



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 do. We wanted to go for a bike ride, but Cinnamon couldn't ride a bike, so Bukta wanted to put him in the basket that was mounted on the handlebars of the bike. Cinnamon, grabbed my bike and got back on the pedals. He hadn't even gone a metre and suddenly Boom! He fell. He immediately raised his paw and we knew he was going to do something magical. All at once, dozens of inflated colored balloons were strapped to my bike, lifting the bike and the monkey into the air.

Our breath was taken away. Fortunately, the monkey slowly lowered both paws and the bike began to descend, landing safely."That's enough, Cinnamon!" waved Bukta in order and put it in the basket. He put his helmet on his head and then gave the monkey one too.

"Ouch! Why are you giving me that pot?" he defended himself.

"You shouldn't ride a bike without a helmet.,,

Finally we were on our way. The cycle path ended at a crossroads. There was a sign saying **GET OFF THE CYCLING PATH.**

"Why did you stop?" - the monkey huffed. - After all, there are no cars coming, we could cross faster on our bikes."The rules must be followed. We are in a city, not in the jungle!" - said Ropi. The insubordinate Cinnamon raised his paw again and muttered something under his breath. Suddenly the environment changed. We found ourselves somewhere in the African jungle!"We are in the jungle now, there are no restrictions here. You can get on the bike!" "Listen Cinnamon, what about the lion?" - I noted fearfully. "Kids, the lion is coming." - Bukta whispered pale-faced. Fortunately, as the lion was about to pounce, the monkey quickly cancelled the spell and the jungle disappeared with the lion.

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be

Mindmap

Table

Drawing, etc.



HOLIDAY WITH CINNAMON



S15
T5
L2



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After crossing the intersection, we got back on our bikes and rode along the bike path to the park to the park.

We passed two classmates who were repairing their bikes. Soon there was a loud "Watch out!" and 2 guys passed us at crazy speeds. Neither of them were wearing helmets. They looked back with grins on their faces, proud of themselves for speeding past us like that, and suddenly a **BOOM!** They crashed their bikes and fell to the ground.

When we got closer to the boys, we could see that one of them just had a bad nose, but the other guy wasn't moving at all.

I leaned down and put my ear to his face. His breathing was very shallow. I put him on his side to secure his airway.

„Call 112!“ – said to Ropi.

Soon the siren of an ambulance could be 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. I promised to accompany the other boy home and the parents of the injured boy were informed that he had been taken to hospital.

„Where is the Cinnamon?“ – Ropi suddenly asked. A monkey was hopping on the roof of a car driving away. It was Cinnamon.

„And now?“ – Shouted Bukta.

„There is nothing we can do now. Maybe our Cinnamon can find his way home on his own.“ – I sighed.

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