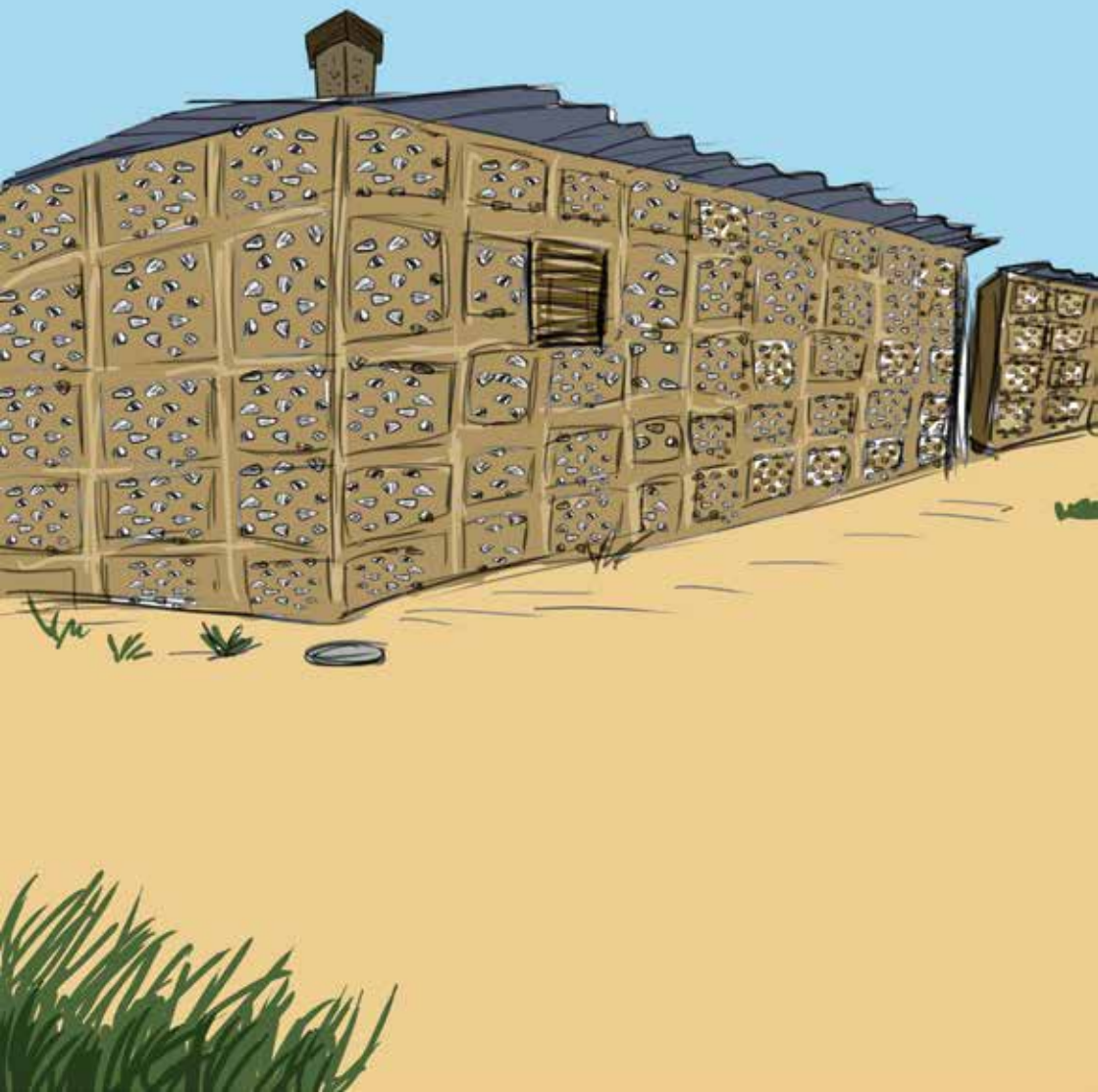




The shells, which we obtain from oysters picked in the mangroves, are part of our heritage. They have symbolic, cultural, and ritual value;



They also serve to make bricks for building houses.





... or to make paving stones to prevent someone from slipping and falling when it rains heavily and there are floods.



Just as you didn't know what those shells you were playing with represented, some of our neighbors don't know that destroying the mangroves has enormous consequences, exacerbated by climate change.



Silence... Both of them were there, present but far away in their thoughts, both complicit and already mentally focused on a strong desire to see better. Maam-Roky felt the need to add a few words to further reassure her granddaughter.

