

Primitive 151

Chapter 151: Rocks cannot stand the hot and cold too.

"Add more firewood."

Han Cheng looked at the stone and instructed someone to continue adding firewood.

Afterward, he assessed the size of the stone, glanced at the two jars of water placed not far away, and felt that the water might not be sufficient. He sent someone back to fetch clay jars to transport more water.

The people who were supposed to fetch water hadn't arrived, but Shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother had already arrived. After learning about the Divine Child's task, they couldn't resist their curiosity and wanted to witness how the Divine Child would overcome the challenge of the stone.

Without objections from Han Cheng, who understood that entertainment options were scarce in this era, they left some people to guard the tribe and brought the rest along.

With five loads of water brought over, everyone eagerly watched Divine Child. However, Han Cheng didn't make any other moves; he simply placed the water on the side and continued adding firewood under the stone.

Seeing a large firewood burning almost entirely, Han Cheng picked a dry, dead grass from nearby, extended his arm, and placed the grass stem against the stone.

He positioned it near the top of the stone, about thirty centimeters above the flames below.

After a short while, faint green smoke emerged. Han Cheng retrieved the grass stem and observed that the part in contact with the stone had turned black.

He broke off the burnt section and held the grass stem out again, this time directly at the highest point of the stone, about twenty centimeters above the previous position.

The grass stem had been in contact for almost a minute, yet no smoke appeared. Suppressing the heat waves, Han Cheng withdrew the grass stem and found only a slightly scorched area where it touched the stone.

It seemed that it hadn't burned through.

Stepping back a few paces to avoid the scorching heat, Han Cheng ordered to bring more firewood, and then

"Splash!"

"Crack, crack!"

Throwing away the blackened grass stem, Han Cheng gave the command. The people holding clay jars near the large stone immediately began pouring water onto the thoroughly heated stone.

When cold water met the heated stone, it instantly boiled, and white smoke billowed, enveloping the surroundings. This sensation was far more intense than pouring water on hot stones in a steam room in the modern world.

The people of the Green Sparrow tribe, who had never experienced such a situation, became frantic. Some had already shouted in panic.

Standing by Han Cheng's side, Shaman, still groping, grabbed Han Cheng and pulled him behind his body.

However, Han Cheng showed no signs of panic. On the contrary, he felt overjoyed because, at the beginning, he heard the cracking sound mixed with the sound of water. It was the sound of the stone breaking.

"Keep pouring water upwards!"

After a brief excitement, he stuck his head out from behind Shaman, and with a loud voice, he began shouting.

However, the white mist covered everything at this moment, and people were panicking. Besides Shang, who heard Divine Child shouting and fumbled to pick up a water jar, everyone else was too preoccupied to notice.

Fortunately, the water vapor came and dissipated quickly. After pouring water onto the stone without stopping, the mist soon vanished.

As the white fog cleared, the panicked crowd gradually quieted down.

They looked at Divine Child, who had hurriedly calmed Shaman and emerged from behind him. In their eyes, there was a mix of surprise and fear.

Although they had seen white mist before, this sudden thick fog without any warning was a first for them. Accompanied by the rising mist, various piercing sounds echoed. It would be strange if they weren't frightened.

"Quiet, don't be afraid."

Han Cheng looked at the shattered clay jars on the ground and then at the anxious crowd. He spoke out to calm them.

Eldest Senior Brother and the others, seeing the Divine Child present with a calm demeanor while the adults were in a state of panic, couldn't help but feel embarrassed. They needed Divine Child to boost their courage.

"It's opened, it's opened!"

Someone suddenly shouted in excitement, pointing a finger at the massive stone.

Now realizing what they were doing, others gathered around to look at the large stone. They quickly made way for Divine Child and Shaman behind them.

However, unlike before, they now looked at Divine Child with more reverence.

They had dealt with many stones, and in their understanding, large stones were immovable. In less than half a day, Divine Child had managed to split a stone that seemed impossible to move. How could they not feel reverence?

Many people couldn't help but lower their heads to look at their own hands, then at the clay jars holding water and the wet firewood on the ground, expressing an incredulous look.

They couldn't believe they had achieved this.

With Shaman showing a flicker of suspicion in his eyes, Han Cheng approached the large stone to inspect it. He saw that it had cracked into seven or eight irregular pieces, with only a few small chunks falling off, while the rest still formed a cohesive whole.

This should be due to not pouring enough water onto it while it was still hot.

"Divine Child, Divine Child!"

Under the lead of someone, a chorus of respectful and excited shouts rang out.

Not knowing what was happening, Fu Jiang bounced around, wagging his tail and adding to the noise.

The sound traveled far, and nearby birds foraging for food, startled, spread their wings, and flew away in a hurry, afraid that these overly excited two-legged creatures might do something to them.

Boom!

A stone fell from the large rock. Early on, before the stone fell, Shang, who had agilely dodged to the side, waited for the situation to stabilize. Once everything settled, he came over and moved a smaller stone aside. Picking up two wooden wedges, one thrown to the side, she held the other in her hand. After heating it in the fire and sharpening the bottom, she inserted it into another crack on the large stone.

Leaning to the side to ensure the falling stone wouldn't harm him, Shang began using the stone to strike the top of the wooden wedge.

"Thud, thud, thud, splash."

This crack was relatively large. The stone loosened, and before the wooden wedge had been hammered in much, a large piece of stone peeled off from the now much smaller rock.

Chapter 152: Small Stones, Field, Door

With a wooden wedge in one hand and a stone suitable for smashing things after being refined by a carpenter in the other, Shang stood up straight, looking satisfied at the now considerably smaller large stone and the scattered debris around it.

Those responsible for transporting the stones took this opportunity to load them into the wooden sleds and carried them away with hook poles.

For those larger chunks that a single person couldn't handle, they bound them with ropes, inserted a wooden bar through the middle, and had two people carry them back to the tribe.

Stones suitable for making stone tools were set aside after Fu Jiang, wagging his tail, checked them.

After a short break, Shang observed everything with a smile. The frustration caused by the lack of stones had long been cast aside.

Shang saw the Divine Child wandering in the vacant rapeseed field with Fu Jiang and the deer. His heart was immediately filled with admiration.

He held a deep respect for this Divine Child, who resembled a child. He could always turn what seemed impossible into reality and used extremely simple methods.

After resting, Shang put her tools aside, went to another large stone nearby, and piled wood around it.

"Splash!"

"Creak, creak, creak."

Cold water splashed on the stone, and a piercing noise filled the air, accompanied by a large amount of white mist. Faced with this scene, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were no longer afraid; they knew it was a normal reaction.

In the misty haze, people who had been prearranged systematically poured water toward the remembered location.

Han Cheng roamed in the empty rapeseed field with Fu Jiang and the deer.

After harvesting the rapeseed, weeds began to grow wildly. Many rapeseed plants with small thorny seeds were mixed among these thickets.

These were the seeds that fell to the ground during the previous harvest. After a short dormancy, they couldn't wait to emerge from the soil and see the colorful world.

Regrettably, their emergence was untimely, and instead of applause, their welcome was a rough, green-stained tongue.

Deer Lord lifted its head, munching on grass mixed with a rapeseed plant. Seeing the small basket next to the Divine Child, filled with plenty of rapeseed, it swallowed the grass in its mouth with three or four bites. Then, lifting its head, it approached Han Cheng, who was bending over to pull rapeseed. It rubbed its face on Han Cheng's hand carelessly, then extended its mouth towards the small basket.

Han Cheng had long been accustomed to the shameless behavior of the deer. Without even looking, he casually moved the basket to the side.

Han Cheng felt melancholic looking at the luxuriant grass growing on the ground.

