

## Primitive 231

Chapter 231: The contest between the Pea Shooter and the Marksman

"Doot!"

As if aimed explicitly at striking Han Cheng, the Great Divine Child's face, an unusual sound rang out before he could finish his thoughts.

Holding the bow, the Third Senior Brother appeared excited and incredulous as he looked at the feathered arrow nailed to the wooden stake. He hadn't expected to hit the target on his first attempt.

"Many words will lead to failure, and many shots will hit the mark." Shooting arrows many times doesn't escape this rule.

Han Cheng couldn't help but feel excited and curious about Third Senior Brother's second arrow.

Third Senior Brother nocked the arrow, drew the bow, and with a release, a sharp thud resounded once again.

Two arrows were already embedded on the tree stump serving as a makeshift target.

With a mix of joy and surprise, Han Cheng watched the Third Senior Brother draw his bow again.

The third arrow missed, much to the disappointment of the onlookers and Han Cheng himself.

But upon reflection, Han Cheng's mood lifted again.

Hitting two out of three arrows on his first attempt indicated that Third Senior Brother had considerable talent in archery.

Moreover, the stump used as a target differed from the circular targets commonly seen in later eras. Hitting this target was much more challenging than hitting a typical bullseye.

Although the power of the bow and arrow fell far short of expectations, Han was quite satisfied. After all, this was a hastily made, rudimentary bow and arrow.

The bow and arrow were passed to the remaining people, and few managed to hit the target like the Third Senior Brother did. His consecutive hits raised expectations for the bow and arrow, among others.

Han Cheng went over to pull out the feathered arrow stuck in the stump. He wanted to gauge the power of the bow and arrow.

Compared to a real bow and arrow, the difference in power was considerable. Even though the outer layer of the stump used as a target had decayed, the arrows hadn't penetrated deeply.

Despite this, Han was content. After all, these were hastily made, rudimentary weapons.

The bow and arrow circulated among the rest of the people, with few managing to hit the target like the Third Senior Brother did. His consecutive hits raised expectations for the bow and arrow, among others.

When everyone cheered for Third Senior Brother, Second Brother's expression soured slightly. After all, he used to be the best thrower in the tribe. Now, he was overshadowed by Third Senior Brother.

While primitive people didn't have the complex emotions of modern humans, many basic emotions were still present.

He picked up a few stones and approached Third Senior Brother, holding the bow and arrow, gesturing for everyone to move aside.

Then, he positioned himself next to Third Senior Brother, took a few steps back, and increased the distance from the wooden stump.

With a sudden wave of his hand holding a stone, the stone struck the wooden stump accurately.

All three stones hit the mark, and the last one knocked over the stump, which wasn't buried in the ground but supported by a few rocks.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe cheered for Second Senior Brother when they saw this.

Han Cheng also gave Second Senior Brother a thumbs-up. This guy's title as a Pea Shooter was well-deserved.

Throwing stones was a crucial skill in this era, and even later, after the widespread development of bows and arrows, stone-throwing remained a viable means of attacking enemies.

For example, the common practice of using slings to hurl stones.

One of the most famous instances was in the Water Margin, where Zhang Qing defeated seventeen generals of Liangshan with thrown stones in a single day.

Even Lu Zhishen, with his shiny bald head reflecting in the moonlight, was taken down by Zhang Qing's stones.

Then there were the catapults, capable of hurling projectiles like small artillery

Even today, stone-throwing remains a simple and effective method for hunting and combat.

Han Cheng wouldn't hesitate to praise Second Senior Brother from that perspective.

The third Senior Brother approached the area where the Second Senior Brother was and also prepared his bow and arrow. Today, the two of them seemed to have the intention of competing.

However, the Third Senior Brother was disadvantaged in the contest this time.

After multiple shots, the hastily made makeshift longbow had lost some elasticity, naturally not matching up to Second Senior Brother, the pea shooter.

After this comparison, most people in the Green Sparrow Tribe believed that the bow and arrow made by the Divine Child were not as effective as their original stone-throwing skills.

Han Cheng didn't mind the crowd's attitude too much because he knew how vast the future of bows and arrows was.

This scene suddenly reminded him of the early days of experimenting with steam trains, when someone on horseback easily surpassed the train, thinking it was nothing special.

But what about later? No matter how hard the horse tried, it couldn't catch up with the high-speed bullet train.

Second Senior Brother beat his chest to express that he wouldn't use bows and arrows in the future. On the other hand, Third Senior Brother appeared somewhat disheartened as he approached Han Cheng with his bow and arrow.

Third Senior Brother liked bows and arrows. While he wasn't very accurate at throwing stones by hand, he could achieve great precision with a bow and arrow. Therefore, he was unwilling to give up on them.

Han Cheng formulated a plan after looking at the bow for a while. He reached out and patted Third Senior Brother's shoulder, indicating that he shouldn't be discouraged.

"This is just the most rudimentary bow. We can make a bow and arrow that shoots farther and with greater power with some improvements."

Third Senior Brother perked up, recalling the story of "Hou Yi shooting the sun" that the Divine Child had told him last night, looking at Han Cheng hopefully. "Can we shoot down the sun too?"

Han Cheng was speechless. He shouldn't have told the story of "Hou Yi shooting the sun" in the first place.

He replied seriously, "We can't shoot down the sun, but we can shoot even farther."

Then he added, "There's only one sun in the sky now. If you were to shoot it down, we wouldn't be able to live."

Upon hearing this, the Third Senior Brother finally realized the problem and felt embarrassed.

Instead of dwelling on shooting down the sun, he asked Han Cheng for advice on making a stronger bow.

Han Cheng gave him explicit instructions. "Go to the mulberry forest and cut down a thick tree."

He demonstrated the size with his hands, indicating a bowl-sized circle.

"After you return, I'll teach you how to make a more powerful bow and arrow."

Third Senior Brother received the information he needed from Han Cheng, feeling elated, and dashed off. Han Cheng called for the Second Senior Brother and the others to accompany him.

After all, it's better to have company in the wilderness.

With the bow and arrow matter temporarily settled, Han Cheng could finally implement his sudden inspiration.

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Chapter 232: The adobe kiln that nurtures treasure

Recently, Han Cheng built an adobe kiln to burn charcoal using a simple mud method similar to the one used for making pottery in the beginning. However, instead of scraping it off every time, which was too troublesome, he slightly modified the mud method.

He started by making a hollow cylinder on the ground using well-prepared mud. At the bottom of the cylinder, twelve evenly spaced fire vents were left. When burning charcoal, they place vertically broken or smashed wood inside the cylinder. Then, they would use mud to form a conical top, similar to the last time.

When it was time to open the kiln, they would need to break open the conical top without touching the cylinder below, which could be reused. This significantly reduced the workload and improved efficiency.

Han Cheng and Hei Wa also neatly arranged the firewood they had brought inside the cylinder.

"Divine Child, why arrange it like this?" Hei Wa, seeing Han Cheng placing the thickest firewood in the middle of the cylinder, asked, somewhat puzzled.

Due to the previous method of igniting from the edge of the cylinder, to minimize the situation where the wood on the edges had turned into ashes while the wood inside had not burned yet, after some thinking, Han Cheng placed the thickest firewood on the edges.

This method proved to be somewhat effective. So when Hei Wa saw Han Cheng doing the opposite of what he usually did, he couldn't help but speak up.

Han Cheng explained his idea of igniting the fire from the top to Hei Wa.

Hei Wa was quite puzzled as he had never heard of igniting a fire from the top before. Wanting to ask Han Cheng for the reasoning behind it, but seeing that Han Cheng didn't want to discuss it further, he stopped asking and followed Han Cheng's instructions to arrange the firewood.

Han Cheng naturally wouldn't delve into details with Hei Wa. After all, he couldn't tell him that it was his impulsive decision, right?

As it was getting cold, the well-prepared mud needed to be applied quickly, or it would freeze after a while.

Han Cheng and Hei Wa quickly applied the icy mud to the cylinder and then eagerly warmed their frozen hands in a nearby hot pottery basin, feeling relieved once they felt warmth returning to their hands.

As someone with dreams, Han Cheng was always spirited and passionate when doing things.

Not long after Han Cheng dried his hands by the fire, and while most of the kiln hadn't burned yet, the Eldest Senior Brother and others had returned from afar.

Among the crowd, Third Senior Brother carried a freshly cut mulberry tree on his left shoulder. Some unnecessary branches had been removed from the mulberry tree, but instead of being discarded, they were bundled together and brought back.

Bringing back a mulberry tree as thick as a bowl rim directly, Third Senior Brother certainly didn't have the strength for that; he wasn't Lu Zhishen, after all.

When it's said to carry, it's just carrying the thick end of the tree trunk on the shoulder while the rest is dragged on the ground. This way, it saves a lot of effort.

Although Han Cheng was eager to ignite from the top to burn charcoal this time, he didn't hold too much hope for the result.

Human thoughts are sometimes strange and complicated. It's like coming in high spirits but leaving disappointed.

