

Primitive 331

Chapter 331: Iron-oxidizing bacteria

"Brother Cheng, what's that?"

Carrying a half-wattled pot of loaches, Bai Xue bounded over to Han Cheng with great joy, eager to show him their catch.

After a while, she saw something and pointed to a place near the riverbank, asking Han Cheng.

Excitedly, Han Cheng followed Bai Xue's gaze and saw a yellowish-red substance on the riverbank about half a meter from the water, gleaming with some oil droplets from the water.

This substance was common in small rivers, streams, and muddy ditches.

Han Cheng had asked adults about this when he was young, and the answer he got was eel urine.

He believed this until he grew up and learned the truth from his teammates.

It wasn't eel urine; it was iron bacteria.

So Han Cheng told her the name of the iron bacteria.

Bai Xue didn't know what bacteria were, nor did she inquire further; she just nodded vigorously.

With an empty basket and the loaches, Han Cheng, feeling very happy, returned to the tribe with Bai Xue and the others, eagerly anticipating a delicious meal.

There was a famous dish whose name Han Cheng couldn't remember, but he remembered the recipe clearly.

First, let the loaches soak in clean water for a few days, changing the water frequently to let them expel the mud and sand from their stomachs.

Then, boil the live loaches in a pot of water. Add a piece of tofu when the water is hot and the loaches are about to give up.

These loaches, which couldn't stand the boiling water, would burrow into the cooler tofu and be cooked together...

The Green Sparrow Tribe didn't have beans, so there was naturally no tofu. A good cook couldn't make a good meal without rice. Han Cheng could only imagine this dish in his mind.

However, there were many ways to cook loaches, not just this one.

All the caught loaches were killed, and then a type of leaf called "gou tree" was used to wrap the loaches tightly and rub against them.

The surface of the gou tree leaf was rough, which could remove the slime from the loaches.

Afterward, the loaches were gutted and salted for an hour or two, then fried in animal fat until golden brown, with an unexpectedly delicious taste.

The only regret was the lack of flour.

Otherwise, the taste would be unforgettable if coated in flour and deep-fried, and the neighboring children would cry with envy.

It seemed unnecessary to go through so much trouble now. The loaches fried like this already had the tribe members praising them non-stop, their mouths full of oil!

Although they had caught quite a few loaches this time, it was still not enough for the many people in the Green Sparrow Tribe. Each person couldn't even get one.

So, a few teenagers like Chen started learning from Han Cheng, making fishing cards one after another, clamoring to catch all the loaches in the river and eat them up.

Han Cheng also joined them in making the cards, finding feathers to tie to the top of the cards.

"Snap, snap, snap!"

A few soft sounds rang out by the riverbank as Han Cheng vigorously slapped his head.

Bai Xue, holding several dozen cards filled with earthworms, was stunned for a moment, then hurried forward to stop Brother Cheng, who was self-harming.

Of course, Han Cheng wasn't trying to harm himself or get a concussion; he just had a sudden realization.

"Give me those cards, and give me the pot!"

Han Cheng said excitedly. Not waiting for Bai Xue to react, he picked up the ceramic pot beside her and, to her extremely shocked gaze, jumped straight down the riverbank.

Han Cheng didn't jump into the river, as the riverbed wasn't entirely water.

He didn't care if the mud would dirty his grass shoes. He quickly arrived at the spot where Bai Xue had asked about the iron bacteria the day before. He found a piece of bark and carefully scooped up the iron bacteria, which looked similar to rust, along with some soil into the pot.

His sudden excitement wasn't surprising because he remembered what his teammate had said when introducing iron bacteria: these bacteria had a very high iron content!

Since the iron content was high, could these substances be used to refine iron into solid blocks? Even if these iron bacteria weren't as productive as iron ore, as long as they could be smelted into some iron, even if it was just enough to make a small iron knife or chisel, it would be possible!

Han Cheng felt confident he could make a functioning plow with such a tool!

Bai Xue and the others by the riverside didn't understand why Han Cheng suddenly became so excited and attached such importance to these seemingly ordinary iron bacteria.

Could this stuff also be eaten? Like salt, could it make food exceptionally delicious?

Following Han Cheng's example, everyone couldn't help but become excited and collect iron bacteria along the riverbank.

By the afternoon, they had collected enough iron bacteria to fill half a pottery jar, weighing about 3 kg.

Han Cheng scooped out a lump of iron bacteria from the jar, rolled it into the size of a ping-pong ball with his hands, and placed it on a stone slab to dry.

These iron bacteria, mixed with mud, were heavier than the mud of similar size.

Han Cheng was delighted; it seemed that this iron-making endeavor had hope!

Such peculiar behavior from the Divine Child quickly caught the attention of the Green Sparrow tribe.

Something harder than stone? More robust than stone?

The shaman looked at the lumps of mud on the stone slab before him, finding it hard to connect them with what the Divine Child had just said.

Stones were the hardest and most robust things the shaman and the people of Green Sparrow tribe had ever seen. What could be harder and more robust than stones? He couldn't think of anything.

He and the rest of the Green Sparrow tribe also had the same confusion.

Could this stuff be as hard as stones?

The shaman glanced at the lump of mud on the edge, puzzled. It had an imprint from when he had poked it with his finger just now.

Wasn't this just ordinary mud?

He thought this way, and his doubts suddenly lessened as he remembered the pottery and cement in the tribe.

These two things were made of soil and the ungrouped ash of grass and wood, but they ultimately became highly robust...

Feeling comforted for a while, his doubts resurfaced.

The Divine Child said he wanted to use "iron" to create more practical tools.

This stuff was harder than stones, so how would he craft it?

He couldn't understand, couldn't understand...

The shaman shook his head, feeling dizzy.

Let's see what the Divine Child does next.

The shaman resorted to his old method - wait and see.

The road ahead is tortuous, but there might be a way out of darkness and into brightness.

This line from the poet Lu You is well-written.

Han Cheng looked at the lumps of mud on the stone slab before him, feeling sincerely moved.

As for them, Han Cheng wasn't planning to explain too much for now. Everything would become apparent when the iron was refined and the tools were made.

Chapter 332: Small metal pellets

Within the Green Sparrow tribe's courtyard space, Hei Wa was digging a hole.

Han Cheng was nearby, using the soil dug up by Hei Wa to mix with water and mud.

They were planning to rebuild a kiln or a forge here.

The earthen kiln by the river outside the Green Sparrow tribe was suitable for firing pottery and tiles, but it was too large for charcoal fire to smelt iron.

Digging soil, stacking ventilation holes... everything went smoothly. In half a day, a brand new small furnace was built.

Flames burned brightly Inside the furnace, and the ventilation was excellent.

It had to be said that Hei Wa's skills in building these things were improving.

Han Cheng walked to the side of the stone slab and picked up a few lumps of mud, which were only half dry.

After some thought, he brought over a dozen of them and placed them by the edge of the furnace to dry faster with the heat.

After a while, when the lumps of mud were almost dry, Han Cheng placed the charcoal that had been burned previously into the furnace.

On top of the charcoal were four lumps of mud.

