

Primitive 131

Chapter 131: The somewhat alarming production Book

"Huff, huff."

Encouraged by Han Cheng's praise, Mu Tou energetically gathered all the rapeseed into a large pile. Holding a broom, he began to sweep back and forth, creating a breeze that blew away the fine impurities on top of the rapeseed pile.

Motivated by the compliments, Mu Tou was hopeful to receive more praise from Han Cheng. He remembered vividly that Han Cheng did it like this last year.

The small impurities on the large rapeseed pile quickly disappeared, leaving only clean rapeseed.

Thinking he had done a good job, Mu Tou felt accomplished, having cleaned so much in one go.

However, his sense of accomplishment was soon replaced by a furrowed brow because Han Cheng walked over and casually raked a section of the clean rapeseeds, revealing more impurities.

Mu Tou hurriedly used the broom to sweep them away.

This time, he learned quickly. Before Han Cheng could intervene, Mu Tou took the initiative to rake a section, only to find more dirt underneath the seemingly clean rapeseeds.

"Divine Child."

Mu Tou, who rarely spoke, looked at Han Cheng pleadingly. He was good at grinding stones, but when it came to pressing rapeseed, something unfamiliar to him, he felt a bit helpless. After all, unknown things tended to cause panic and unease.

Han Cheng walked to the entrance and felt the cool breeze of early summer. He beckoned to Mu Tou, who was still sweeping the rapeseeds, to come over and clean the area under the gate.

After finishing the cleaning, Mu Tou looked at Han Cheng, hoping to learn a new solution from him.

Just now, Han Cheng had sent Qi Qiu to get clay pots, and now, holding two pots in his hands, he walked towards them.

He placed the pots on the ground and then looked at Mu Tou. Han Cheng wanted to see how Mu Tou thought he would use these seemingly unrelated items to clean the rapeseeds.

Not making them wait for long, Han Cheng, with a not-too-large pot, scooped half a pot of rapeseed mixed with impurities. He walked to the gate, positioned himself sideways to let the wind pass, and started tilting the pot.

The rapeseeds inside formed a fine line as they slid down and fell onto the ground. The impurities, without any weight, were blown away by the wind, ensuring that only clean rapeseeds remained.

Initially, the rapeseeds bounced and rolled around as they fell, but as they accumulated into a round bread-like shape on the ground, they could no longer roll far.

Mu Tou and Qi Qiu watched this magical scene with admiration and a sense of enlightenment.

Mu Tou crouched down, carefully using his hands to pick up some rapeseed from the pile under Han Cheng's feet. Even the ones turned over were spotless.

Han Cheng, observing Mu Tou and Qi Qiu standing on either side of the gate, shook his head slightly.

It wasn't that they did a bad job. Rather, using a sieve would be more convenient and efficient, especially with no wind.

However, the current Green Sparrow Tribe couldn't produce a decent sieve due to a lack of suitable materials.

Tree branches could indeed substitute for bamboo to weave many things, but a sieve required a more refined mesh, something beyond the capability of tree branches.

If it were chopped into very fine pieces, it lacked the flexibility of bamboo and would easily break with a slight bend. There was simply no way to weave it.

The current amount of cultivated crops in the tribe was scarce, and the current method could still be used as a makeshift solution. However, if the cultivated crops increased in the future, relying on the current method would be inadequate.

Han Cheng sighed deeply. There was too much to do, and now bamboo had to be added to the list in his notebook.

As the setting sun was about to dip below the horizon, the pile of rapeseed was finally processed. Clean and dry, it amounted to slightly over 60 kg.

Ideally, it shouldn't have taken until now, but the wind was too unpredictable coming and going intermittently.

Mu Tou transported the cleaned rapeseeds back to the cave, filling a large jar with nearly half its capacity.

Han Cheng estimated the yield and couldn't help but shake his head. This one-acre plot would produce around 50 kg. This was just the freshly harvested wet rapeseeds; if dried, it might not even reach 35 kg.

With the expansion of cultivation in the future, this yield would further decrease. They couldn't catch up with the current meticulous care, especially regarding fertilizer application, when the production expanded.

Han Cheng felt melancholic, but Shaman was exceptionally happy. He grinned widely as he looked at the pile of rapeseeds in the jar.

Of course, he was delighted. Last year, Divine Child only planted one pot of rapeseeds, yet the tribe had such a large field of rapeseeds. From last year until now, they have never run out.

If they planted all these rapeseeds this year, Shaman couldn't imagine how many rapeseeds his tribe would have by harvest time.

Observing the jubilant Shaman, Han Cheng couldn't help but snuffle. In a contemporary setting, farmers would be worried about their harvest, especially when they couldn't make enough money for pesticides and fertilizers.

Han Cheng chuckled at his thoughts. He couldn't keep comparing the present with the future. The current yield was already good, considering the lack of advanced technology, pesticides, fertilizers, and improved crop varieties.

"Take it slow," Han Cheng said to himself. After all, a system didn't force him to establish any civilization. He didn't harbor ambitions of conquering multiple primitive tribes to unify the world. He simply wanted to make his own life and the lives of his tribe better.

Thinking about it, Han Cheng exhaled and told himself that heaven had been kind to him. After all, he didn't end up in a cannibalistic tribe upon arrival. Otherwise, given his initial state, he might have ended up inside some plant by now.

Hei Wa didn't participate in harvesting rapeseed or building the wall. He had other tasks to handle.

As the warm sunlight spread across the ground, the small river flowed gently, reflecting the sunlight and appearing glittering.

Fish played in the water, and a few of them were visible.

A red dragonfly hovered over the area, seemingly flying effortlessly with wings that couldn't be seen moving.

When it got tired, it landed motionless on a dried stem sticking out of the grass at the riverbank.

Unfortunately, no lotus roots were seen. If they were there, Han Cheng would have recited a line from a famous poem: "The little lotus has just revealed its pointed tip, and a dragonfly has already landed on it." This would have been much earlier than the poet Yang Wanli, who wrote this poem, lived.

This was much more impressive than your average historical transmigrator.

The riverbank wasn't all flat; there were small hills present. On a small hill closest to the tribe, a wisp of smoke rose, and Hei Wa was busy there.

Chapter 132: Earthen Kiln and Tiles

"Rising from the ground, emitting a bluish smoke, is a round clay pillar, approximately 1.3 meters tall, with an internal diameter of 1.2 meters and an external diameter of 1.6 meters.

This hollow clay pillar is covered on top by two large ceramic plates, each covering half of the pillar. Below the plates are broken pottery pieces, creating a gap of about two centimeters between the plates and the pillar.

The bluish smoke and flames emerge from the edges of these plates and the seams where the two plates connect. This is not a signal beacon used for warnings like a beacon tower; instead, under the guidance of Han Cheng, the master potter of the Green Sparrow Tribe, Hei Wa, after several failed attempts, managed to create this kiln.

Originally, the clay kiln was not built here but about a hundred meters away, closer to the river, for convenient access to water and clay. However, after heavy rain and a rise in river water levels last year, that kiln collapsed and became unusable.

Learning from that experience, Hei Wa spent nearly ten days rebuilding a larger kiln about a hundred meters from the riverbank. This location is farther from the small river and at a higher elevation, so it remains unaffected even during heavy rains, making it a wise choice for the kiln's construction.

