

HOLIDAY WITH CINNAMON



S15
T3
L2



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

THE BEACH IS NOT A DUMP

After a rich breakfast, my parents and I and the enthusiastic Cinnamon Monkey went down to the beautiful sandy beach behind the hotel. We took two large blankets, sunscreen and a canvas bag full of snacks. The monkey suddenly stopped and kicked a plastic bottle lying on the sand. "Oh, what have I found!" "It's a PET bottle that someone just threw on the beach," I shook my head. "What are those plastics?" he asked. "Plastics are man-made things like bags, cups, plates, spoons, forks. They are mostly single-use. When we no longer need them, we throw them in special bins." "At least that's the way it should be," Dad said, then picked up the bottle and took it to a nearby trash can. "Well, as you can see, some people don't mind the mess at all." "But it bothers us, doesn't it?" the monkey remarked. Just at that moment a beach ball from a young boy playing nearby flew towards him. Cinnamon kicked it back and was happy. While my parents and I put down the blankets, the monkey joined the little boy, kicking the ball at each other. Then he ran into the warm sea where I taught him to swim. And he really did. "Excellent, Cinnamon! Too bad Málna and Bukta can't see you," I praised him. The monkey was proud of himself and immediately started singing:

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

Cinnamon took a sniff of water while singing. He coughed and grunted as if he were drowning. Mum quickly pulled him to the beach. "Are you all right, Cinnamon?" "Yes, I just had a drink of water. This water is awfully salty. Brrr!"



Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.

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The sun was shining. The parents slathered each other with sunscreen. Cinnamon rubbed some cream on my back, but she put too much cream on it and laughed, "Gee, Ropi, your back looks like buttered bread. That's funny, lol!" After lying around for a while, he said, "I'm a bit bored. What if I..." I quickly sat up and grabbed his paw. "Listen Cinnamon, not that you're going to work magic here! I've had enough of what you did at breakfast. You're not going to do any more magic, do you understand?" "I understand, I understand," he replied softly, but he only scratched the base of his ears. "Oh, my gosh? Where did you pick he up?" his father asked. "I don't know. Maybe someone in my storybook put a curse on me. I really have no idea!" he replied and started laughing. "If you're bored, you and Gyurka should go on an exploring trip behind the rocks." suggested Mum. The monkey jumped up immediately. "Great idea! Come on, Ropi, let's go look around." And Cinnamon and I climbed the rocks with great effort. We found ourselves on another sandy beach. We were surprised when we looked around. Was there even a beach? Was there even hardly any sand? Everywhere we looked there were piles of plastic bottles, cups, plates, torn bags..."What is this?" wondered Cinnamon, trying to wade through the sea of plastic. And that wasn't all! Beside the beach, the waves of the sea were playing with the rubbish. I couldn't believe my eyes. "Oh, our beach there is sheltered from the wind by the rocks we climbed over. That's why it's so clean there," Cinnamon said. "Exactly. You are a very clever fairy tale monkey. The wind and waves bring all the rubbish people throw into the sea here. Let's get out of this horrible place." The monkey was lost in his thoughts, but when he saw me leaving, he shouted, "Ropi, wait!" and then tried to catch up by jumping on the rocks.

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"Well, what's up?" asked Mum, sitting up. The sunlight bothered her so much that she put on sunglasses. "Guess what, instead of a beach we found a plastic field," chattered the monkey. "What plastic field?" mom didn't understand, but dad did. "Oh, there's probably a wind blowing there that collected some rubbish," he said. "A little bit!" shouted Cinnamon. "More dirt than sand." I explained to my parents what we had discovered. Dad shrugged. Unfortunately, there's nothing you can do about it. Good thing the hotel beach and the sea are clean. They probably clean it every morning. Cinnamon started scratching the base of his ears again. "Something has to be done about the rubbish around the corner." Cinnamon remember, no magic," I warned him. The monkey sat quietly on the plank for a short while, then stood up, walked to the sea and watched the waves. Finally he raised his paw and began to whisper, "Abraka - dabraka!" Suddenly the wind blew bottles, cups, plastic cutlery, torn bags from the rubbish beach behind the rocks onto the clean hotel beach. After a few minutes, a huge pile of rubbish formed around our blanket.

"What are you doing again?", I said to the monkey on the beach, who stopped waving and approached us through the rubbish heap. "Don't be angry with me, Ropi. All that rubbish has to be cleaned up, and behind the rocks no one would have noticed." At one point we noticed five hotel workers in white uniforms approaching us, shovels and rakes in hand, heading towards the beach. Soon a small tractor with a trailer appeared. The workers were loading the collected rubbish onto it. Dad stood up, took a free rake and began to gather the rubbish into a pile. We were not to be shamed either, so we set to work energetically. Eventually some volunteers joined in. Within moments, the trailer was full. Cinnamon sighed with relief, "And that's it. Everything is clean again."

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Cinnamon, it was a crazy idea, but it's good that we've cleaned the beach from the dirt," admitted the father. "Isn't it time for lunch already?", I asked. "It must be! I'm so hungry from all the cleaning!" – the monkey shouted and ran off to the hotel. "Wait, Cinnamon! To keep from bringing in sand, we need to take a shower." – Mum reminded him. "Of course," Cinnamon agreed and immediately washed her paws. When we were all dressed for lunch he managed to write down a few more notes.



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