Just as the experiment of smelting iron had begun, Han Cheng encountered a problem.

The fire in the furnace wasn't burning vigorously enough.

The solution was to get a small bellows or a blower.

Han Cheng was familiar with bellows. When the weather turned cold during his childhood, people would come to the village to make popcorn.

They set up a simple stove, lit a fire inside, and placed something that looked like a burnt and blackened bomb on top.

Inside were corn or rice.

After burning for a while, this "bomb" was removed from the fire, stuffed into a long pocket, and stomped on. After a loud bang, the warm popcorn was born.

What Han Cheng liked to do the most at that time wasn't picking up the fallen popcorn with other playmates but squatting beside the stove and operating the bellows, also called a "wind gulu."

This device was relatively simple in structure. It mainly used the wind generated by rotating fan blades to blow into the narrow outlet and then into the furnace.

Seeing hope, one would be full of enthusiasm.

Han Cheng couldn't make complicated bellows, but a simple one was no problem.

Without iron sheets to make the outer shell, he used clay to sculpt a model, baked it dry, and then fired it into pottery.

Without iron rods for the axle or iron pieces for the fan blades, he used wooden sticks and bark instead.

He carved a cross-shaped aperture at one end of a wooden stick with a stone knife and then overlapped two pieces of bark, each measuring ten centimeters long and four centimeters wide, at the cross point.

A two-centimeter notch was carved at each intersection, and then they were wedged onto the wooden stick.

After tying them with thin ropes, a shaft with fan blades was made.

When pressed with the hand, a wind would come out when placed inside the clay shell, with a stone with small pits underneath.

A pre-made clay pot was placed on the outlet, and the other end was inserted into the furnace's air inlet. With a few presses, the wind entered the furnace through the clay pipe, and the fire inside became stronger.

Hei Wa's eyes lit up instantly.

After operating for a while, his hands hurt, so Han Cheng found a hand drill, removed the drill rod, and installed the shaft with fan blades. A few presses back and forth became effortless.

One thing to mention was that ordinary bellows were placed upright, but the type made by Han Cheng was placed flat so that it could be used for wind pressure ignition with a hand drill.

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

Hei Wa pressed the hand drill, watching the flames inside the furnace rise and fall with his movements, his eyes bright.

Just like, when Han Cheng used to squat beside the popcorn stove, shaking the bellows, having the bellows now would speed up the smelting process of these iron-containing lumps of clay.

The iron-rich clay lumps in the furnace turned red in less than half an hour.

After further heating, there were signs of melting and softening.

When the temperature seemed right, Han Cheng used two long sticks to extract them from the furnace and placed them on a nearby stone prepared in advance. He extinguished the fire on the two sticks used for ignition and picked up another large stick to start forging while the iron was hot.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

With each strike, the red slag flashed and rolled aside.

Before long, the lump of iron-rich clay turned from red to black.

After a while of forging, Han Cheng stopped when he couldn't continue.

At this point, the lump of iron-rich clay had lost almost half of its original size.

After soaking the lump in water and lifting it out, Han Cheng carefully examined it in his hand and found that this irregular piece was still far from resembling iron.

After some thought, Han Cheng found a stone and smashed the incomplete piece of "iron" open. Upon closer inspection, he found the shadow of tiny iron beads inside.

Looking at the eight beads in his hand, each no bigger than a green bean, Han Cheng couldn't help but smile.

Iron!

This was iron!

Having been in this era for four years, he finally saw metal traces. How could Han Cheng not be excited?

Looking at Han Cheng, whose smile almost reached his ears as he held the small lumps in his hand, Hei Wa, nearby, couldn't understand why the Divine Child was so happy over such unremarkable things.

Could this tiny thing be used to make stronger and more durable tools than stones?

But soon, Hei Wa also laughed, not because he understood what was going on, but because he was following the Divine Child's foolish joy.

"Burn! Keep burning!"

Han Cheng cherished these tiny iron beads in his hand and excitedly shouted like he was on fire, throwing dozens of clay lumps into the furnace at once...

From this day on, the newly built furnace in the Green Sparrow tribe burned continuously for five days before finally stopping temporarily.

"Splash, splash..."

Han Cheng held the not-too-large but somewhat heavy jar, shaking it occasionally with a foolish smile.

Inside were iron beads of various sizes, the results of continuous labor over the past few days, weighing about 1.2 kg.

This was all the iron-rich clay they scavenged near the Green Sparrow tribe.

Han Cheng became more confident about what lay ahead with these iron beads.

The next step with these high-purity iron beads was to heat and melt them to forge them into blocks of iron.

After much thought, Han Cheng's method involved laying a layer of charcoal in the furnace and placing the iron beads in four different-sized clay bowls on top of the charcoal.

Then, a thick layer of charcoal was added on top, and the fire was lit.

This crude method and tool consumed a lot of charcoal and time.

However, now was not the time to consider such things. Obtaining iron was already a blessing from heaven. Who had time to consider about those things?

Chapter 333: Iron Axe

After a heavy rain, the weather cleared up, and the entire Green Sparrow Tribe seemed excited.

Instead of a rainbow appearing in the sky, they finally smelt the chunks of iron, which the Divine Child had been working on for many days. They had been curious about it for a long time!

It was said that this thing called iron was harder than stone, sharper than the thinnest bone knife, and more piercing than the sharpest bone needle...

"Hiss!"

The Divine Child, with eyes widened and teeth clattering, looked at the iron in front of him, sucking in a sharp breath.

"Hiss!"

Even the Eldest Senior Brother, the leader, came forward and carefully examined the things placed on the clay slab. His face was full of disbelief, and he also took a deep breath.

"Hiss!"

Shang also approached...

They looked at the four odd-shaped lumps of iron on the stone slab, then stole glances at Han Cheng, looking completely dumbfounded.

So this was iron!

So this was what iron looked like!

This thing is supposed to be sharper than a bone knife and can pierce better than a bone needle.

Everyone was stunned when they saw the four lumps of iron on the stone slab, each shaped irregularly.

This iron, which had received so much attention from the Divine Child and was awaited with infinite anticipation by them, completely exceeded the imagination of primitive people.

Looking at the people's expressions, and then at the four strange-shaped lumps of iron on the stone slab, Han Cheng couldn't help but twitch his nose.

No wonder the Shaman and the others had such expressions. These lumps of iron were disappointing in appearance.

If Han Cheng had not known the important role of iron, his reaction would have been similar to theirs.

It seemed that he needed to quickly forge the finished iron tools to let these guys widen their horizons.

Feeling embarrassed, Han Cheng thought to himself and rekindled the fire, putting the biggest lump of iron into the furnace.

Next to this furnace was another furnace with better-sealing properties than this one.

After experimenting many times to melt these tiny iron beads into molten iron, they finally built this furnace.

It was not easy to melt the tiny iron beads back into molten iron compared to aluminum, which had an even lower melting point than copper.

It could be said to have taken a tremendous amount of effort.

Han Cheng transformed the furnace with Heiwa several times and selected the best charcoal for iron smelting.

