For my darling Mums, my Nano, and Nad—F.R.

To my Grandfathers, Ms Raju and Bvs Raju —N.R.

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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 . . .



