

HOLIDAY WITH CINNAMON



S15
T1
L2



This is the first part of the story.
 Read it and then... recreate it!

PACKING LIST

"Hurray!" We're going to fly during the summer holidays!" said Cinnamon excitedly, jumping all over the apartment. "I've never flown before! And where are we actually flying to?" I caught him by the tail just as he was about to jump from the chair to the lamp. "Cinnamon, calm down. We're flying to Greece. But Dad said he didn't know if monkeys could travel on this plane." The good mood was instantly gone. The monkey sat down sadly and huge tears rolled down his cheeks. At that moment the key turned in the lock, and Dad arrived. His mouth was open to his ears. "I've done it! "Cinnamon, they're letting you on the plane, you can fly with us. But you must behave yourselves!" It was such a pleasure! The monkey jumped up on Daddy's back, kissed his ears and ruffled his hair. "You're the best daddy in the world!" he cheered and began to sing:

"It's me, Cinnamon, the monkey,
 No one has fur like that.
 Like Cinnamon the monkey.,,

"Come on Cinnamon. Help me pack," I told him after he finished singing and I went into my room. Then the bell rang. Of course Cinnamon was the first to come to the door. Bukta and Málna arrived. "Listen! Ropi and her parents and I are going on holiday by plane!" he announced happily. When everyone was in the room, Málna said, "Too bad. I wanted to take you to the Tatras. I'm going to hike through huge hills with my parents." "I'll be home the first week of summer. There's a beach, a climbing wall, lots of things to do. You'd like that too, Cinnamon," added Pali, aka Bukta. And I'll even have time to read."

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
 Mindmap
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It became clear to both that it has no point to invite Cinnamon. Nothing in the world would replace air travel. "When do we leave?" he asked impatiently. "Tomorrow," I replied. Cinnamon opened the biggest suitcase we'd ever seen and threw everything he could get his paws on into it. Meanwhile, we sat on the bed and smiled. "Don't forget the books!" he muttered under his breath, and he had already stuffed ten of them into the suitcase. He randomly threw in the contents of half the cupboard, a calendar, the photo we shared of the wall, the potted little cactus, the three little biscuits he'd taken from my schoolbag. He even pulled the textbooks out of my bag, but suddenly changed his mind: we're not going to study, it's summer vacation." He threw the books back, but took out the pencil case and put it on top of the pile. "What else can I do?" he scratched his head. Suddenly he ran out into the hall and returned with three pairs of shoes. After a while, he ran out again, returning with three pairs again. He counted them and said with a sigh of relief, "Six pairs will do." "Cinnamon's suitcase won't hold anything," Bukta tried to stop him.

"Ah, it's okay. You still have a backpack, don't you, Ropi?" "I don't know.", I chuckled to myself, "We'll probably have to get a tall luggage rack to carry everything out to the airport." "You think?" the monkey rolled his eyes. "You're right, we need a cart like that. It'd be best to call the plane right in front of the house so we can load everything right then." At this we laughed and it became clear to Cinnamon that we were laughing at her. Oh, hair! Laugh all you like, you'll get out of the mood! Have you forgotten I'm a monkey from a fairy tale?" The offended monkey raised his paw and shouted, "Abraka - dabraka!" and a huge passenger plane appeared in the middle of the park in front of the apartment blocks, one wing of which smashed through the ground floor window and the other stuck into the street, and cars just missed it.

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"Well, the plane is ready, we can pack. Bukta, please help me to close the suitcase, it's a bit crowded..." Our faces were frozen with smiles. Mum ran into the room. "Come quickly to the window! There's a huge plane right in front of the house!" When we all looked out, the pilot, in a nice blue uniform, walked down the stairs and wondered, "Oh my God! What has happened here? How did we get here? We can't take off from here! We can turn this plane into a restaurant, it's not fit for anything else!" The monkey loved the idea. "Yay, we'll have a restaurant under our window! That's a good idea! A plane as a restaurant!" Then dad came in, he looked out the window and said, "Hm, you might have a restaurant Cinnamon, but now we have to walk to the sea." I hope you can swim." "Ah!" said the monkey. "So that wasn't a good idea. I'll charm the machine right away." He raised his paws and shouted, "Abraka dabraka!" The plane disappeared and the pilot, who had got out of it, started running around the park. "Where is my plane? What's this funny trick?," We all giggled, only Cinnamon remained serious. "What next? I've sent the plane back to the airport, but then how do we get this huge suitcase, the backpack and ..." Dad suddenly interrupted, "Cinnamon, take only the essentials for your holiday. Is there a bathing suit in the suitcase? And some clothes in case of bad weather?" "I don't know, I threw a bunch of clothes in the pile over there. Everything I could get my paws on," she replied honestly. "You didn't forget the medicine? Something for a cold, a band-aid in case you hurt yourself?" I haven't had time for that yet. We'll need another suitcase." - Cinnamon shouted.

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"What about sunglasses, sunscreen, or hat?", I said. "Uh-oh!" the monkey sighed. "Packing is a responsibility! You have to think ahead about what you need for your holiday. It's best to make a list," Emma advised. "Don't forget soap, toothpaste, toothbrush, ...!" "Chewing gum, candy, add chocolate and the soda!" added the monkey enthusiastically. "What else, Cinnamon! You don't want to spoil your holiday with a toothache!" remarked Bukta. "You're right!" said Cinnamon, ashamed. "That's why I'm not packing, I'm putting everything back where it belongs. Sit down so you don't get hurt." The monkey raised his paw and said, "Abraka - dabraka!,, Suddenly it's a madhouse! The suitcase opened and all the things flew around the room. The shoes almost landed on the door just as Málna opened it. As soon as the suitcase was empty, Dad quietly said, "Cinnamon, you must do these spells slowly. One of Gyuri's shoes hit my nose hard. Look at that. Isn't it swollen?" We started laughing, and because laughter is contagious, the monkey laughed with us. They say the morning is wiser than the evening. But they also say that what you can do today, don't put off till tomorrow. So that evening I wrote a list of the most important things to do, and then Cinnamon and I packed up. During breakfast, the monkey had a thought: "Ropi! You know we forgot something? The notebook where I'll write down all the clever things I've learned." "Didn't the children write it for you before?" asked Mum. "They did, but I'm a smarter monkey now. I'm going to write down all the important things I learned yesterday." As soon as he said it, he did.



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