Han Cheng also tried adding some wood ash and carbon powder to these small iron beads to lower their melting point. After struggling for a long time, he finally melted them.

As a humanities student who loved history, this wasn't easy.

Han Cheng had already planned out the life of these four hideous pieces of iron.

The largest and third-largest pieces were to be used to make knives, while the second-largest and smallest pieces were to be used to make chisels and saws.

Han Cheng wasn't considering making iron weapons at the moment.

The blade was made of good steel, but the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't have steel at the time, so they had to use the little iron they had.

At this time, it was more meaningful to use this little iron to make some essential production tools to improve the productivity of the Green Sparrow Tribe than to make a few weapons.

Of course, this also had a lot to do with the fact that the Green Sparrow Tribe now had walls, bows, and arrows, which put them in a leading position in the nearby area.

If the situation were really urgent, Han Cheng would roll up his sleeves and make a few strategic weapons first.

The disappearance of the most powerful Bone Tribe and the convening of the Beheading Demonstration Assembly gave the Green Sparrow Tribe enough time for peaceful development.

If peace were disrupted, there was no need to worry. A battle would restore peace.

Even the Flying Snake Tribe, which was more powerful than the Bone Tribe and had never shown itself, didn't worry Han Cheng much.

With all these preparations, anyone daring to invade the tribe would not fare better than the Bone Tribe.

As the wind whistled and the once-white furnace burned, the iron inside turned bright red.

Han Cheng quickly removed the iron using two pieces of wood and placed it on the nearby stone.

The ends of the two wooden sticks were already on fire in just a moment. After waiting longer, the parts where the wood touched the iron would completely burn through.

The stone underneath wasn't in much better condition either, with small chips flying off where it touched the iron.

The temperature was too high for wood and stone to withstand, making iron tongs and an iron anvil more useful.

But now there wasn't much good iron material available, so they had to make do.

After placing these properly, Heiwa came over with a large wooden hammer made from a stone axe and fiercely hammered the iron.

Han Cheng hadn't grown up, so he didn't have much strength. For tasks like forging iron that required strength, he had to rely on Heiwa, who followed him the whole time.

Lame made this wooden hammer with the best quality wood around.

It was inferior to an iron hammer in every aspect but could still be used.

The dark red lump of iron gradually changed shape under the blows of the wooden hammer from irregular to regular.

When the temperature of the iron cooled down and it couldn't be hammered anymore, the iron was picked up again and put back into the furnace to be reheated...

Han Cheng changed his mind. He wasn't planning to make a knife from the largest piece; he would make a hammer instead.

Forging iron required the iron itself and the hammer to be hard. After two wooden hammers were burned and three were broken, he learned this lesson.

It was already so difficult to forge iron with a wooden hammer. If he didn't update the forging tools soon, who knew when these lumps of iron would be turned into the desired tools?

At this moment, it was very important and necessary to forge a hammer.

Han Cheng admitted that he was a fickle man with new ideas about iron.

An iron axe.

That was what he planned to make after thinking it over.

With only this little iron in the tribe, using the largest piece to make a hammer was somewhat wasteful.

Recalling this, Han Cheng thought making an axe would be more cost-effective.

One end could be used for forging iron and smashing things, while the other end, after flattening the blade, could be used to chop wood, even better than a firewood knife.

A pure iron hammer could be made after the tribe found iron ore, expanded its scale, and produced more iron.

In this small situation, an iron axe would be enough.

With a quadrangular ingot head, a flat mouth, a waist with an eye, and a leg in the eye.

This riddle had once puzzled Han Cheng.

Though tricky, it accurately summarized the image of an axe.

Chapter 334: Grinding an iron rod into a needle? You'll get beaten for it

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

The monotonous sound of wooden hammers striking the heated iron intermittently echoed throughout the Green Sparrow Tribe.

In the vicinity of the furnace, four pieces of iron were placed. This method not only saved time in ironworking but also conserved charcoal.

Although wooden hammers were less efficient than iron axes, they yielded some results.

This was something Han Cheng realized after two days of forging iron axes.

Among the pieces of iron, the iron axe that was forged first had made the most progress and had taken shape by now.

Shaman, who had fed the rabbits, walked over with the shameless rabbit in his arms.

Seeing the drastically transformed piece of iron, his expression became solemn.

In the past few days, he had witnessed the splitting of several stones and the pounding of iron with wooden hammers. Even large stones had cracked open, and the iron being pounded remained intact and became more refined. This sight convinced him and others of Han Cheng's assertion that iron was harder than stone.

Many people gathered around the ironworking furnace, eagerly anticipating another miracle from the deity and the emergence of actual iron products.

The iron products that had been forged for several days began to emerge.

The first to appear were the unsharpened axes. Due to limited tools, the axes were far from what Han Cheng had envisioned.

However, they were still usable.

The axes were unsharpened not because Han Cheng intended them to be "heavy axes without an edge" but because he wanted to quickly produce the other three pieces of iron that had been pounded with wooden hammers for days.

"Clang!"

The sound of metal striking metal suddenly rang out and spread throughout the surroundings.

Holding the axe with a wooden handle, Hei Wa watched as the axe struck the red-hot iron, leaving a shallow mark. His eyes immediately lit up.

This blow was more effective than ten strikes with a wooden hammer!

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

The iron blocks, which had been challenging to shape with wooden hammers, quickly began to change shape under the iron axe, significantly increasing efficiency.

After the iron block was returned to the furnace, Eldest Senior Brother, observing for a while, took the axe from Hei Wa's hand.

After carefully examining it and consulting Han Cheng's opinion, he fiercely struck a solid stone weighing at least 3 kg.

With just one blow, the sturdy stone cracked into several pieces!

Eldest Senior Brother stared blankly at the broken stone, unable to believe he had caused it.

He had not exerted much force, but the stone had cracked open unexpectedly.

The people around, who had witnessed iron forging, were shocked. They had already witnessed how iron was harder than stone, but they never expected that directly striking a stone with iron would yield even stronger results!

The stone, which they believed to be the hardest, had no resistance against the iron axe!

Eldest Senior Brother appeared to have used little force, yet the stone had cracked open.

It made people wonder if it was still a stone.

"Quick, take a look at the axe!"

Someone snapped out of their shock and reminded the others.

Everyone turned their gaze to the axe blade facing upward.

The back of the four-sided axe head had some white marks.

Eldest Senior Brother wiped them away with his fingers, and these white marks disappeared.

It was some stone dust stuck to it.

After wiping away the stone dust, the axe head looked as good as new.

"Hiss~!"

Seeing this intact axe head, someone began to gasp.

This tool made of iron was unexpectedly terrifying!

Shaman took the axe from Eldest Senior Brother's hand, and his hands were trembling.

"Divine Child..."

He looked at Han Cheng and then at the broken stones on the ground and raised the axe in his hand, looking very surprised.

"Shaman, smash it."

Han Cheng looked at the amazed crowd and felt quite satisfied. He smiled at Shaman and then pointed to another nearby stone, telling Shaman.

"Smash it?"

Shaman was somewhat tempted but also hesitant.

"Yes, smash it!"