After several experiments and guidance from the shaman, Hei Wa discovered some tricks for building a successful clay kiln. First, he dug a pit about 90 centimeters deep, one meter long, and 90 centimeters wide in the chosen location for the kiln.

He erected a wall about half a meter high in the middle of this pit using previously made clay bricks mixed with well-prepared mud. On top of this wall, he placed three slender and sturdy wooden sticks every ten centimeters. The other ends of these sticks rested on the edges of the pit.

In the past, when the kiln was smaller, there was no need for this wall; the sticks were directly placed on the sides of the pit. Now that the kiln is larger, these sticks would not withstand the weight over time without the middle wall.

There's no worry about the sticks being burned by the flames because they are covered with a thick layer of clay. Three sticks form a group, and they are coated with mud after bundling them together. The reason for using three sticks is twofold: it increases load-bearing capacity and allows more mud to be applied outside. If there's only one stick, applying mud on top is challenging.

Once this is done, the construction proceeds to build the walls. Following the same process, when the wall in the pit becomes level with the ground, more sticks coated with thick clay are placed on top. This layer is denser than the one below because it will support the clay embryos to be fired later. The construction of the kiln's base is complete, and the remaining work involves building the walls with clay.

Similar to building walls within the tribe, the mixture includes crushed straw and some salt. Based on past experiences where kiln walls tended to crack, Hei Wa added some sand collected from downstream using jars.

It's worth mentioning that adding salt to the wall construction is a deliberate action."

After some contemplation, Han Cheng found that the previous approach was too salt-consuming. Therefore, he made a change.

Instead of purified salt, he decided to crush the salt from the salt mountain and mix it directly with the clay. This method proved to be more efficient and saved a lot of effort.

Layer by layer, Ha Wa stacked the well-prepared clay. To ensure the kiln's shape was round, he used two wooden sticks for comparison one measuring 1.2 meters and the other 1.6 meters.

This technique, taught by Divine Child, was initially applied to resolve the issue of irregularly shaped pottery. It became handy for Hei Wa in building the kiln walls.

As the kiln walls were made purely from soft, well-prepared clay, every thirty centimeters of height required lighting a fire underneath to solidify the walls before continuing to build upwards.

Approaching the clay kiln, which emitted bluish smoke, one could feel a wave of heat even from about ten meters away. With clay-covered hands, Hei Wa busied himself near some large, flat stones.

He pinched some fine dry soil from a pottery jar nearby and evenly sprinkled it on the stones. Then, he placed a wooden frame with a thickness of about half a centimeter on top.

The frame was made by breaking a tree stick in the middle, creating a somewhat flexible structure, and binding it at the joints with twine. The broken side faced inward, while the arched side faced outward to ensure a smooth edge for the pottery.

The frame was not a standard rectangle but a trapezoid with one end larger than the other, creating a 1.5-centimeter difference between the top and bottom. This design allowed for seamless connections when the tiles were laid.

Initially, the frame was a standard rectangle, but Hei Wa successfully fired the first batch of tiles with Divine Child's help, overcoming the curvature issue.

Seeing the tiles, which Divine Child referred to as "wa," Hei Wa was pleased. Divine Child said that these tiles could be used to build better houses than the deer enclosures, and everyone in the tribe could eventually move out of their caves and into these houses.

Though Hei Wa didn't understand why Divine Child wanted to move out of the caves, his hopeful expression made him realize that these houses must be more comfortable than the cave they lived in for generations.

Besides the housing reason, another source of Hei Wa's joy was that he had completed the task assigned by Divine Child, and Divine Child, looking at the tiles he had fired, showed a delighted expression.

This was undoubtedly the best approval for his craftsmanship, and Hei Wa was naturally delighted.

However, his joy did not last long because Divine Child suddenly put them down, sighed, and slapped his forehead after playing with two pieces of tile for a while.

This made Hei Wa worry whether Divine Child was displeased due to the quality of the tiles he had fired.

Hei Wa's craftsmanship was indeed outstanding. Although it was his first time firing tiles, with his prior experience in many potteries, the tiles turned out very successful, comparable to the small tiles he had seen in Han Cheng's later years.

Of course, this overlooked the flaw that the tiles had the same size at both ends. Having tiles of the same size at both ends meant gaps would appear when two tiles were stacked together. Using such tiles for roofing could easily lead to leakage.

After some adjustments, the mold used for making tiles evolved into its current form.

Chapter 133: Earthen Kiln and Tiles 2

Hei Wa placed the tile mold on a flat stone scattered with fine, dry soil. He pulled a fist-sized piece of well-prepared clay from the nearby pile.

After kneading it in his hands, he placed it in the mold and pressed it with his palm to fill the entire mold with clay. Next, he scraped off the excess clay using a similarly split wooden stick, making the tile look more even and symmetrical.

Hei Wa smoothed the surface further by running his hand over the stick, scraping off clay that returned to the pile, and moistening his hands from a water-filled pottery jar. He began to rub and smooth the surface, transforming the initially rough appearance into a sleek finish.

Hei Wa lifted the mold, bringing the clay tile along with it. Due to the dry soil scattered underneath, there was no issue with the clay sticking to the stone, making it easy to lift the mold.

After removing the mold, he used his hands to moisten the other side of the clay tile. Without standing up, an assistant standing by carefully took the mold with the clay tile and placed it next to a row of logs about five meters away.

After waiting a while, allowing the outer layer of water on the clay tile to dry, Hei Wa lifted the mold, tilted it, and tapped it. The clay tile would come out of the mold and fall into his waiting palm.

The resulting clay tile was a flat piece, which became individual small pottery tiles when ignored, dried, and fired in the kiln. However, these differed significantly from the curved tiles that Han Cheng needed.

Han Cheng and Hei Wa spent considerable effort experimenting and failed attempts to figure out how to turn these flat tiles into curved ones. After numerous cycles of trial and error, they finally found a solution.

The solution was relatively simple: find some tree branches with similar thickness, roughly the same length, and somewhat round, placing them not too far from the kiln. Lay the flat clay tiles on these branches horizontally, wait for half a day, and then lift them. The originally flat tiles would now have a curvature.

After applying a bit of dry mud to the branches, the assistant carefully placed the clay tiles vertically onto them. After ensuring that the previously placed clay tiles had hardened and would not deform when picked up, the assistant took them down.

The tiles were leaned against the logs, facing the sun.

After completing these tasks, Hei Wa took back the mold. To increase efficiency, ten molds were made for tile production. This way, the assistant can remove the mold with the clay tiles, and Hei Wa's time is not wasted.

Since Han Cheng had already made a ruler, there was no need to worry about different mold sizes.

After working on the tiles for a while, Hei Wa noticed that the fire beneath the kiln had dimmed. He stood up, walked to the kiln, and added thick, arm-sized logs from a nearby woodpile.

The wood underneath the kiln was not directly piled on the ground but placed about half a meter above the kiln's bottom. It was supported by wooden sticks covered with a thick layer of clay, preventing the logs from falling.

Initially, there was no such structure when attempting to build the kiln, and the wood was directly piled on the ground. However, the flames could not reach the required intensity.

Recalling the structure of his earthen stove, Han Cheng redesigned the kiln.

After adding wood to the kiln, Hei Wa circled to one side, using a wooden stick to pry one of the two large ceramic plates, creating a slight opening. Through the crack, he peered into the kiln.

The intense heat rushed out through the gap, hitting his face. The temperature inside the kiln was somewhat intimidating.

