

HOLIDAY WITH CINNAMON



S15
T3
L2



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

THE COAST IS NOT A RUBBISH DUMP

After the 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 and a canvas bag with sunscreen and small 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. Dad picked up the bottle and took it to a nearby trash can. At that moment, a beach ball from a little boy playing nearby came flying towards him. Cinnamon kicked it back and was all smiles. While my parents and I were putting 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. The monkey was proud of himself and immediately started singing:

„I'm Cinnamon,
 the monkey,
 No one has fur like
 Cinnamon the monkey.”

The sun was shining. The parents slathered each other with sunscreen. "I'm a bit bored. What if I..." said Cinnamon. I quickly sat up and took his paw. "Listen, you're not going to start doing magic here! "If you're bored, you and Gyurka can go on an exploring trip behind the rocks," Mom suggested. When Cinnamon and I climbed the cliffs, we were surprised. Everywhere we looked there were piles of plastic bottles, cups, plates, torn bags... "Oh, there's our beach sheltered from the wind by the rocks. That's why it's so clean there," said Cinnamon. "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 away from this horrible place".

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

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



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"Well, what's going on?" asked Mum. "Guess what, we found a plastic field instead of a beach", chattered the monkey. I explained to my parents what we had discovered. The monkey raised his paw and started whispering, "Abraka - dabraka!" Suddenly the wind blew bottles, cups, plastic cutlery, torn bags from the rubbish beach behind the rocks onto the clean hotel beach... "What are you doing again?", I said to the monkey. "Don't be angry with me, Ropi. All that rubbish has to be cleaned up, and behind the rocks no one would have noticed." Suddenly we noticed hotel workers approaching us with shovels and rakes in their hands. Soon a small tractor with a trailer appeared. The workers were loading the garbage they had collected onto it. Dad stood up, took a free rake and began to collect the rubbish into a pile. We started cleaning up, too. Eventually some volunteers joined in. Within moments, the trailer was full. Cinnamon sighed, "And that's it. It's clean again."

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