

Primitive 21

Chapter 21: Crude socks and salt

In the past, due to sufficient food, people in the tribe would not go out during winter except to address physiological needs or play in the snow. Even if there were frostbite, it wasn't severe. However, the situation is different, with over 70% of people having varying degrees of frostbite on their hands and feet.

When the tribe was troubled by this issue, Shaman informed everyone about the gloves and even took out the pair made by Han Cheng, allowing people in the cave to personally experience them. After feeling the benefits of the gloves, everyone looked at Shaman and Han Cheng, the divine child, with eyes full of anticipation, clearly desiring a pair to keep warm.

Shaman had discussed this matter with Han Cheng beforehand. Naturally, Han Cheng couldn't make gloves for every person in the tribe. If he did, he might as well become a glove producer.

The solution was to select a few people from the tribe who were not physically strong and unsuitable for fishing activities to learn from Han Cheng how to make gloves.

After this plan was settled, everyone in the tribe was smiling.

Indeed, they had no reason to be unhappy. They now had plenty of food to satisfy their hunger, eliminating the worry of famine. Moreover, the food was better than wild fruits, and the fish was more satisfying.

They were about to have warm gloves and the socks mentioned by the divine child to protect their hands and feet from the cold. These were the happy days they had long anticipated.

On the second day, Han Cheng began to teach the six primitive women in the cave how to make gloves from animal skins.

To him, these gloves were extremely simple or, one could say, crude. However, for these people who encountered them for the first time, they were not simple at all.

During the learning process, either the edges of the animal skin were smashed, or the gaps between holes were too large. In some cases, the skin was directly punctured around with small holes.

After making the holes, they used grass rope to sew them up, which proved particularly challenging.

Fortunately, Han Cheng was not an impatient person. He patiently demonstrated over and over again. By the afternoon, even the Senior Brother's wife, who had the poorest manual skills, finally learned to make gloves.

As for whether they looked good or not, that was something pursued after the technique matured.

After teaching these people how to make gloves, Han Cheng started to make leather socks according to his plan.

The shoes in the tribe were currently very simple, just rectangular soles made by grinding suitable-sized animal bones. Then, holes were drilled on top, and small strips of animal skin or tough grass rope were threaded through the holes and tied to the feet.

This was similar to the future sandals, except that wearing them in the deep winter was a bit too cool.

Of course, they would also wrap their feet in animal skins before putting on shoes. However, this was inconvenient and uncomfortable. It was easy to loosen, and sometimes, after walking a few steps, they needed to readjust, which was troublesome.

Because of this, some people who could endure the cold but found it troublesome would often go barefoot.

Han Cheng could only follow the same process as making gloves without any tools available. Use a larger rectangular piece of leather, punch holes, and thread with grass rope.

However, there were some differences compared to gloves. The grass rope was threaded not at the edges but at the top of the feet. This design, to some extent, could provide waterproofing and moisture resistance. Moreover, since the sewing was done at the top, the grass rope used as thread was less prone to wear and tear, extending the lifespan of the socks.

In the modern world, even if given for free, such items might not be in demand. However, here, they were rare and highly sought after.

Even Junior Brother Sandy, who was least patient with wearing shoes, walked around in socks and shoes for a while. The socks didn't open like the previously wrapped skins, and he couldn't help but smile pleased.

After all, if there were suitable sock shoes, few would willingly endure freezing feet.

The people in the tribe were no longer as leisurely as before. Previously, after dinner, they would rest for a while before going to sleep. Now, they would sleep after sitting by the fire for a while with gloves or socks.

Due to the sock and glove-making activities, fewer people went fishing. However, the fish were crowded in the ice holes because it was winter, making them much easier to catch.

Even with fewer hands, they caught enough fish daily, with plenty to spare.

After storing enough fish in the cave, the Senior Brother went out to fish less often. Sometimes, they didn't even go out to catch fish.

Due to the abundant food, at Han Cheng's suggestion, no one ate the greasy fish innards anymore, not even the usually frugal Senior Brother.

When roasting fish, they followed Han Cheng's method. First, remove scales, innards, and gills before grilling them over the fire. Although some initially thought it was wasteful, considering they already had plenty of fish and the taste was better than before, they all complied. It had become a habit.

Looking at the grilled fish in front of him, Han Cheng found eating difficult. Nearly a month of eating fish twice a day made it hard for him to swallow.

Of course, a crucial reason was the lack of salt.

Salt was the king of flavors, and this statement was not wrong.

Moreover, salt was not just a seasoning but an essential element for the human body.

Han Cheng had asked the clever Shaman and the knowledgeable Senior Brother, but they didn't know what salt was. If they had known, they wouldn't have stopped eating it.

Now, the people in the tribe were increasingly lethargic. They appeared sluggish, and there was more sleeping than activity.

The people in the tribe, including Shaman, thought this was normal because, at this time of year, everyone would show this kind of state.

Shaman told Han Cheng that it would be better when the weather warmed up.

However, Han Cheng knew this was not a normal state but a result of the lack of essential salt.

In the past, the people in the tribe primarily ate meat from animals, which contained salt.

Since the arrival of winter and the snow, the people in the tribe had not eaten animal meat for a long time. With a severe lack of salt in their bodies, it was strange if they had energy.

They needed to find a way to get some salt.

Han Cheng, feeling lethargic and lacking motivation, took small bites of the fish in his hand and sighed with melancholy.