Inside, a vibrant red glow enveloped the surroundings. The clay tiles, initially in their raw state, transformed into a dazzling bright yellow under the continuous and intense heat of the fire.

Squinting slightly, Hei Wa nodded in approval. He used a wooden stick to close the opened ceramic plate, completely covering the top of the earthen kiln.

With the kiln now fired up, there was no need for further concern. The wood below would burn out naturally, and the kiln would cool down.

Han Cheng approached, observing the smoking earthen kiln. He glanced at Hei Wa, making clay tiles, the various clay molds nearby, and over a thousand tiles not far away. A smile appeared on his face.

The heightening of the walls was almost complete, and soon, they could start building houses. It wasn't unrealistic to move into a large-tiled house before winter arrived.

Initially considering building thatched houses similar to the deer pen, Han Cheng changed his mind. Seeing that Hei Wa could produce such large ceramic plates used by the shamans for recording, creating smaller tiles shouldn't be a problem.

Tiled houses were undoubtedly sturdier and more aesthetically pleasing than thatched houses.

However, due to manual production, the tile output was not high. Hei Wa and his assistant could only produce a little over a hundred tiles daily, including the clay preparation.

However, over time, many tiles could still be obtained.

"Divine Child."

Hei Wa casually raised his head to find that Han Cheng had come over at some point. He stood up and respectfully greeted him.

Han Cheng waved, indicating Hei Wa to take a break before continuing his work.

Hei Wa obediently walked over.

Turning around, Han Cheng looked into the distance. A tall wall was being built not too far away, with someone vigorously pounding it with a wooden stick.

Due to the distance, the person's face was unclear, but a highly aesthetic silhouette was visible.

Tie Tou cut the last batch of rapeseed with a stone sickle, placing them neatly on a pile in the rapeseed field west of the courtyard wall. With the stone sickle in one hand and the other on his waist, he stood straight, looking at the empty rapeseed field with a smile.

The setting sun dipped half the sky in red.

Returning from grazing, the Deer Lord led its herd as if stepping out of the radiance. It stretched its neck and made a melodious call, adding a serene atmosphere.

Not far away, only the remaining embers of the kiln emitted faint blue smoke.

Han Cheng placed the two clay tile blanks he held in a nearby shed, stood upright, and gazed at the tribe gradually becoming more lively, a tranquil joy enveloping his heart.

Chapter 134: Fragrance

The rising sun cast its morning glow, accompanied by a chilly breeze that made the shaman wrap his fur coat tighter.

Wrapped in the fur coat, the shaman's hands didn't immediately withdraw. Instead, he let them glide up and down, savoring the smoothness of the fur and the softness of the hide.

The technique resembled the one used when he crouched near the rabbit pen, plucking a rabbit with distinctive dark eye circles by its ears and placing it on the pen wall. He then ran his hands from the head down to the short tail.

Initially, the peculiar-looking rabbit vigorously resisted such a demeaning act. However, how could its resistance matter to the shaman, who exuded a formidable aura? The shaman continued plucking the rabbit's fur, completely absorbed and unable to resist.

This clever rabbit, learning the wisdom of embracing change and enjoying what couldn't be resisted, gradually became calm and even addicted to such events.

Now, whenever the shaman approached the rabbit pen, this rabbit actively approached him, willingly subjecting itself to the shaman's hands.

The shaman's hands continued their rhythmic plucking, seemingly unable to control his fascination with the fur.

In theory, the shaman, who had dealt with fur since birth and had worn animal hides for a lifetime, shouldn't behave like this. After all, he should be accustomed to the hides he wore.

However, the shaman's hands continued their movements, and he lowered his head to examine the fur closely as if this hide was significantly different.

Indeed, these hides were distinct from the previous ones, the main reason being that these hides underwent a process tanning.

Feeling the smooth and soft hide on his body, the shaman couldn't help but recall the scene from a few days ago.

Divine Child entered the inner cave from outside, walking unusually.

Before Shaman could inquire, the Divine Child removed the fur wrapped around him, discarded the garment he called "pants" something only he was willing to wear and threw it onto the sleeping area. Then, he bent down and blew cool air.

The shaman vividly remembered stretching his neck to take a glance. The Divine Child's little bird had become swollen and red.

Seeing this scene, the wise shaman understood exactly what had happened.

He smiled wryly, shaking his head slightly to indicate that he didn't quite comprehend the Divine Child's actions.

Since these "pants" were uncomfortable and could cause harm, why wear them? Wrapping oneself in a single piece of hide seemed much simpler.

Thinking this way, the shaman casually tugged at the torn hide skirt, covering up what was exposed.

Divine Child, who was so intelligent, couldn't change his perspective on this matter.

The Divine Child, who usually disliked staying inside the cave, had remained there for a long time.

Initially, he blew cool air toward his little bird, but later, he sat there, staring at the discarded fur pants not far away, lost in thought and motionless for a long time.

Unaware of the Divine Child's dilemma regarding the pants issue and worried about the situation, he put down his stone pen and walked over to call Divine Child a few times.

However, just when he was about to do that, the Divine Child, who had been sitting still, suddenly bounced up.

First, there was a burst of hearty laughter, and then the Divine Child exclaimed, "Got it, got it, hahaha, got it!"

Without waiting for the bewildered Worried to approach and inquire, the loudly shouting Divine Child suddenly fell silent. He swiftly picked up the discarded fur pants from the side and ran out like the wind.

Shaman stood in a daze momentarily, then hurriedly rushed outside, eager to see what was happening with the Divine Child. His behavior was so peculiar, completely contrary to his usual calm demeanor.

Before he could step outside, the Divine Child sprinted back, grabbing the previously discarded hide and wrapping it around his lower body.

After hastily securing it, he ran out again.

Imitating the Divine Child, Shaman sniffed a bit and then followed suit, wanting to understand what had happened to the Divine Child. Why was he behaving so strangely today, deviating from his usual composed manner?

When he stepped outside, the Divine Child was busy filling a large basin for dissolving salt with wood ash.

After filling almost half the basin, he added water and stirred it with a stick.

Once the mixture was well-stirred, he waited for the cloudy water to clear, then scooped the water from the large clay basin into the Divine Child's usual foot-washing basin.

Watching this somewhat familiar scene, Worried suddenly realized that the Divine Child must have received instructions from God and found a way to create something new.

In the past, the Divine Child used a similar method to extract delicious salt from unappetizing stones. What could he extract from wood ash this time?

As Shaman stared wide-eyed, deciding to observe and record everything to write on clay tablets later, the Divine Child threw the piece of fur he held into the basin.

He used a stick to push it to the bottom of the water and placed a small stone on top, preventing it from floating, seemingly afraid it wouldn't drown.

This unexpected scene left Shaman astonished. What kind of grudge could lead the Divine Child to treat something this way?

Soon, he remembered the Divine Child's reddened little bird that had been rubbed. Shaman found his answer.

However, after this realization, a new doubt arose. Why did the Divine Child want to submerge this in water to vent his anger? It could simply be pressed into regular water. Why go through the trouble of using water filtered with wood ash?

Watching the Divine Child, Shaman waited until he returned to his usual self before asking.

The answer he received was that it made the tough hide soft.

Shaman still couldn't quite understand. The hide was comfortable when worn as it is now, so why make it soft? Besides, wouldn't it harden again after drying even if softened with water?