Now, planting rapeseed for just one season was fine. These weeds would become annoying if they found suitable seeds and rotated crops for two seasons.

Strangely, these wild plants always grew more vigorously than crops on the same piece of land if left unattended.

They could easily wipe out these pests if they had herbicides like Paraquat or glyphosate.

Han Cheng thought about this but shook his head with a smile.

Forget it. After eating various pesticides, fertilizers, food additives, and even some industrial raw materials in the future, he finally had the opportunity to eat natural, pollution-free food. There was no need to think about those things now.

Of course, even if he wanted to eat, there was no way to achieve that.

Casually plucking rapeseeds, Han Cheng stood up straight and glanced from afar at the diligent members of the Green Sparrow Tribe. Suddenly, he thought of two god-level individuals in his future company who either played mahjong or wandered around. Yet, their salaries were more than double that of hardworking individuals like him.

In the past, Han Cheng, like some of his colleagues, felt the injustice. It continued until the company faced a major crisis that it couldn't solve. The two god-level individuals effortlessly resolved the issue. After that, Han Cheng no longer felt the injustice.

He thought of this now because he suddenly realized he was somewhat similar to those two god-level individuals.

In the end, the Deer Lord succeeded. Taking advantage of Han Cheng's distraction, it swiped a mouthful of rapeseed from the small basket. Even though it received two slaps on its belly for this, it wagged its tail happily.

Han Cheng didn't dare to put the small basket on the ground. Instead, he constantly guarded it with his hand. The rapeseed in the basket was intended for his lunch. If it was all eaten by this shameless deer, he wouldn't have anything to eat.

Watching the strange door in front of him, Lame scratched his head. Although he made this door, he didn't know how to install it.

This door was significantly different from the large doors he made before.

The most prominent feature was one side of the door.

The wooden bar on one side protruded about three to four centimeters higher than the corresponding wooden bar on the other.

The elevated part was not connected to other wooden bars.

After installing such a door, how could it seal the entrance tightly without leaving any gaps?

This was only a small issue. Lame's biggest confusion was how to install this asymmetrical, peculiar-looking door.

He came to the entrance and carefully examined it. Besides the door frame arranged by the Divine Child in advance, there was nothing else, unlike when building the large door, where tree stumps were embedded in the mud pillars on both sides to hang the door.

Lame touched both sides of the door frame, but no prominent features existed. Shaking his head, he dismissed the idea of tying the wooden door to one side of the door frame.

After pondering for a while, he felt the key in the wooden bar protruding prominently on both ends.

Thinking so, he moved the nearby door closer.

The door was made using the technique of woven wooden planks. Moreover, it was not wide, so it was not difficult for Lame to carry it alone.

After arriving at the entrance, Lame stood the wooden door upright and placed it outside the door frame, sticking it against the frame for comparison.

The wooden plank door covered the entire entrance. Since there was a doorstep below and a lintel above, Lame worry that the door would not seal the entrance tightly did not come true. This alleviated some of his concerns.

He tentatively let go. The door immediately tilted to one side without being fixed and with only one side touching the ground.

Lame frowned at the door that had tilted to one side. Turning his head to look at the distant large door, he saw it closed from the inside out. So, he moved the door, leaning it inside, and then made further measurements.

For a moment, he couldn't find a solution to the problem. However, he did not despair or think of giving up. He still remembered the words the shaman said some time ago.

After installing the door, it could protect the house from wind and rain, making the living conditions safer and more comfortable. Lame believed that this would benefit the people of the tribe, blessed by the gods.

The reason it couldn't be installed now was that some demons didn't want the tribe to become better. What he needed to do now was to overcome this difficulty using his intelligence and strength, striking against the demons.

Chapter 153: A man like Lu Ban, and Alien Civilization

The wood used for the lintel was quite wide and thick, with the wider part inside the wooden frame. Consequently, compared to the outside of the door frame, the height between the top and bottom had to be reduced by at least five centimeters.

Due to this, the door, which was loose outside the frame, got stuck after being moved inside and placed against the frame. Even if released, the door wouldn't tilt as much as before.

Lame's eyes lit up; he felt he might be on the right track. Joyful, he used his hand to pull the door and began testing opening and closing it. The wooden bar on one side protruding above and below got stuck between the lintel and the ground. As Lame pulled, the door rotated around this bar.

The door was opened, and Lame's eyes lit up even more. At this point, he was convinced that his method was correct. Continuing to pull the door open and close, he gradually furrowed his brow.

Indeed, the door could now open and close, but it was very unstable. A moment of inattention could cause it to tilt or run out from under the lintel. Moreover, opening and closing it required considerable effort, unlike the two large gates mounted on the fence, which were light and easy to handle.

"Divine Child."

Lame again opened the door from the inside and saw the Divine Child, carrying a small basket filled with a bunch of rapeseeds, standing not far from the door, smiling at him. Lame quickly greeted and saluted.

"Very good, well done."

Han Cheng stopped a child running by from the tribe, handed her the basket with rapeseed, and asked her to take it to the cave. He instructed her to tell the cooking person to put these rapeseeds in the soup later.

After giving these instructions, Han Cheng carefully examined the door for a while, then looked up and down at Lame, smiling and praising him.

Encouraged by the praise, Lame pointed to the door and shook his head. "Can't install it, will fall."

After saying this, he looked expectantly at Han Cheng, hoping to get a solution from the Divine Child to overcome this difficulty and defeat the demons.

Han Cheng thought for a moment and then, together with Lame, went inside the house. He asked Lame to close the door again and straighten it.

Instructing Lame not to move, Han Cheng used a shard of pottery he had picked up earlier to draw a semi-circle on the ground against the door hinge.

The lintel was too high above the ground, and Han Cheng, not knowing if he had the height of Wu Da Lang, couldn't reach it. So, he left the task of drawing circles around the door hinge to Lame.

Fortunately, the wooden door was not heavy. It only required a bit of force to push it against the door frame, preventing it from moving. Well, not connecting either.

Lame, with a limp, supported himself against the wall, his foot slightly touching the ground. With a piece of pottery in one hand, he traced circles around the door hinge.

Although the shard of pottery was far less conspicuous than red bricks, repeating a few strokes left visible traces.

After drawing the circles, Han Cheng had Lame remove the door from here and move it back outside.

Looking at the circle drawn at the lower part of the lintel, Han Cheng suddenly raised his hand to his forehead, feeling helpless. No matter how much he calculated, he ultimately overlooked a step.

Initially, when building it, the plan was to construct the door first and then drill holes in the lintel. This way, the hole's position could be accurately determined, preventing blind drilling.

It wasn't until now that Han Cheng suddenly remembered; this wasn't the modern era, and with the current drilling technology, creating a suspended hole like this would be quite challenging.

Han Cheng glanced at the lintel, which was already completely integrated with the wall, and decided to abandon the idea of removing it to drill holes. Not only would this potentially damage the new house, but it would also be much more troublesome than drilling in mid-air. Additionally, it would significantly affect the sturdiness of the door frame, making it not worth the effort.

When Lame brought the door back, he noticed Han Cheng staring at the drawn semi-circle on the lintel with an unusual expression. Lame immediately felt uneasy, worrying that he hadn't done well, causing the shaman to react this way.

Han Cheng withdrew his gaze from the circle on the lintel, and seeing Lame's anxiety, he quickly reassured him and explained the difficulties of drilling holes in such a situation.

After hearing this, Lame's anxiety decreased significantly. After a moment of thought, he promised to create the hole and even pounded his chest as a guarantee.

After these assurances, Lame immediately gathered a large lump of clay and lit a big pile of fire not far from the door.

Placing two stones for footing, Lame applied the mud to the lintel, covering a large area and leaving only the drawn circle exposed.