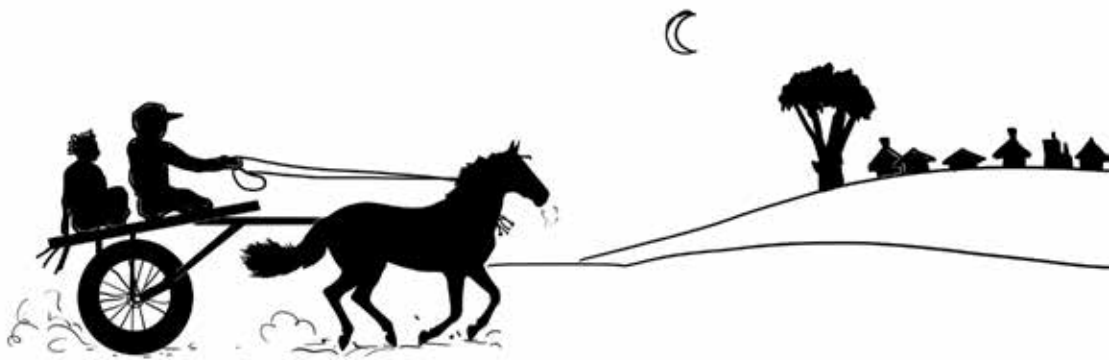


We have more and more floods because we no longer have a natural barrier, like the mangroves did a few years ago.



As you can see, people are going to the fields less and less because salt has invaded our lands.

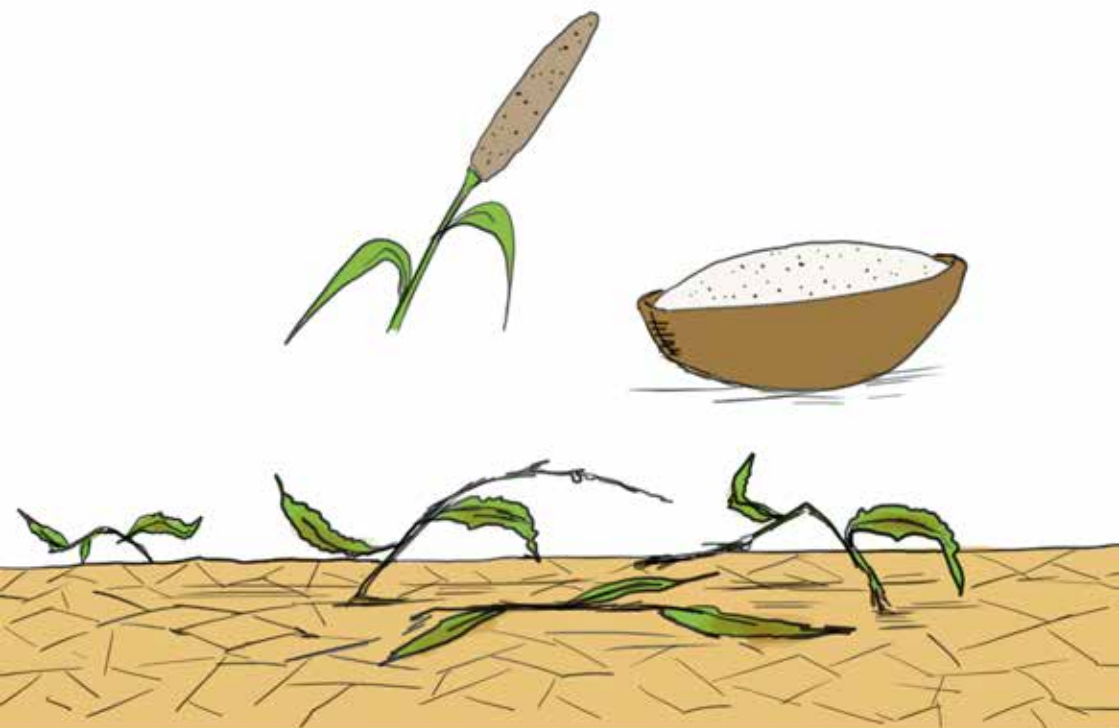




This forces us to buy 100% of the rice we eat, and worse, during weddings, we have to go to distant villages to buy rice on the cob and untreated rice in order to celebrate weddings according to tradition, scattering the rice that symbolizes abundance for a household.



Even millet, which is the primary symbol of the Serers' agricultural and culinary identity, is threatened by soil degradation.



Fortunately, there are partners who come to help us, who come to train us on various climate and environmental issues. We're going to fight, you know?

And, on a more personal note, she addressed her granddaughter



For my part, if you see me running and running, it's because I want the mangroves to never die." It represents much more than you think: it's our wealth and our salvation.