Therefore, after seeing the Third Senior Brother carrying the mulberry tree back and looking at the kiln that still needed some time to seal after instructing Hei Wa, Han Cheng happily became a bystander and went to make bows and arrows using mulberry wood.

The best wood for making bows and arrows is purple cedar, reportedly because of its unique hardness, which naturally produces the effect of a composite bow.

Han Cheng hadn't seen purple cedar, but the next best thing, mulberry trees, were not in short supply.

This time, the bow Han Cheng was going to make wasn't the simple kind made by bending a branch but rather, he planned to use the image of bows he had seen in movies and TV shows, making a bow body out of a mulberry tree trunk.

Because the trunk of the mulberry tree was wide enough, as long as there were no human errors, the bow body made from it wouldn't be like the one made in the morning from a stick with uneven

thickness on both ends, causing the apex of the bent bow to not be in the middle, thus affecting shooting accuracy.

Han Cheng measured out a length of 1.2 meters with a ruler, made a mark, and then asked Lame to cut it off from there using a stone axe.

A freshly cut tree was easier to cut with a stone axe.

While Han Cheng and the others were doing this, Hei Wa had begun to block the hole left under the mud kiln.

They could already see the firelight from these lower holes, which meant the flames had reached this point.

At this point, they needed to block the ventilation holes. Otherwise, after a while, the firewood inside would be wholly burned.

Although they had failed many times before when burning charcoal, Han Cheng and Hei Wa had also gained much experience from this series of failures.

With Divine Child gone, Hei Wa naturally cared for the charcoal kiln. After blocking all the ventilation holes around, he directly sealed the top of the conical kiln with mud, without, as in the past, taking a look inside before sealing it, taking advantage of the diminishing fire.

Therefore, they didn't notice that the wood at the ignition point this time didn't turn into ashes like before after the wood elsewhere had burned, but remained glowing red, still retaining its previous shape.

Hei Wa loved firing kilns, but it depended on what was inside.

If it was pottery inside, he could stay up all night without sleeping, but it was a different story if it was firewood.

He also wanted to see the bows and arrows made by Divine Child again. Because in the past two years, he had primarily dealt with clay and pottery and wasn't very skilled in throwing. He liked the bows made by Divine Child, which could shoot arrows far away just by releasing the string.

He felt that such things were just right for him to use, even though, in the morning, his arrows were far from hitting the target

The neglected adobe kiln was not even emitting smoke, quietly staying there, nurturing its treasures.

#### Chapter 233: The First Snow

Within the tribe, Han Cheng was directing Lame, who was proficient with the stone knife and a specially prepared wooden club suitable for pounding, to split the sawn mulberry tree trunk in half.

Lame had become quite skilled at this, and although the tools were rudimentary, his superb technique compensated for this drawback. Now, the wood split by him generally wouldn't have the uneven width at both ends.

After splitting the wood, one half was set aside. Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Han Cheng fetched a piece of charcoal and sharpened one end on a stone before beginning to write on the other half.



The onlookers were puzzled. Why would someone making bows and arrows need to write? Moreover, the writing looked strange, and it seemed pretty challenging to write, even for the most proficient in a divine script like Divine Child, who had to erase and rewrite constantly.

Of course, Han Cheng wasn't writing; he was drawing.

He was sketching the approximate outline of the bow on the trunk with charcoal, and then Lame would use the drawn lines as a guide for shaping.

For something as new and demanding as a bow, it was difficult to convey its shape just by describing it verbally. Drawing directly on the split trunk made it much clearer and faster.

After outlining, shaping along those lines was simple and less prone to errors.

It was a good idea, but Han Cheng's hands were not cooperative. In his previous life, he hadn't learned sketching or other drawing techniques, so it wasn't easy for him to draw the shape of the bow that existed in his mind.

Thus, he could only make continuous revisions until his hands were covered in black soot and half of the trunk was dyed black. Only then did the outline of the bow finally appear complete on the trunk.

However, by this time, the outline was not very clear due to the surrounding area being blackened by the charcoal. Moreover, it was easy to wear away during the subsequent shaping process. So, Han Cheng warmed his hands by the fire for a while before taking them back and picking up a small, cold stone knife to carve along the outline, firmly leaving it on the trunk.

After completing these tasks, it was time for Lame's performance.

Having received specific requirements from Han Cheng, Lame began to shape the trunk with the stone knife.

It wasn't easy to turn such a large trunk into a bow with a stone knife. Even though Lame's skills were good, progress couldn't be too fast without convenient tools.

Watching for a while, Han Cheng remembered the charcoal burning outside and prepared to go out and check, although he knew very well that it probably wouldn't succeed this time.

"Divine Child, I" He hadn't left yet, and Third Senior Brother, who had been watching Lame make bows and arrows until now, finally spoke after much thought.

Pointing to the other half of the mulberry trunk placed aside, he expressed his thoughts to Han Cheng.

In the entire Green Sparrow tribe, the Third Senior Brother was probably the most enthusiastic about bows and arrows. The consecutive hits in the morning had made him develop a deep affection for this new weapon, which appeared and was touted by Divine Child as having endless prospects.

Since Han Cheng began preparing to make bows and arrows, he had been watching here all the time, feeling that it wasn't too tricky. A solid desire to personally make a bow and arrow arose in his heart, and this desire became stronger and stronger.

Han Cheng, who didn't hold much hope for the charcoal kiln, naturally didn't hesitate to put aside the matter of checking the charcoal after hearing the Third Senior Brother's words.

After Han Cheng finished the final stroke on the trunk, the weather gradually darkened.

Firstly, his drawing skills were not commendable. It would be a simple task in the hands of a skilled person, but for him, it was challenging. Secondly, after the Third Senior Brother expressed his desire to make bows and arrows, others who were enthusiastic about them also expressed their desire to make one.

Previously, Third Senior Brother and the others had directly brought back a mulberry tree, which could at least be cut into three segments of 1.2 meters each. So, after outlining these, it was almost dark.

Han Cheng washed his hands with warm water, warmed his hands by the fire, and looked towards the gate while calculating that he would go and check later.

However, the sound of finishing dinner rang out before he could dry his hands by the fire.

After dinner, the night had fallen entirely, and the cold wind was rising. Han Cheng tightened his clothes around him and ultimately headed towards the room with the burning heated bed, ignoring the now icy earth kiln outside the door.

"Bang, bang, bang"

Inside the warm room, there was the somewhat harsh sound of knocking.

The Eldest Senior Brother, Lane, Third Senior Brother, Shang, and Hei Wa, were each squatting on the aisle next to their allocated heated beds, knocking with stone knives and wooden clubs. Fine wood chips constantly fell from the mulberry trunk under their feet.

As they continued knocking, the mulberry trunk under their feet gradually changed and began to show the outline of the bow.

Among them, Lane, a professional carpenter, made the fastest progress, not only because of his skill but also because he started first.

The second Senior Brother's room was next to the Third Senior Brother's, and at this moment, he was lying half on the heat bed against the wall, looking very comfortable.

He tilted his head to look through the gap and saw Third Senior Brother squatting on the ground, knocking with a stone knife. He silently smiled.

Compared to these troublesome bows and arrows, he trusted his arms more.

With this thought in mind, he suddenly lifted a half-grown child somersaulting on the heated bed over the low wall.

Seeing the bewildered child, the Second Senior Brother laughed and put him back down.

He raised his arms and looked at them confidently. His conviction that his strong arms couldn't be matched by something made of a bent stick and rope grew stronger.

After looking for a while, he put his arms down, glanced at Third Senior Brother still knocking there, shook his head, and pulled over his companion, starting to untie the rope from his body with his hands

Third Senior Brother, squatting on the ground, heard the primitive tune coming from not far away but didn't turn his head to peek. He was already accustomed to such things.

At this moment, he was focused entirely on the wooden stick beneath his feet.

Lame, seeing that most of the bow had been completed, put down the stone knife and wooden club, rubbed his sore hands, and started to lie down on the heated bed.

The others who wanted to make bows and arrows also went to bed one after another, leaving only Third Senior Brother still squatting there, knocking one after another.

Later, as the noise awakened more and more children, the Third Senior Brother took these things and the fire starter and went all the way to the cave that was now empty. There, he lit a pile of fire and continued knocking persistently.

Indeed, interest is the best teacher. With it, one can erupt with great enthusiasm without needing reminders from others.

The wind outside stopped blowing at some point, and the whole world seemed to quiet down suddenly. In this sudden silence, some faint noises seemed to emerge.

As the night deepened, the firelight flickered, and the person squatting knocked the stone knife one after another, making the night quieter.

After an unknown amount of time, the person finally stood up, glanced at the bow before him, and felt quite satisfied.

Then, he extinguished the fire, ensured no flames would ignite again, and groped his way out in the dark.

Only at this moment did he feel the overwhelming fatigue. His legs and feet were somewhat numb, and there was pain in his fingers and wrists.

Outside the cave was not the darkness he had imagined. Something fell on his neck, chilling him to the bone.