The shaman wanted to tell the Divine Child about this result but restrained himself, remembering the miraculous things the Divine Child had created. He realized he had misunderstood, and this happened three days later.

On the second day, the Divine Child retrieved the fur pants soaked in water for a day and night. After thoroughly washing them in clean water, he hung them on a tree branch in the courtyard to dry.

Shaman's emotions were complex as he watched the Divine Child occasionally touch the pants. It was the kind of feeling where he knew the pants were likely to harden again but also felt a sense of anticipation for the mixed emotions the Divine Child might bring.

Shaman's complex emotions disappeared when the Divine Child wore the dried fur pants and cheered, leaving only joy. The Divine Child once again did something beyond the reach of ordinary people, not disappointing anyone.

However, amidst the joy, Shaman felt that this matter wouldn't significantly impact the tribe. He believed that whether the hide was soft or hard, it made no difference when worn.

Shaman touched the soft and smooth hide on his body and a genuine smile on his face. Wrapped in the comfortable hide, he was reluctant to take off and had already selectively forgotten his initial thoughts.

Chapter 135: Fragrance 2

Han Cheng lifted the softened fur pants and wrapped them around his body. Despite the early summer, the morning air still carried a chill, making it necessary to take precautions for warmth.

With his petite frame, Han Cheng naturally couldn't compare to his senior brothers working shirtless while compacting the soil.

As the weather grew hotter each day, Han Cheng began adjusting the labor schedule of the Green Sparrow Tribe. Mornings started a bit earlier, and they would immediately start building the wall after washing up.

While some worked on raising the wall, those responsible for cooking in the tribe started preparing meals with the food gathered by the Eldest Senior Brother and his men.

After about an hour of labor, they would break for a meal using the pre-prepared food. This way, they could endure less of the scorching heat and rest more during mealtime.

Starting early in the morning allowed them a longer break, around noon. The midday break would gradually extend as the days grew longer and hotter.

Han Cheng's intention wasn't to overwork the laborers. Unlike Zhou Papi, who crowed like a rooster and woke up earlier than chickens, Han Cheng did all this to make life in the tribe safer and more comfortable without rushing too much.

One needs to move forward in life, but one should not only focus on rushing forward. While on the journey, occasionally pausing to admire the scenery is necessary. Otherwise, when looking back in old age, there might be regrets.

In any case, Han Cheng had returned to primitive times and no longer needed to worry about houses, cars, or wives every day. Slowing down a bit and enjoying a more leisurely life seemed reasonable. After ridiculing the busyness of the future Han Cheng, who couldn't sleep or eat, he soon realized that he seemed to need to worry about houses, cars, and wives.

The house was under construction, and the car wasn't needed yet, so temporarily, there was no need to worry. However, a wife was a big problem.

Thinking of the generally sturdy-looking women of the primitive era and recalling the grand celebration, Han Cheng's face turned bitter. It was a real dilemma. Without a house, he could build one; without a car, he could slowly build one. But a wife couldn't be built slowly by himself.

Even if he could pluck a rib, like in the old saying, he didn't have the power to give her divine energy.

Forget it. Let's set this matter aside for now. We'll figure it out slowly later.

Han Cheng loosened the fur pants and looked at a part that hadn't developed much in the past year. He sighed with a sense of melancholy, reluctantly putting aside this problem that had troubled him for two lifetimes and would continue to do so.

He didn't wander around the wall. His senior brothers were already familiar with the wall construction and didn't need him to direct them.

At this moment, he stood beside the earth kiln not far from the stream, enjoying the joy of opening the kiln with Heiwa, intending to dilute some of the sadness in his heart.

Hei Wa was already an expert in this field. Walking to the side of the earthen kiln, he reached out to touch the kiln wall and the clay tiles. Then, he placed his hand in the gaps to feel the temperature.

He gestured to his assistant to join him, and together, they lifted the two clay tiles covering the kiln, placing them aside where they wouldn't be in the way.

As the two tiles were lifted, a small cloud of dust scattered from the kiln into the air. Han Cheng waited momentarily, then walked to the wide-open kiln, standing on a stone to peer inside. The kiln was filled with neatly arranged black tiles, mostly undamaged, with only occasional halves broken.

It was unclear if the damaged tiles were due to uneven heating or if they were placed in the kiln without drying properly.

Hei Wa and his assistant approached, their expressions slightly disappointed at the sight of broken tiles. After all, Hei Wa considered himself the top potter of the Green Sparrow Tribe, and it had been a while since the Divine Child visited this kiln. To have such an issue occur on the day of the kiln opening was somewhat embarrassing for him.

Han Cheng praised Hei Wa, and a smile finally appeared on Hei Wa's face.

Han Cheng appreciated Hei Wa's attitude. Many technological advancements resulted from artisans scrutinizing details and continuously seeking perfection.

Han Cheng, Hei Wa, and the assistant left the kiln together. The tiles were not too large, measuring fifteen centimeters in length and between ten and twelve centimeters in width. Each tile weighed around 300 grams, and Han Cheng could carry about ten tiles simultaneously.

The newly fired tiles had a layer of fine ash on top. Wiping it away with their hands revealed the true color of the tiles, a deep black similar to the clay pots in the tribe, darker than the small tiles Han Cheng was accustomed to in later years.

Some pottery made from clay fired in different ways could be red, a color Han Cheng had not encountered yet. When he had some free time, he thought of asking Hei Wa to explore nearby areas for such clay. Finding it would add variety to the tribe's pottery, preventing the colors from being too monotonous.

Han Cheng sent a broken tile flying with a flick of his hand. It glided about ten meters before crashing onto a pile of damaged pottery, producing a few crisp sounds and shattering further.

Even broken pottery could be useful. They could be smashed with stones and added to the clay when making pottery again. This would result in sturdier pottery less likely to break during firing.

Han Cheng carried a stack of ten intact tiles to a nearby tile pile, adding them to the ones he had previously arranged. Then, he walked back to the kiln to transport more tiles.

Some necessary labor still needed to be done. Firstly, it provided a good workout, and secondly, it kept him from being too idle.

Initially, with many tiles inside the kiln, Han Cheng could reach in and take them out by himself while standing on a stone. However, as they continued moving tiles, the quantity inside decreased, and he had to receive the tiles from Hei Wa or his assistant.

Due to his small stature, even standing on a stone, he couldn't reach the tiles at the bottom.

After over a year in this place, Han Cheng had long accepted that his limbs were still small.

The kiln was filled with more than five hundred tiles this time. By now, they had produced over sixteen hundred well-fired tiles. Looking at this pile, Han Cheng felt even more eager for the upcoming house construction.

Chapter 136: Earth breaking for Houses

Today, Han Cheng seemed very happy, and Shaman also appeared energetic. Not only them but the entire Green Sparrow Tribe was enveloped in an inexplicable excitement and anticipation.

At the beginning of spring, many of them had gradually learned from the words of the Divine Child or others that the Divine Child intended to build something better than the deer pen, called a "house," for the tribe's people to live in.

The house was more spacious than caves, cleaner, and brighter inside. Moreover, it was warmer than caves in winter.

The concept of cleanliness was vague to them before the Divine Child arrived. Sometimes, they would consciously or unconsciously do some cleaning, but it was not systematic.

After the Divine Child arrived, they were taught to brush their teeth, wash their faces, bathe, clean animal skins, and sweep caves. After doing all these things, they realized this was what cleanliness meant.

