



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

HOME, SWEET CABIN

It was wonderful in Greece. We swam in the blue sea, went on hikes, went to the market in the town, where there were so many things! When our holiday was over, I couldn't wait to go home. I missed Málna and Bukta. Now I, Cinnamon Monkey, will write the story of our arrival. Listen carefully! In Bratislava at the airport we were met by Málna, Bukta and an old lady. She had beautiful white hair, her name was Hannamami, actually Hanna, and she was Emma's grandmother. Málna had called her Hannamami since she was a child. She is said to have invited us, actually Málna, Bukta and Ropi, to Liptov below the Tatras. Pali and Emma's luggage was already in the car. They were just waiting for Gyuri. "What about me?" – I asked sadly. Málna had kept it a secret from Hannamami that she would like to invite a nice little monkey, that would be me. After all, Hannamami is an old lady who has never seen a talking monkey. Emma hoped she would be charmed and not protest. "This monkey is Cinnamon. He jumped out of a storybook and can do magic." – she introduced me to her aunt. Hannamami protested at first. Apparently, she invites children, not the whole zoo. But when she saw my unhappy expression, she sighed, "What am I going to do with you? Bring the monkey too.,,"

"I'm a monkey, Cinnamon, Hannamama!", I protested. "And I'm not Hannamama, I'm Hannamami!" she replied, offended. Fortunately, Gyuri's mum put an end to the argument: 'You know what? Let's not stand outside the airport, come to our house. We'll discuss everything over coffee and refreshments.'" "And cookies! I baked it myself." – Hannamami smiled and got into the car.

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"Well, get in!" – he ordered and started the engine. Gyuri's dad loaded up all the suitcases and we started our journey towards another adventure. Now I'll skip the cookies, the new packing, the trip to Lipto, and I will start from at the moment when we step into the cabin.

In the kitchen was a nice big furnace where bread and other delicacies were once baked. Hannamami told me that when it was properly heated, nowhere else in the world did they bake goose as well as in it.

The walls were decorated with painted flower-patterned mugs, the windows were hung with embroidered curtains, and on the white wall beside the table, also embroidered, was a cloth with the following inscription **WHERE THERE IS WORK, THERE IS SUCCESS.**

The kitchen, like a fairy tale dream, was really huge. It amazed us all. Hannamami invited us into the so-called Great Room. It really was huge. The three beds were decorated with huge quilt towers.

"Wow!" I'd never seen quilts like that before. You can't even move under them! – I said.

"These are quilts made of feathers. They used to cover them up with these. There was no heating in the hut at night, but they were still warm under these quilts." – Hannamami explained.

"Did they turn off the radiators even in winter?" – Bukta wondered. Emma's grandmother laughed. "Where do you think! There are no radiators here and never were! The cabin has been here for two hundred years. All you see around you is folk culture and tradition."

That didn't make me a smart and educated monkey. What culture?

I have heard of culture houses where films are shown or theatre is performed, I know of cultured eating where we eat with decent cutlery, but what Hannamami was talking about I did not understand.

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"Tradition, in fact, are customs that we learn from our parents from childhood, and they learn from their parents." – explained Málna. "That's how culture is passed down, from parents to children, isn't it, Hannamami?" "Exactly!" – She patted her granddaughter's head and opened the door to the third room. "This is my bedroom. This is where I prefer to be. I keep my parents' old folk costumes in that carved chest, and I'll show you later. Guess what this is?" she smiled at us and pointed to a strange object that resembled a vase.

„It's a vase." – I shook my head. "After all, even a small child can know that." Hannamami took out a match and lit my vase. "It's a lamp!" – Ropi exclaimed. "Be careful with the kerosene!" warned Hannamami. "It was just such a lamp that was the most common cause of cabin fires. Just touch it, the lamp falls off, the kerosene spills out, and the whole thing burns!" She hadn't even finished when there was a shout from outside: "Burn!" We ran out of the house. In the distance, at the end of the village, one of the houses was bursting into flames and black smoke was rising into the sky. We all ran there. Since I have four paws, I got there first. Women and children were standing around the bungalow, and the men were daring to take buckets of water from the stream and pour it on the flames. It was not worth much. It was as if the fire was just playing with the water. The flames grew higher and higher, and people had to retreat, it was so hot as hell near the shack. By the time Hannamami, Málna, Ropi and Bukta ran up to the cottage, I was holding my front paws high above my head and whispering softly, "Abraka dabraka!"

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I must congratulate myself, I have done a fantastic magic! From whence, from whence not, but a dark cloud appeared over the hut, and a downpour of rain came down directly on the flames, the likes of which the villagers had never seen. Elsewhere, not a drop fell. The fire hissed and raged like an enraged snake when its head is caught. It struggled, defended itself, but in vain! It was not long before the dangerous flames turned to white smoke. The black cloud vanished in an instant. We were after rain and fire. The log cabin burned, but the fire did not destroy it.

I must congratulate myself, I have done some fantastic spell! Well, well, well, but a dark cloud appeared over the cabin, and a burst of clouds came down on the flames that the villagers had never seen before. Elsewhere, not a drop fell. The fire hissed and raged like an enraged snake when its head is caught. It struggled, defended itself, but in vain! It was not long before the dangerous flames turned to white smoke. The black cloud vanished in an instant. We were after rain and fire. The log cabin burned a little bit, but the fire did not destroy it totally. "Hurray, we made it!", I shouted. Málna whispered in my ear, "Cinnamon, I wish you always did magic like that. Thanks to this, you have saved a piece of folk culture." "Gosh, I know," I praised myself. "That was a good mess, wasn't it?" All the people looked at me in amazement. Like Bukta, they fixed their eyes on me. I had nothing to do but introduce myself, so I started dancing and singing:

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



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I don't want to brag, but I've become a big attraction. Now I know what that word means. Attraction is what everyone admires. I really liked it!" Aren't you a bit cocky, Cinnamon? Careful you don't crack it!" commented Ropi, and it really pissed me off. What does Gyuri allow himself?" Are you just jealous because I'm an attraction!? Look what else I can do!" A tractor braked right next to us. The uncle in it was about to stack the burnt logs in a pile. I jumped on the tractor to help." Hey, where did that gorilla come from?" – the tractor driver shouted and ran out into the field. "What gorilla?" – he insulted me. "I'm a hero monkey, Cinnamon!", I shouted, and bellowed for him to come back and apologise. Hannamami just shook his head. "Does Cinnamon often act like that?" "Often!" – Málna sighed, and I looked slightly embarrassed. We returned tiredly to Hannamami's hut, but before we retired to the soft bedding, I made a note of a few lessons.

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