Han Cheng nodded vigorously and smiled at Shaman.

Encouraged by Han Cheng again, Shaman stood up excitedly, held the axe in both hands, showing a somewhat unfamiliar posture, and struck down with force.

Apart from sacrificial rituals and hitting rabbits, the Shaman rarely displayed such vigorous dominance.

"Clang!"

The axe struck the stone, bounced off, and then fell again.

"Clang!"

Another blow fell, and this stone could not withstand the hammering of the axe, cracking into several pieces.

The already shocked people of the Green Sparrow Tribe became even more astonished.

Even Shaman, who was so old and didn't rely on strength, could easily smash stones with this axe. This... was truly unbelievable!

The fire continued to burn, and the sound of ironworking intermittently echoed in the Green Sparrow Tribe. The people working in the tribe appeared somewhat distracted, occasionally glancing at the ironworking furnace.

The iron axe had refreshed everyone's understanding and left them eagerly anticipating the emergence of new iron tools.

"Sizzle~ Sizzle~"

A finely textured and somewhat soft stone was placed on the ground, supported by another three to four centimeters thick stone.

Han Cheng squatted down, holding a piece of iron about ten centimeters long and four centimeters wide, thick on one side and thin on the other. He rubbed it up and down on the stone.

With his movements, black material was left on the smooth stone, which was the iron that had been ground off.

This kind of delicate and soft stone was most suitable for sharpening knives. It was not easy to wear down the blade, and there would be no nicks on the blade.

After grinding for a while, Han Cheng scooped up some water from a clay pot placed on the side, poured it onto the grinding stone, and then continued grinding.

The water washed away the ground stone powder, enhancing the grinding force and making it faster.

After grinding for a while, Han Cheng picked up the long iron piece that could barely be called a knife and used his fingers to test the sharpness of the edge that had been ground.

The shiny blade lightly scraped across his fingers but couldn't cut it. This iron piece, similar to a kitchen knife, had not been sharpened to the extent where it needed to be. It still needed more grinding.

But it was already sharper than a bone knife.

It was not easy to give an iron knife an edge without grinding machines and other electric devices.

After grinding longer, Han Cheng looked at the still relatively thick blade and suddenly remembered the old woman who had ground an iron rod into a needle and had a profound talk with Li Bai.

In his tribe, if anyone squandered a large iron rod like that, Han Cheng would personally beat her hard.

Chapter 335: The Sharp Iron Knife

"Shaman, don't move. You'll cut yourself."

Han Cheng saw the shaman about to mimic his actions, put his finger to the edge to test it, and quickly stopped him.

In his later years, Han Cheng had cut grass countless times. At first, the adults would sharpen the sickles, but later on, he began sharpening them himself and learned to gauge their sharpness with his hands.

But it wasn't the same for the shaman. The sharpest thing he had ever touched was a bone knife, so it was hard for him to gauge its sharpness with his hands.

Now, this newly forged iron knife had a sharp edge. Although it wasn't as sharp or durable as a steel knife, it could still cut if mishandled.

Upon hearing Han Cheng's words, the shaman withdrew his hand.

With eyes constantly assessing the iron knife, the shaman believed Han Cheng's words but doubted that it could be that sharp.

In the tribe, he could hold the edge of a bone knife without injury. Although this iron knife looked sharper than a bone knife, he thought it should still be safe to hold. And the Divine Child had touched it earlier without cutting himself...

Seeing the shaman's expression, Han Cheng could guess what he was thinking.

He stood up, holding the iron knife weighing less than 0.3 kg, and picked up the piece of animal hide for testing. He wanted the shaman and others to see the sharpness of the iron knife and also to inspect the results of their labor in the past few days.

Just as he was about to start, he suddenly remembered the stories of legendary swords and blades, and his heart couldn't help but stir.

Human sacrifices were made during the forging of legendary swords like Gan Jiang and Mo Ye, and some swords wouldn't become sharp unless they tasted blood.

Now that the tribe's first iron knife appeared in his hands, for its first test, it shouldn't be so easy; it should also taste some blood.

Although this iron knife looked somewhat ugly.

Under the gaze of everyone, Han Cheng put down the piece of animal hide he had picked up, held the iron knife in one hand, and slowly surveyed the crowd.

The puzzled crowd also looked at their Divine Child and his knife.

After observing for a while, Han Cheng's gaze fell on Shi Tou, slightly taller than him.

Then, he walked towards the stone.

Shi Tou, unaware of what was happening, looked excited when he saw Han Cheng approaching with the newly forged iron knife. It took a step forward to greet him.

A strange smile played on Han Cheng's lips as he raised the iron knife and approached Shi Tou.

Then...

He walked past it and headed straight for the chicken coop behind the stone.

The others followed him.

Inside the chicken coop, a particularly arrogant rooster saw so many people coming to see it. Instead of being afraid, it climbed onto the back of a hen and put on a public performance of affection.

After finishing, it flapped its wings and provocatively tilted its head towards Han Cheng.

Then it was caught.

With one hand grabbing its wing and twisting its neck and one foot stepping on its two claws, the rooster couldn't move.

Han Cheng pulled out its feathers and raised the iron knife, placing it on the affectionate rooster's neck.

With a bit of force, the iron knife cut through the skin on the rooster's neck, and dark red blood flowed out, falling into the clay bowl below.

After sprinkling salt into the blood, it solidified, and when stewed with the chicken meat, it tasted great.

Because of its arrogance and affection, the rooster was tested and bled, thrown out, and flapped twice on the ground. Then, with a stretch of its legs, it ascended to the heavens.

"A good knife!"

Han Cheng secretly praised himself.

Although this knife wouldn't be wanted even for cutting vegetables in the future...

The adults were amazed that this iron knife could kill a chicken in one stroke, and the children became excited.

But most of their excitement came from the chicken lying dead on the ground.

Han Cheng didn't wipe the blood off the knife but used it to skin the chicken.

The tough skin was spread out on a piece of wood. Han Cheng pressed down with one hand and held the knife in the other, slicing from top to bottom.

After nine strokes, the skin was finally cut in half.

Han Cheng frowned as he looked at the knife in his hand. The knife wasn't sharp enough without adding steel to the edge. It took so many strokes just to cut through the skin; it would be useless in the future...

Taking his gaze away from the knife, he looked up and found everyone around him staring at him, their mouths agape in astonishment.

Han Cheng couldn't help but sniffle.

He had set his expectations too high for the sharpness of iron. Now, iron would be looked down upon by the people in the tribe.

"Divine Child..."

The usually composed and mature shaman was the first to speak, but now his speech was stuttered, and his voice trembled.

Han Cheng blushed and couldn't help but sniffle again, realizing that the tribe's people were indeed shocked by the 'sharpness' of iron.

Indeed, one shouldn't boast too much.

The shaman was genuinely shocked. This iron knife could cut through skin!

This was skin, after all!

Until now, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe used to cut skin, which was still the primitive method Han Cheng used at the beginning. Rubbing back and forth on stone edges.

It wasn't that they didn't understand innovation, but the conditions didn't allow for it.

They had also tried other tools and methods.