Clean and tidy things always look comforting, and primitive people were no exception.

If Han Cheng had talked about cleanliness when he first arrived last year, adding this advantage to the promotion of houses, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe would have had little understanding. They might even wonder what cleanliness was and whether cleanliness could fill their stomachs.

But now, things were different. Even without Han Cheng's words, there was no one in the tribe who would deliberately make themselves dirty.

Of course, except when working.

Even if they got dirty while working, they would bathe in the evening. It was unlike before when they didn't know if they could bathe once a year.

After learning about the many benefits of houses, they naturally had great expectations for such a good place to live. However, the Divine Child said the walls needed to be raised before they could start building the houses. So, they could only look forward to it and occasionally fantasize about a house better than the deer pen.

After such a long period of anticipation, the walls were finally built, and the Divine Child was finally going to lead everyone in building houses. How could they not be excited?

Even the Senior Brothers and others actively requested to shorten the rest time, changing the three days after building the walls to just one day.

Under the gaze of the Green Sparrow Tribe, Han Cheng, who had only seen the construction of houses but had never been involved, calmly measured the foundation with the rope-made tape measure he had made earlier, with the assistance of the Lame.

Those in the Green Sparrow Tribe who didn't know the truth gathered around, looking at him with admiration as if he were a Divine Child who knew everything. Lame, who was helping out, was so excited that his face turned slightly red. Once, he almost stumbled and fell.

"Here."

Han Cheng pointed to a small mark on the ground using a wooden stick wrapped with a tape measure, then turned around and said.

The Eldest Senior Brother, following along, quickly brought over a stick that was more than a meter long, with a diameter of two centimeters, one end burnt black and sharpened in the fire.

He aimed the pointed end of the stick at the mark Han Cheng had just made and held it vertically with one hand while using the other to hold a stone and hammer it down.

After a few hits, this straight stick stood firmly in place.

Four sticks appeared on this open ground once this wooden stick was nailed down. Following Han Cheng's instructions, the Eldest Senior Brother connected these four sticks with a thin rope, forming a space that was ten meters long and five meters wide.

"Dig."

Han Cheng said again.

The people waiting on the side with bone shovels immediately took action. Divided into four groups, they started digging along these four lines.

While Han Cheng worked with Lame to measure the land, dividing the north-south rectangular space evenly into three sections, the foundation's position was completely determined after nailing four wooden stakes and pulling two lines.

This house was located on the west side of the cave entrance, about ten meters from the mountain wall.

When the house was completed, just like the cave's orientation, it faced north to south, which was conducive to capturing sunlight.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were already skilled in using bone shovels, making digging a common task. By the afternoon, several 40 centimeters wide and 40 centimeters deep trenches had been excavated.

Since they were digging along the lines, there was no need to worry about irregularities in the trenches.

While the Senior Brothers excavated the foundation, those who couldn't do the digging were not idle. Under Han Cheng's arrangement, they were preparing for the next step.

Instead of cutting wooden sticks or grinding wooden stakes, they went outside to find stones.

After thinking it over, Han Cheng felt that the walls built when constructing the deer pen, with mud smeared outside the wooden planks, were not sturdy enough. So, he wanted to change.

"Snap, snap."

Han Cheng placed several stones in two woven baskets made of tree branches.

He lifted one basket toward this side, adjusting the distance between them.

Then, he took the long flat pole leaning against the large rock from one side, threaded it onto the handle made of curved wooden sticks, and placed it on his shoulders, with one woven basket on each end. The middle of the pole was on his shoulder.

In a half-squatting position, Han Cheng half-extended his arms, holding onto the pole. He pressed one hand against one woven basket to prevent it from sliding inside.

Then, he exerted force, standing up from the ground.

The baskets filled with stones were very heavy, bending the pole slightly, and as Han Cheng walked, they swayed up and down.

Han Cheng had mastered the technique of carrying things, walking in rhythm with the swaying of the pole.

This way, he could save some energy, and the things on the pole were less likely to fall.

Currently, they were carrying stones, so it wasn't very obvious. But if it were carrying water in clay pots without mastering the technique, by the time they walked from the river to the tribe, half of the water in the pot might be spilled.

Han Cheng did not carry the stones into the tribe. Instead, he came to the west side of the wall, put down the pole, and threw the stones one by one toward the wall with force.

This was not because Han Cheng wanted to show off his strength by practicing throwing stones or intentionally not carrying the stones to the side of the wall. Instead, it was because the protective trench on the outside of the wall had taken shape with the increasing height of the wall. Carrying stones down to the trench and climbing up again was too troublesome. It was easier to throw them directly.

When there was a pile on that side, they would use the previous method to load these stones onto the baskets, pull them up with a rope, and place them inside the wall.

Of course, this was only for stones that were not too large. If the stones were too big, they could only carry them around the wall from the back of the mountain, enter the courtyard from the south gate, and then walk north to place the stones where the houses were being built.

In this way, they had to walk at least twice the distance, so when looking for stones, they tried to find ones with appropriate sizes.

Chapter 137: Something happened

Because the main force in the tribe has been busy building the wall, the others have been busy harvesting green grass, oilseed rape, collecting tree branches, weaving basket heads, and burning tiles. Moreover, the task of using stones to lay the foundation was newly assigned by Han Cheng, so there hasn't been time to collect stones.

This has caused the houses that the Green Sparrow Tribe eagerly wanted to build to halt just after digging the foundation.

After collectively spending a day and a half transporting stones, they finally started building the foundation.

The stones brought in a day were not enough to complete the foundation, but it eased the urgent situation.

With this pile of stones, three skilled masons, following the method taught by Han Cheng, tried to arrange the uneven and different-sized stones as neatly as possible to make them sturdy.

Large stones outlined the general contours, smaller ones were used to fill gaps as needed, and for the remaining crevices that couldn't be filled with stones, they used bone shovels to scoop up well-prepared mud to fill them. In this way, a solid foundation was formed.

The three who stayed to build the foundation were the Eldest Senior Brother, Third Senior Brother, and another person who originally belonged to the Pig Tribe, all men.

Building a wall with irregular stones required good eyesight and coordination and a fair amount of strength to constantly lift or flip the stones to place them in the right positions. Men naturally had an advantage in this task.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others only knew how to use stones to polish tools or use them as throwing weapons. The idea of using stones to build a wall had never occurred to them.

Under Han Cheng's guidance, they immediately felt this method was good. The stone wall looked more solid than a mud wall, and the stone walls were not afraid of wind and rain.

Many people felt a sudden enlightenment, realizing that stones could be used for such a purpose.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others had already performed outstandingly when building the deer shed and the wall. Their learning ability was not as poor as imagined; they lacked exposure.

In addition, over the past year, having done many similar tasks and with Han Cheng guiding them, they quickly adapted to this method of laying the foundation with stones.

This is probably what they call "learning by analogy."

The three of them built the foundation while the others searched for and transported stones, ensuring that progress was not delayed.

On the west side of the hill where the Green Sparrow Tribe was building caves, there were many scattered rocks. The rocks here were hard, mostly black or with a hint of green basalt.

Some basalt rocks even had many holes, and Han Cheng knew that this was caused by the entrapment of air during the flow of magma during the initial volcanic eruption.

Most of the stone tools owned by the Green Sparrow Tribe were made from materials selected here.

