



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

FIRST AID

On a beautiful summer day, we experienced something that a schoolboy doesn't often encounter. To make it clear who is writing these lines, I am Ema, or Málna. So: we wanted to go for a bike ride, but Cinnamon couldn't ride a bike, Bukta wanted to put him in the basket that was mounted on the handlebars of the bike. "I can do everything!" protested Cinnamon, grabbing my bike and getting back on the pedals. He hadn't gone three feet and suddenly Boom! He dropped like a rotten pear. Immediately he lifted his paw and we knew he was going to do something magical. And he did. All at once, dozens of inflated colored balloons were strapped to my bike, lifting the bike and the monkey into the air. It took our breath away. What if it fell? That would not be good! Fortunately, the monkey slowly lowered both paws and the bike began to descend and landed safely. "That's enough, Cinnamon!" beckoned Bukta, and put him in the basket. He put his helmet on his head and then gave the monkey one too. It was a bit big, but he tightened it well under his chin. "Ouch! Why are you giving me that pot?" he defended himself. "It must be so, Cinnamon. You shouldn't ride a bike without a helmet. It will protect your head if you fall." - he replied, tightening the helmet even more. Finally we were on our way. After a while, Cinnamon got so into cycling that he started singing:

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

The cycle path ended at an intersection. There was a sign that said, **GET OFF THE BIKE PATH**, so we had to cross the road on foot.



Take notes of the most important information from the text!

*Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.*

HOLIDAY WITH CINNAMON



S15
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"Why did you stop?" - the monkey huffed. - After all, there are no cars coming, we could cross faster on our bikes." "Didn't you notice that sign? Can't you read?", I asked. "Of course I can!" - he replied, offended. "But the road is clear, we don't have to get off the bike." The rules must be obeyed. We are in a city, not a jungle!" - Ropi said. "Sit in the basket. We'll walk on the road." - Bukta added. Ajaj! We didn't even notice that the obstreperous Cinnamon had lifted his paw again and was muttering something under his breath. Suddenly the environment changed. We found ourselves somewhere in the African jungle! Tall palm trees grew all around us, huge banana leaves underneath, parrots screamed above us, tiny monkeys jumped around and opposite us... A large lion stood opposite us, watching us intently. We stopped and opened our eyes wide. Cinnamon clapped her paws together. "We are in the jungle now, there are no restrictions here. You can get on the bike!,,

„Listen Cinnamon, what about the lion?" - I remarked fearfully. "What if it eats us? There are no bike paths to escape on." "Kids, the lion is coming." - whispered Bukta, pale as a grave. "He's jumping on us. And I'm the fattest, he's sure to have a taste of me first!" he cried. Fortunately, as the lion was about to pounce, the monkey quickly cancelled the spell and the jungle disappeared with the lion. "Ouch! Don't do this to us! He could have eaten us!" breathed Bukta. After crossing the intersection, we got back on our bikes and made our way along the bike path towards the park. We passed two of our classmates who were repairing one of their bikes. Soon there was a loud "Look out!" and 2 guys were passing us at crazy speeds. Neither of them were wearing helmets. They looked back with a grin on their faces, proud of themselves for speeding past us like that, and suddenly a BOOM! They hit their bikes and fell to the ground.

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"Wow, that's the way they want it!" laughed Cinnamon, but when we got closer to the boys, his laughter quickly died down. It really wasn't a pretty picture. One of them just had an awkward nose, but he was scared. He sat down on the pavement and started crying. The other guy didn't move at all! I bent down and put my ear to his face. He was breathing very weakly. I put him on his side to secure his airway. After a bump on the head, I didn't want him to suffocate. There was nothing more I could do. Adults should have given first aid, but no one was around. Ropi had already pulled out her mobile: 'What's the first aid number?' 'You should know that,' I replied excitedly. 'Call one hundred and twelve. It's a universal number, we call it in case of accident or fire, if we need help.' Cinnamon jumped out of the basket and snuggled up to my feet. 'What are we going to do? Are we going to get this guy on his feet? We have water, let's give him a drink! Or pour water on him! That's an idea!' 'We're not doing anything if he's breathing,' I countered. 'Ropi has already called for help. Do you hear? He described exactly where we are.' 'And why?' Cinnamon didn't understand. 'So the ambulance can find us. You clever boy.' 'Yes, yes, I'm clever!' the monkey agreed. After that, everything happened quickly. Soon, the siren of an ambulance was heard. It braked close to us and the doctor and driver jumped out. The doctor quickly assessed the situation and opened his bag, gave the lying boy a breathing apparatus and an injection, after which he regained consciousness for a while. He then looked at the other boy and said he was lucky he hadn't been injured in such a fall

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I promised to take him home and to inform the parents of the injured boy about the incident."We don't need to phone anywhere, we live in a block of flats, we'll be there in a minute." – he said from the pavement. He stopped crying and dusted off his shirt."Why no helmet?" I asked him."We thought we didn't need them.

We look so ridiculous in them," he said with downcast eyes, then quietly remarked, "Well, we should have worn them..."In a short time, the ambulance is gone.

"Where is Cinnamon?" – Ropi suddenly asked. A monkey was hopping on the roof of a car driving away. It was Cinnamon."And now?" – Bukta exclaimed."There's nothing we can do now. Maybe our Cinnamon can find his way home on his own." – I sighed.Everything was arranged. My classmate and I went to the injured boy's mother. She immediately called the hospital and learned that her son was conscious but had a concussion and was being kept there for observation.What about Cinnamon? We found him in the park outside Gyuri's house. He was jumping around happily, and he was doing somersaults. "He's already talking to the doctors! I saw everything with my own eyes. I jumped through the window straight into the infirmary. Do you know how scared everyone was? They were going to call the police, so I sneaked out the window again, and I'm here to tell you why the doctor praised me. I think you did the right thing when you laid the boy on his side and checked his tongue to make sure he wasn't choking. And I was there, so I'm smart too! I'm a saviour too!"There was no stopping Cinnamon. He was jumping, tumbling, and chattering away. But suddenly he sat down and took hold of his chin. "Ouch! I bit my tongue! That's amazing. I got bit too.,,

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"Calm down, Cinnamon, you'll get over it. It's best to stay calm for a while." – I advised him. "You should write down what we went through today. It was very instructive. Do you still write everything down?" – Yes, I want to write it down, even if my tongue hurts! Ropi took out the banana she had prepared for the trip. "Here. You'll see, bananas will cure a sore tongue, just eat carefully." The monkey happily accepted his favourite treat. "My tongue doesn't hurt anymore," he said after a while, and smiled. In the evening, Gyururi dutifully wrote down some important lessons.



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