

Primitive 32

Chapter 32: Delicious boiled water

The water inside the pottery had boiled, but because the pot didn't have handles, moving it away from the fire pit was a bit challenging.

Han Cheng found two piles of dry grass to prop up and finally moved it away from the improvised stove on the fire pit.

He took out his bowl, scooped some water from the tub, washed the bowl, and eagerly poured the hot water into the pot.

Then, cradling the bowl in both hands, he brought it close to his lips and gently blew on the hot steam. After a moment, he took a sip, and despite the tasteless hot water, Han Cheng seemed to have tasted something delicious. He let the water linger in his mouth, savoring it before swallowing.

A warm feeling spread from his mouth to his stomach, giving him a comfortable sensation that almost made Han Cheng want to sigh with contentment.

Watching this, the primitive people around, both young and old, couldn't help but salivate. Considering that the Divine Child even had a somewhat indifferent attitude toward the delicious roasted meat, his expression now indicated how delicious this steaming water was.

After finishing a bowl of hot water, Han Cheng felt warmth all over his body, and beads of sweat even appeared on his forehead.

He exhaled comfortably, then looked around at the group of primitive people who were eagerly watching him and the hot water in the pottery.

He couldn't help but smile.

Turning the pottery slightly, he poured another bowl for Shaman.

Just now, he had been so captivated by the thought of drinking the long-awaited hot water that he temporarily forgot about Shaman.

"You all drink. Be careful, it's hot."

Han Cheng was mainly speaking Mandarin now. Only in cases where explanations were unclear, or they hadn't learned something yet did he use the tribal language, explaining with words and gestures.

At this point, he and the children in the tribe who followed his teachings primarily spoke Mandarin. After all, they were more adaptable.

Adults in the tribe rarely used Mandarin, partly because they often went hunting outside, unlike these children, who could focus on learning. Secondly, they had long been accustomed to communicating in the tribe's language and mannerisms.

Han Cheng wasn't in a hurry about this. Learning a language wasn't a one-day task; it required perseverance and time, like grinding a stone. With him around, they would all learn to speak Mandarin sooner or later.

This wasn't due to Han Cheng's overconfidence but because the tribal language was not well-developed, and there were many areas where Mandarin had to fill in the gaps.

These newly added things, since they didn't have corresponding terms in the tribal language and without the interference of the tribal language, were easier for them to remember.

Han Cheng carefully walked toward the cave with the bowl in his hands. He intended to give this bowl of hot water to Shaman.

The group of primitive people who had been watching with drooling mouths immediately became excited when Han Cheng spoke. However, they didn't rush forward but followed a certain order.

The first person to drink hot water wasn't these young primitive people but Lane.

After most of the adult male primitives and the majority of female primitives had gone out hunting, those left inside the cave, besides Shaman and Han Cheng, the one with the highest status was Lane.

He brought a broken two-thirds pottery, imitating Han Cheng's actions, tilted the pot, and poured hot water into it.

This broken pottery had been shattered during the previous kiln firing, but for the people in the tribe who saw pottery for the first time, even a broken piece was worth having.

Lane, holding the broken pottery, imitated Han Cheng's actions, brought it close to his lips, and, with everyone's envious gaze, took a sip.

"Pfft."

The hot water scalded his tongue, causing Lane to spray the entire mouthful of hot water out.

This made the people around him somewhat dissatisfied.

Food is extremely important for the people in the tribe, even more so than clothing.

The Divine Child enjoyed drinking with a satisfied expression, indicating that the beverage must be delicious. Strangely, someone spat out something so delicious.

Lane knew his behavior was inappropriate, but the water was too hot.

He sucked in some cool air and took a moment to recover.

This time he was smarter, not daring to take big sips but carefully sucking in a little.

It was warm.

But that's all, just warm. It didn't taste particularly delicious. Why did Divine Child enjoy it so much?

Lane was puzzled.

He took another small sip, carefully savoring it. However, the result was the same. Besides being warm, there was nothing special about it.

The others received their water and, unable to wait, drank it quickly. They all had the same puzzled expression as the limping man.

Everyone looked at each other with confusion, wondering if they had done something wrong or if Divine Child's taste was too different.

Delicious grilled meat didn't taste good, but enjoying this tasteless hot water seemed to be everyone's expression.

The Shaman was busy. After conducting a ritual ceremony celebrating the appearance of pottery, he hid in the inner cave, engrossed in his writing and creation.

He wanted to record everything about the newly appeared pottery, including every process.

This was beneficial for the tribe. Not recording and passing them on to future generations would be a waste.

The Shaman's current writing was interesting. It was no longer the simple pictorial script from before. Now, it was a combination of pictorial script and Chinese characters.

If you look at the records in chronological order, you will notice an interesting phenomenon.

The later the writing, the more Chinese characters were interspersed. By now, Chinese characters occupied almost half of the text written by Shaman.

Han Cheng believed that the proportion of Chinese characters in the shaman's records would continue to increase over time.

The Shaman was busy now; he found that he had become increasingly busy since the appearance of Divine Child.

In the past, he would only record something after a long time. Since the appearance of Divine Child, the frequency of his record-keeping has increased.

From the initial arrival of Divine Child to the later breaking of the ice to catch fish, then making gloves and socks, and now pottery making.

Each was a good thing, and the Shaman didn't want to give up any of them. They all needed to be recorded and passed down to future generations.

So, the Shaman began his journey of pain and joy.

Sometimes, he would think with joy that it was fortunate that Divine Child taught him a more simple and comprehensive divine language and script. Otherwise, his records would probably be even more difficult.

Not to mention, creating new vocabulary alone would be enough to make him pull out his hair.

"Shaman."

When the shaman saw Han Cheng coming in, he called out first.

He was a bit puzzled when he saw the bowl Han Cheng was holding. It wasn't mealtime now, so why did Divine Child come with a bowl?