Stone knives and bone knives were useless against skin or leather.

As one of the more idle people in the tribe, besides catching rabbits, Shaman had observed the women making clothes and even tried his hand at skinning, so he understood how difficult it was.

Now seeing the knife made by the Divine Child could cut skin faster than rubbing against stone edge. How could he not be amazed?

And the Divine Child hadn't fully grown yet, his strength wasn't enough. If an adult were to hold this knife, wouldn't it be even faster to cut through the skin?

What... what was this iron thing after all, that it could be so magical?

No wonder the Divine Child didn't let him touch it with his hands earlier. According to his previous thoughts, his hands would bleed!

If it could cut open dry skin so quickly, then wouldn't it be... when used to slaughter prey or kill enemies,

The shaman's old face turned a bit red.

Elder Senior Brother and the others also looked eagerly at the knife in Han Cheng's hand, their expressions changing from initial shock to excitement.

"Divine Child..."

The shaman didn't know what else to say, only repeating this sentence.

Han Cheng sniffled again. Damn it, this was embarrassing.

Even if it's an ugly daughter-in-law, she still has to meet her in-laws. The inevitable always happens.

With determination, he handed the knife to the shaman.

But unexpectedly, when the shaman took the knife, he held it and made twelve cuts before finally slicing open the skin. Then, holding the knife in both hands, he bowed deeply to Han Cheng, praising, "Divine Child!"

The others also excitedly shouted "Divine Child!"

Chapter 336: Knife that will anger the Heavens and the crooked saw

After the beheading ceremony several months ago, the Green Sparrow Tribe, which had been quiet for a long time, once again sprang into action today.

Everyone was excitedly preparing for the upcoming ceremony meant to inform the heavenly gods.

Looking at the unimpressive and barely functional knife, Han Cheng's face turned red again.

"Shaman, let's not inform the heavenly gods this time," Han Cheng said again, looking at the excited shaman making final preparations.

This thing was embarrassing.

The shaman, who usually didn't express much opinion, was persistent.

He insisted that the iron knife was a supreme treasure and must be presented to the heavenly gods.

He and everyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe shared the same belief.

Han Cheng had no choice but to reluctantly agree. Every time he saw the grand preparations of the tribe and then looked at this crude knife, his face couldn't help but blush.

It would be fine if it were just this, but the key point was that Bai Xue, his little child bride.

"Brother Cheng, why is your face red?"

"Brother Cheng, why are you sweating?"

"Brother Cheng, let me fan you..."

Seeing the innocent and caring little child bride asking him, Han Cheng had the impulse to shut her mouth.

This little girl was naughty.

Amidst the drumming of the skin drums, the sacrificial ceremony, which made Han Cheng cry and laugh, unfolded with unprecedented grandeur.

On the stone platform serving as the altar lay the iron axe that had not been sharpened and the iron knife that had been sharpened.

Rushed chisel and saw, about twenty centimeters long and not sharpened, were also among them.

The shaman danced a dance that Han Cheng still didn't understand, appearing particularly vigorous, and uttered some incomprehensible syllables continuously from his mouth.

Apart from the shaman and Shi Tou, there probably wasn't anyone else in the entire tribe who could understand.

This scene reminded Han Cheng of a joke—a few-year-old little girl shaking her little head, sweetly calling out, "Uncle, uncle, I don't understand some parts of 'Journey to the West.' Can you explain it to me?"

A particular uncle breathed a sigh of relief. He had read "Journey to the West" at least ten times and remembered every plot inside out. Could he not answer a little question from his niece?

So he patted his chest and promised confidently, "Ask whatever you want, Uncle's got you."

The little girl tilted her head, her big eyes twinkling, and earnestly asked, "Uncle, can you tell me how to chant the Tightening Spell? He recited it too fast, and I couldn't hear clearly..."

The uncle was speechless, utterly baffled...

Could it be that the shaman didn't know what he was saying himself? Han Cheng thought with a mischievous smirk.

After the particularly grand sacrificial ceremony ended, several iron implements were placed on the stone altar. The shaman held onto the iron knife and refused to let go, saying they should all be treated as offerings to the heavenly gods.

Han Cheng's face twitched. The quality of the knife he threw away in the future would be better than this...

Fortunately, these heavenly gods were just imaginary. Otherwise, the Green Sparrow Tribe would have a high chance of being struck by lightning.

Han Cheng felt helpless about the shaman's behavior. He had put in so much effort to produce these iron implements, not for display, but to use them, to create more valuable things.

Leaving them there to rust without using them was not a good habit.

After much persuasion, Han Cheng finally made the shaman realize the error of his ways.

These four iron tools were also taken down from the altar. The axe, chisel, and even more pitiful iron saw were each given to three individuals—Lame, Shi Tou, and Hei Wa—to sharpen.

When Han Cheng sharpened the knives before, they all watched and learned. With some guidance, they were able to do it.

The most difficult to sharpen wasn't the bulky axe but the jagged-toothed iron saw.

This tool had too many jagged edges, and if it was not handled carefully during sharpening, it could get stuck on the grinding stone.

Sharpening these iron tools was much slower than Han Cheng had expected.

The reason was that these guys were reluctant to exert force while sharpening.

Even though they knew these iron tools were tough and sturdy and wouldn't easily be damaged, they were still very cautious and didn't dare to use too much force.

It wasn't until Han Cheng had spoken several times and kicked each of them in the butt that they finally started to loosen up.

"Bang!"

Lame gripped the sharpened axe in his right hand and swung it down fiercely at an upright wooden stake below.

The axe struck the wooden stake, which was more than three centimeters in diameter, and split it into two pieces.

One of the shorter pieces flew off far away.

When it came to chopping things, a knife was no match for a heavy and mighty axe.

Seeing the piece of wood flying off, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe once again collectively fell into a daze.

Initially, they thought the axe would be remarkable enough for chopping stones and iron, but after sharpening it, it turned out to be even sharper at cutting wood than the iron knife!

Moreover, these few iron tools were more tangible than the stone and bone tools they had previously made.

Iron was indeed a good thing!

No wonder the Divine Child had put so much effort into making these iron tools and insisted on presenting them to the heavenly gods.

Seeing these few divine weapons, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe felt sincere admiration for the Divine Child's wisdom and actions.

Some people remembered the Divine Child's determination to produce charcoal last year, and their admiration for him soared even higher.

It turned out that the Divine Child went to great lengths to produce charcoal not just for barbecue but also to refine these precious iron tools.

While everyone else in the Green Sparrow Tribe was marveling at the usefulness of the iron tools, the tribe's chief carpenter, Lame, frowned.

He held the iron saw with a wooden handle in his hand, and more than half of the saw was stuck in a tree trunk in front of him.

Not only was he frowning, but Han Cheng also furrowed his brow.

When used to saw wood, this unique iron saw of the Green Sparrow Tribe was easy at first. In just a moment, it sawed nearly three centimeters deep.

However, as it went deeper, the speed slowed, and it became slower and slower until it was stuck inside.

Saw, a tool essential for carpenters in the future, was something Han Cheng was familiar with. It was supposed to be fast and shouldn't have gotten stuck like this.