He then pulled a burning stick from the fire, placed it at the circle, and ignited it.

With one hand holding the stick and the other using a bone-made blowtube, he blew air onto the circle to keep the fire burning. However, this method proved to be troublesome. Not only was the posture uncomfortable, but the fire could easily extinguish or fall off.

If there were metal-made tongs at this time, it would be much more convenient to directly pick up the burning charcoal. Now, it was a difficult process.

Watching Lame, Han Cheng nodded slightly. Lame's method was exactly what he had thought of, indicating that the tribe's first carpenter had been nurtured successfully.

If the tradition of the Green Sparrow Tribe could be passed down, Lame might become a figure like Lu Ban.

Yes, it should be passed down because the shaman and the shaman's disciple, Stone, have diligently recorded things on the clay tablets.

Lame would surely be recorded.

What about himself?

Suddenly, Han Cheng thought of this question. If the Green Sparrow Tribe became powerful and influential in the future, he might become a mythical figure like Gong Gong or Zhu Rong, or even someone like Huangdi.

Han Cheng daydreamed about it, and his expression twitched. He suddenly remembered the records in the shaman's memory about his origin: descending from the sky amidst thunder and lightning.

He would most likely be considered an extraterrestrial being, and the early civilization of the Green Sparrow Tribe might be classified as an extraterrestrial civilization.

Thinking like this, Han Cheng was looking forward to the day when archaeologists would excavate all this buried history after countless years.

Those archaeology experts would probably be utterly shocked at that time, which he found amusing.

"Divine Child."

A voice interrupted Han Cheng's whimsical thoughts. When he looked up, it was the person he had called back from the stone quarry, carrying a wooden plank.

Han Cheng, with the wooden plank, found a stone about fifteen, eleven, and eight centimeters in length, width, and height, respectively. It was relatively regular in shape, and it was brought over.

Having Lame take a break from standing on the stone, arms raised, eyes fixed on the burning end, sweating, Han Cheng, and the carpenter moved the large stone to where the circle had been drawn.

After adjusting their positions, Han Cheng used a short ruler to draw a cross on the relatively flat side facing up. Using the cross as the center, he circled a larger circle, making it larger than the one drawn on the ground.

Chapter 154: The busy and Quiet Tribe

"Pa, pa, pa."

Mu Tou squatted on the ground, holding a small piece of stone in his hand, smashing it against the large stone in front of him.

Fine stone chips or powder separated from the large stone, gradually forming a shallow pit. The position of the pit coincided with the circle drawn by Han Cheng earlier.

Han Cheng was not idle either. He used fire to burn the bottom of the door pivot, then took a small, rough stone and crouched down to polish it.

Smoothing the bottom of the door pivot could reduce friction, making the opening and closing much smoother.

The teacher of the gods' writings and language in the cave, Shi Tou, had already concluded his lessons for the day. The younger, underage individuals, who had just run out of the cave, gathered around, curiously observing the Divine Child and others creating things.

Some watched while unconsciously putting their fingers into their mouths, nibbling. When they noticed the Divine Child turning to look at them, they slightly froze and, upon realizing it, quickly withdrew their hands from their mouths, hiding them behind their backs.

Not far from the cave entrance, a few plump women held infants still nursing in their arms, lounging in the shade. They lazily observed everyone working while enjoying the coolness, and the aroma of food wafting from the cave made them even more content, shrouded in an indescribable feeling.

Observing the drastically transformed yet oddly comforting tribe, they occasionally teased the infants in their arms.

Some shameless ones even pinched the little private parts of the infants.

Most of these infants being nursed weren't their own but belonged to others. With their bodies gradually becoming unwieldy, there were many things they could no longer do. Since the Green Sparrow Tribe was now relatively prosperous and food was abundant, these plump women were enjoying a period of comfort.

They didn't need to do much; they just had to take good care of the children in the tribe, allowing those who had given birth and retained lighter bodies to handle the tasks.

Constantly huddling together for warmth and living interdependently, they lacked selfishness.

Occasionally, women who had gone elsewhere to work, those whose breasts were swollen with milk, hurriedly returned. They would pick up their children and feed them before offering their abundant milk to other infants.

After feeding their children, they would nurse other infants if their milk supply was plentiful.

The Eldest Senior Brother, who had spent years leading the tribe in hunting and tirelessly working for the tribe's continuation, sat on a stone, turning his head to look at all this. A smile involuntarily appeared on his face.

This kind of life now was something he had never dared to imagine in his dreams.

After resting, he resumed carrying stones to build the wall. He knew that to make the tribe better, besides the blessings of the gods and the guidance of the shaman, they needed to work with their own hands.

The person in charge of cooking came out, saying the food was ready. The Eldest Senior Brother placed the stone he was carrying onto the stone wall and called everyone to eat.

The person pulling stones from the west wall, hands cupped to the mouth, shouted towards the northwest stone quarry, conveying that it was time to eat.

Hearing the call, people busy at the stone quarry quickly abandoned their tasks, heading swiftly towards the tribe to enjoy their meal.

After toiling for half a day, they were already hungry.

The tools were brought back; none were left at the quarry.

Although there were no other tribes around the entire Green Sparrow Tribe that one could reach in a single day, and there was no chance of people from other tribes coming to steal their tools, they still brought them back because it was the command of the Divine Child.

Han Cheng had already polished the door shaft, but the stone pit and the hole on the lintel took a bit more effort, and only half was completed.

Han Cheng didn't have the habit of making people work overtime. He believed that when it was time to eat, one should eat, and other matters could wait until after the meal.

Therefore, Han Cheng called away the Lame, who was determined to make the hole through the lintel and had been busy for half a morning. The fellow was covered in sweat and dirt, with black and gray on his hands and face.

Not eating to replenish energy and rest like this could work.

Han Cheng trained this guy to be a master carpenter. Han Cheng would feel extremely regretful if he were to be damaged over this small hole.

The pregnant women holding children set up some washing basins filled with clear water by the water channel on the west side of the cave. Those who returned from work and were preparing to eat didn't need anyone to instruct them; they instinctively walked over to wash their hands and faces before entering the cave.

After everyone had washed, the water in the basins became muddy.

Although the Green Sparrow Tribe was now prosperous, the meal rules hadn't changed. Han Cheng still got the first share of the food, followed by the shaman.

Due to the hot weather, Han Cheng didn't want to eat anything too greasy. He specifically instructed the Eldest Senior Brother to give him more vegetables and less meat when serving the meal.

If he didn't specify, the Eldest Senior Brother, who always wanted the Divine Child to eat well, would serve him a big bowl of meat.

After lunch, it was time to rest. The people who had toiled for the morning welcomed a leisurely time. Some leaned against the wall in a daze, while others lay in their usual sleeping spots.

The Lame was about to continue making the hole through the lintel after eating, but Han Cheng stopped him, not allowing him to go, instructing him to rest with everyone else.

The Lame, who had claimed not to be tired while pounding his chest, leaned against the mountain wall and soon fell asleep.

In the afternoon, after more than half the time had passed, the Lame finally completed the hole on the lintel, pointing at the hole covered in black and gray and grinning at Han Cheng.

Han Cheng scolded him with a smile, and the carpenter brought over the already chiseled stone to measure it inside the threshold.

After marking the approximate position, they used wooden chisels and bone shovels to dig a hole. After digging the hole, they moved the stone and filled it with earth to seal it.

The stone was about one centimeter higher than the ground as a whole. This was to prevent debris from falling into the pit, affecting the door's opening and closing.

The pits on the stone corresponded to the hole on the lintel.

The excited Lame, without the help of the carpenter, brought the door over by himself.