The first snow of the year had fallen

#### Chapter 234: Ice Crystal and Wind Chime

In the past, Han Cheng was usually awakened by the noisy crowing of the rooster, which didn't bother to bully the hens but squawked loudly like a broken gong. However, this morning was an exception.

He opened his sleepy eyes, lying in the warm quilt, feeling a slight pain in his abdomen. He listened to the children's cheerful voices, smiled for a while, then quickly got up from the heated bed, put on his clothes and shoes, and ran outside.

His love for snow far exceeded his fear of the cold.

As he opened the door, a rush of cold air greeted him. The pristine white outside brightened his eyes, making him feel like the whole world had become cleaner.

Snowflakes continued to fall silently from the sky, blending into the white landscape. The children in the tribe, excited by the snow, chased and played in the snow.

Wrapped in thick fur, they looked like chubby bear cubs.

There were no old farmers; otherwise, they would have expressed their anticipation, saying phrases like "A timely snow promises a good harvest" or "Three layers of wheat straw this year means a sound sleep next year." These expressions conveyed their longing for a better life.

Han Cheng stood at the door for a while, then happily ran out into the pristine white.

With a slightly bulging belly but still agile, he frolicked in the snow, leaving behind patterns resembling plum blossoms.

Xing, Xiao Mei, Xiao Li, and several other girls did not chase and wrestle in the snow like the boys did. Instead, they stood in front of the house, looking at the row of translucent icicles hanging from the eaves, their mouths slightly agape, full of astonishment and longing.

Many adults, like the children, were amazed by this sight they had never seen before. When they saw Han Cheng wake up, they all crowded around, pointing to the eaves and asking about it.

Han Cheng, who had been too busy watching the snow, only then noticed the row of beautiful and spectacular icicles hanging from the eaves.

The entire courtyard and the distance were covered in silver-white, except for one place: the rooftops of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Because the rooms in the Green Sparrow Tribe were heated with heated beds, the roofs were warmer than in other places. The snow melted into a spring water pool when it fell on them.

Flowing down like fish scales, it slowly solidified at the eaves.

This was a good thing; there was no need to worry about the weight of heavy snow causing the roofs to collapse, nor did they have to constantly sweep the snow off the roofs, saving them some work.

After explaining the reason to everyone, Han Cheng had several adults break off the icicles at the entrance.

These things were a safety hazard. If an icicle happened to fall from above when someone passed by the entrance, being hit by this hard icicle would be unpleasant, especially if it pierced someone with its sharp tip.

The broken icicles became the favorite of the children. Each of them held them in their hands. They refused to let go even if their hands turned red from the cold.

For those who couldn't resist the temptation of these translucent objects, they quietly put the icicles in their mouths, crunching on them with their white teeth.

As their Divine Child, Han Cheng naturally knew how to have more fun than these children.

Amidst the regretful gazes of Xing, Xiao Mei, and others, Han Cheng broke the giant and good icicle in his hand.

The children who received the icicles for the first time couldn't help but hide them behind their backs, fearing that the Divine Child would break them, too.

Amidst everyone's extreme confusion, Han Cheng came back with ten small tree branches about thirty centimeters long, some ropes, and a few bunches of straw. He then tied the branches in an irregular circle and broke the straw into pieces from the middle, putting them in his mouth to blow air into the icicle.

Warm air flowed through the hollow straw from the other end. Soon, a small dent appeared on the solid icicle.

Han Cheng had done this kind of thing many times as a child, but he used pen caps instead of straws back then.

Whether it was because his body had shrunk or his mental age had also decreased, he was excited to do these things with childlike enthusiasm.

The children watching on the side widened their eyes. They had never thought there could be such a way to play.

The Divine Child was the Divine Child; not only was he unmatched in serious matters, but he was also far superior when it came to playing.

Seeing this, Han Cheng gave each of these children a straw and let them blow holes in the icicles like him.

The children, eager to try, cheered and took the straw, squatting down to start this fun activity.

Han Cheng then stopped and threaded the icicles with the thin ropes. After tying them up, he hung them on the circular wooden frame he had made, wrapping them three times.

Han Cheng lifted the icicle wind chime by holding the left ropes on the frame. The translucent icicles collided with each other, emitting a pleasant and melodious sound.

The children around him stared with wide eyes, looking at the beautiful object in the Divine Child's hands whose name they didn't know, but they were all amazed.

They couldn't imagine that the icicles they held in their hands, afraid of breaking, would undergo such a beautiful transformation after the Divine Child's actions.

Even the boys who loved moving and disliked being still were amazed. Not to mention the girls who naturally loved these kinds of things. Looking at this crystal-clear and lovely wind chime, their hearts melted.

Han Cheng stepped on a wooden stump and hung the wind chime on a wooden stick nailed to the wall under the eaves. He clapped his hands and looked at the result of his morning's work, feeling very satisfied.

The appearance of the icicle wind chimes suddenly opened a new window for these children in the tribe.

The boys who used to run around in the snow and throw snowballs at each other quieted down, focusing on drilling holes in the icicles. The girls who had thought of making snowmen when the

snow got thicker had also put aside the idea, focusing only on making wind chimes as beautiful as the Divine Child's.

Han Cheng also forgot about the charcoal matter. Firstly, he was excited to see the first snow, and secondly, shortly after he finished making the wind chime, Third Senior Brother, with red eyes, came to find him.

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There were no old farmers; otherwise, they would have expressed their anticipation, saying phrases like "A timely snow promises a good harvest" or "Three layers of wheat straw this year means a sound sleep next year." These expressions conveyed their longing for a better life.

Han Cheng stood at the door for a while, then happily ran out into the pristine white.

With a slightly bulging belly but still agile, he frolicked in the snow, leaving behind patterns resembling plum blossoms.

Xing, Xiao Mei, Xiao Li, and several other girls did not chase and wrestle in the snow like the boys did. Instead, they stood in front of the house, looking at the row of translucent icicles hanging from the eaves, their mouths slightly agape, full of astonishment and longing.

Many adults, like the children, were amazed by this sight they had never seen before. When they saw Han Cheng wake up, they all crowded around, pointing to the eaves and asking about it.

Han Cheng, who had been too busy watching the snow, only then noticed the row of beautiful and spectacular icicles hanging from the eaves.

The entire courtyard and the distance were covered in silver-white, except for one place: the rooftops of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Because the rooms in the Green Sparrow Tribe were heated with heated beds, the roofs were warmer than in other places. The snow melted into a spring water pool when it fell on them.

Flowing down like fish scales, it slowly solidified at the eaves.

This was a good thing; there was no need to worry about the weight of heavy snow causing the roofs to collapse, nor did they have to constantly sweep the snow off the roofs, saving them some work.

After explaining the reason to everyone, Han Cheng had several adults break off the icicles at the entrance.

These things were a safety hazard. If an icicle happened to fall from above when someone passed by the entrance, being hit by this hard icicle would be unpleasant, especially if it pierced someone with its sharp tip.

The broken icicles became the favorite of the children. Each of them held them in their hands. They refused to let go even if their hands turned red from the cold.

For those who couldn't resist the temptation of these translucent objects, they quietly put the icicles in their mouths, crunching on them with their white teeth.

As their Divine Child, Han Cheng naturally knew how to have more fun than these children.

Amidst the regretful gazes of Xing, Xiao Mei, and others, Han Cheng broke the giant and good icicle in his hand.

The children who received the icicles for the first time couldn't help but hide them behind their backs, fearing that the Divine Child would break them, too.

Amidst everyone's extreme confusion, Han Cheng came back with ten small tree branches about thirty centimeters long, some ropes, and a few bunches of straw. He then tied the branches in an irregular circle and broke the straw into pieces from the middle, putting them in his mouth to blow air into the icicle.

Warm air flowed through the hollow straw from the other end. Soon, a small dent appeared on the solid icicle.

Han Cheng had done this kind of thing many times as a child, but he used pen caps instead of straws back then.

Whether it was because his body had shrunk or his mental age had also decreased, he was excited to do these things with childlike enthusiasm.

The children watching on the side widened their eyes. They had never thought there could be such a way to play.

The Divine Child was the Divine Child; not only was he unmatched in serious matters, but he was also far superior when it came to playing.

Seeing this, Han Cheng gave each of these children a straw and let them blow holes in the icicles like him.

The children, eager to try, cheered and took the straw, squatting down to start this fun activity.

Han Cheng then stopped and threaded the icicles with the thin ropes. After tying them up, he hung them on the circular wooden frame he had made, wrapping them three times.

Han Cheng lifted the icicle wind chime by holding the left ropes on the frame. The translucent icicles collided with each other, emitting a pleasant and melodious sound.

The children around him stared with wide eyes, looking at the beautiful object in the Divine Child's hands whose name they didn't know, but they were all amazed.

They couldn't imagine that the icicles they held in their hands, afraid of breaking, would undergo such a beautiful transformation after the Divine Child's actions.

