

Primitive 20

Chapter 20: Speaking proper Mandarin

The gloves looked peculiar, more like a small rectangular pocket made of leather than an actual glove, with even the thumb not separated.

However, Han Cheng was already very happy. He eagerly opened the pocket-like opening of the glove and inserted his right hand.

The furry and smooth rabbit fur wrapped around his entire hand, and a warmth quickly spread from the glove to his hand as if his whole hand was being caressed by something soft and beautiful.

Yes, you read it right. The gloves made by Han Cheng had fur on the inside and leather on the outside.

As for the appearance, it didn't matter. The primary requirement for making gloves was warmth, and everything else was secondary.

As for attaching fur to the leather, there was no need to consider it. In his tribe, they lacked everything except leather. It was far from the imagination of those ancient people who prepared to wear an old sheepskin coat for a lifetime and pass it on to the next generation if possible.

Seeing Han Cheng's actions and the joy on his face, the shaman seemed to understand something.

When Han Cheng saw the shaman looking at him, he removed the gloves, gestured for the shaman to stretch out his hand, and then put the gloves on him.

When Han Cheng put the gloves on him, the shaman's hands seemed stiff, showing he was unfamiliar with this strange thing.

After the gloves were put on, the shaman's expression changed. He felt the warmth and gently moved his hands up and down, left and right. These strange things securely wrapped around his hands, unlike before, when he wrapped the fur on his hands with a rope, and it would easily come loose if not paid attention, making his hands uncomfortable.

Feeling the warmth, the shaman's eyes brightened because he thought of the many people in the tribe who suffered from red, swollen, and cracked hands yearly due to the cold.

If everyone had two of these things, they could take their hands out when working and put them in when not working. The people in the tribe would suffer much less.

And if the hands were taken care of, whether hunting or doing other things, efficiency would be greatly improved.

"Is this from the heavens?"

The shaman pointed to the sky solemnly, then turned back and pointed to the totem pole in the inner cave. He then brought the gloves he held closer to Han Cheng's eyes, looking at him with anticipation and excitement.

Seeing the shaman like this, Han Cheng couldn't deny the shaman's intentions. He nodded and said, "Yes, from the heavens."

The shaman's devout expression increased by a point. "This"

He spoke, pointing to the gloves in his hand.

Han Cheng looked at it for a while before understanding that the shaman was asking for the name of the gloves.

This put Han Cheng in a dilemma because there was no vocabulary for gloves in the shaman's tribe.

Han Cheng racked his brains but couldn't come up with a similar term to tell the shaman that these were gloves.

Suddenly, a flash of inspiration struck his mind. Since there was no word for gloves in the tribe, why not create one?

After all, wasn't vocabulary expanding day by day?

"Gloves."

Han Cheng said the word in proper Mandarin.

The shaman's face showed a puzzled expression. He did not understand the meaning of gloves because he had never encountered such a strange word.

Han Cheng was now as patient as when the shaman taught him the tribe's language.

He pointed to the gloves and spoke again, "These are gloves. with the first two words in the tribal language and the latter in proper Mandarin.

"Gloves."

The shaman repeated after Han Cheng, and his pronunciation sounded awkward and inexperienced.

On the other hand, Han Cheng felt a surge of excitement hearing a familiar pronunciation for the first time from someone else since he arrived.

People are emotional creatures, and there are things that, for various reasons, are suppressed in the heart rather than easily forgotten.

"Gloves."

Suppressing the excitement in his heart, Han Cheng pointed to the gloves in the shaman's hand and repeated the word, pronouncing it more seriously than when he obtained his Mandarin certificate.

"Gloves."

The shaman followed suit.

After three or four repetitions, the shaman could say it quite naturally.

He refused when the shaman wanted to return the gloves to Han Cheng. The shaman was older and more susceptible to the cold, and considering the great favor Han Cheng owed him, it was only right to give the gloves to the shaman first.

As Han Cheng watched the shaman walking away, occasionally repeating the word "Gloves," a smile appeared.

Because of the successful experience of making one pair, making the second took much less time.

When Han Cheng went to find the shaman with the second glove, he found the shaman placing the first glove in front of the totem pole on a stone table, sincerely thanking the heavens for this generous gift.

In the past, Han Cheng couldn't understand what the shaman said during prayers. But today was different because, in the shaman's vague words, there was the clear and proper pronunciation of "Gloves."

This made Han Cheng quite happy as if a prank had succeeded.

After waiting for a while, Han Cheng put both gloves on the shaman's hands when the shaman finished thanking the heavens.

Wearing these warm and novel things, the shaman's face smiled from the heart. He swung his hands back and forth, full of curiosity. At this moment, the shaman didn't seem like the wise man of the tribe but more like a child full of innocence and fun.

When Han Cheng saw the gloves slipping down when the shaman naturally lowered his hands, he knew the gloves were unsuitable.

When he mentioned the need to improve the gloves for better comfort, the shaman repeatedly shook his head, indicating they were already very comfortable.

However, when Han Cheng took the gloves, punched a few more holes, and narrowed the opening slightly, allowing the shaman to wear them again, he found that even when the shaman lowered his hands, the gloves wouldn't fall off. The shaman looked even happier.

After Han Cheng left to make gloves for himself, the shaman, after wearing the gloves for a while, carefully placed them on the stone and picked up a stone pen to start his creation.

He had to seize the time because there was a lot he needed to record now. Yesterday's ice-breaking and fish-catching had only begun to be recorded, and now there was another useful item for the tribe the gloves.

These were all very useful things for the tribe's development. If they weren't recorded, how could it be possible?

But when his fingers became stiff from the cold while writing, the shaman no longer used his mouth to warm them but carefully and solemnly put on the gloves.

Today, the tribe achieved a great harvest. With everyone working tirelessly, three to four hundred fish had been added inside the cave by the evening.

So many fish piled up there, making people feel a sense of stability.

However, a new problem emerged. Many people's hands and feet were frostbitten due to long hours of fishing in the icy wilderness.