This time, Han Cheng wanted to use stones to lay the foundation, and the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe also transported stones from here.

After a long period of making stone tools, many scattered stone fragments were here.

An accident occurred.

A man from the Green Sparrow Tribe, while using a carrying pole to transport two halves of a basket-headed stone towards the west side of the tribe's wall, suddenly had the carrying pole break. The two basket heads fell to the ground, and some stones rolled out, hitting his left foot. A large piece of skin was knocked off the sole of his foot, and the big toe and second toe turned a deep shade of purple. These two toenails were bound to fall off.

Fortunately, the stones fell to the ground first and then rolled onto his foot. Otherwise, Han Cheng felt that the Green Sparrow Tribe would have a fourth person who became lame.

Gathering seven Dragon Balls can summon Divine Dragon, but gathering seven limps

Han Cheng thought about the appearance of seven people walking together with one leg each and felt it was better not to gather them. Although the Green Sparrow Tribe, due to the increase in various tasks, wouldn't become disabled or burdensome like if someone lost a leg, it was still better to avoid injuries if possible. Even though the weather was getting hotter daily, it couldn't be compared to winter. Wounds were easily infected and inflamed.

Previously, many people in the Green Sparrow Tribe died from infections caused by wounds. Liang remembered this clearly because his mother died from a foot injury when she accidentally hit her foot while making stone tools, and it slowly rotted away.

The wound on his mother's foot was not as big as the one on his foot.

Liang sat on the ground, holding his injured foot, shivering. Part of it was because of the pain, but more of it was thinking about his mother.

Han Cheng came over upon hearing the news, saw Liang's injury, and breathed a sigh of relief. Such an injury would heal after resting for some time. It didn't reach the bone, so it wouldn't significantly impact.

"Don't be afraid, it's okay."

Seeing Liang shivering and shedding big tears, though he found it strange that this primitive man couldn't endure pain and even shivered from such a small injury, Han Cheng still smiled and comforted him.

Han Cheng then instructed two people to lift Liang and return him to the tribe. He walked around nearby and pulled out a few green, slightly fat plants with thorns on the leaves and a plant with a purple flower on top. He called it Thorny Bud, not knowing its scientific name.

This plant had excellent hemostatic effects. When he cut his hand while mowing grass as a child, he would pluck some Thorny Bud leaves, rub them, and cover the wound. The bleeding would stop quickly.

This plant had another use, which was faking death.

Pluck the purple flowers on the Thorny Bud, put them in your mouth, chew, and soon, a color very similar to blood will appear. Even the tongue and teeth would be stained.

Shouting, "Little devils, come, grandpa's back after eighteen years, once again a hero!"

Then spitting out blood in a way that seemed extremely tragic and righteous. Han Cheng used to do similar things a lot when he was a child.

Seeing the smile on the Divine Child's face and hearing the words of the Divine Child, Liang, who was still in fear, remembered the time when the Divine Child revived the withered flowers in winter, calming down a bit.

Like a beam of light, the Divine Child's appearance broke through the fear that had tightly enveloped him.

The Divine Child will find a way.

Fearful Liang told himself this was not the first time.

After returning to the tribe, Han Cheng ordered someone to boil water and add salt to it.

"This might be painful."

Han Cheng said to Liang, who wasn't trembling as much.

Liang nodded forcefully, indicating that the Divine Child could do as he pleased, as he was already prepared.

The intense fear of death and the strong desire to survive easily allowed him to overcome the pain of sprinkling salt on the wound.

With water at around sixty degrees Celsius, Liang's foot was cleaned of stains. Han Cheng repeatedly washed the large wound on the sole of Liang's foot, and the strong stimulation caused Liang's foot to involuntarily arch upwards.

The blood had already stopped somewhat and returned to its previous flow rate with Han Cheng's cleaning and Liang's movements.

Chapter 138: Once again broken carrying pole

After washing with saline solution, Han Cheng initially considered applying the stinging horn buds to Liang. However, considering the hot weather and the risk of infection in the wound, he realized that a simple saline solution might not be sufficient to achieve the desired effect.

In Han Cheng's eyes, every member of the Green Sparrow Tribe was a precious asset, and he didn't want them to suffer injuries. After some thought, he approached Lane, who was weaving the lattices of the wickerwork.

The weaving of wickerwork often used slender and flexible branches such as willow branches and thorny branches. Due to willow trees upstream, most of the wickerwork in the Green Sparrow Tribe was made from willow twigs.

Han Cheng picked out two willow branches from the pile of twigs, broke them, and placed them in a boiling clay pot. After boiling for a while, he poured out the slightly greenish-yellow liquid from the willow branches. After waiting for it to cool, he used the willow branch water to clean Liang's wound.

Inside the bark of willow trees, there was an element similar to a major component of an antibiotic in later times. Though Han Cheng had learned about these things in the classroom a long time ago, he had forgotten the specifics, but he remembered that willow branch water could be used to prevent inflammation.

After washing again with willow branch water, Han Cheng picked up the stinging horn buds he had brought back, plucked off the leaves, and kneaded them in his hands.

While kneading, he couldn't apply too much force; otherwise, the small thorns on the edges of the stinging horn buds' leaves might penetrate the flesh.

Although Han Cheng's hands had developed a somewhat thick callus, it was still not thick enough to withstand these small thorns.

The stinging horn bud, which was subtly oozing a greenish fluid, was applied to the wound on Liang's foot. After this brief delay, the blood, which was not flowing rapidly in the first place, quickly stopped.

"Stay seated here. Don't move around," Han Cheng instructed Liang, pointing specifically to the swollen injured foot, indicating that special attention should be paid.

Liang, who was originally trembling with fear, had stopped shaking. Over the past year, having witnessed numerous miracles, they had developed a blind trust in Han Cheng.

While Han Cheng was performing the procedure, Shaman continued to observe from the side, thinking about recording the results later.

As for Liang's injured foot, Shaman was even more concerned than Liang himself. In the past, more than one person in the tribe had died due to wounds becoming infected and festering.

When Han Cheng mentioned that doing this would significantly reduce the chances of festering wounds, Shaman, who was always concerned about the tribe's continuity, listened carefully. However, he did not directly seek confirmation from Han Cheng but wanted to see the results from Liang.

In the days that followed, in addition to idly watching the rabbits eating grass near the rabbit pen, Shaman added another task to his routinekeeping an eye on Liang's injured foot.

Just as Han Cheng had finished treating Liang's foot and hadn't taken a few breaths, another problem arose.

The carrying pole broke again.

This time, it was Shang whose carrying pole broke. Fortunately, having learned from Liang's experience, Shang had been attentive while picking things up. When the carrying pole broke and the wickerwork fell, he agilely dodged to the side, avoiding being injured by the stones.

The Green Sparrow Tribe became somewhat uneasy, with one mishap after another, leading them to believe their actions had angered the gods, bringing calamities upon them. After all, activities such as building houses and using stones for walls were unprecedented for them.

Even the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother came to inquire of Han Cheng, their faces marked with anxiety and fear.

The transportation of stones and the construction of foundations stopped once again.

Frowning, Han Cheng examined the two broken carrying poles. He did not believe this was a punishment from the gods, even though he still carried the title of a Divine Child.

The poles did not break in the middle; instead, they fractured at grooved sections on both ends.

These grooves were meant to secure the carried things, preventing them from swaying.

