



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

IN THE RESTAURANT

"After we arrived at the hotel, Cinnamon was so tired from all the playing that he immediately went to bed and fell asleep. When I woke up in the morning, the monkey was not in the room. I knocked on the side door and entered my parents' bedroom. Dad was on the balcony enjoying the view and Mom was in the bathroom getting ready. "Good morning Gyuri!" she said after she came out of the bathroom. 'Aren't you dressed yet? Getready quickly!"

"I'm not dressed because I'm looking for Cinnamon," I explained.

"Where is he?" asked Dad.

"If I knew! I woke up and found his place empty."

The three of us ran out into the hallway to look for the naughty monkey. We spotted him immediately. He was gliding merrily down the long marble corridor as if he were on an ice rink. "Great! Look how far I can slide!" he shouted. At that moment he bumped into a lady coming out of the room.

"Well, that's a nice accident!" he screamed, and wanted to keep sliding. I barely grabbed his paw.

"Excuse me," I apologized to the surprised lady and helped her up. "It won't happen again, I'll look after our monkey."

"It's nothing," she replied with a smile. "I love little kids." She put on her glasses and went to the elevator.

"Gee, kids!" giggled Cinnamon. On the way to the restaurant we greeted a family. "Are these your friends?" he asked, surprised.

"No, but at the hotel people greet each other when they meet," the father explained.

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.



HOLIDAY WITH CINNAMON



S15
T2
L2



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The hotel restaurant had plenty of free tables. Dad chose the one by the window so we could see the sea while we ate breakfast. He then went to a long table with food from all over the world, various salami and hams, cheeses, boiled eggs, scrambled eggs, frankfurters, sausages under the huge cover, bowls of bread, rolls, fruit and vegetable salads.

"Wow! Do we have to eat everything?" – the monkey asked in amazement.

"No, it's for all the guests. You can take whatever you want. Look, there's chopped pineapple, bananas and kiwi. Take a plate and..." I hadn't even finished before the monkey was spooning the pineapple with his paws, although they had prepared a fork to go with it. "Cinnamon, wait! We don't pick food by hand," I warned him. "But I don't have hands, hehe!" she laughed. "I have paws, after all." Mum, Dad and I picked some of the goodies and ate at the table with forks and knives, eating bread with it, spread with butter from small bowls. Only Cinnamon walked up and down, placing a delicious treat on her plate. She had a huge amount already. "I'll get another plate," he said, and ran to the buffet table. I walked over to him. Again the monkey spooned the various cakes with his paws, picked cheese and butter, drizzled with fruit syrup and olive oil, picked another piece of melon, kiwi, strawberries... When he was finally satisfied with the quantity, he was discouraged. He didn't know what to do, so he turned to me. I'm glad you are here Ropi! Help me, please! If the monkey doesn't have at least 10 paws, he can't eat.,,

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"Cinnamon, you can't eat all that," I reminded him. "Look at the tomatoes. There's about a kilo of them!" "Don't worry!" he replied carelessly. "I'll give back what I can't take anymore." "Absolutely not!", I protested. "You can't put them back. You must think ahead how much you can take, and only take as much." "Hm, then I'll have to eat it all. I'm not leaving all these goodies!" Finally, we carried the overflowing plates to our table and I went to get the juice. Of course the monkey ran after me. I brought three glasses of juice, but Cinnamon, with one jug in each paw, was holding a jug.

"Then we can eat. Enjoy your meal!" he said, after he finally sat down. Dad shook his head. "Cinnamon, you can't eat this much unless you sit here for a week," he said. "You shouldn't eat that much at breakfast," Mum added angrily. "What you don't eat, you throw out. What a waste!" "How can I not eat it all? Look!" The monkey hid his paws under the table and... You know what he did, don't you? Cinnamon suddenly started to grow. Soon he outgrew the chair, grew taller than a table and bigger than a gorilla. "So what?" he asked in a low, booming voice that made all the tables shake. "You still think I won't eat the whole thing?" Luckily, there was only an elderly couple having breakfast in the restaurant with a little girl, probably their granddaughter. When they saw the huge monkey, they screamed, jumped up from the table and ran out.

"Cinnamon, stop this spell immediately!", I shouted, but the huge monkey didn't hear me. Desperate, I threw myself at the predatory beast. I scrambled up the long strands of fur to its waist, then boldly leapt onto its forepaw, and when the monkey took a whole bunch of bananas in its mouth, I pounced. Cinnamon was so into his meal that he almost swallowed. I found refuge in his huge teeth and screamed, "No!" He had only just noticed me. He pulled me out of his mouth, placed me in his huge palm and hummed, "See, Ropi. I can eat everything in here if I want to."

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"Stop your magic at once, Cinnamon!", I ordered him angrily. The monkey lifted his paws, whispered the magic word, and I flopped to the ground. The little monkey, grinning, helped me: "It's all right, Ropi!"

"But it could have been worse!"

The elderly couple with the granddaughter and the other guests returned to the restaurant, discouraged.

Life in the restaurant is back to normal. People were quietly picking up their buffets and having breakfast at their tables. My parents and I were picking again, as the monkey had eaten everything. "You're not picking anymore, Cinnamon?", I asked him. "No, thanks, I... a bit overeaten and my tummy hurts", he replied sadly. When we were all sitting at the table eating, he was silent for a while, but then he couldn't take it any longer and asked, "Are you mad at me?" "We were angry, but we're not angry anymore," Dad replied. "Fortunately, most of the people staying at the hostel were still asleep, so hardly anyone saw your behavior." "I'm glad!" she cried, and tried to jump on the table. Luckily I caught him in time. "Can I sing? My tummy doesn't hurt anymore." "Yes, but keep it down, you see no one makes any noise at breakfast," Mom reminded me. This time, the monkey obeyed without a word, and said softly:

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

As soon as we finished eating, we went back to our room to prepare our swimming stuff. However, the monkey first took out his notepad and a pencil and then wrote down some important lessons.

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