Even the boys who loved moving and disliked being still were amazed. Not to mention the girls who naturally loved these kinds of things. Looking at this crystal-clear and lovely wind chime, their hearts melted.

Han Cheng stepped on a wooden stump and hung the wind chime on a wooden stick nailed to the wall under the eaves. He clapped his hands and looked at the result of his morning's work, feeling very satisfied.

The appearance of the icicle wind chimes suddenly opened a new window for these children in the tribe.

The boys who used to run around in the snow and throw snowballs at each other quieted down, focusing on drilling holes in the icicles. The girls who had thought of making snowmen when the snow got thicker had also put aside the idea, focusing only on making wind chimes as beautiful as the Divine Child's.

Han Cheng also forgot about the charcoal matter. Firstly, he was excited to see the first snow, and secondly, shortly after he finished making the wind chime, Third Senior Brother, with red eyes, came to find him.

#### Chapter 235: The steady Divine Child

Han Cheng looked at the bow in Third Senior Brother's hand, which had a thick middle and slightly thinner ends with a slight curve, and he was pretty surprised.

According to his estimation, even with the fastest progress, it would still take until noon for Lane to finish making the bow.

Looking up at Third Senior Brother's eyes, filled with bloodshot veins, Han Cheng knew what was going on.

When someone is particularly fond of something and, within their abilities, it is possible they will burst out with great enthusiasm, just like Third Senior Brother did.

The bow was made well, even better than Han Cheng had expected.

To make such a bow under these conditions, it had to be said that Third Senior Brother had put in a lot of effort.

Han Cheng took the bow and carefully examined it for a while. Then, he nodded approvingly towards Third Senior Brother, indicating his approval. Third Senior Brother's tired and tense face immediately broke into a smile.

Afterward, Han Cheng taught him to carve grooves for the bowstring at both ends of the bow using a stone knife. Then, he brought appropriate thickness ropes and had the Third Senior Brother hold the bow while he strung the bow.

At this point, without any cattle, if there were cattle, using cow tendons to make the bowstring would result in a better bow.

Han Cheng thought to himself, chuckling. He was being a bit greedy.



Lame and several others who made bows and arrows were surprised to see the bow in Third Senior Brother's hand. Most of them hadn't even made half their bows, yet Third Senior Brother had already finished making his bow. The difference was indeed quite significant.

The third Senior Brother pulled the bowstring forcefully and then released it. The bow trembled slightly, emitting a buzzing sound, demonstrating the power of the bow.

His expression became very excited, unable to contain his desire to go outside and shoot a couple of arrows to test the power of this bow and arrow.

"Let's go try it out!"

Han Cheng also wanted to know how the wooden bow he had crudely made based on the images from his memory would perform.

The same was true for the eldest brother and the others. After taking the three feather arrows made yesterday, they went outside, covered in white snow.

Only the Second Senior Brother didn't pay much attention to the people who went out. He didn't think the newly made bow would be powerful.

When they went out to test the arrows, he even deliberately took a few stones, preparing to compare with the new bow again.

Han Cheng estimated a distance of about twenty-five meters, drew a horizontal line on the snowy ground with his foot, and then had Third Senior Brother stand here to shoot the arrow.

Twenty-five meters was the distance Third Senior Brother had used for arrow testing yesterday.

Third Senior Brother took a deep breath, nocked the arrow, aimed after drawing the bow, and released it with a snap.

"Thud!"

Third Senior Brother's archery did not disappoint. The first arrow did not miss; it was firmly embedded in the tree stump used as a target, causing the stump to sway.

The crowd cheered while the Second Senior Brother snorted and tightened his grip on the stones in his hand.

The wooden feather arrow was firmly embedded in the tree stump, and even after pulling it twice, it still didn't come out. It was Third Senior Brother's handiwork.

The excitement of the crowd was evident.

The distance for the shooting was moved back about five meters, and the Third Senior Brother continued to shoot. The first arrow missed, but the second arrow hit.

The crowd cheered again, and those who, like Second Senior Brother, had thought poorly of the bow and arrow after witnessing it yesterday began to waver in their thoughts.

When the distance was pulled back to sixty meters, and Third Senior Brother shot the feather arrow into the tree stump again, those who doubted this new type of weapon were convinced.

Second Senior Brother pondered momentarily, then quietly threw the few stones he held onto the snowdrift. At this distance, it was no longer something he could throw with his arm.

Faced with this fact, he had to admit that the bow and arrow were remarkable even if he was unwilling.

Just yesterday, he could easily surpass the bow and arrow, but now, after just one night, he had been far surpassed. This

The emergence of the improved bow and arrow immediately refreshed everyone in the tribe's understanding of bows and arrows. According to this trend, creating a bow and arrow that could shoot down the sun wouldn't be impossible some people thought to themselves.

As for the Eldest Senior Brother and the others who received the wood yesterday, were filled with excitement and went eagerly to continue making bows and arrows.

Hei Wa knocked on wood in the room for a while, then suddenly remembered something. He put down what he held, left the room, and walked towards the main gate.

The courtyard quickly became quiet. After a while, Second Senior Brother, who had already returned to his room, came out. He found the stones he had thrown into the snowdrift not long ago, looked around, and came to the spot marked sixty meters away. He set a stance, raised his throwing arm high, and exerted force.

The stone flew out, traced an arc in the air, and fell onto the snow.

From here, it didn't look very far from the tree stump, but when he reached it, he found it was still far away. Second Senior Brother felt even more discouraged

"Divine Child! Divine Child!"

Han Cheng stood by the window in the room, lifted a corner of the animal hide covering the window, and watched Second Senior Brother vigorously throwing stones into the snow with some sighs. He could understand Second Senior Brother's feelings at this moment.

Just as he felt emotional, Heiwa's voice suddenly rang out from a distance, filled with excitement.

This guy hit the jackpot? Such joy? He's already a father, yet he's still so unstable.

Han Cheng thought to himself.

"Bang!"

The door was suddenly pulled open, hitting the wall behind it and bouncing back. A figure flashed in from the doorway and rushed into the snow. It was Han Cheng, who had just been thinking about being stable.

Of course, Han Cheng couldn't remain calm because, just now, a thought suddenly flashed through his mind.

"Charcoal! Charcoal! Charcoal completed"

Han Cheng ran a short distance outside and saw Hei Wa running towards him. Before Heiwa reached him, he saw Han Cheng and shouted.

Han Cheng's tense heart suddenly relaxed, and his footsteps stopped involuntarily.

Charcoal!

It was charcoal!

He didn't know how to describe his feelings at that moment.

"How much was destroyed?"

Han Cheng suppressed his excitement and asked Heiwa, who had rushed to his side.

"Nothing destroyed all fine"

Hei Wa was panting heavily, out of breath, but the excitement on his face was hard to hide.

Nothing was destroyed?

Han Cheng's eyes widened instantly.

How is that possible?!

After learning from Heiwa that charcoal was indeed produced, he only thought that this time, a lot of charcoal was produced. As for the fact that no firewood was destroyed, he didn't dare to think about it in that direction.

Now, hearing Hei Wa say this, Han Cheng became unbelieving.

"Are you sure no firewood was destroyed?"

"Really nothing destroyed, all charcoal!"

Heiwa nodded vigorously.

Chapter 236: Finally produced charcoal.

"Ha ha ha"

Flakes of snow fluttered down like willow catkins, covering the earth in white. All around was silent, with no birds to be seen.

It seemed as though the snow and cold had completely sealed everything off.

In this environment, a group of people suddenly poured out from the gates of the Green Sparrow Tribe. Leading the way was a young person.

They hurried towards the west side of the wall, coming to a raised area.

This protrusion had already been dug open, and the scattered clay and the black substance inside the protrusion were even more conspicuous against the surrounding white snow.

The visibly respected young person didn't mind the dirtiness and directly entered the darkness.

As his hand moved, the black substance made a crisp sound, as pleasant to the ears as the joy in his heart.

Hei Wa wasn't wrong. The firewood hadn't been destroyed by the kiln. All the firewood inside had turned into charcoal, which was of the best quality!

"Ha ha ha!"

Han Cheng finally couldn't suppress the joy in his heart, lifting his two blackened claws and laughing heartily.

The heavens seemed unwilling to hear his unpleasant laughter and sent snowflakes into his mouth, attempting to shut it, but to little effect.

A series of joyful laughter continued to emanate from his mouth.

What an unexpected joy! This was indeed an unexpected joy!

Originally just an idea out of desperation, who would have thought it would actually result in such fine charcoal?

A problem that had troubled him so long was unexpectedly resolved in such an unforeseen manner. Thinking carefully, it was somewhat similar to the story of Yu Zhan'ao in "Red Sorghum", urinating into the wine mash and brewing excellent sorghum wine. It felt eerily similar to what he was experiencing now: unintentional success.

Reflecting on it, some things in this world are indeed quite helpless. The harder one tries to obtain something, the more difficult it becomes. On the other hand, some things that were not paid much attention to bloomed and bore fruit.

Han Cheng suppressed his laughter and realized that the people around him were looking at him bewildered.