How could the saw he made himself be jammed by the wood like this?

Han Cheng rubbed his head with a furrowed brow.

After careful observation and comparison with his mental impression of the saw, Han Cheng finally found the root of the problem.

The key lay in the saw teeth.

The saw Han Cheng made had vertical saw teeth on the saw surface, while the saws of the future were staggered, with every other one leaning in opposite directions.

With this arrangement, the gaps between the saw teeth were larger, and the saw wouldn't get stuck.

Chapter 337: Tree trunks have rings. What about humans?

Finding the crux of the problem made things much easier.

Han Cheng rekindled the iron forge, removed the wooden handle from the back of the iron saw, and then placed it back into the forge to heat it again.

Once it was glowing red, he removed it, placed it vertically between two stones with the saw teeth facing up, and clamped it tightly. Then, he used an iron chisel to tilt the irregular, small saw teeth to the left and right.

The best way to sharpen the saw teeth wasn't to grind them on a grinding stone as before but to first see a shallow groove on a round log or a stool-like object. Then, remove the saw, turn it over with the teeth facing up, and fit it into the gap sawed out earlier. Afterward, start sharpening each small sawtooth with an iron gouge.

However, because the Green Sparrow Tribe had too little iron, and each piece of iron needed to be used to its maximum potential, it wasn't possible to specially make an iron gouge for sharpening. So, they could only temporarily use a grinding stone.

"Sizzle, sizzle~"

With the iron saw handle in Lame's hand, he pushed and pulled it back and forth. Fine wood chips ran out of the saw teeth with his movements, scattered on the ground, and formed a small pile of sawdust.

After the modification, the saw no longer got stuck and became highly smooth to use for sawing wood.

Lame, the first carpenter of the tribe, was like a child with a new toy, unable to stop sawing wood.

It is said that the saw was invented by the legendary carpenter Lu Ban after he was cut by a thatched grass in the mountains while cutting firewood.

Now that there was a transmigrator like himself, Lame, who was gradually further in the carpentry industry, had no chance to be cut by thatch grass and came up with the idea of inventing a saw.

"Click~"

The tough wood finally couldn't withstand the severe torture of the saw and was cut into two pieces in one go.

The cut surface was very flat, and it still felt a little warm to the touch.

The friction of the saw caused this.

Lame squatted on the ground, looking at the highly flat-cut surface of the wood with admiration and emotion on his face.

He had never imagined such a flat cut before.

The progress speed, much faster than using fire to burn, also astonished him.

Iron tools were so handy!

This was his heartfelt admiration.

With one hand holding the saw and the other holding the axe, Lame looked at the wood on the ground and became highly confident. With these tools, he could produce even more valuable and beautiful things!

"Brother Cheng, what's this?"

Bai Xue, squatting beside him, curiously pointed to the cut surface of the wood.

Lame, wielding the axe, also slowed down, wanting to hear what the Divine Child had to say.

They had only recently discovered that there were rings inside the wood.

When cutting wood, they would break the smaller pieces by hand and burn the thicker ones with fire. The cut surfaces were never flat, so they had never noticed the tree rings inside the wood.

"These are tree rings," Han Cheng said with a smile.

"Tree rings?"

"Yes, tree rings represent the age of the tree. Each year, a tree trunk will grow one ring."

Bai Xue tilted her head for a while, then understood what Han Cheng meant and began to count the rings on the ground excitedly.

"One year, two years... eight years! Brother Cheng, this tree is eight years old!"

After counting the rings clearly, Bai Xue shouted excitedly at Han Cheng.

The young girl, who had discovered something new and exciting, was thrilled. She skipped around, counting the tree stumps cut by Lame.

"Brother Cheng, this tree is ten years old... this one is nine years old..."

The cheerful counting voices kept ringing out, surrounding Han Cheng.

Shi Tou, who had dreams of flying, and the members of the Original Bone Tribe, who had learned Mandarin after learning a few characters, also came over to watch Lame use the iron tools to make utensils.

It wasn't just them; other members of the Green Sparrow Tribe also liked to gather here when they had nothing else to do.

Many of them were hoping that Lame, who was busy working, would take a break soon so they could have a chance to touch the iron tools themselves.

As for the teaching in the Original Bone Tribe, it had started to differentiate.

Just like Han Cheng had taught the members of the Green Sparrow Tribe before, after adults had learned a few characters, they started letting them choose whether they wanted to continue learning. Learning Mandarin was no longer a mandatory requirement.

However, there was no compromise regarding the promotion and popularization of Mandarin.

These measures were aimed at adults. Unfledged individuals who didn't need to work all day still had to study for nearly three hours daily.

Bai Xue didn't study with them. As Han Cheng's chosen future bride, she had always enjoyed special treatment from him.

Perhaps due to the possessiveness of men, Han Cheng didn't want Bai Xue to have too much contact with other males, especially those around her age.

Living and eating together with the shaman, even though Han Cheng had never explicitly stated anything to the tribe members, gradually, their attitudes toward Bai Xue differed.

At first, when a few people around her age, like Xing, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Li, who wanted to sleep with Han Cheng, were somewhat dissatisfied, but now they had gotten used to it.

For primitive people, things like love, which were still in a state of ignorance, didn't occupy too much space in their lives, especially for tribes that worked hard every day for food.

Teenage love was like a summer storm, coming quickly and going quickly. After some unpleasant experiences, Xing, Xiao Mei, Xiao Li, and others had stopped thinking about sleeping with Han Cheng.

Shi Tou squatted on the ground, touching the flat-cut surface of the wood cut by Lame, his thoughts flying wildly. There was some sudden enlightenment and excitement in his eyes.

With a strong interest in astronomy and calendar systems, he had always been puzzled about his age.

Because when he was born, the calendar system hadn't been developed yet, so there was no way to know his exact age.

This was also one of the main reasons most tribes determined adulthood based on height.

He had been pondering his age for a long time without finding a solution. Still, now, suddenly, he had a moment of enlightenment.

After a tree was cut with a saw, its age could be determined by the rings inside. Could humans also be determined in the same way?

But wouldn't that be too painful?

Thinking like this, he suddenly felt regretful.

It would have been so much better if they had cut open the legs of those who came to attack their tribe and were killed instead of burning them immediately to see if there were any rings on their legs...

"Shi Tou, what are you thinking about?"

Han Cheng saw Shi Tou squatting there without saying a word and asked aloud.

Shi Tou was stunned for a moment, then told Han Cheng about his thoughts just now.

After hearing it, Han Cheng's mind was full of circles, and he had an urge to retreat.

With the witch doctor resembling a rabbit and now Shi Tou wanting to cut off people's legs to determine their age... was it too crazy?

Chapter 338: The drastically altered twelve zodiac signs.

Shi Tou looked somewhat lost, looking at the tree rings, feeling discontent.

Han Cheng quietly wiped the sweat from his forehead on the side.

It's ridiculous!

He, as a modern person, felt inferior.

After calming down from this mood, Han Cheng began to ponder what was bothering Shi Tou.

