

Primitive 19

Chapter 19: Crude and disgusting gloves

After all the ice holes had been drilled and the work of spearing and transporting fish had proceeded in an orderly manner, Han Cheng didn't hesitate. He turned around and ran into the cave.

This damn weather was just too cold. His two "eggs" were nowhere to be seen, and the little bird had shrunk to just a small head, looking quite pitiful.

If he didn't go back and warm up soon, Han Cheng worried that no joy would be left in the future.

When Han Cheng returned, the first batch of fishes caught today had already been returned to the cave.

Han Cheng squatted by the fire for a while, feeling an unusual itchiness in his hands and feet. He immediately knew something was wrong. His hands and feet were most likely frostbitten.

He warmed himself by the fire for a while, scratched his hands and feet, and felt warmth return to his body. Then he went back into the inner cave.

Shaman smiled faintly, holding a stone pen and engraving something on a stone tablet. According to Han Cheng's previous experience, it was probably about catching fish under the ice to fill one's stomach during the winter.

Han Cheng silently stood on the side and watched for a while. He didn't disturb him because Shaman was writing seriously, completely immersed in his world. Instead, he left quietly.

He came to a place in the cave specifically used to store fur and began to search through it.

Because the tribe lived by fishing, hunting, and gathering, they accumulated a lot of fur over the years. However, many of them had shed due to their age.

Usually, these furs would be used to wrap fruits, and the good ones would be kept to resist the cold.

Han Cheng searched them for a while and found four rabbit hides that didn't shed much hair.

Because rabbit hides were too small and inconvenient to wrap around the body for warmth, they were not very popular in the tribe.

However, for Han Cheng, these things were very useful.

He placed the rabbit hide on the ground, placed his right hand on the rabbit hide, and folded it over with his left hand. A warm feeling immediately spread up.

Frowning, Han Cheng realized the rabbit hide was still too big for his hands. One rabbit hide could fit four or five of his hands when rolled up.

This kind of glove would be extremely inconvenient and not very warm.

He went to where tools were stored, took out a stone knife usually used to open animals, and held it in his hand for a few moments, laughing bitterly.

This stone knife was fine for a strong adult to use to open up an animal just killed. But in his current state, dealing with dry hides was somewhat unrealistic.

Indeed, after he spread the hides on the ground, pressed them with one hand, and held the stone knife in the other, after pulling for more than ten minutes without any sign of the hides splitting, Han Cheng gave up on splitting the hides in half.

Forget it. If he couldn't make gloves, he could make a hand warmer.

He consoled himself with this compromise and then returned the stone knife to its original place. Holding the hides, he went to another location.

He was preparing to make a hand warmer.

Han Cheng still didn't make the hand warmer, not because he lacked needles and thread, but because he accidentally tore the rabbit hides apart.

Of course, he didn't use his teeth.

Already prepared to make a hand warmer, he suddenly remembered a method from his later years when he wanted to cut a rope without scissors or other tools.

Holding the rabbit hide, he came to the stone slab used as a door panel at the cave entrance. He selected the sharpest edge, then grabbed the rabbit hide with both hands, the side without fur facing down. He aligned the edge in the middle and pressed down with force, rubbing it up and down.

Friction, friction.

This method is really good, at least much better than using a stone knife to cut dry hides. Because this way, you can use the strength of your whole body, and because the friction is fast and the distance is long, after heating up, it can accelerate the breakdown of the hide.

So after about ten minutes of friction, the hide was split in half.

The hide was ready, but the next step of sewing became a big problem because the tribe lacked needles and thread.

Han Cheng had no choice but to use his brain and search the ground for fish bones that had been spit out.

Unfortunately, these fish bones were too fragile, or the hide was too thick. Han Cheng had to give up this method after breaking five or six fish bones in a row and not finding a single needle hole in the hide.

Fishbone spines were unusable, so Han Cheng had to think of another way.

Yes, he picked up a stone again.

Placing the hide on a large stone, he held another sharp-headed stone in his other hand and smashed it down on the edge of the hide.

Indeed, sometimes a little violence was needed. The hide, helpless against several broken fishbone spines, quickly yielded after encountering a stone. Han Cheng created a small hole with five or seven strikes.

After the first hole, he didn't stop but continued to use the stone to make holes in the hide, controlling the distance and trying to hit one every half-centimeter. Of course, if he accidentally hit it crooked, that was also fine. It was about solving the problem of warmth and food, not pursuing aesthetics.

The sound of tapping inside the cave pulled Shaman out of his ethereal state of recording things.

He furrowed his brows, put down the stone pen in his hand, and rubbed his sore fingers and wrists. He walked out of the inner cave to see who made such a racket.

When he saw that it was Han Cheng knocking with a stone, a slightly surprised expression appeared on his face.

Shaman walked to Han Cheng's side, and after seeing Han Cheng's actions clearly, a look of confusion appeared in his eyes. He didn't understand why the divine child made this good hide into two smaller halves, and so many small holes were smashed into it.

Wasn't it better for the hide to be larger?

Larger hides were better for wrapping around the body for warmth or for wrapping fruits. Why did the divine child make it smaller?

If it were before, Shaman would think that this little guy was fooling around. However, the experiences of yesterday were still vivid in his mind, making him not harbor the slightest contempt for this divine child who seemed to be only six or seven years old.

Han Cheng looked up at Shaman, also noticing Shaman's confusion. However, he didn't explain anything because the tribal language was too simple. It would take a lot of effort to explain what he wanted to do to Shaman and the usefulness of this thing. It was more convenient to just make the gloves.

Han Cheng finally smashed small holes along three edges of the rabbit hide, creating needle holes.

The problem of the thread was relatively easy to solve because there was a type of grass around here that was very tough and could be used as a rope.

There was a large quantity of this grass around, and many were inside the cave, used as firewood and to keep warm under the body.

Under Shaman's gaze, Han Cheng found a relatively long piece of this grass. After folding the split hide, he began to use this grass, which he called rope grass, to thread through the aligned small holes.

Han Cheng didn't use the common alternating stitching technique from later years, as this technique was unsuitable for the current situation.

Instead, he used the tough rope grass to pass through two aligned holes that were folded together, wrapping it around twice, pulling it tight, and then threading it through the next hole.

After approximately twenty minutes, the first glove of this era appeared.