Han Cheng had someone fetch an intact carrying pole for closer inspection, and his frown deepened. He had identified the issue.

The grooves at both ends of the carrying pole were much deeper and wider than before, and the surface textures fractured.

Such carrying poles should not break under the strain of carrying stones.

Han Cheng's concern stemmed from the fact that he remembered the grooves on the carrying poles being shallow before. Now, they had expanded to this extent.

Shang was the only person capable of modifying the carrying poles to this degree, a carpenter and a weaver.

Han Cheng summoned Shang for an explanation, and Shang appeared nervous, fearing punishment from the deity due to his mistake.

Through a somewhat stuttered account, Han Cheng finally understood the situation. Previously, the Green Sparrow Tribe's carrying poles were only used for carrying water. The ropes were thin and soft, and shallow grooves sufficed.

However, with the introduction of the wickerwork, the carrying poles seemed somewhat inadequate.

The shallow grooves could not accommodate the thick, hard, inflexible, semi-circular handles of the wickerwork, causing the wickerwork to frequently slide, making the task uncomfortable.

People sought out Shang, responsible for crafting these items. As Han Cheng was busy overseeing the harvesting and drying of rapeseed, Shang took it upon himself to make modifications, using a stone chisel to deepen and widen the grooves. After these adjustments, the wickerwork no longer slipped.

Previously, the carrying poles were used to carry relatively lightweight items, so no issues arose. However, now that they were tasked with transporting stones, problems immediately surfaced.

Finding the cause of the issue, Han Cheng was about to explain it to the people, asking them not to panic. However, he changed his mind.

Looking at the anxious Green Sparrow Tribe members who regarded him as their backbone, Han Cheng felt it was necessary to instill some rational thinking in them. He believed they should not harbor or blindly follow such superstitions about the gods.

While present, he would ensure the tribe did not fall into superstitions. However, what if he had not been around later? Would someone take advantage of the situation?

This matter was challenging to address because Han Cheng currently bore the halo of a Divine Child. If he made everything clear, it could adversely affect him and the entire Green Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng was troubled and unable to come up with a good solution.

Watching him with a complex and troubled expression, the onlookers, who had always seen the deity as omnipotent, grew even more anxious. Some even considered moving all the stones back and abandoning the construction of houses with stones.

Chapter 139: God and Devil

"This is not the wrath of the gods," Han Cheng said, holding a broken carrying pole in front of the crowd.

As soon as he spoke, the anxious crowd immediately felt somewhat reassured.

"The gods will not obstruct our progress towards a better life. They are willing to see us living in warmth and enjoying delicious food," Han Cheng stated with unwavering conviction.

"Hoo," the shaman breathed a sigh of relief.

Of all the people, the shaman was the most uncertain about this matter. He knew he had never successfully communicated with the gods. Moreover, due to revealing the secret of stones, he seemed to have discovered some secrets of the gods that he dared not contemplate.

"It's not the wrath of the gods. That's good. It's not the gods causing trouble. That's even better. Otherwise, I don't know how to deal with it," the shaman thought.

"Why, then?" The shaman pointed to the broken carrying pole in Han Cheng's hand, then gestured towards the cave entrance and Liang's injured foot, asking Han Cheng with some hesitation.

Han Cheng responded, "This is the work of demons. Demons do not want us to live a good life, to have an abundance of food. They create many hardships on our journey."

As soon as these words were spoken, the previously somewhat calmed Green Sparrow Tribe members became fearful again. They looked at their Divine Child with unease, hoping to receive protection and a way to drive away the demons.

The shaman, in particular, was extremely nervous. Driving away demons was his duty as a shaman, but he knew he could not do so.

"Demon, we must use our wisdom and hands to overcome," Han Cheng said, pointing to his head and patting his hands.

The shaman sighed in relief again because his greatest fear did not come true. The deity did not ask him to expel demons but provided a unique solution.

The gods only bring benefits to people. Anything beneficial to human survival and development is the work of the gods. Anything harmful is the mischief of demons.

Against demons, there is no need to offer sacrifices and seek mercy. Instead, one should use wisdom and strength to overcome difficulties and progress towards a better future.

After much contemplation, this was the solution Han Cheng came up with. It affirmed the existence of the gods, portraying them as embodiments of justice. It also avoided excessive superstition and provided a way to overcome difficulties through one's wisdom and strength.

Although this kind of thinking might seem simplistic, it was sufficient for the people of this era. It was the best because it was suitable.

As this kind of thinking permeated through the tribe, the people would not be as lost and uneasy as they are now when faced with difficulties. They would attribute these hardships to demons and then use their wisdom and strength to overcome them, defeating the demons.

The history of human growth is a process of contending with the heavens and the earth, utilizing one's wisdom and strength to overcome challenges. The growth of an individual is no different.

"Can we defeat demons?" someone asked in somewhat unpolished Mandarin, eyes filled with disbelief and a hint of anticipation.

"Yes," Han Cheng answered firmly.

"Demons caused trouble by making our carrying poles break. So, we will use our wisdom and hands to make the carrying poles even sturdier," Han Cheng said. After finishing his words, he called the uneasy Lama to find a suitable tree trunk. He split it in half using a wooden stick and a stone knife.

After adjusting the stone knife, he used a hand drill to create holes at the center of the carrying pole, about two centimeters from each end. Then, he brought two hooks made when making ropes with hooks.

After folding a piece of rope and threading it through the holes in the carrying pole, he securely tied a hook at the end of each side. Under the watchful eyes of the Green Sparrow Tribe, a modified version of the carrying pole, which was more versatile than the original, appeared.

Since the hooks at the bottom were V-shaped, they could adapt to various sizes, as long as they weren't overly large, securely holding the load. Han Cheng intentionally left the connecting rope between the hook and the carrying pole a bit longer, making it convenient for users to adjust the height of the hooks based on their height and the height of the goods they were carrying.

The improvised carrying pole Han Cheng made earlier had been improved long ago. However, he had been preoccupied with many other considerations and hadn't noticed this issue until today's incident.

It turned out to be a blessing in disguise. If it weren't for this incident, Han Cheng might not have realized the need for cultural and ideological construction within the Green Sparrow Tribe. This was the way life worked filled with surprises and challenges, one after another.

Perhaps people would experience distress, fatigue, and boredom, but when truly idle, they would feel a sense of emptiness.

Holding the newly crafted carrying pole, Han Cheng handed it to the shaman, who examined the strange object and then passed it to the Eldest Senior Brother.

After weighing it in his hands and trying it on his shoulder, Eldest Senior Brother passed it to the second disciple. The Second Senior Brother, who usually showed interest only in food, held it briefly before passing it to Shang.

After a brief inspection, the carrying pole returned to Han Cheng's hands. To truly test its effectiveness, Han Cheng handed the carrying pole to the Eldest Senior Brother, instructing him to try carrying stones.

Two baskets were quickly filled with stones, even more than Shang had carried. Under the gaze of the onlookers, the Eldest Senior Brother effortlessly hung one of the hooks on the basket handle, securing it easily.

Then, with a strong push from his legs and straightening his waist, the basket and the stones lifted off the ground.

After standing for a while in the place and seeing no signs of the carrying pole breaking, the Eldest Senior Brother carried the load towards the west wall.