Under Han Cheng's guidance, the upper part of the door shaft was first inserted into the hole inside the lintel. Then, with force, the door was lifted upward because the Lame had already cleared the hole. Thus, the upper door shaft could be fully inserted.

There was a gap below, and the shaft, which had been blocked and couldn't reach the pit below, could now be placed in it.

Both were fixed with holes on top of the lintel and pits on the stone. The wooden door would no longer move around recklessly. After trying to push and pull a few times, Han Cheng felt it was still good but not smooth enough.

After Han Cheng let go, the Lame also came to push and pull. While doing so, he looked up and down at it. His face showed even more joy because he had learned something new.

Like a child who had just received a new toy, the Lame, who wanted to express his joy to the Divine Child, found that the Divine Child did not seem as happy as expected.

Before the Lame could speak, the Divine Child turned and left the door, heading towards the cave.

The Lame opened and closed the door several times, then looked at the Divine Child who had hurriedly left. Confused, He scratched his head, thinking the wooden door was already installed well enough. Why did it seem like the Divine Child wasn't particularly pleased?

Chapter 155: The Fighter Among the Cocks

While the Lame scratched his head and played with the wooden door, Han Cheng had already left the cave.

He held a pottery spoon in his hand containing a semi-solid, somewhat whitish substance.

It was animal fat.

With the appearance of more and more rabbit snares, the Green Sparrow Tribe had been able to harvest quite a few small wild animals or birds every day.

Some prey were eaten the same day, while others were salted and dried into jerky.

Before doing this, Han Cheng would extract the fat from their abdomens or other parts, put it in a jar, heat it, refine it into oil, and store it in the jar.

Considering the current weather, the fat inside the jar should have melted into a liquid. However, the cave temperature was lower than outside, so it remained semi-solid.

The Lame recognized what the Divine Child had brought. They had vivid memories of this fat.

After heating the fat, Han Cheng placed cleaned vegetables into it, continuously stirring with chopsticks, then sprinkled some salt. The taste made one wish they could swallow their tongue.

Adding some of this oil to the already delicious salted fish soup made it even more delightful. Putting a bit of salt in this fat and anything you ate with it became an unparalleled delicacy.

Watching the Divine Child pour this spoonful of delicious fat into the stone pit below the door shaft, the Lame and the Mu Tou both felt a great regret. Involuntarily, they stretched their necks, looking like they wanted to take this fat out and put it in their mouths.

While feeling regret, they were also puzzled, not knowing the purpose of the Divine Child pouring this delicious substance here.

Could there be another use for this delicious fat besides eating?

The Lame quickly understood the other use of the fat. The door, which became much lighter, was opened and closed by him. Looking at the fat on the door shaft that had dyed the stone pit below slightly damp, he couldn't help licking his lips.

Indeed, good things were good. Not only did it taste good, but it was also very useful.

After the wooden door was installed, this house, built on a foundation of rocks, with walls pounded from the earth and a roof tiled with black tiles, finally looked like a real dwelling.

The remaining issue was the details. After a brief rest, they could move in with their bags.

Of course, Han Cheng wouldn't move in now. It was midsummer, and the cave, covered by a thick layer of rocks, didn't let sunlight in, making it an excellent place to escape the heat.

Although these three tile-roofed houses had thick walls, they were far less than the mountain cave. Living inside at this time would be somewhat stuffy.

Moreover, it was a newly built house with high humidity, not very good for the body.

Standing before the firewood door, looking at the pottery inside the tribe, Han Cheng sighed softly.

His previous estimate of the situation was too optimistic. He originally thought that after personally experiencing the benefits of pottery at the joyous meeting, other tribes would return home and intensify their hunting efforts. They would then use food and other items to exchange for pottery.

Then, the Green Sparrow Tribe could sit back and enjoy the profits of this exclusive business.

However, it had been almost two or three months since the joyous meeting, and so far, not a single tribe had come to exchange. This made Han Cheng quite helpless. He couldn't even become a cunning merchant bringing civilization to other tribes.

Thinking about the days when the Green Sparrow Tribe lived without a stable food source before developing the fish cage for fishing, Han Cheng shook his head slightly. He had indeed been too wishful.

Because food was hard to come by, it made food especially precious at this time. Without a stable source of food, the people of those tribes must have many hesitations about exchanging food for pottery.

Fortunately, over a month ago, to solve the problem of inbreeding among rabbits, he thought of a simple and effective tool, the rabbit snare.

Using these useful tools, the Green Sparrow Tribe had income every day. These prey not only enriched the variety of food in the Green Sparrow Tribe but also greatly eased the shortage of fur.

After years of hunting by the Green Sparrow Tribe, quite a few furs had accumulated.

However, many had deteriorated over time because they only knew simple nitration and did not value fur much before.

After Han Cheng's arrival, the fur had been developed for various purposes, and the fur stock was rapidly decreasing. Moreover, over the past year, under Han Cheng's leadership, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe have been entirely focused on construction and have barely gone out hunting. This exacerbated the shortage of fur.

Fortunately, they had the rabbit snares, temporarily solving the fur shortage problem.

However, this was not a long-term solution. The things that could be sustained on a piece of land were limited. As many prey fell into traps, the number of animals around the Green Sparrow Tribe rapidly declined.

Nowadays, the number of rabbit snares set out is five or six times more than initially, but the daily prey catch has not increased much. This was clear.

With the decrease in prey on this piece of land, the Green Sparrow Tribe's trapping area would gradually expand outward.

For now, let's leave it at that. When autumn arrives and many fruits ripen, these rows of houses will be almost ready for construction, and the Eldest Senior Brother and others can free up their hands to go hunting.

By then, the fur problem should be alleviated to some extent.

Han Cheng closed the door, returned to the chicken coop, ignored the smell of chicken dung, and eagerly looked at the naked chickens inside through the gaps in the wooden planks covering the coop.

There were already eleven wild chickens in the chicken coop, two significantly different from the other nine. Not only were they larger in size, but the color of their feathers also had a noticeable difference. Their wings were not as long as the first type, which was good at flying.

Compared to the previous type of wild chickens, these were undoubtedly more suitable for domestication and breeding.

It was a bit regrettable, though; these guys were males, and so far, not a single female had been caught.

To ensure that the good genes of these two guys were passed down, Han Cheng had all the male wild chickens from the other type caught and their necks twisted.

The male wild chickens were indeed quite miserable. Not only were they plucked of the feathers on their tails, but their bare and bloody buttocks also suffered, and they couldn't even save their lives. Moreover, after their death, their little female chickens were seized by two guys whose surnames were Wang and Song.

Whether these little female chickens would guard themselves like jade for the unfortunate male chicken and not let these two different male chickens touch them, Han Cheng was not worried.

It wasn't that he didn't believe in the virtue of these little female chickens, but he had enough confidence in these two male chickens.

Back in school, at the village entrance, he had witnessed how an old rooster had done things to a duck.

Since that incident, Han Cheng had an unwavering belief in the combat power of roosters.

Chapter 156: Good Education

These wild chickens in the chicken coop still maintain their glorious image of bald wings and bare buttocks. It's not that Han Cheng has magical hands that can make no grass grow after his treatment; instead, he takes the time to give these chickens a haircut every once in a while.

Although the methods are somewhat cruel, and the chickens look miserable after the haircut, the results are pretty good.

At least now, these guys flop around with their meaty wings and can't lift their feet off the ground.

Without feathers on their wings, they cannot fly and are confined within a small chicken coop. They can't run long distances. With each generation being raised this way, there will eventually come a day when they are entirely domesticated.

The wildness in these chickens has diminished, and they have gradually become accustomed to the presence of humans.

