

Primitive 29

Chapter 29: Clay Kiln opened, Pottery Created

The sun revealed its face, rapidly transitioning from large to small, making one envious of its ability to quickly shed its broad visage and achieve a slimmer, successful "facelift."

A gentle breeze blew, and a thin mist hovered. In the crisp morning, birds that had risen early to hunt for insects joyfully chirped. From the open cave, a group of primitive people emerged.

Today was an eagerly anticipated day. They had waited three days, foregoing their usual desire for food. Together, they left the cave, following a small path through the woods towards the riverside.

Although Han Cheng appeared calm on the surface, he was excited inside. Apart from his anticipation for the upcoming pottery, he also felt a bit anxious about the possibility of the firing process failing. If it did fail, it would be embarrassing to face everyone's gaze.

Because he deeply understood this feeling, Han Cheng realized the correctness of the saying "plan first and then act."

The thin mud smeared on the mounds by the riverside had already dried. Some small cracks emitted faint smoke.

Observing this semi-circular mound with smoke billowing out, Han Cheng suddenly recalled a saying from the future: "Smoke rising from ancestral graves."

The scene before him was remarkably fitting.

With a somewhat amusing thought, Han Cheng touched the dried mud, feeling its temperature, which was quite high and a bit scalding.

Leaning down to peer through a small hole, he saw a vibrant red interior, indicating that the fire had not burned out completely.

"No."

Han Cheng resisted the urge to dig open the clay kiln immediately. He cast a glance at the disappointed crowd and slowly shook his head.

The people, eagerly waiting for three days, couldn't help but show profound disappointment.

"Let's go back for a meal. We can check again after eating."

Although Han Cheng was eager to see the results, he didn't want to disappoint the crowd further. Therefore, he suggested a time frame.

Many people realized they hadn't eaten at the mention of food. Hunger struck, and stomachs began to growl in unison.

Despite some reluctance, the disappointed crowd returned for a meal upon Han Cheng's suggestion.

A few kids who had participated in the entire pottery-making process lingered at the group's rear, frequently looking back.

Compared to others, their anticipation for the outcome was even higher.

Breakfast was prepared at an unprecedented speed. Yes, barbecue again.

Wearing a large golden chain and a wristwatch, having barbecue every day. Han Cheng had now embraced this lifestyle. He didn't have the golden chain and wristwatch but ate barbecue twice daily.

The repetitive meals made Han Cheng lose his appetite a bit. So, until now, he often couldn't finish the food that Senior Brother provided for him. Eventually, following the example of Shaman, he started giving the leftovers to the small primitive people inside the cave.

These small primitive people didn't understand why Divine Child, who was a god's son, didn't seem to like such delicious food. They were used to stuffing their stomachs with as much food as possible, even if it meant eating to the point of being full.

In the tribe, except for Shaman and Han Cheng, everyone ate quickly. This morning, they ate even faster.

Amidst the people's anticipation, Shaman finished his last bite. Han Cheng distributed the remaining half of the food to the twin sisters, Xiaomei, Xiaoli, and Xing, who hadn't received much.

Once again, the group left the cave and headed to the riverside.

Han Cheng, as before, extended his hand to touch the clay mound. After a while, he felt that the temperature had decreased compared to before. It seemed that the fire inside had almost burned out.

Observing the crowd filled with anticipation, Han Cheng, who also wanted to know the result, decided not to wait any longer. According to his memory, the firing should have been sufficient after such a long time.

He took a wooden stick from the nearby Lane and knocked on the dried clay shell.

The previously soft clay had hardened after days of roasting, and the sound of the stick hitting it became somewhat crisp. However, due to the depletion of the underlying straw, it wasn't very solid. Han Cheng managed to create a hole with two strikes.

Scorching hot air mixed with burnt grass ash gushed out from the opening. Preparing to knock again, Han Cheng heard some crisp cracking sounds coming from inside.

It wasn't the sound of the clay shell falling.

Han Cheng's heart sank. The pottery inside must have cracked.

Sniffing, he approached and looked inside through the hole, discovering a pottery piece that had cracked into several parts.

Not a good start.

The clay kiln hadn't been fully opened, yet he could already see the damaged pottery. It was unavoidable for some damage to occur during the first attempt at pottery without prior experience.

Han Cheng consoled himself this way and continued to knock on the clay shell.

Fragments of the clay shell fell, and a mixture of smoke and hot air dispersed into the surroundings. Occasionally, there were one or two distinct cracking sounds among the others.

Every time such a sound occurred, Han Cheng's heart twitched. Especially when he saw the double-eared pottery jar he had made split open, he felt an intense pang of distress.

All the clay shell was knocked away, revealing the interior. Among the ashes lay a collection of pottery pieces.

However, compared to when they were initially placed inside, they had undergone a drastic transformation. Their color turned black, and they felt hard like stones, warm to the touch, and emitted a slightly crisp sound when struck.

This astonishing change left even the tribe's most knowledgeable Shaman and the most experienced Senior Brother in awe.

As for the children who had participated in the pottery-making process with Han Cheng, they were so amazed that they couldn't close their mouths. Holding these intact or broken pottery pieces, they examined and studied them, occasionally knocking and feeling. Looking at Han Cheng, their eyes revealed confusion and deep admiration.

People who had never seen such pottery before were stunned by the miraculous transformation from mud to pottery. Especially when Shaman picked up a bowl, poured out the ash, scooped a bowl of water from the river, confirmed that it could hold water without breaking, and showed that the water the light little bowl contained was more than what their heavy stone bowls could hold, they widened their eyes in amazement.

This was a miracle.

Only a god could know such a miraculous method.

"Divine Child!"

The shaman put down the ceramic bowl, placed his hand over his chest, and respectfully saluted Han Cheng.

Imitating the shaman, others returned from the river after scooping water with their pottery, put down their vessels, followed the Shaman, and collectively bowed to Han Cheng, praising, "Divine Child!"