He inwardly sniffed, thinking, "These guys haven't seen such carefree laughter before?"

Then, he composed himself and instructed people to return to fetch grass baskets and carriers to collect the charcoal.

He also had some people gather firewood here. He wanted to strike while the iron was hot and burn another batch. If this kiln could still produce good charcoal, then the matter of making charcoal was truly resolved by himself.

Hei Wa stood aside, looking at the Divine Child with endless admiration. To him, the Divine Child unexpectedly solved a problem that had seemed unsolvable.

Such a significant change occurred just by simply changing the order of lighting the fire. The wisdom of the Divine Child was truly admirable.

Little did he know that what he admired resulted from Han Cheng's desperation.

If he knew the truth, I wonder if Hei Wa would be dumbfounded and cough up three liters of blood and if he would think about starting a fire from above when they started firing pottery next year.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were thrilled today. Not long ago, they had just witnessed the power of the bow and arrow, and now they received news of the Divine Child's successful charcoal burning, which made them all smile from ear to ear.

Including the ice wind chimes the children loved can be considered three pieces of good news.

Of course, the most joyful thing among them is still the bow and arrow, a very useful weapon for the tribe. As for the charcoal burning, they just followed the Divine Child and enjoyed the fun.

Among the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, even the wisest shaman didn't think that the charcoal the Divine Child tried so hard to make, in the presence of firewood as a readily available substitute, would have much significance.

However, Han Cheng had already developed a blind obedience mentality, and it was quite normal for them to follow the godson and enjoy some silly fun together.

This time, much charcoal was produced to fill two large grass baskets, more than all the previous batches combined.

The cold and falling snow dampened Han Cheng's enthusiasm for charcoal burning. The cylindrical earthen kiln that had just been emptied was soon filled with firewood again.

Next was plastering the top of the cylinder with clay, leaving only a hole the size of a bowl.

The problem of clay was easily solved. The dried clay peeled off from the kiln earlier needed to be crushed and mixed with water, and it could be reused repeatedly.

Learning from the experience of freezing hands when plastering the top, Han Cheng used hot water to mix the clay this time.

After mixing the clay, they quickly started plastering with Hei Wa, which was much better.

The flames were sent in from above and soon ignited the firewood inside the kiln. As time passed, the flames inside the kiln began to descend.

Han Cheng stood on a stone, watching this happen, pondering why there was such a big difference between igniting the fire from below and igniting it from above using the same method.

After thinking for a while, apart from understanding that it had something to do with oxygen, he knew nothing else.

At this moment, he regretted being a liberal arts student in his previous life. If he were a science or technology enthusiast, he would encounter fewer difficulties in these aspects, right?

Thinking like this, he shook his head with a smile. Then, he felt fortunate because he remembered the approximate proportions of bronze.

He had seen this in comprehensive history books when studying the history of the Shang and Zhou dynasties. Since the proportions were all integers, Han Cheng wrote them down.

This gave him some confidence in the upcoming tasks.

The proportions of bronze recorded in the book were somewhat inaccurate, but the general framework was there, which would significantly reduce the workload in the future.

Experiments could be conducted based on these proportions to achieve better bronze performance.

Han Cheng didn't remember the proportions of bronze at first. It was only after continuous recollection later that the memories of that period suddenly surfaced.

Worried that he might forget later, Han Cheng recorded them on a piece of pottery.

From about a year ago, Han Cheng occasionally wrote things on pottery.

A good memory is no better than a bad pen. This saying is quite true. As he gradually adapted to life here, when he recalled the future, sometimes it felt very close, and sometimes it felt very distant.

But one undeniable fact was that many things were gradually becoming fuzzy in his mind.

This was the most fundamental reason why Han Cheng recorded some valuable things that he could remember and were helpful in this era.

Because this era is too far from the future, many things that seem very ordinary in the future are groundbreaking here. By recording more of them, he could avoid many detours in certain aspects in the future.

For example, the remembered proportions of bronze, the vaguely remembered but existent steelmaking method from somewhere, the curved plow for cultivating land, the primitive plow, and the ox-drawn hoe used for weeding and tilling the fields

These are all essential things for this era that will make his and the Green Sparrow Tribe's future path broader and easier.

Chapter 237: Secret Weapon – Han Yu Pin Yin

The knowledge brought from the future, or what can be called common sense, is the foundation of his existence in this era.

There is a truth that will never change, no matter when, which is that a person who can bring benefits and usefulness to others will be far more welcomed and respected than others and can more easily integrate into a collective.

There is no need to look far. Just think about Han Cheng's process from being the meat the Second Senior Brother wanted to eat to becoming the highly respected Divine Child of the entire Green Sparrow Tribe.

In his mind, these things are his most significant wealth and the reason for him to live better in this era.

For such essential things, how could he treat them casually?

As for recording them on pottery, the possibility of others seeing them, and the consequences he would face as a Divine Child, Han Cheng had already considered it when he decided to record the things in his mind and took corresponding measures using Chinese Pinyin.

He recorded all these things using Chinese Pinyin. In his era, apart from him, no one could really understand these things.

Even the three suicidal foreign friends who came over couldn't figure it out. Faced with something that looks similar to English but is entirely different, they were equally at a loss.

This is the insurance that Han Cheng added for himself.

He is not a great person, nor is he a selfless person. It is impossible for him not to plan for himself.

The Green Sparrow Tribe is in high spirits; everyone is huddling together to keep warm, and everyone respects him as the Divine Child. But this is only for now. Who knows what will happen in the future?

The butterfly's wings have already fluttered, the original historical process has quietly changed, and the entire Green Sparrow Tribe has been led astray by him. Who knows what will happen in such rapid development?

No matter from which perspective, he has to leave himself such a way out

"Divine Child, the kiln"

The voice of Hei Wa beside him pulled Han Cheng out of this trance. When Han Cheng reacted, he saw Hei Wa looking at him.

He was asking him about sealing the air inlet.

Han Cheng shook his head slightly, not letting himself think about these messy things anymore. Thinking about these things too much always felt like something was wrong somewhere.

He bent down and saw the fire spread to the air inlet. He nodded to Hei Wa, indicating that he could seal it up.

After sealing the top hole of the kiln, all they could do was wait.

Due to the snowfall, the days became shorter. Han Cheng finally gave up the idea of opening the kiln today to see the results. He walked back to the tribe with Hei Wa and a few others.

The fluttering snowflakes fell on the warm kiln and immediately disappeared without a trace.

The dinner in the Green Sparrow Tribe is still soup. Since Han Cheng introduced the practice of making soup with pottery and cooking soup after bringing out pottery, the proportion of soup in the diet of the Green Sparrow Tribe has gradually increased.

And as the weather gets colder, more and more soup is cooked. By now, there is soup to drink for all three meals.

"Clang"

The sound of chopsticks falling to the ground rang out, and Second Senior Brother, holding a bowl in one hand, bent down with difficulty picking up the chopsticks.

This is already the fourth time he has dropped his chopsticks tonight.

He tapped the picked-up chopsticks twice on the bottom of the bowl to shake off some dirt on them. After picking up the chopsticks, he prepared to continue picking up the meat in the bowl to eat.

As a result, his hand holding the chopsticks started shaking uncontrollably, and there was a tendency for the chopsticks to fall again.

After trying this a couple of times, he had to give up and hold the chopsticks in his hand without using them, just leaning over the bowl to drink the soup first before eating the meat.

Tonight, the Second Senior Brother was acting very strangely. In the past, he would at least have three bowls of this kind of meat soup, but tonight, he only ate one bowl before putting it down, got up, left the cave, and walked towards the sleeping quarters, stepping through the snow.

Because of the snow covering the ground, tonight was much brighter than other nights.

The second Senior Brother cleared a space before the door and covered it with sand. After shaking off the snow on his grass shoes by stomping his feet vigorously, he entered the house.

His room was adjacent to the Third Senior Brothers room, and to enter his room, he had to pass through the Third Senior Brother's room.

When passing Third Senior Brother's room, he stopped in his tracks, raised his head slightly, and looked at the wall above the kang.

Two wooden sticks were nailed to the wall, with a curved piece of wood with a rope on top.

This was the bow that the Third Senior Brother had newly made today, and it was also the source of pain and inner conflict for the Second Senior Brother.

He stood there for a while, wanting to take the bow down, but in the end, he didn't do it. Instead, he reluctantly returned to his room.

After removing his shoes and socks, he crawled into bed and pulled the covers over his head to sleep.

Han Cheng had long noticed Second Senior Brother's abnormality and knew why his chopsticks kept falling tonight.

No one would be stronger than the Second Senior Brother, who could throw stones with all his strength for nearly a day.

It seems that the appearance of the bow and arrow has dealt a considerable blow to Second Senior Brother, the pea shooter of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng chewed his food slowly while pondering over this matter.

Han Cheng deliberately slowed his eating speed, not because he had terrible teeth like the shaman, but because he wanted a good stomach.

