

# A RAINBOW FOR AMALA



**A Rainbow for Amala**  
**by**  
**The Other Way Works**

# NAFEESA

= valuable, precious like a gem

Age 11 (going on 16!)

Teachers love her but  
she's no teacher's pet

Writes to Greta  
and Malala

Good friend - loves  
making her friend  
Amala laugh

Worries about climate  
change and doesn't  
want Birmingham to  
become a seaside  
due to sea level rise



# NANI FATIMA

= one who is beautiful like the stars

Can read  
children's hearts

Speaks  
in riddles

A Yogi (she  
can even  
stand on  
her head!)

Everything her  
magic 'green'  
fingers plant grows  
plentiful and lush

Came to  
Birmingham  
from Bangladesh  
in 1972 after the  
war there.

Says shes ageless  
like the seasons  
Nafeesa worked  
out shes about 70!



# KARIM

= generous (which he is  
but not with gummy bears)



No comb can  
untangle his wild hair

Age 10 and 3/4

Fast like his  
fidget spinner

Forgets he has  
asthma when he's  
really into a game  
of tag!

Wants to be a  
detective when  
he's older

Heroes: Mr Beast &  
David Attenborough



# AMALA

= Bird or Beloved (in Arabic)

Age 10 and a 1/2

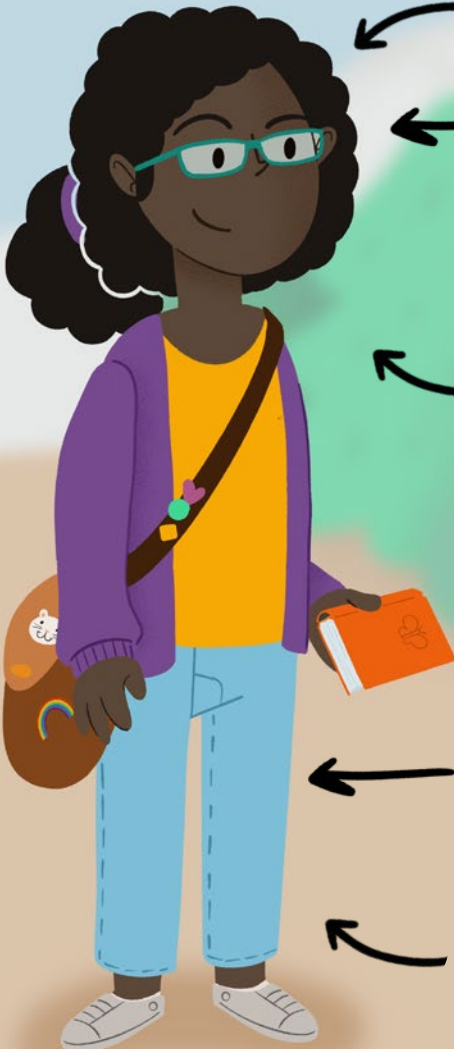
Has faraway eyes

Started at Rainbow  
Park Primary last  
year, after moving  
from Somalia

Can often be found  
writing in her diary

Loves her little  
brother's 'just bathed'  
toddler scent

Favourite food: fresh  
watermelon



# Chapter One

Year Six from Rainbow Park Primary are sitting in a circle around the fire pit. It's their favourite time. Being outdoors at the forest school beyond the playground. **'Bathing in nature'**, as their teacher Miss Anwar calls it.

The colourful bunting they had hung on the magnolia tree was dancing wildly in the wind and Miss Anwar said they couldn't light a fire today. A storm is coming. The second one this week.

**"Concentrate on your challenge"**, Miss Anwar's voice bellows out, shaking Karim from his daydream as he doodles in the mud with a stick.

Their task is to write a haiku poem celebrating their name.

**"My name means 'precious, like a rare gem' but it's got TOO many syllables"**, moans Nafeesa to Karim.

**"Amala's got her serious face on"**, Karim whispers back.

**"And your page is blank Karim!"** replied Nafeesa in her firm 'peer monitor' voice.

Suddenly Amala gets up, tears her paper and throws it in the firepit. She starts to run and Miss Anwar goes after her. Nafeesa and Karim are mystified by their friend's behaviour.



To listen in on Nafeesa and Karim's conversation...  
Use your phone or tablet to scan this code.





Karim runs towards the firepit where the torn scraps of Amala's poem are beginning to fly and scatter.