At least, after Han Cheng's arrival, they no longer cower in a corner, shivering with their bald buttocks facing him, as they did initially.

When Han Cheng approaches, they may still be slightly startled, but they just stand there or lie down, staring at him.

Han Cheng remains still, engaging in a silent battle of wills through the gaps in the wooden planks.

Naturally, Han Cheng emerges victorious in this silent battle against the chickens.

These days, the chickens, who have gradually become accustomed to this ruthless little monkey, resume their everyday lives after a brief confrontation.

The bolder ones may even perform some indescribable actions right before the little monkey, launching a practical attack against the single little monkey.

While these chickens wander around, in a corner, there is a chicken with much more vigorous feathers than the others lying there motionless. While others eat and drink, it remains indifferent.

This chicken lying on the straw nest made of hay is brooding eggs, commonly known as setting a nest.

Initially, Han Cheng didn't want it to set up a nest because it wouldn't lay eggs once it started.

Later, he thought about it. Just-born chicks are more accessible to domesticate, fulfilling the dream of this mother hen.

However, Han Cheng conducted a preliminary examination before the eggs were officially brooded.

This particular examination, like the prenatal examination in later times, was aimed at the fetus.

However, this fetus was quite unique it hadn't been born yet but had already run to the outside of its mother's belly.

Prenatal examinations were necessary for eugenics.

Of course, Han Cheng's primary purpose was to select the eggs that couldn't hatch into chicks and then eat them to avoid waste.

This was quickly done. In later times, when the hens were ready to set a nest, and it was time to select eggs suitable for hatching, Han Cheng handled it because his grandmother's eyesight wasn't good anymore.

When Han Cheng conducted these egg examinations, just like in later times, he chose a dazzling noon when sunlight streamed in. He had someone bring the stone slab used to block the door, covering the entrance to brighten up this dark corner.

Han Cheng picked up an egg from a small straw-filled basin, with the large end facing upward. He leaned in, using his left hand to cover the gap above the egg, forming a semi-circle with his right hand. This way, he could see the inside of the egg through the thin shell.

If the egg could hatch into a chick, a small pit would be inside the large end. If there was no pit, the egg wasn't fertilized and would be a waste to incubate. After incubating with the rest of the eggs for twenty-one days, nothing would happen except for it turning rotten.

Moreover, the smaller the shadowy pit inside, the better the fertilization, indicating a higher chance of successfully hatching a chick.

When selecting eggs, it's best to choose those with smaller shadowy pits.

Besides the higher hatching success rate, another reason is that the smaller the shadowy pit, the greater the chance that the hatched chick will be a hen.

In the past, most households raised hens for laying eggs, so hens were highly valued.

The combat power of these two roosters was indeed formidable. Among the twelve eggs, not a single one was unfertilized. This disappointed Han Cheng, who was hoping to pick one or two to eat. After all, now there was animal fat available, and imagining frying some wild onions with eggs in a flat-bottomed clay pot made his mouth water.

After observing for a while without finding eggs, Han Cheng left with a somewhat disappointed Fu Jiang.

These wild chickens weren't cutting it. They laid too few eggs, and after laying six, seven, eleven, or twelve eggs, they would stop to prepare for hatching chicks. They couldn't compare with the hens in later times who laid one or two eggs a day or those in specialized chicken farms.

To train these wild hen-like chickens to lay more eggs, besides the chicken with longer feathers, Han Cheng didn't allow the other hens to incubate eggs.

Every time they laid an egg, Han Cheng would take one away. Without eggs to incubate, their egg-laying cycle would shorten, and they would involuntarily prepare for laying another batch of eggs as soon as possible.

However, this required Han Cheng to patrol more often, chasing away those who pretended to incubate eggs but didn't lay any.

Alternatively, he would use a stick to herd the chosen hen-like chicken into a nest, pushing away any competitors.

Han Cheng no longer had deer milk to drink because the deer he often milked got pregnant again with the efforts of the deer lord.

However, weaning wouldn't last too long. Watching the deer lord's group of pregnant wives, Han Cheng felt a faint excitement and couldn't help but admire the formidable combat power of the deer lord.

In a short time, the deer herd of the Green Sparrow tribe would almost double.

Imagine a large group of deer belonging to their tribe peacefully grazing in the grassland. Han Cheng couldn't help but feel excited.

And thinking about himself holding a pottery jar, milking each of these deer one by one, with the jar filled with warm, white milk, Han Cheng became even more excited.

The Deer lord didn't feel annoyed about this little two-legged creature spying on his wives. He seemed a bit excited, just like the little two-legged creature.

Not sure if it was reminded of the taste of milk again, but after staring at Han Cheng for a while, the deer lord extended its head, licked its nostrils, then stretched its neck and lifted the upper lip, revealing its large front teeth, and repeated its classic yet lewd expression.

Eight new guests- four males and four females- were added inside the rabbit enclosure. With them around, the issue of inbreeding among rabbits would no longer be a problem.

During these days, the Green Sparrow tribe had expanded their rabbit breeding efforts, and the rabbits they obtained were not limited to just these eight. The eight chosen ones were carefully selected, while the others that didn't cut had already been skinned and gutted. Some had met their unknown fates.

Chapter 157: You will start missing it after you lose it

"Divine Child Divine Child"

Han Cheng was making tiles with Hei Wa when suddenly he heard the continuous shouts of "Divine Child."

The voices were filled with anxiety and panic. Han Cheng was startled. When he turned his head to look, he saw several people rushing out from the gate of the surrounding wall. They were running towards him, urgently shouting.

Could it be that those reckless tribesmen have come again?

If that's the case, things could get troublesome. Many people were still working at the quarry.

Thinking this, Han Cheng didn't even have time to drop the clay in his hands. He stood up and turned his head to survey the surroundings quickly. Except for a few birds not far away waiting for small fish to eat, which were startled by the sudden noise and flew away, there were no other changes. He didn't see any outsiders.

Han Cheng's heart settled a bit. He shouted to Hei Wa and the other two people making tiles, "Run!"

Then, without looking back, he sprinted towards the gate of the surrounding wall.

Regardless of what had happened, the first thing was to get inside the wall and close the gate. That was Han Cheng's thought.

Hei Wa and the other two people watched Divine Child running faster than a rabbit. For a moment, they looked at each other in surprise. It was unexpected that Divine Child could run so fast with his two short legs.

After a brief moment of being stunned, they shook off their astonishment and followed Divine Child's footsteps, quickly running towards the tribe's gate.

"Divine Child, Divine Child!"

People running out from the tribe continued to shout as they ran toward Han Cheng. The voices were urgent.

As they approached, Han Cheng recognized the people: it was the Third Senior Brother and a few others.

"What's what's going on?" Han Cheng asked loudly, panting.

"People people!" Third Senior Brother urgently exclaimed.

Upon hearing this, Han Cheng immediately became anxious. It seemed that people from another tribe had indeed come.

He didn't see them, probably because they came from the other two directions of the surrounding wall.

While anxious, he also wanted to scold Third Senior Brother and the others for not bringing weapons when they knew enemies were approaching.

Hei Wa and the others caught up from behind. Hei Wa grabbed one of Divine Child's hands, and they all continued running.

As they met, there was no time for many words. The third Senior Brother and the others turned around and rushed towards the courtyard gate together.

"Where are the enemies?" Han Cheng shouted as they ran.

"There, there!" Third Senior Brother pointed directly at the tribe's gate.

Han Cheng's heart sank again. The enemies had silently attacked inside the courtyard.

In a hurry, they ran into the courtyard but found no other people. There was no one else besides the guards on the low walls on both sides.

Han Cheng puzzled, asked the Third Senior Brother where the people were. Third Senior Brother anxiously pointed to the cave.

