

Primitive 33

Chapter 33: Boiling water, pottery and broth

"Shaman, drink hot water."

Han Cheng brought the bowl to Shaman and spoke.

Shaman looked at the bowl in Han Cheng's hands, somewhat puzzled and unclear about why the perfectly good water was emitting white vapor.

However, when his hands touched the bowl, he somewhat understood because it was hot.

Shaman took the bowl but didn't drink immediately. Instead, he held it in his hands, looking at Han Cheng with confusion.

Han Cheng knew that Shaman wanted to understand the reason behind this.

Han Cheng, feeling helpless, knew that this old man tended to get to the bottom of things. Nevertheless, it was still better than worrying about him everywhere, as he did less and asked fewer questions.

While Han Cheng complained, he patiently explained to Shaman. He respected this primitive man not only because he saved his life but also because of the efforts Shaman made for the tribe's development.

Explaining things to Shaman was necessary. It not only clarified Shamans doubts but also facilitated him in recording the information. Additionally, to implement the system of drinking boiled water in the tribe, the Shaman needed to step forward.

With the interchange of Han Cheng using Chinese, the tribal language, and gestures, the Shaman finally understood the significance of drinking boiled water.

He didn't understand why there were invisible little bugs in the good water and found it hard to comprehend that getting sick was related to these bugs. However, he firmly remembered one thing: putting water on the fire to boil could kill these bugs, and drinking water without bugs could reduce illness.

Just this one point was enough.

In this era where there was no medical care or hygiene, at least not in the Green Sparrow Tribe, when someone got sick, the only way to survive was to endure it. If you managed to endure it, you were lucky; if you couldn't, it meant death.

In a time when even a common cold could be life-threatening, hearing that regularly drinking this water could reduce the chances of getting sick, Shaman couldn't help but take it seriously.

Shaman needed to record one more thing, and while he was happy about it, he also felt a bit melancholic.

He originally thought he wouldn't run out of space on these stone tablets until he died. However, unexpectedly, with the arrival of the god's disciple, these tablets seemed insufficient. He needed to instruct the tribe members to bring back more.

In the afternoon, the Eldest Senior brother returned with the hunting team.

Today's harvest wasn't too much. The hunted food was just enough for one day. There was no surplus, indicating they would need to go hunting again tomorrow.

After dinner, Shaman summoned the Eldest Senior Brother and repeated what Han Cheng had told him today.

Like Shaman, the Eldest Senior Brother widened his eyes upon hearing the significant effects of drinking boiled water. After that, he immediately expressed his agreement to implement the system of drinking boiled water in the tribe.

The three stones that had turned black from being burned were placed around the fire in a triangular arrangement. The pottery with the blackened bottom was filled with water and placed on the stones to boil.

As time passed, steam began to rise from the water in the pot.

People in the tribe, whether near or far, watched this scene. Many who might not have understood Han Cheng's actions before were now paying attention. After hearing that drinking such water could reduce the risk of illness, they all took it seriously.

There were too few large containers and pots, making it inconvenient for activities like boiling water. However, things would become more flexible once the next kiln was ready.

The two old primitive men responsible for watching the fire had a new task added to their workload boiling water.

Boiling water didn't have any particular requirements. After Han Cheng demonstrated it a couple of times, they remembered the process and knew when the water was boiling.

After dumping the cold water, the boiled water was poured into a large tub. This way, people wouldn't find it too hot and inconvenient when drinking later.

The task of fetching water was assigned to a female primitive, not particularly strong, who was one of the mates of the Second Senior Brother. Due to her weaker physique, she generally didn't go hunting with the hunting teams. Instead, she stayed in the tribe with a few other weaker women, those pregnant or nursing children, doing tasks like gathering wood and spearfishing at the river.

Time passed quickly, and in the blink of an eye, the second kiln of pottery had been fired for three days. On this day, just like the first kiln firing, many people gathered to watch.

However, Han Cheng didn't act hastily this time. He continuously felt the temperature of the dried mud outside the kiln by touching and examining it through the small air vents.

He endured patiently, waiting from morning until afternoon until the mud outside the kiln felt somewhat cool. Only then did he begin tapping on the mud kiln.

A hole was smashed open in the kiln, and hot air escaped, but it wasn't overpowering.

Han Cheng's heart hung in suspense slightly. He listened intently for any sounds inside, fearing there might be the cracking sound of pottery.

He waited quietly for a while, but no sound came. A smile appeared on Han Cheng's face, and he quickened his movements. In no time, the entire kiln was knocked open, revealing the scene inside.

After more than three days of intense firing, the original clay had undergone a qualitative transformation. Not only had it become pottery, but most of it had also become a higher grade.

Many parts of the pottery were adorned with shiny glaze, giving off a radiant luster, especially when hit by the afternoon sunlight.

Moreover, the yield was also satisfactory. Among the fifty-three pieces, only four were damaged, and the rest were all intact.

This included three differently-sized cylinders and five jars with double handles.

With this kiln's production, the cave's pottery inventory was significantly replenished.

Shaman and others touched the pottery that shone under the sunlight, showing excitement on their faces. Especially when they thought about these beautiful things belonging to their tribe, their joy was genuine.

After the initial excitement, everyone washed these precious pieces in the river and started transporting them back to the cave. Every movement was cautious, handling them delicately to avoid breaking these precious items.

Tonight's dinner was exceptionally sumptuous.

This richness refers not only to the variety of food but also to the ample quantity, enough for everyone to eat their fill.

The food tonight was much richer, and a significant part was because Han Cheng set a large pot on fire, added meat, and then added water, cooking a large pot of meat soup.

People who had eaten roasted meat all their lives now not only had boiled meat but also drank rich meat soup with floating oil droplets. For them, it was truly a feast.

However, there was a bit of regret about this kind of cooking. They couldn't ladle out the meat at the bottom if the soup in the pot wasn't finished.

Yet, the smart and clever Divine Child purposely fired several bowls with symmetrical small holes around the edges. Then, he found a clean finger-thick tree branch over a meter long and passed it through the small holes, tying the branch and the perforated bowl together. This issue was perfectly resolved.

The Divine Child called this thing, which could directly ladle out the meat from the bottom of the pot, a ladle.