My trip to Foundiougne is to prepare for the reforestation of 12 hectares of mangroves. The Conservator of the Marine Protected Area has convened leaders from women's and youth organizations, and, with the support of NGOs and the State's technical services, we will combine our efforts to act together and preserve our mangrove ecosystem. Otherwise, the Saloum Delta will have fewer tourists because the marine and plant biodiversity will be lost, and with it, the jobs of eco-guides, eco-guardians, and in the hotels and camps around this beautiful bay.

Another brief moment of silence; then she continued



I can promise you one thing: you and I will do everything we can to ensure there are always oysters to eat, and shellfish for your village.

And teasingly



But, by the way, if I don't have any more oysters to sell at Timack's restaurant, where am I going to buy you the bags of ice cream you love so much?"

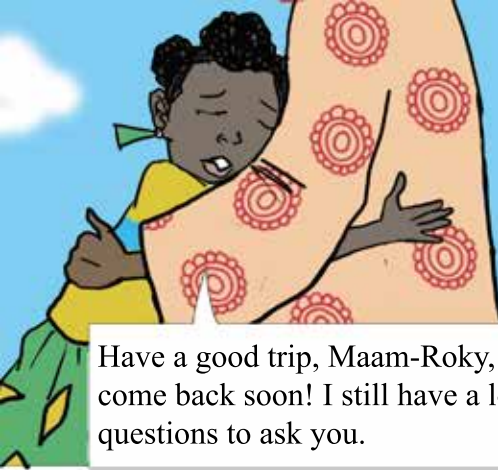


Saly-Sen !

Yandé objected, echoing her grandmother's favorite interjection; as if to say it would be a disaster.



They laughed enthusiastically, and Yandé threw herself into her grandmother's arms.



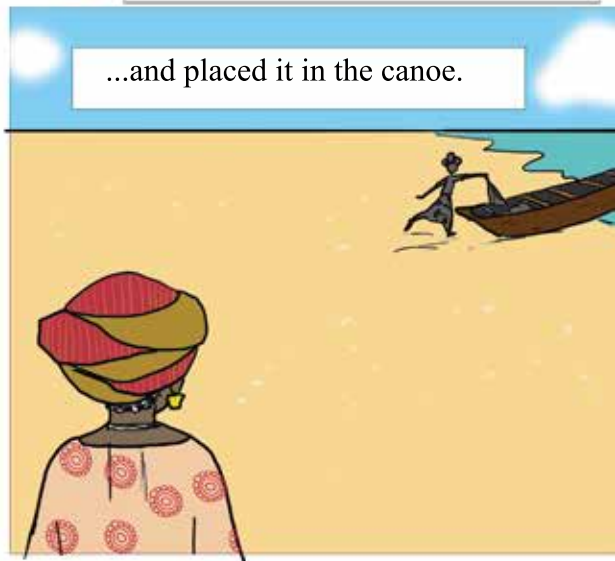
Have a good trip, Maam-Roky, and come back soon! I still have a lot of questions to ask you.



Go ask your grandfather. He knows the whole history of the village. Or even your uncle Pa-Doudou; he'll be here in a few days.



Yandé took one of the bags her grandmother was holding...



...and placed it in the canoe.



Then, she stepped back, waving goodbye to Maam-Roky. Admiring!

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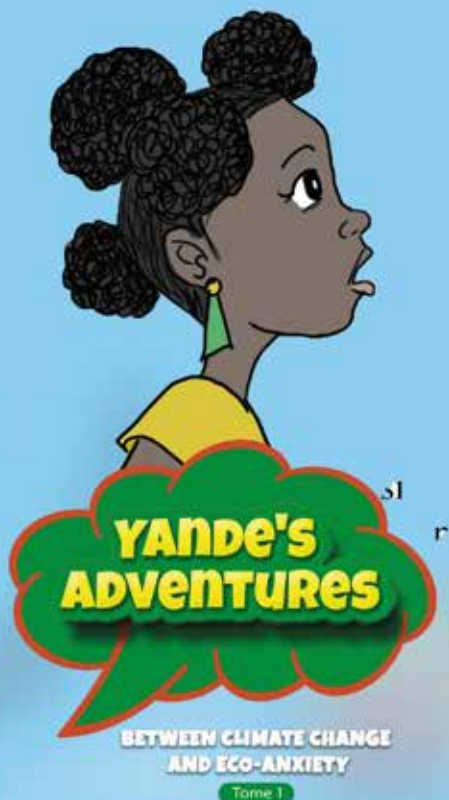
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