



A Koranic school in Djenne

stored millet. In this area, millet is cultivated and if the rains are good, rice. A lady smiled at us.

Ibrahim said that she liked me and that I was lucky she was not married (married Fulanis have tattoos around the mouth).

I pointed to the grey hair on my head. "That's why she likes you," he said. "The young visit once and fly away."

When we arrived at the ferry to cross over to Djenne I wondered how we would be able to fit several vehicles on the boat that was supposed to take us across; it seemed such a modest boat. But it did.

That was the place where I saw my first dog in Mali. He was snooping around, sad and lonely. Malians don't seem to care for dogs or cats.



A cement mosque built with Saudi Arabian funds



An African beauty



Ready for the ferry crossing