

Primitive 30

Chapter 30: Joyful Tribe and Depressed Han Cheng

In contrast to the people's excitement, Han Cheng was not as happy as expected. He looked at the fragments in the grass ash pile on the ground and felt slightly depressed.

He vividly remembered that in the video, the elderly woman of that ethnic minority had fired dozens of pieces in one kiln. Later, when the kiln was opened, only two were damaged, and the rest were intact.

Now, with twenty-two pieces fired, only eight came out intact. Nearly two-thirds had either cracks on the surface or were shattered into fragments.

Even though this was his first attempt at pottery, the difference shouldn't be so significant.

Fortunately, the pot made by Hei Wa survived. It was intact without any cracks on the surface. This made Han Cheng once again marvel at the importance of talent.

Under the halo of the divine, Han Cheng received the crowd's worship.

Compared to his initial awkwardness, he was much calmer now.

He helped Shaman up and then had everyone else stand up. To avoid dampening their spirits, he put on a cheerful smile.

The people in the tribe showed considerable interest in this novel thing called pottery. Excited, they filled all the pottery with water and carried them back to the tribe.

With this water, they no longer had to run far to the river when thirsty.

The Second Senior Brother, red-faced with a thick neck, moved forward while carrying a large tub full of water.

Beside him, Senior Brother shook his head occasionally, indicating that the tub was too big and inconvenient for carrying water. The smaller ones would be more practical.

This scene left Han Cheng dumbfounded. It was the first time he had seen such use of a tub.

If using it like this turns out to be practical, that would be surprising.

This operation is even more excellent than Sima Guang.

After watching in amazement, Han Cheng sighed and quickly explained to them. He spoke and gestured for a while, finally making them understand that the thing called a tub was to be placed empty in the tribe. They should then use smaller jars to pour water into it.

Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother, somewhat embarrassed, scratched their heads. Carefully placing the tub on the ground, they poured out the water and carried the much lighter tub back to the tribe.

The entire Green Sparrow Tribe seemed exceptionally happy. The Divine Child had not disappointed them. The mud could indeed create wonderful things.

Led by Shaman, the people in the cave once again conducted a ritual to thank the god.

The offering this time was not food but the pottery just taken out of the kiln.

In front of the totem pole, the Shaman, wearing a feather crown and holding a bone staff, recited words that Han Cheng and the others in the cave couldn't understand, communicating with the god they had never sensed.

He thanked God for sending the Divine Child to the tribe and bringing boundless blessings.

In the Shaman's ancient and incomprehensible incantations, the word "pottery" occasionally popped up, a term Han Cheng had taught them not long ago.

This made the originally mysterious ritual somewhat comical. Han Cheng even laughed because he had a sense of accomplishment, as if he had played a successful prank.

The ritual lasted about thirty minutes, and after the Shaman dripped with sweat, it finally ended.

The children in the tribe were excited, especially the six or seven children who had personally participated in making pottery.

Even Lame was grinning because he had also participated in making pottery.

Lame's actions once again confirmed the importance of following a good leader. Just like on the battlefield, the personal guards of a general usually died less than others.

Senior Brother was also very happy because Han Cheng gave him one of the bowls.

If it were ordinary things, like hunting spoils, as the leader, Senior Brother had absolute distribution rights. However, this time was different. The appearance of this new thing, inspired by the god and made by Divine Child, had never happened in the tribe's history. Senior Brother didn't dare to act recklessly.

Han Cheng didn't pay attention to these. In his subconscious, he felt that he led everyone to create these things, and he naturally had the right to distribute them.

It's not that he was too independent, but his thinking was often unconsciously influenced by the future. He wasn't quite accustomed to the communal system within the tribe.

Among the eight pottery items, besides the large jar made by Hei Wa, there were two jars and five bowls.

The jars were considered communal property, while the bowls were more personal.

Han Cheng gave the best bowl to the shaman and kept the second best for himself. The remaining three bowls were given to each of the three senior brothers.

This distribution method faced no objections because it was consistent with how they normally allocated food.

Even Lame, who had been working diligently, had no objections. Like the children, he felt a bit envious but didn't see anything wrong with Han Cheng's distribution.

There were too few jars and pots, far from enough. However, there was no need to worry. The successful pottery-making had already proven that the method worked. As long as they spent more time, they could replenish the shortage.

With a bountiful catch from the previous day and the senior brothers deciding not to go hunting today, they joined the children at the riverbank, participating in the communal pottery-making effort at Han Cheng's command.

Han Cheng gave them some brief instructions, and then they all followed Hei Wa to learn.

This made Hei Wa a bit nervous but also proud. He took his responsibility seriously, meticulously demonstrating and imparting his knowledge to everyone.

Han Cheng observed from the side.

Everyone has their strengths, such as pottery making.

After a day's work, three or four people excelled, while the majority reached a moderate level, some a bit higher or lower. A few also performed particularly poorly, like Second Senior Brother.

He failed to produce anything decent after a day covered in mud and sweating.

Due to these individual differences, collaborative work allocation emerged. People were placed in fields where they excelled, doing what they were good at. It was an effective method to enhance productivity.

After a day of work, Han Cheng rearranged the tasks, assigning the four best adult primitive people to focus on making clay molds during their free timetimes when they weren't hunting or fishing. The rest were allocated tasks based on their strengths, such as digging soil, preparing clay, collecting dry grass, and crushing it.

Of course, this was done without affecting the tribe's regular activities. After all, obtaining food remained the tribe's top priority.

The clay molds made a few days ago were ready to be fired, but Han Cheng hasn't engaged in this task yet. He still hadn't figured out why his success rate was so low with the same method.

After a failure, it was essential to extract some experience from it. Otherwise, repeating the process would be meaningless.