I Am Ouss
April 05, 2019

My name is Ouss. I am a Maa Lanne, a group of the Mandinka people living in the Gambia. I grew up in the small town of Nialet, which means "land of the lake" in Wolof, the language we speak.

In our culture, the family is the center of life. My family is everything to me. We work hard to support each other, and I feel honored to be a part of such a strong community. We are a people of farmers and traders, and we have a deep respect for nature.

We have a strong tradition of storytelling. Our elders teach us the history and values of our people through stories. This is how we pass on our culture and identity. Our ancestors came from Senegal, a neighboring country, and settled here in the Gambia. We have lived here for generations.

Our way of life is changing. The coming of the outside world has brought new challenges and opportunities. We have to adapt to the changing environment, and I feel a sense of responsibility to preserve our traditions and values.

I want to share our story, our way of life, with the world. I think it is important to understand other cultures to appreciate our own. That is why I decided to become a photographer. I want to capture the beauty and strength of our culture and show it to the world. I hope my photographs can help people understand our way of life and appreciate the diversity of human cultures.

I want to tell my story, my journey as a Mandinka, through my photography. I want people to see the beauty of our culture and the strength of our people. I think it is important to show how we live and what we value. That is why I decided to become a photographer. I want to capture our way of life and show it to the world. I hope that my photographs can help people understand our culture and appreciate the diversity of human cultures.

I am proud to be a Mandinka. I am proud to be a part of this strong community. I am proud of our traditions and values. I am proud of our way of life. I am proud of who we are.
A small wave crashed against the base of the rocky shoreline. The sound of the water was soothing, like a lullaby, and the sunlight reflecting off the water created a mesmerizingdisplay of colors. The sky above was a canvas of hues, with the sun slowly setting, painting the sky with a blend of orange and yellow. The gentle breeze carried the scent of salt, mingling with the fragrance of nearby flowers.

I walked along the beach, feeling the sand between my toes. The coolness of the water against my feet was refreshing. The waves crashed against the rocks, sending up sprays of water. The sound of the waves was like a rhythmic heartbeat, calming and soothing.

I sat on a rock, watching the tide come in. The water was clear, and you could see the fish swimming around, their silhouettes dancing in the sunlight. The excitement of the waves interacting with the shore was captivating. The sand under my feet was warm, and the sea breeze was invigorating.

As I sat there, I felt a sense of peace wash over me. The world seemed to fade away, and I was left with nothing but the sound of the waves and the warmth of the sun. It was a moment of pure introspection, a chance to connect with nature and allow my mind to wander freely.

I closed my eyes, letting the sounds of the ocean wash over me. The world felt quiet, and I was content. The day had been perfect, and I was glad to have had the chance to experience it. As I stood up to leave, I felt a sense of satisfaction, knowing that I had made the most of my day.

I began to walk back towards the car, leaving the beach behind. The sun was setting, casting a warm glow over everything. The sky was painted with hues of orange and pink, and the stars were starting to appear. The world was beautiful, and I felt grateful for the chance to witness it.

As I drove away, I couldn't help but think about the day. The beach had been magical, and I was already looking forward to my next visit. I knew that I would return, and I was excited to see what other adventures the ocean had in store for me.