In the future, due to various reasons, he had developed a habit of eating very fast. Over the years, this had taken a toll on his stomach.

Now, in the primitive society he had come to, finally freed from the daily life of being chased by vicious dogs, he naturally wanted to try to change this bad habit.

Thinking about things while eating to distract his attention or counting the number of times he chewed while eating were suitable methods.

After swallowing the last soup in three small sips, he put down the bowl, left without looking for Second Senior Brother, and returned to his room.

He hadn't figured out how to handle this matter yet, so he could only wait a little longer.

"Hoo!"

The fur covering his head was lifted, revealing Second Senior Brother's chubby face underneath. Due to the poor lighting in the room, his expression couldn't be seen clearly.



By now, it was late at night. Usually, he would have been sound asleep after eating and sleeping well, but tonight, he had been unable to sleep all along.

This person, who could usually fall asleep shortly after lying down, was experiencing insomnia for the first time tonight.

Chapter 238: Shi Tou that flies further

Tossing and turning, unable to sleep, Second Senior Brother simply got up and sat on the heated bed, just like the posture he saw Third Senior Brother adopt while making arrows yesterday evening.

However, his mood at this moment was vastly different from yesterday evening.

His worries were not unfounded.

Although he was a relatively agile fat man, his large belly still caused him many inconveniences.

His ability to hold such a high position within the tribe was not just due to brute strength but also because of his excellent throwing skills, which he was most proud of.

However, the appearance of the bow and arrow shattered his pride.

If Third Senior Brother could shoot arrows farther than his throws, that would be one thing, but now, practically anyone with decent strength could surpass him with a bow and arrow.

This kind of discomfort and loss could not be resolved with just a word

On this cold and silent night, the snow outside the window seemed somewhat white, and in another room, the fur-covered heated bed suddenly moved, and a person crawled out.

This person was not very tall, looking like a half-grown child. People who woke up and got up at this time had personal matters to attend to.

The rooms in the Green Sparrow Tribe were equipped with covered "urine buckets," brought in before sleeping and taken out in the morning. Urinating could be done indoors, but for defecation, one had to brave the cold and go to the latrine

Surprisingly, this middle-of-the-night riser didn't go down to look for the bucket but instead turned to the front window covered with fur and lifted the brick on the window sill pressing the fur curtain, pulling back the fur curtain by a large portion

It was a good idea but also a dangerous move. If the Divine Child discovered it, a beating was inevitable.

However, this kid didn't take out his "equipment" to relieve himself but instead leaned his head out of the open window and looked out incessantly.

Through the reflection of the white snow, the face of this child could be discerned. It was Shi Tou.

Shi Tou had a worried expression on his face.

It could be said that he had been quite melancholic these past two days because it had become cloudy, unable to see the moon, and without seeing the moon, he couldn't draw the shape of the moon.

He woke up in the middle of the night because he kept thinking about whether the moon would come out at midnight. Seeing the room so bright, he thought the moon had come out. However, when he joyfully opened the curtain, all he saw was the white snow and the dim night sky. Where was the slightest shadow of the moon?

He stubbornly looked for a while again and finally gave up.

But he didn't seal the fur curtain, but instead, using the incoming light, looked at the ceramic board leaning against the heated bed.

The moon shapes he had carved on the ceramic board during this period.

After comparing them, Shi Tou scratched his head in distress.

The last moon on the ceramic board was a half-circle he had drawn the day before yesterday.

Since there was no moon last night and tonight, according to reason, he should mark an X, but Shi Tou was unwilling to do so.

Because based on the shapes of the moon he had recorded before, he knew that the moon's changes wouldn't be this fast. There should have been a moon last night and tonight, just like these two.

He pondered and finally left his finger resting below the two moons separated by two rows.

In front of these two moons was one that was highly similar to the moon he had drawn the day before yesterday.

Shi Tou took out his "clay pen" from the side, eager to imitate the shapes of the two moons he had just pointed out, intending to draw yesterday's and today's moons one after the other. After thinking about it for a while, he still didn't start but instead drew a symbol like a hanging hook on it and placed a dot below the hook.

He had learned this symbol from the Divine Child to represent doubt or something unknown.

After finishing these, Shi Tou moved the ceramic board aside, pressed the bottom of the fur curtain with bricks again, and crawled back into the fur to sleep.

"Come with me."

The following day, Han Cheng woke early to check the earth kiln. After digging it open, there was primarily good-quality charcoal inside. At this point, Han Cheng finally fully relaxed.

With the charcoal burning issue resolved, they now had the most basic conditions for smelting steel or refining copper in the future.

In a great mood, Han Cheng commanded someone to remove the charcoal from the kiln and put more wood on it to continue burning. He called out to him when he saw Second Senior Brother, whose eyes were bloodshot and tired.

Han Cheng finished the lukewarm soup in his bowl, stood up, and addressed Second Senior Brother, who had been looking at the wooden stakes in the snow as targets outside for a while.

Second Senior Brother was stunned, watching the Divine Child, who had already turned and walked towards the room, hesitate for a moment before finally taking a step to follow him.

"Feeling uncomfortable?"

Han Cheng sat on the main seat, looking at the Second Senior Brother, who seemed awkward and nervous and asked casually.

The second Senior Brother had complex feelings about the bow and arrow incident. Firstly, his pride had been ruthlessly shattered by the bow and arrow, and secondly, his previous attitude towards the bow and arrow had not been friendly. Moreover, the bow and arrow were made under the Divine Child's orders, giving him a complex feeling akin to guilt, especially when facing Han Cheng.

This matter had been weighing heavily on his mind these past two days, afraid of being mentioned by others. Now, being summoned by the Divine Child and directly asked about what he had been hiding in his heart made his face flush instantly, and his eyes avoided Han Cheng's gaze.

Standing here, a man much larger than Han Cheng, the Second Senior Brother, looked more like a child than Han Cheng when facing the child-like Han Cheng.

It's bizarre how people are, like Second Senior Brother, who used to eat and sleep, sleep and eat, and work whenever there was work, never thinking much about anything. Still, he had such a big reaction to the bow and arrow incident, with such complex emotions.

"Divine Divine Child."

After hesitating, he called out and didn't know what else to say.

Watching the Second Senior Brother's appearance, Han Cheng suddenly felt like a parent facing a child who had made a mistake.

Except this child was a bit too big.

"Sit down."

Han Cheng smiled and pointed to a wooden stool beside him, much taller than an ordinary wooden stool, and said to the Second Senior Brother.

After the Second Senior Brother sat down, Han Cheng continued, "You don't have to feel this uncomfortable. Although the bow and arrow can shoot farther than your throws, your throwing skills are still useful"

Han Cheng was telling the truth. The bow and arrow had many advantages, but throwing could not be entirely replaced.

For example, throwing was better than the bow and arrow in terms of speed and simplicity.

As for shooting three arrows at once and hitting the target with each arrow, that only existed in movies and TV shows, and Han Cheng didn't dare to expect that.

These were not the most important things. The most important thing was that most people in the Green Sparrow Tribe were used to throwing. Using a bow and arrow might not necessarily be as accurate as throwing, just like Second Senior Brother, who was like a pea shooter.

Of course, exceptions like Third Senior Brother needed to be excluded.

The second Senior Brother, uneasy and anxious, gradually calmed down. After Han Cheng finished speaking, there was a smile on his face.

As long as it was helpful for the tribe, that was his most simple-minded idea.

However, when he thought about the distance of the bow and arrow, which was far beyond his reach, Second Senior Brother still felt a little uncomfortable in his heart.

How could Han Cheng not understand the Second Senior Brother's thoughts? He was prepared for this long ago, patting Second Senior Brother's hand and saying, "I can create a weapon. With it, you can throw stones very far, and it won't be inferior to a bow and arrow."

"Really?!"

Second Senior Brother became excited, suddenly stood up, looked at Han Cheng with shining eyes, and didn't even bother to pay attention to the wooden stool he had knocked over while sitting.

"Of course it's true."

Han Cheng looked at the Second Senior Brother's reaction, smiled, and affirmed.

Tossing and turning, unable to sleep, Second Senior Brother simply got up and sat on the heated bed, just like the posture he saw Third Senior Brother adopt while making arrows yesterday evening.

However, his mood at this moment was vastly different from yesterday evening.

His worries were not unfounded.

Although he was a relatively agile fat man, his large belly still caused him many inconveniences.

His ability to hold such a high position within the tribe was not just due to brute strength but also because of his excellent throwing skills, which he was most proud of.

However, the appearance of the bow and arrow shattered his pride.

If Third Senior Brother could shoot arrows farther than his throws, that would be one thing, but now, practically anyone with decent strength could surpass him with a bow and arrow.

This kind of discomfort and loss could not be resolved with just a word

On this cold and silent night, the snow outside the window seemed somewhat white, and in another room, the fur-covered heated bed suddenly moved, and a person crawled out.

This person was not very tall, looking like a half-grown child. People who woke up and got up at this time had personal matters to attend to.

