

Primitive 25

Chapter 25: Face that was struck by lightning

Early in the morning today, Han Cheng had already gotten up and had breakfast, and after Elder Brother and the hunters went hunting, Han Cheng announced the news of giving a day off to the children in the cave.

At first, they were a bit skeptical, wondering if they had misheard. The Divine Child, who had always been strict with their requirements, suddenly announced that they didn't have to learn the divine language and language today.

When they confirmed that the Divine Child wasn't joking but meant it, they couldn't help but cheer and rejoice.

Watching these cheering little primitive people, Han Cheng recalled the scene when he was in school, and the whole class cheered when the teacher announced a two-day break due to continuous heavy rain.

He smiled at these children, truly understanding their joy.

After the cheers of these children subsided, Han Cheng pointed a few times in the crowd and said, "Hei Wa, Tie Tou (Iron Head), Xiao Mu (Little Wood), Zhuang (Strong), Xiao Mei, Xiao Li, Xing (Star), the seven of you come with me."

These children's names were, of course, given by Han Cheng. As before, the names had some connection with their characteristics.

For example, Tie Tou. This guy could use his head to crack open a walnut-like nut, which amazed Han Cheng.

Xiao Mu was named because he looked a bit simple-minded, like a piece of wood.

Zhuang because she looked relatively strong. Although she was a girl, Han Cheng gave her such a name.

Xiao Mei and Xiao Li were two twin sisters, relatively delicate compared to other primitive people. Han Cheng gave them such names.

Xing was also a girl with a younger brother named Cheng (Dawn). However, Han Cheng did not call him this time due to his young age.

Giving names was a necessary thing because before having a name, people in the tribe addressed each other with words like "you," "me," and "him." Apart from Shaman and the Elder Brother who served as the Leader, no one had a special title.

Because of this, if you wanted to talk to someone, you generally had to walk up to them face-to-face, or it was easy to get confused.

As students of Han Cheng, these underage people naturally had to be named first.

After Han Cheng gave them names, he would also write down the corresponding characters and let them firmly remember the pronunciation and writing of their names.

And he told them that this represented them.

At first, they were not used to it and found it hard to remember, but Han Cheng wasn't worried because before teaching new characters each time, he would go through the names. Anyone who didn't respond with "here" when their name was called or who answered someone else's name would have to write their name fifty times and call themselves "I am xx" fifty times continuously.

This was indeed a good method. These children could all remember and write their names in just a few days.

Han Cheng called them out because he had a reason: pottery.

To be honest, he had never done pottery, but he had seen a video of an old lady from some tribe making pottery using traditional methods.

Because the old lady's pottery skills were really good, Han Cheng had a deep impression and remembered quite a bit. As for burning the pottery, he was quite confident.

Han Cheng called these seven children to go with him to let them participate in making pottery.

They were children in the primitive era primitive tribe, so they couldn't be like children in later generations, not worrying about anything else and just focusing on studying.

Han Cheng wanted to teach them Chinese characters, Mandarin and various survival or life skills.

Of course, there was another reason. Han Cheng couldn't possibly do everything alone. Just like when he taught the people in the tribe to make gloves and socks, now he wanted to teach these children to make pottery.

The manpower in the tribe was limited, and these children were among the older ones in the group of underage people. They were already able to do some things, and with them as helpers, it could save a lot of labor for the tribe.

Han Cheng brought them to where weapons were stored in the cave, took some weapons that the Elder Brother didn't take with them, and then walked outside the cave.

Carrying weapons for self-defense was necessary because the path from the cave to the small river to the south was not smooth. In between, there was a dense forest with trees of various sizes.

Although there weren't too many wild beasts in the vicinity due to the presence of the Elder Brother, there were still occasional appearances, so precautions had to be taken.

"Divine Child, are you"

Lame got up from the ground, inquiring with a touch of respect and curiosity towards Han Cheng.

Due to following Han Cheng to bring fish to the tribe during the winter, Lame's status within the tribe had increased quite a bit.

He was very grateful to Han Cheng for that.

Of course, having tasted the sweetness, whenever Lame saw Han Cheng making something new, he would come over and ask. If possible, he would learn along with him.

This included the daily teachings of Chinese characters and Mandarin by Han Cheng.

Due to this, Lame unexpectedly became the second adult in the tribe, after Shaman, who could read and write characters. Among the adults, besides Shaman, he spoke Mandarin the best.

The small river was not far from the tribe, and it was fine for Lame to follow. After all, among them, there was not a single adult. Although Lame's leg was not convenient, he used to be a man who chased after wild beasts. Even if he couldn't contribute much, having a courageous person was still useful.

The sun rose from the east, shining across the mountains and forests. In the middle of the forest was a thin mist, like a white and translucent short skirt for the trees.

The nine of them crossed the forest and arrived at the side of the small river.

The ice in the river had long since melted, and the water was clear and transparent. Many fishes were swimming in the water, and reaching out was much more agile than in winter.

Han Cheng stopped about a dozen feet from the small river and didn't want to go further. It wasn't because the fish in this river had teeth that were more fierce than those in later generations. It was because the river water would reflect his appearance.

Han Cheng had always thought that after revealing his true face, the people in the cave would not dislike him and would not treat him as an outsider. This was partly due to his mysterious origin and partly due to the bond formed with the people in the cave after some time.

But after the spring arrived, he suddenly discovered that those were all secondary when he washed in the cold water by the river. The most important thing was his current face.

This face showed signs of atavism.

Although it was only about thirty to forty percent, it was enough to make Han Cheng feel depressed.

After all, he had never thought about plastic surgery.

While depressed, Han Cheng couldn't help but marvel at the thunderbolt that fell on him.

Not only did he change his body, but he also incidentally gave him a facelift. Fortunately, there was no sex change. Otherwise, Han Cheng would have found a crooked-necked tree and hanged himself from it.