Before the existence of a calendar, birthdates couldn't be known.

But now, the Green Sparrow Tribe already had the most basic calendar. Children born after the calendar had birthdays, knowing how many years they had lived in this world.

After pondering these, Han Cheng suddenly remembered the method used by the tribe to confirm adulthood based on height.

This method was unfair.

Some people grow fast. Some grow slowly, some are tall, and some are short. The most significant result of this is that those who are tall and young are already adults, while those who grow slowly and are short are still classified as minors.

Human growth is not only physical but also psychological.

The adult standards in the tribe need to be adjusted, not based on height, but preferably on age.

Now that the tribe has a calendar, this can be achieved.

However, how many years old should Han Cheng be considered an adult? This makes Han Cheng somewhat embarrassed.

According to his inherent thinking, it would be best to set it at eighteen.

But that's a bit unrealistic.

Because of medical care, food, and labor methods, the lifespan of primitive humans is not long compared to that of people in later generations.

It's not that they can't live to a ripe old age, but the conditions don't allow it.

The non-natural death rate is too high, reaching over ninety percent.

It would be inappropriate if adulthood is set to eighteen at this time. The Green Sparrow Tribe is still better off. Still, for other tribes, according to this standard, probably more than half of the people would have passed away before having the chance to pass on their legacy.

Moreover, setting adulthood too late is not conducive to the growth and development of the current tribe.

First, the working time would be shortened, and second, the appearance of the next generation would be too late.

Fourteen or fifteen years old for adulthood should be more appropriate...

This is just his initial idea for now. The specific age to be considered adult still needs to be based on the actual situation of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

However, these are things that can only be implemented several years later.

After all, there are still many minors in the Green Sparrow Tribe, like Shi Tou, who were born before the calendar came out and don't know their specific birth year.

Therefore, for the Green Sparrow Tribe to determine adulthood based on height, this matter still needs to be implemented for several more years.

But before that, other things about calculating age can be figured out.

"Shi Tou, come here..."

After his idea was rejected, Han Cheng called Shi Tou, who was squatting in front of the tree stump and unwilling to leave.

Shi Tou stood up, walked to Han Cheng's side, and listened to Han Cheng's words.

At first, he was puzzled, but after listening for a while, he had some enlightenment.

Finally, he became enthusiastic.

The method Han Cheng told him about was the twelve zodiac signs.

Twelve years for one cycle, each year named after an animal.

For Han Cheng, who came from a later era, the twelve zodiac signs had a deep sense of familiarity from the bottom of his heart.

One cycle of twelve years, as long as you know the zodiac sign, you can quickly calculate the age, and it's also easy to compare who is older and who is younger...

Shi Tou, who learned the calendar from Han Cheng, quickly accepted the concept of one cycle of twelve years. After all, one year is twelve months.

Chapter 339: Where confidence lies

"Brother Cheng, I want to belong to the fish."

The July sun scorched the earth like a furnace, with cicadas intermittently chirping from the distant woods, creating a noisy racket that sometimes abruptly fell silent.

Han Cheng didn't know if cicadas had appeared earlier in history. Still, one thing was sure: they existed now, and judging by their widespread distribution, they had likely been around for a long time.

Han Cheng had a love-hate relationship with cicadas.

After a summer rain, the nymphs, which had lain dormant underground for three to five years, began to emerge under cover of darkness. They favored thick, tall tree trunks, but if unable to find one quickly, they would settle for nearby grass stems.

Like humans, cicadas climbed upwards as soon as they were born, seeking to avoid danger and secure better living conditions to pass their brief lives successfully.

Most cicadas managed to evade various dangers and became part of the summer chorus.

Those unfortunate enough not to reach a high perch before being knocked down by a small hand or bamboo stick ended up in all sorts of containers and disappeared into the mouths of various predators before they could even attempt their escape.

Han Cheng had always loved the nymphs, whether stir-fried or deep-fried. He couldn't get enough of them, even now.

In his hometown in later years, they called nymphs "Climbing Forks."

Because they were delicious, so he liked them.

Although he loved eating nymphs, Han Cheng deeply detested the cicada's chirping, much like how he loved snow but disliked being hit by snowballs.

The cacophony of cicadas made his head feel chaotic as if one thing was being met with another in return.

Compared to previous days, today's cicada noise wasn't too disruptive. It wasn't that Han Cheng suddenly changed his mind; it was because there was something even more annoying.

The appearance of zodiac signs was good for the Sparrow Tribe, but the downside was that the Sparrow Tribe's calendar appeared too late.

Looking at the group of people assigning themselves zodiac signs, Han Cheng couldn't help but twitch his face.

It was just too cruel!

Tie Tou, Hei Wa, Ruhua, and others saying they belonged to the Sparrow were acceptable. They were around fifteen this year, so it barely made sense. But Bai Xue saying she belonged to the fish was a bit too much.

According to the current Year of the Rabbit, Bai Xue's age had several options — two years old, fourteen years old, twenty-six years old... none of which were suitable.

Excluding those born in the first year of the Sparrow and later, more than half of the people's zodiac signs did not match their actual age.

"You belong to the sheep. Look how white and fluffy it is; it is like a cloud. So beautiful."

Han Cheng's voice carried a hint of persuasion as he spoke to his young bride.

"Sheep are white, and Bai Xue is also white. Since Bai Xue is wearing two braids like sheep's horns, she should belong to the sheep."

If calculated according to belonging to the sheep, Bai Xue would be about ten years old now. Compared to their actual age, girls like Xiao Mei and Xiao Li were also around ten years old.

Compared to later generations, people in the tribe matured a bit earlier.

This might be due to the harsh living conditions of this era, where it wasn't easy to live a long life.

For the sake of the race's continuation, they could only adapt to nature and change themselves.

Natural selection, survival of the fittest, cruel or motivational, many species were gradually eliminated in this way.

Those who couldn't adapt to environmental changes disappeared, and those unwilling to change vanished.

The world is never short of competition or substitutes.

The dinosaurs, once dominant on Earth, disappeared without causing much commotion. The Earth continued to spin at its usual pace. After a brief period of desolation, other species filled the planet, no less impressive than before.

On a smaller scale, it's like a profession; some people like it, others don't.

Some people don't want to stay a day longer, while others are eager to join...

"...then I belong to the sheep...listening to Brother Cheng..."

Bai Xue touched her braids and smiled.

How could the little girl withstand Han Cheng's coaxing? Before long, she completely surrendered, only listening to Han Cheng.

After resolving the zodiac sign issue for the young daughter-in-law, Han Cheng also corrected the zodiac signs of the minors.

In principle, it was estimated based on height to ensure that the zodiac signs did not differ too much from their actual age.

As for the adults, Han Cheng let them do as they pleased, ignoring them completely.

After all, the primary purpose of determining the zodiac signs was cooperating with the Sparrow calendar, changing the tribe's method of judging adulthood based on height...

While the Sparrow Tribe was caught up in the zodiac sign craze, other matters continued without pause.

With iron axes, chisels, saws, and other essential tools for carpenters, wooden plows were gradually taking shape in Han Cheng and Lame's experimental explorations.