**'It's lucky Miss Anwar wouldn't let us have a fire today or the clues would be burnt', says Karim.**

**'My Nani says everything happens for a reason',**  
Nafeesa replies.

**'That's not true. What's the reason we have so many storms in England now?',** challenges Karim.

**'Derr.....Global warming isn't it!'** Nafeesa answers.

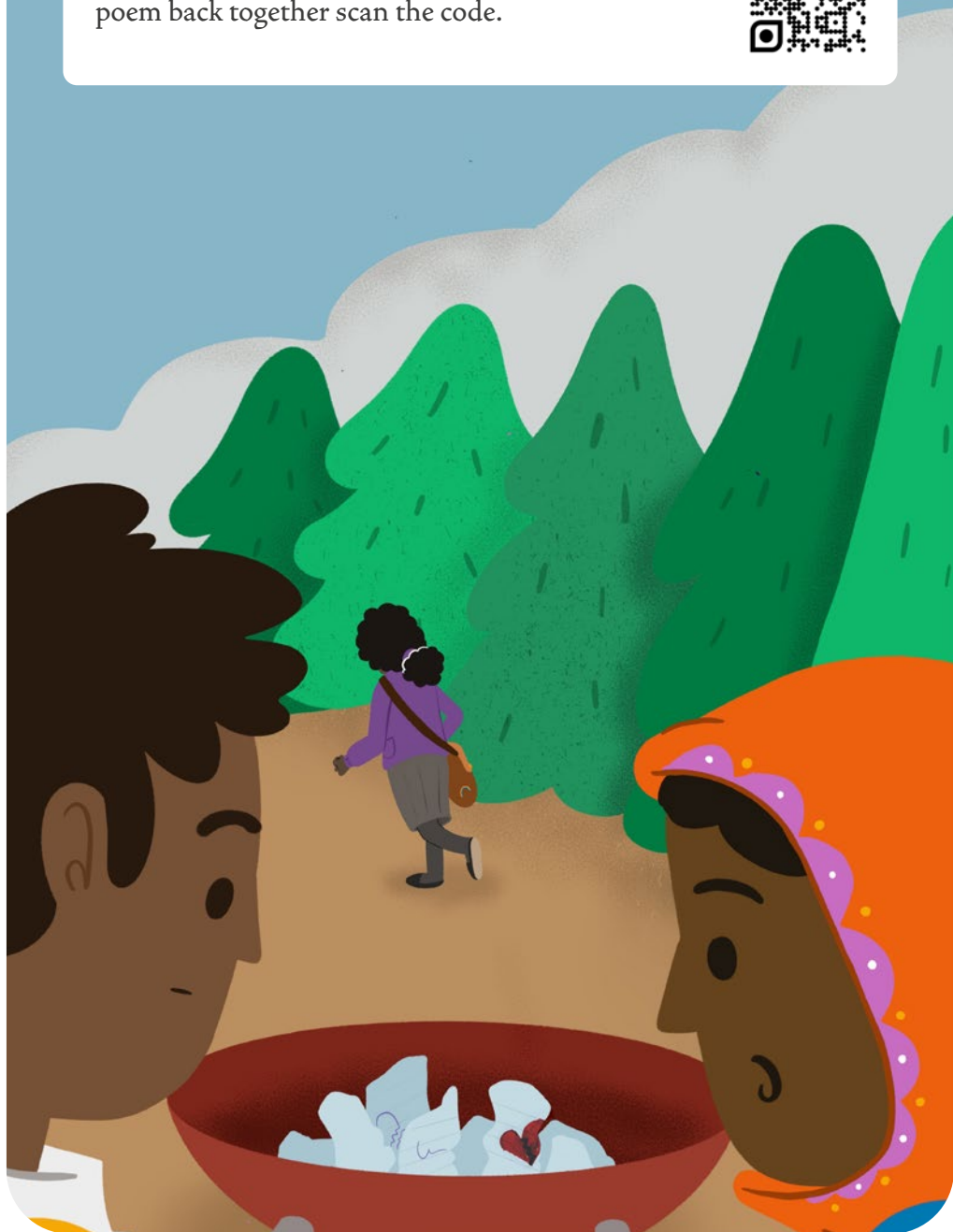
**'Quick, the pieces are flying away. Let's collect them**  
**Nafeesa!'**

And Karim chases the wind to catch the paper bits while Nafeesa looks in the pit to gather the rest. Together they start to see how the pieces might fit.

**'Oh my days! This is tricky!'** cries Karim.

**'I thought you wanted to be a detective Karim! Come on, we've got this! It's like a jigsaw'**

To help Nafeesa and Karim put the torn up poem back together scan the code.



Having put the poem together like a jigsaw, the friends are no wiser.