The rooms in the Green Sparrow Tribe were equipped with covered "urine buckets," brought in before sleeping and taken out in the morning. Urinating could be done indoors, but for defecation, one had to brave the cold and go to the latrine

Surprisingly, this middle-of-the-night riser didn't go down to look for the bucket but instead turned to the front window covered with fur and lifted the brick on the window sill pressing the fur curtain, pulling back the fur curtain by a large portion

It was a good idea but also a dangerous move. If the Divine Child discovered it, a beating was inevitable.

However, this kid didn't take out his "equipment" to relieve himself but instead leaned his head out of the open window and looked out incessantly.

Through the reflection of the white snow, the face of this child could be discerned. It was Shi Tou.

Shi Tou had a worried expression on his face.

It could be said that he had been quite melancholic these past two days because it had become cloudy, unable to see the moon, and without seeing the moon, he couldn't draw the shape of the moon.

He woke up in the middle of the night because he kept thinking about whether the moon would come out at midnight. Seeing the room so bright, he thought the moon had come out. However, when he joyfully opened the curtain, all he saw was the white snow and the dim night sky. Where was the slightest shadow of the moon?

He stubbornly looked for a while again and finally gave up.

But he didn't seal the fur curtain, but instead, using the incoming light, looked at the ceramic board leaning against the heated bed.

The moon shapes he had carved on the ceramic board during this period.

After comparing them, Shi Tou scratched his head in distress.

The last moon on the ceramic board was a half-circle he had drawn the day before yesterday.

Since there was no moon last night and tonight, according to reason, he should mark an X, but Shi Tou was unwilling to do so.

Because based on the shapes of the moon he had recorded before, he knew that the moon's changes wouldn't be this fast. There should have been a moon last night and tonight, just like these two.

He pondered and finally left his finger resting below the two moons separated by two rows.

In front of these two moons was one that was highly similar to the moon he had drawn the day before yesterday.

Shi Tou took out his "clay pen" from the side, eager to imitate the shapes of the two moons he had just pointed out, intending to draw yesterday's and today's moons one after the other. After thinking about it for a while, he still didn't start but instead drew a symbol like a hanging hook on it and placed a dot below the hook.

He had learned this symbol from the Divine Child to represent doubt or something unknown.

After finishing these, Shi Tou moved the ceramic board aside, pressed the bottom of the fur curtain with bricks again, and crawled back into the fur to sleep.

"Come with me."

The following day, Han Cheng woke early to check the earth kiln. After digging it open, there was primarily good-quality charcoal inside. At this point, Han Cheng finally fully relaxed.

With the charcoal burning issue resolved, they now had the most basic conditions for smelting steel or refining copper in the future.

In a great mood, Han Cheng commanded someone to remove the charcoal from the kiln and put more wood on it to continue burning. He called out to him when he saw Second Senior Brother, whose eyes were bloodshot and tired.

Han Cheng finished the lukewarm soup in his bowl, stood up, and addressed Second Senior Brother, who had been looking at the wooden stakes in the snow as targets outside for a while.

Second Senior Brother was stunned, watching the Divine Child, who had already turned and walked towards the room, hesitate for a moment before finally taking a step to follow him.

"Feeling uncomfortable?"

Han Cheng sat on the main seat, looking at the Second Senior Brother, who seemed awkward and nervous and asked casually.

The second Senior Brother had complex feelings about the bow and arrow incident. Firstly, his pride had been ruthlessly shattered by the bow and arrow, and secondly, his previous attitude towards the bow and arrow had not been friendly. Moreover, the bow and arrow were made under the Divine Child's orders, giving him a complex feeling akin to guilt, especially when facing Han Cheng.

This matter had been weighing heavily on his mind these past two days, afraid of being mentioned by others. Now, being summoned by the Divine Child and directly asked about what he had been hiding in his heart made his face flush instantly, and his eyes avoided Han Cheng's gaze.

Standing here, a man much larger than Han Cheng, the Second Senior Brother, looked more like a child than Han Cheng when facing the child-like Han Cheng.

It's bizarre how people are, like Second Senior Brother, who used to eat and sleep, sleep and eat, and work whenever there was work, never thinking much about anything. Still, he had such a big reaction to the bow and arrow incident, with such complex emotions.

"Divine Divine Child."

After hesitating, he called out and didn't know what else to say.

Watching the Second Senior Brother's appearance, Han Cheng suddenly felt like a parent facing a child who had made a mistake.

Except this child was a bit too big.

"Sit down."

Han Cheng smiled and pointed to a wooden stool beside him, much taller than an ordinary wooden stool, and said to the Second Senior Brother.

After the Second Senior Brother sat down, Han Cheng continued, "You don't have to feel this uncomfortable. Although the bow and arrow can shoot farther than your throws, your throwing skills are still useful"

Han Cheng was telling the truth. The bow and arrow had many advantages, but throwing could not be entirely replaced.

For example, throwing was better than the bow and arrow in terms of speed and simplicity.

As for shooting three arrows at once and hitting the target with each arrow, that only existed in movies and TV shows, and Han Cheng didn't dare to expect that.

These were not the most important things. The most important thing was that most people in the Green Sparrow Tribe were used to throwing. Using a bow and arrow might not necessarily be as accurate as throwing, just like Second Senior Brother, who was like a pea shooter.

Of course, exceptions like Third Senior Brother needed to be excluded.

The second Senior Brother, uneasy and anxious, gradually calmed down. After Han Cheng finished speaking, there was a smile on his face.

As long as it was helpful for the tribe, that was his most simple-minded idea.

However, when he thought about the distance of the bow and arrow, which was far beyond his reach, Second Senior Brother still felt a little uncomfortable in his heart.

How could Han Cheng not understand the Second Senior Brother's thoughts? He was prepared for this long ago, patting Second Senior Brother's hand and saying, "I can create a weapon. With it, you can throw stones very far, and it won't be inferior to a bow and arrow."

"Really?!"

Second Senior Brother became excited, suddenly stood up, looked at Han Cheng with shining eyes, and didn't even bother to pay attention to the wooden stool he had knocked over while sitting.

"Of course it's true."

Han Cheng looked at the Second Senior Brother's reaction, smiled, and affirmed.

## Chapter 239: Slingshot

Many tools, such as slingshots and catapults, can throw stones far. However, those with high requirements are not what Han Cheng intends to make for Second Senior Brother. What he wants to create for Second Senior Brother is a convenient and powerful tool like a slingshot, which has few restrictions on usage.

The power of a slingshot is not inferior to that of a bow and arrow, but its accuracy is not as good. Han Cheng once saw data about slingshots in his past life, claiming that the farthest distance shot by a slingshot was close to five hundred meters, even farther than the farthest distance of a bow and arrow. Of course, such distances were more like legends, and not many people could achieve them. Nevertheless, Second Senior Brother could quickly shoot stones seventy to eighty meters away with a slingshot, comparable to a bow and arrow.

The Second Senior Brother was ecstatic after receiving accurate information from Han Cheng. He didn't want to wait any longer and immediately wanted to get the new weapon the Divine Child mentioned.

When Eldest Senior Brother, Third Senior Brother, and others saw Second Senior Brother, who was radiant and completely different from before, they were amazed. They wondered what the Divine Child had done to Second Senior Brother in such a short time to transform him completely.

Second Senior Brother was not one to keep his words to himself, especially regarding good news. When the Eldest Senior Brother and others inquired, he immediately revealed what Han Cheng had just said about creating a new type of weapon.

After understanding his meaning, everyone was skeptical. After all, dealing with stones was very different from dealing with arrows. They knew how difficult it was to throw a stone as far as an arrow. It was somewhat unbelievable.

Eldest Senior Brother could no longer contain his excitement and approached Han Cheng to inquire further, followed by the others. When they received confirmation from Han Cheng, led by Eldest Senior Brother, they couldn't help but cheer.

The appearance of the bow and arrow had already completely refreshed their understanding, greatly enhancing the overall strength of the Green Sparrow tribe. Now, knowing about a new weapon that could throw stones even farther, how could they suppress their joy and excitement?

Compared to the bow and arrow unfamiliarity, more than half of the people were inclined towards a weapon that could make stones fly even farther. After all, they were more familiar with stones, and most people tended to have a psychological aversion to unfamiliar things.

The shaman hurried over after hearing the news, eagerly asking Han Cheng. The matter of the slingshot had only occurred to Han Cheng last night. After eating, he had planned to discuss it with the shaman and Eldest Senior Brother, but seeing the Second Senior Brother's appearance, he first told him about it. Therefore, the shaman did not know in advance.

After confirming the news, the shaman quickly had someone call Stone, who had been staring at the clay board on the heated bed in a daze, to come and watch the Divine Child create the new weapon. Stone understood these things faster than the shaman and recorded them better.

By now, the shaman rarely wrote anything down.

The emergence of news about the slingshot was like throwing a boulder into a lake, immediately stirring up the Green Sparrow tribe. Eldest Senior Brother, Second Senior Brother, Shang, and others looked spiritedly at Han Cheng, pounding their chests, indicating their readiness to do whatever the Divine Child commanded.