Because the new carrying pole was made by splitting the wooden stick in half, it appeared softer than the previous one made directly from solid wood. As the Eldest Senior Brother moved forward, the carrying pole flickered up and down with a greater amplitude than the previous one.

This softer carrying pole could save some effort and, to a certain extent, protect the shoulders of the carrier.

The Eldest Senior Brother made three trips, and the newly crafted carrying pole remained intact. It was more comfortable and required less effort than the previous one.

He conveyed this result to the crowd, and the Green Sparrow Tribe members, who had been watching, turned to look at Han Cheng with admiration, respectfully calling him "Divine Child! Divine Child!"

However, unlike before, in their eyes, besides the reverence for the Divine Child, there was another emotion.

Originally, they could overcome the difficulties caused by demons with their wisdom and hands.

For the sake of the plot, let's ignore that their speech has become somewhat fluent, haha.

Chapter 140: You will be remembered

Limping swiftly, Lame, despite his injured leg, arrived at the courtyard and immediately began crafting the hooks. He wanted to keep up with the Divine Child's pace and contribute to the tribe's efforts to overcome the difficulties posed by demons.

The paused construction projects resumed with more vigor than before. Han Cheng observed this scene, sniffing slightly. Indeed, people needed some spirit.

With the tribe's efforts, the construction of the houses progressed rapidly. At this point, the stone walls had exceeded one meter in height.

Initially, Han Cheng planned to use stones for the foundation and then build mud walls using planks, as transporting stones was somewhat cumbersome.

However, after careful consideration and recalling grass huts he had seen in his past life, he realized that structures rarely had walls rising directly from the ground. This made sense since walls made of compressed earth wouldn't withstand prolonged exposure to rain.

He recalled the ancient Chinese military strategist Lame Qi, who conquered a heavily fortified city during the Warring States period by digging a canal to flood it. The primary reason for the city's downfall wasn't drowning its inhabitants but rather the collapse of the earth-rammed walls due to prolonged soaking.

Imagining being asleep in a house during continuous rainy days, suddenly having the roof collapse, and burying oneself, Han Cheng immediately changed his initial plan.

After constructing a one-meter-high stone wall and outlining the overall structure, it became evident that the first real house of the Green Sparrow Tribe was taking shape.

A door appeared in the middle of the house, measuring 1.2 meters wide. Due to the lack of iron-made nails and the underdeveloped technique of framing triangular beams, two additional walls were added inside the rooms to separate the three spaces.

This arrangement facilitated future roof construction and created relatively independent spaces.

With the foundation laid and a one-meter-high stone wall constructed, the next step began.

Wooden planks were tightly bound on both sides of the one-meter-high stone wall, and then they started making compressed earth walls.

The Green Sparrow Tribe members were highly skilled at this task, and the process was familiar, making it faster.

The earth walls were thick, approximately 40 centimeters, a specification Han Cheng chose, considering that compressed earth walls weren't as sturdy as brick walls and additional thickness needed to withstand freezing temperatures in winter.

The front wall, however, was more complicated than the others. This wall had a door and two windows on each side for the adjacent rooms.

Lame was currently making the windows. He crafted wooden windows with the hand drill and the method of using a stone chisel with a burning charcoal tip. For Lame, a skilled craftsman, it wasn't a particularly challenging task.

Of course, it required Han Cheng's guidance, and he drew the approximate structure of the windows on the ground.

The window-making process wasn't too complicated. They split a tree stump, one meter and three centimeters long, and ten centimeters in diameter, in half. Then, they used a stone chisel and burning charcoal to make holes every fifteen centimeters on the flat side.

These holes didn't need to go all the way through; a depth of three centimeters was sufficient.

Once the holes were made, like a ladder, one-meter-long tree branches with a diameter of around three centimeters were inserted into the corresponding holes, creating a window.

The wooden windows looked somewhat loose because there were no additional vertical frames on the sides, but that was fine. Once embedded into the wall, they would be extremely secure.

Lame was very busy, crafting ladders, hooks, wooden windows, doors, and the upcoming fence. He was overwhelmed with tasks.

So, making holes in the windows was handed to Liang, whose foot injury improved significantly.

Of course, the window locations were chosen by Lame, and he circled them with unburned charcoal.

Watching Liang blowing into the blowpipe to create holes, Han Cheng's eyes showed a look of approval. Not because he was working despite his injury but because he remembered their conversation from some time ago.

The scene back then was like this:

On the second day after being hit on the foot, Liang's foot had swollen and turned red, making him furious.

The two front toes were purple and swollen, making the entire foot unbearable.

Shaman, who came to check on the situation, furrowed his brows slightly. Liang's foot injury did not show any significant improvement, similar to the conditions of the previously injured individuals.

Liang himself appeared uneasy and anxious.

Throughout this process, Han Cheng ensured that people burned willow branches and saltwater daily. He instructed them to carefully clean the wounds on Liang's foot, mimicking his actions from the initial stages of the injury.

A reversal occurred on the third day. The extensive wound, which had covered almost half of Liang's foot, had completely scabbed over. Additionally, the swelling had reduced considerably, showing no signs of suppuration or ulceration.

Faced with this unexpectedly positive result, Liang, who had been anxious all along, couldn't help but cry tears of joy. The horrifying memory of his mother's death due to infected wounds caused by stone tool grinding had left a deep impression on him.

Shaman was also overjoyed. In his memory, individuals injured during hot weather were prone to suppuration. Sometimes, they would even develop a fever, lose consciousness, and eventually die. However, after the Divine Child's treatment, Liang's foot, which had suffered such a large wound, healed without any issues, recovering faster than those injured during winter.

Facing such results, the Shaman couldn't help but be delighted. Last year, the Divine Child improved the birthing process, significantly reducing infant mortality within the tribe. Now, with this method unknown to him, the Divine Child was helping Liang recover quickly.

This meant that, in the future, as long as their people didn't suffer fatal injuries, deaths due to wound suppuration would significantly decrease.

The excited Shaman eagerly asked Han Cheng about the principles involved. Han Cheng smiled and said, "Salt is not only for eating; it's also a medicinal herb that can treat certain ailments. Willow branches can be used to weave baskets, but the water boiled with them is also a type of medicine, good for cleaning wounds."

After saying this, Han Cheng continued with a touch of emotion, "My knowledge is limited, but I know that most diseases and injuries in this world can be treated. If the treatment isn't effective, it's because the right method and herbs haven't been found. Many plants are medicinal; we just don't know what diseases they can treat and how to use them."

Listening to these words, the Shaman felt somewhat despondent. Although he learned from the Divine Child about a path that could reduce the tribe's suffering, the difficulty of this path made him sigh in frustration. Even the Divine Child, considered highly intelligent, admitted to knowing little.

"Divine Child, I am willing. I am willing to search for and identify medicinal herbs to treat the injuries and illnesses of our people," Liang said, his eyes sparkling with excitement, suppressing the inner turmoil.

"This path will be very difficult and dangerous. Sometimes, you may die," Han Cheng warned, looking at Liang seriously.

Even though he heard the Divine Child's warning, the memory of his mother's painful death made Liang discard any concerns. He tilted slightly and said, "I'm not afraid."

"If you walk down this path, many people will remember you many people," Han Cheng assured, patting Liang's shoulder.

"Really?" Liang looked pleasantly surprised. He had not expected such additional benefits from walking this path.

Han Cheng thought momentarily, recalling Shen Nong's status, and nodded emphatically. "Indeed."