Han Cheng's eyes widened instantly.

This was not just a ruthless intrusion into the tribe without a sound, but they had also occupied the cave.

Who could be so capable? Could it be a time traveler with a silenced firearm?

While the Third Senior Brother urgently brought him back, was he expecting Han Cheng to perform miracles and eliminate these invaders?

Han Cheng thought with an open mind as he ran.

"Divine Child, Divine Child!"

People emerged from the cave again, and the leader was the Eldest Senior Brother who served as the chief. As soon as he came out, he saw Han Cheng approaching rapidly, carried by Hei Wa and the other person. He couldn't help but show a joyful expression and hurriedly stepped forward, shouting.

Seeing this, Han Cheng felt relieved. It seemed it wasn't an attack; something else must have happened.

"What's going on?" Han Cheng asked again.

Eldest Senior Brother didn't have time to say much. Just gestured for Han Cheng to hurry to the cave.

Inside the cave, many people had gathered. Seeing Han Cheng coming in, they quickly stood up and gave way.

Surprised by the scene inside, Han Cheng hastened his steps.

Not far from the constantly burning fire pit of the Green Sparrow tribe, a person lay on the ground. It was one of the two old primitive men responsible for tending the flames throughout the year.

The shaman crouched beside him, occasionally testing his breath with his hand, his face filled with heaviness and helplessness.

Being older, the shaman had seen life and death countless times. Despite being calmer in such situations, he still felt the pain, especially since this person was from their Green Sparrow tribe and much older than him.

The shaman shook his head slightly. Based on his experience, the old primitive man called Fire One by Divine Child was clearly beyond saving.

After making this judgment, he suddenly remembered Divine Child, who had brought countless miracles. He quickly sent someone to find Divine Child, hoping to revive Fire One's life.

The shaman lifted his head, not saying a word but looking expectantly at Divine Child, who was approaching.

Han Cheng quickly reached Fire One, who lay on the ground with tightly closed eyes.

When he lowered his head, Han Cheng saw a flush on Fire One's aged face, covered in sweat, and many heat rashes on the exposed skin.

Han Cheng reached out to check Fire One's breath, and it felt scorching as if the air exhaled from his nostrils was burning.

This seemed like a heatstroke.

Looking at the nearby fire pit, Han Cheng quickly had people carry Fire One to a ventilated area near the cave entrance. He instructed someone to bring a basin of cold water and prepare a bowl of cool boiled water with some salt.

Upon seeing Divine Child's arrival, Eldest Senior Brother and the others didn't stay crouched like the shaman but immediately set about doing tasks. Each of them felt a sense of joy and busily followed Han Cheng's instructions.

Despite Fire One's old age, he had been taking turns with Fire Two daily to ensure the tribe's fire source remained lit. Even though he might not be able to do much now, they were unwilling to let him pass away like this.

Han Cheng had some people step back, open the ventilation, and then unfasten the skins wrapped around Fire One. He used his hands to continuously wipe his body with cool water to lower his temperature. He also had someone administer a bowl of cool boiled water with added salt.

At this moment, they lacked copper. If they had copper, scraping his back with it would likely be more effective, and having a bowl of mung bean soup to drink would also help.

However, they had nothing now, and all Han Cheng could do was this.

Wiping Fire One's body with cool water, Han Cheng couldn't help but sniffle as he looked at the numerous heat rashes on Fire One's body. He felt a bit uneasy.

The presence of the two old primitive men in the Green Sparrow tribe was fragile, and people, including Han Cheng, rarely paid much attention to them.

Now that something had happened, Fire One might not survive. People suddenly realized the significance of their existence, understanding how much the tribe would lose after they were gone.

It was often like this when you possess something, you don't feel its importance but only realize it when you lose it. Things that were previously taken for granted become essential.

Chapter 158: Getting Fire Part One

After being busy for a while, Han Cheng called someone over to take his place and continue the treatment. Under the current conditions, he had no better options. Whether Fire One could pull through or not would ultimately be up to fate.

Walking over to the unaffected Fire Two, Han Cheng also noticed a layer of heat rashes on his body. Upon closer inspection of the others, he found that only the two had the most heat rashes.

It was easy to understand why they were constantly facing a pile of fire, and now it was midsummer.

"Wake up, wake up!" Eldest Senior Brother exclaimed with joy, and the eyes of everyone around Han Cheng were filled with admiration.

Han Cheng hurried over, and Fire One, whose eyes had been tightly closed before, had now opened them, though he remained extremely weak. Han Cheng had someone continue wiping his body with cool water while bringing a bowl of salted boiled water to feed him.

"Divine Child!"

Looking at Han Cheng, the people around had even more reverence in their eyes. While Divine Child had performed miracles before, today's actions were undoubtedly more awe-inspiring, as he had managed to save someone on the brink of death.

Liang was the most excited among the crowd. After witnessing Divine Child use his abilities to revive someone on the verge of death, he clenched his fists tightly, and his aspiration to become a healer strengthened.

After the tribe respectfully paid their respects to Divine Child, many people excitedly jumped around, expressing their joy with loud cheers.

However, Han Cheng wasn't as happy as they were. He was contemplating the situation with the fire, thinking about how to improve the fire-making technology.

Burning flames continuously for twenty-four hours in the heat of summer was overly hot. It was fine for those who usually didn't approach the fire pit, but the elderly Fire One and Fire Two had suffered.

Fire One was lucky to have survived Han Cheng's simple treatment this time, but would he be so fortunate next time?

This issue needed to be resolved.

Han Cheng couldn't make matches or lighters. He could only think of fire knives, fire stones, or perhaps fire drills.

Fire stones were rare, and the possibility of finding fire knives or stones around the Green Sparrow tribe was too small.

Moreover, the fire knives of the future were made of hard steel. Han Cheng had heard from the elders in his family that the better the fire knife, the easier it was to ignite the fire with just one strike. However, the use of steel alone was enough to stop him.

The only remaining option seemed to be to manufacture fire drills.

Han Cheng also knew a bit about the fire starter. He would roll up the yellow paper used for ancestral offerings, insert it tightly into a bamboo tube, then light one end with fire and cover it. The paper wick inside the bamboo tube would burn extremely slowly and remain unextinguished.

When needed, you just need to open the cover and blow out the flame.

Han Cheng smirked, realizing he had no bamboo and no yellow paper.

Indeed, it was the primitive era.

Having memories from future generations, he found even these simple tasks challenging. The ancestors, however, took step by step, overcoming difficulties and eventually achieving brilliance, making one couldn't help but admire them.

How much hardship and setbacks did they endure in this process? One could only imagine.

"Pa, pa, pa."

The night was deep, adorned with gem-like stars. The night seemed serene without the neon lights and bustling crowds, bringing genuine joy and peace from within.

In the quiet night, the sound of striking stones echoed. Along with this sound, scattered orange sparks were flashing, drawing arcs in the air, and then disappearing.

Like fleeting meteors in the night sky.

Compared to yellow paper and bamboo, Han Cheng felt it was more reliable to find stones for striking. So, this afternoon, he carried a small basket and went to the nearby quarry to find some stones for striking.

Most of the hard stones could produce sparks when struck, but to quickly ignite a fire, one needed to find those that could erupt with many sparks with just one strike.

Shaman, Eldest Senior Brother, Lame, Mu Tou, and others gathered around, watching the sparking flames and the determined striking of the Divine Child with stones.

They had already learned from the shamans about their intentions. The shamans were looking for a new way to start a fire, freeing Fire One and Fire Two from the daily task of tending to the flames so they wouldn't face life-threatening situations like today.

