



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

HOME, SWEET CABIN

It was wonderful in Greece. 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. In Bratislava, we were met an old lady at the airport by Málna, Bukta. She had beautiful white hair, her name was Hannamami, actually Hanna, and she was Emma's grandmother. She invited us to Liptov below the Tatras. Pali and Emma's luggage was already in the car. They were waiting for Gyuri.

I'll skip the new packing, the trip to Lipton, and start with our entry into the hut. In the kitchen was a nice big oven where bread and other delicacies had once been baked. Hannamami told me that when it was properly heated, nowhere in the world was goose as delicious 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**. From the fabulous kitchen we entered the so-called Great Room. On the three beds were huge quilt towers.

"These are quilts made of feathers. They used to be used for quilts. There was no heating in the hut at night, but we were still warm. – Hannamami explained. "The hut has been here for two hundred years. All you see around you is folk culture and tradition." "Tradition is actually habits that we learnt from our parents since childhood, and they learnt from their parents." – noted Málna. Hannamami took out a match and lit a kerosene lamp. "Watch out for kerosene!" warned Hannamami. "Just such a lamp was the most common cause of hut fires. She hadn't even finished when there was a cry from outside: "Burn!" We ran out of the house.

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes might be

Mindmap

Table

Drawing, etc.



HOLIDAY WITH CINNAMON



S15
T4
L2



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In the distance, at the end of the village, one of the cottages burst into flames and black smoke rose into the sky. People were putting out the flames with buckets of water. Cinnamon soon raised my front paws high above my head and whispered softly, "Abraka dabraka!" Then water rained down on the flames from the cloud that appeared over the hut. After a short time the flames were reduced to white smoke, and the black cloud disappeared as soon as it appeared. The kitchen was scorched, but not burnt. "Hurray, we did it!", I shouted. Málna whispered in my ear, "Cinnamon, I wish you'd always do magic like that. Thanks to this, you've saved a slice of folk culture."



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