**“OMG! That’s deep!”** exclaims Nafeesa.

**“Maybe she’s ‘feeling her feelings fully’ like Miss says”,** Karim adds.

**“Don’t be silly Karim.”**

**“There’s clues in the poem and pictures! And why has Amala written that word in CAPS?”**, ponders Karim.

**“My Nani uses that word”,** says Nafeesa.

**“So does my dad’s Abba!”**

**“I think it means like ‘Storm’ in Bengali”**, adds Nafeesa

**“And Urdu! Let’s go library after school to investigate!”**



Use the reference book and Amala's poem to help you work out why Amala got upset and ran away from forest school

### Weather around the world




### Hurricanes, Cyclones and Typhoons

Tropical cyclones have different names depending on where they happen.

In US and the Caribbean = hurricanes

In South Asia and Africa = cyclones

In East Asia = typhoons

Name	HAIYAN	HARVEY	TUFAAN
Type	Typhoon	Hurricane	Cyclone
			
When	2013	2017	Last year
Highest Winds	313 km/h	215 km/h	190 km/h
Countries most affected	Philippines, South China, Vietnam	Windward Islands, Guyana, USA	Somalia
Impacts	6,352 fatalities; 6 million people displaced;	107 fatalities; 30,000 people displaced;	29 fatalities; 42,000 people displaced;

Leaving the library, Nafeesa remembered she was supposed to be helping Nani Fatima at her allotment.

**“Come on Karim. Let’s plan our next move in the den!”**

The weathered old tool shed on Nani’s allotment doubled up as a top secret hideout for Nafeesa and her friends.

**“Can’t.”**, replied Karim. **“Gotta go mosque”**. And he was off, whirling as fast as his fidget spinner. Nafeesa was left alone to ponder the facts they had uncovered.

**“That cyclone DISPLACED 42,000 people and there were 29 FATALITIES. I know ‘fatal’ means dead. Like when you hear it on the news”**, Nafeesa whispered to herself, her thoughts racing.

**“But what happened to Amala’s family? And why didn’t she tell me? What are friends for?”**

When Nafeesa arrived at the allotment, Nani Fatima was sitting on her hourglass shaped mooda stool made of twisted rope and bamboo, her back upright like the trunk of an ancient tree.

Like Nani, the stool had come all the way from Bangladesh.



**“Come, come Nafeesa we have a lot to do. Now do you remember what you learned? What grows under the ground and what above? What comes from seed and what is bulb?”**

Nani fired questions at Nafeesa, luckily not waiting for her answers. She was like the Wikipedia of vegetables. Her voice continued...

**“So you see, runner beans, pumpkin, bangan, mooli, dhaniya, chilli and methi are all from seed. Garlic and onions are bulbs that multiply themselves. Mooli can also be grown from cuttings. There’s more than one way with nature.”**

**“Why do you use Bengali names for some vegetables and not others, Nani?”**, said Nafeesa, not wanting Nani to notice she was distracted.

**“Who can remember that ‘methi’ is called fenugreek and ‘bangan’ is aubergine? What long words the English have for humble vegetables.”**

**“Now, the best learning happens not in your head but with your hands in the soil. Come on roll your sleeves up”**, Nani instructed.

Nafeesa picked up the spade reluctantly.

**“Why is your face sullen like a squashed marrow?”**

Nani had a way of reading children’s hearts. Words tumbled from Nafeesa’s tongue as she shared her worries about Amala.

To listen in on Nafeesa and her Nani's conversation...  
Use your phone or tablet to scan this code



Nafeesa looked around and saw Nani standing on her head.

She always said that yoga was her lifeline, like prayer.

**“Headstands are the King of Asanas and the Asanas of Kings”.**

With fresh blood flowing to her brain, Nani could think clearly.

Suddenly she declared confidently, “I’ve got it!”

To help Nafeesa and her Nani open the  
padlock on the shed scan the code





The background of the slide is a stylized illustration of a rainy day. It features several layers of wavy, overlapping clouds in shades of brown and grey. Diagonal white lines of varying lengths are scattered across the entire background to represent falling rain. A small patch of light blue sky is visible at the very top center.

**TO  
BE CONTINUED...**

# **This taster of ‘A Rainbow for Amala’ was...**

**Produced by**  
The Other Way Works

**Created by**

Katie Day	Director
John Sear	Game Designer & Software Developer
Sudha Bhuchar	Writer

Jim Rogers	Illustrator
Fateha Begum	Facilitator (School & Community)
Alex Kapila	Facilitator (Grandparents)
Tim Wright	Artist Mentor
Peter Wynne-Willson	Artist Mentor
Tricia Coleman	Producer

Bharti Patel	Voice of Nani Fatima
Zarah Hoq	Voice of Nafeesa
Daiyan Ahmed	Voice of Karim

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