



For my darling Mums, my Nano, and Nad—F.R.  
To my Grandfathers, Ms Raju and Bvs Raju —N.R.

**OXFORD**  
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP  
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First published in 2024



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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data  
Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-278967-9

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in China

The manufacturing process conforms to the  
environmental regulations of the country of origin



The  
*Twirly Wiggly  
Dance*



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'Auntie Mahira is here,' Mum announced.

'With her wedding invitation.'

'Can I open it?' Intisar asked.

'Of course,' Auntie Mahira replied.

'I also wanted to ask if you would like to be part of the big group dance for the Walima? We've chosen a popular song from a film.'

'Yes!' Intisar said.

She LOVED to dance.

'What is the Walima?' she asked.





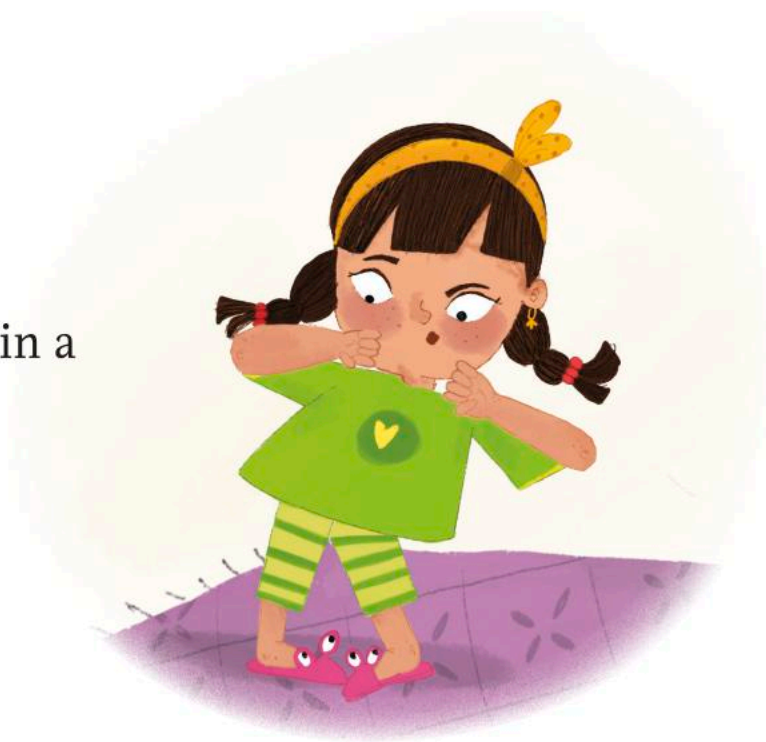
‘The Walima is the last party we have to celebrate the wedding,’ Auntie Mahira explained. ‘Before that, we’ll have lots of other parties.’

‘That sounds fun,’ Intisar said.

Auntie Mahira gave Mum the song's name, and Intisar began practising the routine. She rocked back and forth, slinked left and right, and jogged on the spot. Then there was a really complicated move she couldn't do.



She got in a



tangle,

*criss-crossing*  
her feet



and nearly *tripping* over.

But as she kept trying:



*twirling...*

*wiggling...*

