

Primitive 27

Chapter 27: Pottery and confidence

Han Cheng originally thought of making a pot first, but with his current rudimentary pottery skills, that seemed impractical. After trying three or four times, ending in failure, Han Cheng could only settle for making clay pots instead.

Although it was less convenient for serving food, a clay pot could still be used for boiling water and cooking soup. Given the circumstances, practicality took precedence.

Using both hands, Han Cheng crafted a clay pot embryo with a diameter of about twenty centimeters. The pot was round, approximately thirty centimeters tall, and about two to three centimeters from the top, and he added two handles that could be used for threading ropes.

Han Cheng admired his creation for a while, thinking it looked decent. After all, he had been working on this for most of the day, accumulating some experience.

However, when he turned to look at the clay embryo made by Hei Wa's clay pot, his face twitched involuntarily.

People often say that the student surpasses the master, and things are constantly progressing. That was correct, but the speed and extent of this surpassing were too much.

It was not just surpassing. He was much better.

Hei Wa had made a clay embryo with a base smaller than the opening, a top diameter exceeding one meter, and had already taken shape. Hei Wa copied Han Cheng to sprinkle water on it, smoothing and polishing the inner and outer surfaces.

This scene left Han Cheng wide-eyed.

Having personally made clay embryos, he knew larger pottery was more challenging. Otherwise, he wouldn't have managed to create a clay pot embryo with a diameter exceeding twenty centimeters and be somewhat self-satisfied.

What Hei Wa made was no pot. it was a large vat.

A vat like the one Sima Guang smashed, but a bit smaller.

However, this was enough to surprise Han Cheng. Truly, there were surprises everywhere in life.

Like other children who were also amazed, Han Cheng walked over to Hei Wa, watching him make the final touches on this clay embryo that could easily surpass everyone else.

Hei Wa was very happy, and with this happiness, there was an unprecedented sense of satisfaction and accomplishment.

When learning the language and writing of the gods, he was always the slowest, often being punished by Shaman to copy texts. Watching others play, he envied them, and even in front of his peers, he felt somewhat inferior.

But today was different. They didn't study the language and writing of the gods; instead, they played with mud. This made Hei Wa very happy, especially now when all his friends watched in awe as he crafted something. Even Shaman came over to observe.

This made him feel triumphant and extremely useful.

I'm not completely useless. I'm better than others in some areas, and I can do things well, just like everyone else.

Hei Wa carried a somewhat naive face, his determination to make this thing better evident. He diligently smoothed every part of the clay embryo as if it were a precious treasure rather than a pile of mud.

Having lived two lives, Han Cheng naturally understood Hei Wa's thoughts. The slightly stubborn look in his eyes clearly showed a child who had been wronged and was now trying hard to prove himself.

Han Cheng's feelings about this were quite complex. There was some bitterness some joy, but mostly an understanding of Hei Wa's emotions, as if he could feel them himself.

"Clap, clap, clap."

When Blackwa finished the last bit, Han Cheng led the applause.

"Clap, clap, clap."

Applause echoed from the other seven people as well.

Han Cheng taught this while instructing them in Mandarin and Chinese characters. When someone excelled in learning, they would receive applause from everyone.

Hei Wa's body stiffened, and his eye sockets heated up. He turned around, looking at the smiling godfather applauding for him and the little friends clapping their hands loudly. Tears uncontrollably streamed down his face.

He hurriedly wiped them away with his hands but forgot about the clay. As a result, he ended up with a big mud face after a few attempts.

"Giggle, giggle."

"Hahaha."

Everyone burst into laughter. Hei Wa, feeling a bit embarrassed, stopped his tears and smiled. He ran towards the closest Tie Tou and smeared the mud from his hands onto his face.

Amidst the laughter and joy, the children of the Green Sparrow Tribe played around like a group of mud monkeys, creating a harmonious atmosphere.

Han Cheng watched this scene with a smile, feeling a sense of tranquility and warmth in his heart.

After playing for a while, at Han Cheng's call, the kids stopped their mud antics and immersed themselves in pottery-making.

Playing with mud seemed much more appealing than the tedious learning of divine words and language.

Hei Wa had now become a skilled mud player, guiding his little friends occasionally and even assisting them personally.

Seeing this scene, Han Cheng felt genuinely happy. The earlier sentiments about the student surpassing the master had long disappeared. After all, having such a little expert was a great thing for him and the tribe.

Talents like these needed special attention.

The labor results today were quite good. By the end of the afternoon, there were more than twenty clay embryo pots, despite most of them being oddly shaped. This was already a satisfactory outcome.

Instead of bringing these things into the cave, Han Cheng left them by the river. They had cleared an area specifically for storing clay embryos.

It was spring now, with little dew and not too much sunlight during the day, making it ideal for air-drying the clay embryos.

If it were summer or a time with intense sunlight, leaving these undried clay embryos exposed outside during the day would not be suitable. Strong sunlight could easily cause cracks to appear on them.

Although Han Cheng was making pottery for the first time, he could understand these aspects with the help of videos and various survival knowledge.

The children were excited about their experiences today. After washing off the mud by the river, they happily walked back to the cave, feeling no fatigue.

Limping along, the Lame followed the group. He still held two lively fish in his hands, and his face was filled with a child-like smile.

Upon hearing about Han Cheng's actions today, the Eldest Brother, who returned from hunting, couldn't help but be curious. Together with Shaman, they asked Han Cheng what he was planning to do.

When they heard from Han Cheng that he intended to make many things for holding water and storing fruits, which were called pottery, which was much better than the tribe's stone basins and bowls, they all showed expressions of surprise and incomprehension.

Clearly, just like the others, they didn't understand how things made of clay could be used to hold water.