Everyone was moved by the Divine Child's kindness and compassion. Fire One and Fire Two, who knew the reason, were even more overwhelmed with emotion. Tears filled their eyes, which were already prone to shedding tears.

Feeling a bit better, Fire One struggled to get up to continue tending to the fire, not letting the Divine Child bear such hardship.

"Pa, pa, pa."

The sound of striking continued, and the sparks kept flashing. Suddenly, the sparks that used to flicker and go out grew, becoming larger and brighter.

Han Cheng stopped striking, set aside the stones, picked up the tinder on the ground, and put it to his mouth to blow.

After receiving a breath of Divine Child's mystical air, whether or not it carried any bad breath, the spark on the fire tinder in Han Cheng's hand became even brighter. Soon after, a small flame rose, dancing in the night sky.

Shaman, Eldest Senior Brother, and others gathered around and watched the flickering flame, each with widened eyes.

When it came to fire-making, they only knew about using Mu Tou drills and had never imagined that stones could also generate fire.

Mu Tou, who often dealt with stones, had the widest eyes. He had seen such sparks more than once and found them amusing. Little did he know that these seemingly tiny sparks could ignite a fire, which couldn't even be felt when they splashed on the body.

By the light of the fire, Mu Tou approached Han Cheng, eager to try holding a stone himself.

Han Cheng pinched a corner of the fire tinder, held it before him, and observed the dancing flame. When it was about to burn his hand, he let go, allowing it to fall to the ground.

The fire tinder burned on the ground, but since there was no additional kindling, the flame quickly diminished, eventually extinguishing completely.

Han Cheng sighed softly and handed the two stones that had proven to be the most effective in creating sparks to Mu Tou, who was eager to try.

The people around, delighted by the appearance of the fire, were puzzled when they heard Divine Child's sigh. After all, Divine Child had just created a new method of making fire why would he be unhappy?

Chapter 159: Tinder tree

Of course, Han Cheng was not pleased. His goal was to find a method for quickly igniting fires, and using these two stones to make fire was slower than using wooden drills. Even if he proved that it was possible to create fire with stones, what significance did it hold?

The next day, Han Cheng no longer sought stones but attempted to make fire drills. Lacking bamboo tubes, he used bone rods as substitutes and replaced yellow paper with the fire tinder used during ignition. After tinkering for a while, he finally created a makeshift fire drill.

Han Cheng brought it to the burning fire pit, lit one end, and blew out the flame, allowing it to burn in a smoldering state; however, the smoldering flame extinguished shortly after that.

Han Cheng used a thin stick to poke out the fire tinder inside the bone rod, thinking he might have packed it too tightly, quickly causing it to burn out. When refilling, he didn't pack it as densely.

After tightly sealing one end of the bone rod, he brought it back to the fire pit and ignited it. The fire tinder did not extinguish this time, but it burned quickly. Han Cheng estimated that it lasted only about half an hour before the fifteen-centimeter makeshift fire drill was consumed entirely.

Han Cheng continued adjusting the tightness of the fire tinder. When he found that the fire tinder used for ignition was insufficient to meet the demand, he began trying other materials.

It is said that Edison experimented with over a thousand materials before successfully inventing the light bulb. Similarly, Han Cheng tried dozens of materials to manufacture fire drills, but he still did not succeed.

Up to this point, the fire drills he created couldn't sustain a flame for long, with the longest lasting only until mid-morning.

Nevertheless, these fire drills could still be used. Previously, when Shang or Hei Wa wanted to ignite fires at the stone quarry or clay pit, the only method was to quickly fetch burning charcoal or a couple of burning wooden sticks from the roaring fire pit in the cave, fearing that the flames would extinguish if delayed.

Sometimes, in unfortunate situations, they needed to make two or three trips to keep the fire burning.

Now, with these fire drills that could burn considerably, they became more composed and calm when lighting fires outside.

While the people of the Green Sparrow tribe deeply admired Divine Child's wisdom, Han Cheng frowned, showing a dissatisfied expression.

This kind of fire drill still fell far short of his expectations. He needed one that could burn continuously throughout the night without extinguishing, allowing him to extinguish the roaring fire pit in the cave confidently.

A small fire drill truly puzzled Han Cheng this time. He stayed in the cave, lost in thought, trying to figure out a solution.

Fu Jiang, the domesticated wolf that had become more like a Husky, was pulling at the tiny leather skirt tied around Han Cheng's waist, trying to drag him out to play. In its effort, the wolf accidentally pulled down the short skirt.

As Han Cheng inadvertently exposed himself, Fu Jiang, with the skirt in his mouth, retreated several steps.

"Oh no!"

Indeed, these words did not come from Fu Jiang, which would be pretty extraordinary.

Limping in from outside, Lamé walked with a distinct sway and approached the inner cave area to get a hand pressure drill, preparing to drill a hole. Seeing Divine Child sitting there, absorbed in deep thought, Lamé dared not disturb him. After taking the hand drill, he carefully walked out.

However, after taking only a few steps, Fu Jiang caused a commotion.

Lamé leg condition was not good to begin with, and being suddenly tripped by Fu Jiang, he lost control and fell to the ground.

Although Fu Jiang dodged quickly and avoided being hit by Lamé, he fell heavily.

A cry of pain escaped from Lamé's mouth.

Instead of caring about his injuries, Lamé hastily picked up the hand pressure drill that fell to the side. The cave floor was made of stone, and the relatively fragile stone drill bit happened to hit the stone, breaking in the middle.

This made Lamé regretful because this hand-pressure drill was the most comfortable.

Feeling a bit annoyed, Lamé wanted to hit Fu Jiang. However, seeing the amusing sight of the wolf carrying Divine Child's leather skirt in its mouth, he couldn't help but burst into laughter.

At this moment, Han Cheng, deep in contemplation, naturally couldn't focus on his thoughts. He hurried over to help Lamé stand up. Although Lamé had already managed to stand alone, he held the broken stone drill, looking quite regretful.

Seeing that Lamé was fine, Han Cheng turned his stern gaze toward Fu Jiang, the foolish dog. Fu Jiang also realized it had caused trouble, and with its tail hanging down, it shyly brought the leather skirt to Han Cheng, rubbing it against his hand.

Han Cheng patted the wolf on the head twice, took the skirt, and tied it around his waist. Fu Jiang, glancing at Han Cheng with a playful look, seized the opportunity to turn around, spread its four legs, and dashed out of the cave, afraid that it might get kicked on the butt if it ran too slowly.

Amused by the scene, Han Cheng scolded with a smile. He then looked at the broken stone drill in Lamé's hand, feeling regretful. After all, it wasn't easy to grind a stone into a proper drill bit.

Just as he was about to instruct Lamé to use another hand drill for now and fix this one later, a flash of inspiration crossed his mind.

Gathering the skirt back into place, Han Cheng said, "Give me this, and you use another one."

Before finishing his sentence, the broken hand pressure drill from Lamé was already in Han Cheng's hand.

Has Divine Child come up with another brilliant idea?

Thinking this, Lamé, holding a drill about the same size as the broken one, didn't bother brushing off the dust on his body. He quickly rushed after Divine Child, eager to see what miracle Divine Child could create with the familiar hand pressure drill.

Han Cheng found a large, soft tree branch with a diameter of about two centimeters and a length of two meters, bringing it back to the courtyard.

Cutting it into two pieces, he marked a point near the top of the thicker section and had Lame, who was watching on the side, use the hand pressure drill to create a hole. The hole didn't need to be too deep; drilling halfway into the wood was sufficient.

While Lame drilled the hole, Han Cheng swiftly dealt with the other section of the wooden stick. He smoothed one end and carved a groove with a stone knife on the other end to hold the rope. Then, he wrapped the wooden stick, made to the specifications of the drill bit, with two loops of rope and attached it to the hand pressure drill.