Even Lame rolled up his fur, revealing his arms, signaling he would closely follow the Divine Child's footsteps.

As the top carpenter of the Green Sparrow tribe, Lame was not the first to complete the bow and arrow, which stimulated him. So today, he was full of energy and eager to compete.

Even Han Cheng, accustomed to leadership, was somewhat surprised by the momentum displayed by everyone at this moment, resembling a group ready to tackle a tiger on the mountain or capture a dragon in the sea.

How could making a slingshot stir up such a commotion?

As everyone prepared to make a considerable effort and produce this new type of weapon, Han Cheng began to give orders.

This lifted everyone's spirits, making them feel it was time to exert themselves.

However, Han Cheng's following words almost made the eager crowd stumble. Instead of assigning tasks like chopping wood or splitting stones, which required a lot of strength, he had people bring in some ropes.



The weaving of a slingshot was not complicated. Under Han Cheng's guidance, Lame combined ten ropes into five pairs, then interwove these five pairs to create a thick rope, leaving a loop at one end to be worn around the wrist to prevent the slingshot from flying out.

In the middle of the rope, about ten centimeters were left unbraided.

Here, the five ropes were separated and used as warp threads, while under Han Cheng's guidance, Lame used a thinner rope as a weft thread to weave back and forth, creating a net-like structure.

This net was used to hold the stone projectiles.

Of course, there were different methods of making a slingshot, but this one produced a sturdier result because it was a unified piece.

Compared to a bow and arrow, making a slingshot was much easier with the presence of ropes. In less than half a day, the slingshot was completed under Lame's hands and presented before the people of the Green Sparrow tribe.

Seeing this thing, which was vastly different from their imagination, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe appeared somewhat quiet, quite different from their previous enthusiastic preparations to take action.

They found it hard to imagine throwing a stone far with such a thing.

If it weren't for the Divine Child's words but someone else's, they would have left long ago, shaking their heads.

Faced with this completely new weapon, Han Cheng naturally took the lead.

He first deliberately slipped the loop left on one end of the slingshot onto his wrist, wrapped it around, and secured it.

Then, he selected a stone the size of an egg from the ones Second Senior Brother had prepared in a bamboo tube and placed it between the net in the middle of the slingshot. Folding the slingshot, he gripped the other end in his hand.

Then he ordered everyone to move far away in front and behind.

Unlike with a bow and arrow, where Han Cheng could ensure that the arrow would go forward, he couldn't guarantee anything with the slingshot until familiar with it.

Han Cheng, the Divine Child, began his performance with no one within thirty meters.

Gripping the slingshot with his right arm, he suddenly exerted force, rotating the slingshot with his hand before letting go.

Leveraging this strong inertia, the stone flew out.

Chapter 240: Going to Tsinghua University or Peking University?

The slingshot's power was so formidable that the stone disappeared completely from Han Cheng's line of sight...

Or rather, it never appeared in his line of sight in the first place.

Han Cheng, upon realizing this, muttered a word of dismay and quickly covered his head with his hands, and then...

And then, the next moment, he felt relieved.

Because a crisp sound rang out, followed by a series of rumbling noises.

Han Cheng turned his head toward the sound and saw the stone projectile rolling down from the roof, falling into the snow below.

Well, the newly built house would need to replace some tiles now.

The onlookers, who were watching from afar, were dumbfounded. At this moment, they fully understood why the Divine Child had asked them to stand so far away.

They truly experienced the terrifying power of the slingshot.

The Divine Child was right; this thing's lethality was significant, almost to the point of not distinguishing between friend and foe.

Han Cheng looked at the stunned crowd, sniffed slightly, and thought, damn it, apart from being a little off target and smashing some tiles, my shot was perfect. Do you have to look at me with such eyes?

It was just slightly off, hitting the house behind and to the side...

But regardless, Han Cheng had demonstrated the power of the slingshot. With his current physique, under normal circumstances, he could only throw a stone about twenty meters, and that was if it was the right size and felt comfortable to throw.

But now, with the help of the slingshot, the stone he just threw had exceeded thirty meters...

The Second Senior Brother eagerly held the slingshot, and the onlookers moved farther away. Han Cheng even considered flipping a pottery basin over his head to use as a helmet.

In the strange atmosphere of anticipation and alertness among the onlookers, the Second Senior Brother sShamannng his arm, and the slingshot made a sharp sound as it cut through the air.

Before Han Cheng and the others could see clearly, they saw smoke rising from a point more than forty meters away, followed by the stump standing there, tilting backward and making a crashing sound.

The Second Senior Brother's shot perfectly demonstrated the power of the slingshot.

The onlookers, seeing this scene, had eyes shining with excitement.

Only Han Cheng was sniffing. Damn it, can the difference be any more obvious?

The Second Senior Brother was even more excited. He trotted over to prop up the fallen stump and then returned to where he had just stood, stepping back another ten meters or so.

He loaded a stone into the slingshot, sShamannng it, and released one end into the air, and the stone flew out swiftly.

Although he didn't hit the stump this time, the stone flew nearly eighty meters before landing.

This scene left the onlookers even more dumbfounded, their eyes gleaming with amazement.

It was hard to imagine that stones could be thrown so far with such a simple tool.

Even though this scene was happening before their eyes, they still found it hard to believe.

Next, the slingshot circulated among the hands of the onlookers.

Among them, the one who threw the stone the farthest and most accurately with the slingshot was still the Second Senior Brother, the slingshot master. His farthest throw reached an astonishing one hundred and three meters!

The distance achieved by the Second Senior Brother's slingshot was nearly twenty meters farther than the farthest distance shot by the Third Senior Brother using a bow and arrow!

However, Third Senior Brother wasn't discouraged because he had learned from the Divine Child that the bow was large and thick enough as long as the materials used were suitable. The strength was sufficient, and arrows could be shot even farther.

Hou Yi shot down the sun with a bow and arrow, not a slingshot.

Furthermore, although the slingshot could throw farther, it wasn't as accurate as shooting with arrows. If used for hunting, the noise the slingshot makes would easily scare away prey...

Few people were as steadfast in their belief in using bows and arrows as Third Senior Brother. After Han Cheng brought out the slingshot and everyone saw its power, many who were initially enthusiastic about bows and arrows began to waver.

Take Tie Tou, for example. At this moment, he was torn between his bow and a slingshot, one in each hand.

He didn't need to be so indecisive, he would soon realize.

After hesitating for a long time and finally choosing to use the slingshot, he discovered the massive gap between him and the Second Senior Brother.

So, he gave up the slingshot and switched to using a bow and arrow, only to be beaten badly by Third Senior Brother...

Tie Tou sat on the ground, feeling somewhat dejected, watching Third Senior Brother and the Second Senior Brother shooting arrows and playing with slingshots not too far away, feeling helpless.

Han Cheng could empathize with Tie Tou's current mood. When he was younger, he had agonized over whether to go to Tsinghua University or Peking University when he grew up, only to suddenly realize after entering high school that neither of these schools had anything to do with him...

The emergence of the slingshot, which served as a substitute for bows and arrows to some extent, disrupted the firm determination of the people in the Green Sparrow tribe to pursue bows and arrows, just like Tie Tou. Many people were now torn.

Han Cheng saw all of this, but besides urging everyone to accelerate the production of bows, arrows, and slingshots and dedicate time to practice every day, he said little else.

People each had their strengths. It was impossible for everyone to reach the proficiency levels of the Second Senior Brother and Third Senior Brother in both weapons.

Han Cheng's idea was simple: first, let everyone become familiar with these two new types of weapons. Then, after some time, classify them based on their mastery of these two weapons.

Those better at shooting arrows would use bows and arrows in the future, while those who excelled with slingshots would specialize in slingshots. If one or two individuals were equally skilled in both weapons, they could choose one as their main weapon based on their interest, with the other as a secondary weapon.

He had other plans for those who weren't proficient in either weapon and wouldn't let them idle.

After classification, they would spend time training every day.

Once the tribe's people became proficient in using these two weapons, relying on the hedgehog-like walls built by Han Cheng, they wouldn't need many people to firmly guard the tribe.

Then, Han Cheng could confidently lead other people to do other things.

Han Cheng shared this idea with Shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother, who naturally agreed with Han Cheng's proposal.

Shaman extended his tree-root-like hand and groped back and forth on the bows, arrows, and slingshots, his face filled with anticipation and piety.

He expressed to Han Cheng his intention to sacrifice to the gods and thank them for protecting the tribe.

He had this idea since yesterday when he witnessed the power of the bow and arrow, but he hadn't had a chance to say it before Han Cheng brought out the slingshot, a weapon that was just as powerful as the bow and arrow.

With weapons like this, possessing just one was enough to keep the tribe strong. And now, thanks to the Divine Child, their tribe suddenly had two!

How could such a thing not be reported to the gods? The harsh cold of winter couldn't extinguish Shaman's fiery heart.

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