

Primitive 31

Chapter 31: Simple truth with a huge impact

The night was tranquil, and the small flame at the cave entrance swayed weakly as if it, too, was about to fall asleep like the people inside.

The old primitive man kept watch by the fire, occasionally adding a bit of firewood. Preventing the flames from extinguishing was a crucial task.

The appearance and utilization of fire marked a significant leap in human evolutionary history.

The tribe had also mastered the method of fire drilling, but it was too troublesome. It was more convenient to have someone guarding day and night, just like now.

Since these two old primitive men were already of old age, they couldn't handle most other tasks.

Under them were animal skins, and beneath them was a thick layer of dry grass. Han Cheng's sleeping place was more comfortable than the average person's. In the past, by this time, he would have already fallen asleep. However, tonight, he had no intention of sleeping.

There are generally only two reasons for insomnia at night. Either you slept too much during the day, or something is on your mind.

In the future, the first reason could be ruled out.

Han Cheng, who came from the future, could also rule out the first reason because he hadn't closed his eyes all day.

He couldn't sleep because his mind was filled with thoughts of pottery.

He recalled every step the old woman took in making pottery, then compared it to the procedure he was currently undertaking to find the reason for such a significant difference between the two.

He had been pondering this matter from day to night and even into the deep hours of the night, yet he still had no clear clues.

Although he found three somewhat suspicious points, Han Cheng still felt that this wasn't the main reason for the mass breakage of the pottery.

Han Cheng sat up from the bed, put on a fur coat, and wore animal skin socks as he walked out of the cave. He had a habit from the future that he liked to get up once he couldn't sleep at night.

The old primitive man on night duty was already accustomed to people going out to solve physiological issues at night.

Whenever someone got up, he would turn to look. He would continue sitting by the fire without standing up if it was an adult. He needed to stand up to help the child open the heavy stone door if it was a child.

This was also one of his duties.

The old primitive man heard footsteps and turned his head out of habit, and when he recognized that the person coming was Divine Child, he quickly stood up.

Before Han Cheng could say anything, the old man adeptly opened the stone door.

Outside, it was quiet, with bright stars embedded in the dark blue sky, looking exceptionally clear and beautiful. It was far superior to the future night sky, which had passed through layers of haze and neon lights.

There were occasional distant roars in the night as if the rulers of the primitive era were singing in the night.

The air was crisp on the early spring morning, and the night was equally chilly. Although it didn't reach freezing temperatures, Han Cheng, who had just come out of the cave, couldn't help but shiver several times, causing even the crystal-clear water column to tilt.

Han Cheng exerted force. He wanted to quickly empty the water in his body and hurry back to the warmth of the cave.

"Snap!"

Han Cheng didn't go back, nor did he fall into the pit because of excessive force while urinating. Instead, he raised his hand and slapped himself hard on the forehead.

He wasn't crazy. He suddenly understood the problem that had troubled him all day and half the night.

Damn it, such a simple reason was overlooked by himself.

Han Cheng suddenly saw the light and wished to slap himself on the head again.

The reason for the mass breakage of the pottery was straightforward. The pottery expanded and contracted due to heat.

His warm body came out of the cave and suddenly encountered the cold air, causing him to shiver involuntarily. The temperature difference in this process was at most ten degrees.

However, when pottery came out of the kiln, the temperature difference from extreme heat to extreme cold was more than a hundred degrees.

Under such intense stimulation, it would be strange if the pottery didn't crack.

Realizing this connection, Han Cheng, who felt relieved, touched the frozen part of him that was now reduced to a little bird's head and quickly ran back into the cave.

"The worries on his mind lifted, and he lay on the bedding, covered with a thick fur, quickly entering the realm of dreams.

By the lively small river, witnessing a miracle and personally experiencing the usefulness of pottery made from clay, the people in the tribe now have a great passion for pottery making.

Especially upon hearing that Divine Child was preparing to fire pottery again today, everyone became more enthusiastic.

After an early meal, they all gathered by the small river.

With the experience from the previous attempt, everything went much smoother this time.

However, compared to the last time, they had to make a lot more pottery this time.

Around the solid clay pit that was burned last time, Han Cheng had people dig around, and after the digging, the pit reached about four square meters.

Then came the process of laying dry grass, placing clay embryos, filling with dry grass, smearing clay, igniting, and sealing the hole.

After that, all that was left was to wait.

The senior brothers went hunting, and Han Cheng, with a group of little primitive people, made clay embryos here while guarding this simple clay kiln. They observed the temperature through the sealed clay to see if the fire inside went out.

Since there were already enough clay embryos for bowls, having one per person wouldn't be a problem if they all succeeded.

So, Han Cheng instructed them to reduce the production of bowls and make more of the relatively scarce pottery jars and large jars.

They also had to make some pottery basins.

There were already plenty of clay embryos, so there was no need to rush like before. After noon, Han Cheng led the people to clean up by the small river and returned to the cave.

Because they had been busy with pottery for these days, the matter of teaching Mandarin and Chinese characters had been put aside. Now that the pottery making was basically on track, Han Cheng naturally had to resume these lessons that had been interrupted for a few days.

What he taught today was very simple the newly appeared character "陶" (pottery), including its pronunciation and writing, and the pottery bowls, jars, and jars derived from it.

Because the people were very interested in the newly appeared pottery, even though the character "陶" was complex and difficult to write, everyone learned it quickly. Especially the little pottery expert Hei Wa, who couldn't remember characters before, could now quickly write out the character "陶" from memory.

Around the continuously burning fire pit, three stones were placed in a triangular arrangement. On the stones were the recently made pottery jars filled with water.

Under the continuous licking of the flames, white vapor had begun to rise from the water inside the pottery jars.

This relieved the old primitive man next to him, who had been worried that the fire would crack the pottery and then the water would extinguish the fire.

Like the others in the cave, he didn't understand the purpose of Divine Child's strange actions, but they had become somewhat accustomed to it. After all, Divine Child had performed many incomprehensible actions.

Han Cheng didn't have any particular plans. He just wanted to boil some hot water to drink.

Having been here for several months, except for the warm urine, he had never touched hot water, which was quite lamentable.

The water inside the pottery jar didn't boil despite emitting white vapor, which made Han Cheng somewhat frustrated. It seemed he had to make a lid immediately. This way, not only could it prevent dust from falling into the water, but it could also provide insulation.