By this time, Lame had finished drilling the hole.

Han Cheng took a look and used a thin stone slab that could be called a stone knife to carve two grooves on the left and right sides of the wooden hole. In this way, a much lighter tool for drilling wood and starting a fire was made compared to the original tools used by the tribe.

Han Cheng obtained a bunch of fire tinder made from the leaves of a tree unfamiliar to him. When crumpled in the hand, many fine fibers would come out, making it suitable for starting a fire. However, it was not the same as the *Eucommia ulmoides* tree commonly seen in later years; Han Cheng could easily distinguish between them.

Thus, this unknown tree gained a grand name in Han Cheng's eyes the Fire Tinder Tree.

Chapter 160: Getting Fire

A bundle of fire tinder was placed underneath the tree stick, lying flat on the ground with a small hole drilled into it. Han Cheng inserted the wooden rod into the modified hand pressure drill. With one foot stepping on the stick to prevent it from moving, he started pressing the hand drill up and down, using the same technique as when drilling objects.

The wooden drill rod quickly rotated as Han Cheng pressed up and down. In just a few moments, a wisp of blue smoke rose from the hole in the wood, followed by warm, black wood shavings falling from the grooves on either side of the wooden hole onto the soft tinder below.

Han Cheng felt a hint of excitement and continued pressing the hand drill. As the drill continued to rotate, more dark wood shavings fell. In a short time, white smoke began to rise from the tinder beneath the wooden stick.

Han Cheng then took the hand pressure drill away and blew on the tinder with a puff of air. Soon, a small flame appeared.

Reflecting on it, this time, it took only two or three minutes to drill wood and start a fire, which was much faster than the tribe's original method of drilling wood and the firestone method he had used before!

Considering this was his first time using the hand pressure drill for fire-making, the effect was remarkably significant. With more practice over time, the speed would undoubtedly increase.

Han Cheng thought about this and turned to see Lame, who was daydreaming while watching the tinder burn. Han Cheng had an idea and asked Lame to try it.

Excited about the prospect of using a hand pressure drill to create fire, Lame quickly came over, took the hand pressure drill, and, due to excessive excitement, his hands were trembling.

As Lame drilled the hole, black wood shavings flowed out, and white smoke rose from the tinder. Soon, flames danced on the tinder, appearing bright in Lame's eyes.

Lame, being the one who most often used the hand pressure drill in the tribe, was amazed that simply replacing the wooden stick could create fire. When summoned by the Divine Child to try it, Lame had shaky hands due to overwhelming excitement.

The wooden drill rotated, black wood shavings flowed, white smoke emerged, and flames flickered. When Lame saw this, his eyes brightened even more.

In the tribe, Lame used the hand pressure drill most frequently. Now, having him try, he took significantly less time than Han Cheng.

Han Cheng's joy on his face intensified. The problem that had troubled him for so long was unexpectedly resolved using this method!

It wasn't the originally thought-of flint and steel or fire starter; it was the third way!

This made him feel like everything was falling into place. There will be an echo when you hold something dear to your heart!

Seeing the Divine Child happy, Lame also became even more joyful. Holding the uniquely crafted hand pressure drill, he stood on the side smiling foolishly. Lame, who had forgotten his mistake earlier, somehow found his way back and started wagging his tail. Unaware of the past, the Happy Puppy seemed to be jumping around randomly.

Holding the newly crafted fire-making tool, Han Cheng walked back into the cave. He called over Fire One, who was taking care of the fire pit, and asked him to come and witness the wood-drilling fire.

Fire One had recovered. This might be related to the significant improvement in the living standards of the Green Sparrow Tribe since Han Cheng's arrival, which enhanced her resistance. Otherwise, she might not have survived this time.

The blisters on his body had not disappeared but had burst due to continuous sweating. While squatting there looking after the flames, he couldn't stop scratching.

"You come."

Han Cheng extinguished the tinder and then pointed at the hand pressure drill, indicating Fire One to try.

Fire One and Fire Two were getting older, and unlike the shaman who engaged in mental labor, their ability to adapt to new things was not very strong. They could now understand a fair amount of Mandarin, but their speaking ability was limited.

Fire One felt excited and apprehensive about this novel way of starting a fire. After hesitating momentarily, he followed Han Cheng's instructions, taking the hand drill and imitating Han Cheng.

However, while hand drilling seemed smooth in Han Cheng's and Lame's hands, it became cumbersome for Fire One. The drill would go off-center, slip out of the wooden pit, or get stuck after just a couple of turns

Fire One appeared awkward and wanted to return the tool to the shaman.

On the other hand, Han Cheng waved his hand with a smile, squatting down to teach Fire One patiently. He demonstrated from time to time and even provided hands-on guidance.

Having dealt with elderly people before, Han Cheng understood their feelings well. Moreover, Fire One and Two had been silently contributing to the Green Sparrow Tribe, making him even more patient.

"Fire! Fire!"

Under Han Cheng's tireless guidance, Fire One ignited the tinder with the new tool and excitedly shouted.

Starting a fire by drilling wood was a physically demanding task. Due to his age, Fire One had long stopped doing such chores. Occasionally, when the fire in the pit extinguished unexpectedly, others from the tribe would drill wood for fire.

Now, using the tools made by the shaman, he could drill wood for fire, and he didn't feel tired at all. If he weren't happy, that would be strange.

Excitedly calling out, Fire One reluctantly watched the flame on the tinder extinguish.

After the flame on the tinder ultimately died out, he fetched another bundle of tinder, then used the hand drill to drill wood for fire again, as if he were a child with a new toy filled with joy.

After producing fire two more times, the elated Fire One woke Fire Two, who was currently sleeping after last night's watch.

Fire Two was shaken awake by Fire One, still half-asleep and not understanding what Fire One meant. He felt that Fire One seemed excited as if there was something good to share. So, he groggily followed along, watching Fire One do something strange.

When he saw flames appear with Fire One's actions, the originally drowsy Fire Two suddenly became wide awake.

He pointed to the flames, then to the hand drill, expressing disbelief as he looked at Fire One, murmuring incoherently. He urgently wanted to know what was going on, why Fire One could produce fire like this.

Fire One, who had been previously troubled, now smiled. He was delighted with Fire Two's reaction.

As an experienced person, he began explaining everything to Fire Two.

Fire Two turned around but didn't find the Divine Child's figure. Instead, he bowed towards the inner cave.

Then, he expressed her desire to try it himself and learn this method of fire-starting.

Fire One was naturally delighted. Watching Fire Two's clumsy attempts, he couldn't help feeling a sense of superiority. He then earnestly taught Fire Two what he had just learned from the Divine Child.

The everlasting flame in the tribe's cave had been extinguished. The tribe, accustomed to it, always felt something was missing, and many people inexplicably felt a bit uneasy.

After this continuous situation lasted for several days, it gradually disappeared

Initially, most people in the tribe were not very supportive of extinguishing that pile of fire, as it had been burning continuously since their birth.

It wasn't until Fire One and Fire Two, who had dedicated several days to practicing drilling wood for fire, appeared on the scene. After quickly drilling fire with the new tools, the doubts in their minds gradually dissipated

By now, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe have slowly become accustomed to the absence of the fire pit. Fire One or Fire Two can quickly drill fire whenever it's time to cook, never delaying the cooking process. People's lives remain unaffected, and they naturally accept this new reality.

The prickly heat on Fire One and Fire Two, liberated from this situation, gradually dissipated.

The two accustomed to caring for the fire pit initially felt quite uncomfortable, with a sense of idleness, like something was missing.

However, this feeling quickly disappeared because their shaman gave each of them a spindle