Han Cheng remembered the shape of the plow clearly, but he didn't understand the specifics of how it was made.

For example, how the wooden buckets for seeds were assembled, how the three hollow legs of the plow were connected to the holes underneath the wooden buckets, and how to ensure an equal number of seeds entered each of the three legs...

These specific issues needed to be solved through trial and error.

With suitable tools, although these things were troublesome, they could still be accomplished bit by bit.

The millet growing in the fields west of the Sparrow Tribe became more robust.

Although the scorching sun often withered them, behind the withering was a vibrant scene.

The scorching sunlight was more conducive to photosynthesis.

To wear the crown, one must bear its weight.

People and even millet needed favorable conditions for a good harvest.

The early-planted millet had begun to ear, resembling dog tail grass at a glance.

Following this trend, the first batch of millet could be harvested in about a month.

The Sparrow Tribe was about to experience its first actual grain harvest.

It was a pity that wheat hadn't been found yet. If wheat could be found after harvesting the millet, another crop of wheat could be planted, increasing yields and production.

Fortunately, there was plenty of land around the Sparrow Tribe that could be cultivated as farmland. Fallow periods and planting once a year were also acceptable.

At this time, the contradiction between people and land was not acute, and the vast land and sparse population were insufficient to describe the current situation.

These numerous pieces of land capable of growing food and the millet striving to grow under the scorching sun were the foundation of Han Cheng leading the tribe towards stability and prosperity.

Chapter 340: Harvest

"Ding ding dang..."

"Ding ding dang..."

In the shaded area of the Green Sparrow Tribe, there would occasionally be a sound of this kind.

Although the tribe's people were used to it, they couldn't help but look over here a few more times whenever this happened, enviously watching Lame swinging an iron axe to chisel holes in the wood.

Nowadays, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe have developed a habit of not staying quietly in the tribe after meals and during other leisure times. Instead, they wandered around the small rivers and streams around the tribe.

Once they found some rust-like iron bacteria, they would excitedly collect them into jars.

The usefulness of iron tools fascinated the people of the tribe.

Several people who often cooked wanted to use iron knives to slaughter, process game, and cut food.

The women who made clothes wanted an iron knife to cut open the skin.

Iron knives could quickly cut open the skin and leave neat edges without damaging the fur.

"Gang..."

After sighing at the broken bone needle, Xing turned his gaze to Lame and Han Cheng under the tree shade.

If an iron needle could be made, it would probably be more beneficial for sewing clothes...

"Bang... Bang..."

Third Senior Brother pulled the feather arrow from the target, looked at it for a while, and put it back into the arrow pouch of folded bark around his waist.

Wouldn't the power be greater if iron arrowheads were used on feather arrows?

Could this thicker target be pierced?

Touching the marks left on the target with his hand, Third Senior Brother thought deeply.

He must be able to pierce the target!

Thinking of the power of iron knives and axes, Third Senior Brother clenched his fists tightly.

However, there was too little iron in the tribe. After making four kinds of tools, there was no surplus left...

The appearance of iron tools broadened the horizons of the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, and many people hoped to create more and better tools with iron.

After a rain in autumn, the weather turned cooler. Nowadays, the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't lack clothes, and one person having two sets of clothes was still achievable.

So even those who liked to show off their muscles by going shirtless obediently put on their clothes.

Adding one more summer to the three summer periods, the tail of the autumn tiger was also unbearable.

As the weather cleared up, the temperature rose again, and the humid and warm water vapor mixed with the smell of mud rose in waves.

Han Cheng, wearing grass shoes, stood at the edge of the field, looking at the drooping heads of the sorghum with a smile on his face.

Modesty was a good quality. Those who were truly capable were generally more modest, and what they feared most were those who were conceited...

Just like the sorghum laden with heavy fruit hanging their heads low, the dog-tail grass, which had grown for nearly half a year with little harvest, swayed proudly in the autumn breeze, wanting to attract the attention of Han Cheng standing at the edge of the field.

However, Han Cheng was oblivious to the hint, his gaze only falling on the heavy sorghum ears and Snow White beside them, refusing to be distracted.

Stepping on the edge of the wet ground, which was still very wet, coming to the field like this made it difficult to walk and damaged the sorghum. Moreover, plowing the land again after harvesting and turning the soil would be extremely difficult because the ground had been trampled down.

Looking at the sun hanging in the sky and then at the mature but not yet ripe sorghum in the ground, Han Cheng ultimately did not issue the order to harvest.

Let's wait a little longer. The autumn tiger is fierce and will dry up a lot by tomorrow. It will be fine to harvest by then.

The next day, Han Cheng came to check the soil moisture, which was as he had expected.

However, the anticipated harvesting operation did not immediately begin.

Han Cheng, the shaman, Eldest Senior Brother, Second Senior Brother, and other members of the Green Sparrow Tribe, each holding a shiny handle of a scythe, carefully walked through the ripe grain fields.

Occasionally, some grains would be cut off, and the harvested heads would be placed in these scythes.

Those that were beheaded were relatively robust and had larger grain ears than usual.

According to military division methods, although they couldn't be called generals, they could still be compared to low-level officers such as sergeants and lieutenants.

Han Cheng and the others had also experienced beheading enemy officers in the army...

Before the formal harvesting, selecting some of the larger grains in the field was necessary for separate storage.

Increasing grain production involved crucial factors such as seeds, fertilizers, cultivation methods, and water management. Han Cheng couldn't achieve things like genetically modified or hybrid grains.

He could only select seeds, conduct natural selection, and gradually cultivate excellent and high-yielding seeds.

Excellent seeds could be considered an internal factor among the many factors contributing to increased grain production.

After about two acres of land had been plowed, Han Cheng and the others, standing at the edge of the field with stone and bone sickles, began harvesting according to Han Cheng's instructions.

The golden grain stalks collided with each other, making crackling sounds under the joint action of sickles and palms.

Sweat dripped from their cheeks and bodies, and their bronze-colored faces and chests, against the backdrop of golden grain ears, created a golden dream.

One by one, the grains fell, and after being bundled together, they were carried to the threshing ground in the tribe that had already been cleared.

During the busy farming season, no one was idle.

The women who were weak or had large bellies and couldn't do heavy work untied the bundled grains brought back to the ground and spread them out on the ground, preparing for the next threshing step.

The weather had been good these days, and since the heavens had given them face, they had to quickly bring the harvested grains into the house while the weather was good. Only then could they genuinely relax.

Otherwise, any minor accident could ruin six months of hard work and hope.

The underage members of the tribe were also not idle. They walked around the harvested grain fields, picking up the grains that had fallen on the ground...

Thirty to forty acres of land, relative to the current population of the Green Sparrow Tribe, was not considered too much.

With everyone working together, these grains were harvested in three days and transported to the threshing ground.

Several people familiar with the threshing ground used wooden forks and other tools to pat the dried grains.

After the threshing, winnowing, stacking, and tossing, a pile of grains accumulated on the ground.

These newly harvested grains could not be stored directly. They needed to be dried for several days before being stored in large jars.