

Primitive 39

Chapter 39: An edible rock – Salt

Don't worry that Han Cheng will get lost. When he came, he had already considered this issue. At intervals, there are tree branches broken by him as marks.

He walks back with this nearly ten-kilogram rock salt along the markings and surprisingly doesn't feel tired.

Is this the legendary ability to carry two hundred kilograms of grain without difficulty? If it were two hundred kilograms of money, not only could he carry it, but he could also run with it.

Han Cheng currently has no time for Rapeseed flowers. If these guys like to eat them, let them eat. They've been growing well all these years, and he doesn't believe they can be eaten up quickly.

Han Cheng's craving for salt has long surpassed that for vegetables.

Before reaching the tribe, Han Cheng was joyfully stopped by Blackwa, who then turned around and shouted, "The Divine Child is back!"

In no time, seven or eight people surrounded Han Cheng.

Blackwa took the stone from Han Cheng's hand, his eyes slightly red, saying, "Divine Child, where did you go? The shaman is going crazy."

Other children and two adult female primitive people who came after hearing the news looked at Han Cheng with joy and concern.

Han Cheng felt warm, smiling, "I'm fine. I just went to find something good."

"This, this?"

Blackwa raised the stone in his hand, looking puzzled.

He was almost an adult, with quite some strength, and this ten-kilogram stone didn't seem heavy in his hands.

"Yes, this."

Han Cheng smiled and then nodded mysteriously.

This immediately aroused the people's curiosity.

This time, Shaman didn't stay in the cave but appeared in a nearby place. Seeing Han Cheng, the worries on his weathered face completely disappeared, turning into a bright smile.

He walked to Han Cheng's side, squatting down, examining him up and down. Seeing Han Cheng intact, he reached out, touched Han Cheng's head, tidied his hair for a while, and then led a group of people toward the cave.

The people in the tribe were very curious, eagerly watching the miracle the Divine Child was about to perform.

Because the Divine Child who entered the cave finally revealed the purpose of running so far and bringing back such a rock to eat.

This result left everyone stunned.

The Divine Child has performed many miracles, and they have become accustomed to it. However, this miracle is too outrageous eating rocks.

These rocks are so hard that biting into them might break their teeth.

Unconvinced, Blackwa and a few others secretly tried it. The rocks were not only unchewable, but they also tasted surprisingly bad.

Shaman and everyone else stopped the seemingly endless recording and watched together.

He has developed a habit. Whenever Han Cheng is going to tinker with something new, he will watch on the side. For him, this is a crucial moment to witness miracles and learn.

Han Cheng is too lazy to explain too much. He let Lame and Blackwa smash the rock into small pieces and then put it into the pit used to crush oilseed flowers. They continued smashing it into a powdered form.

He then brought two pottery basins, one containing half a basin of clear water, and the other was empty.

Han Cheng put the powdered rock salt into the basin with clear water, dissolved it, and the water immediately became cloudy.

He found a bunch of dry grass, placed it on the mouth of the basin, and had Lame lift the half-basin of muddy water and pour it into another basin.

After filtering, the water was somewhat clearer compared to before. Han Cheng took the grass from the basin with clear water, rinsed it, and then pressed it against the basin's edge containing saltwater, letting Lame repeat the previous actions.

After repeating these actions for two rounds, Han Cheng stopped and picked up some charcoal he had just scraped from the ash pile. He clamped it between the grass in his hand and continued filtering.

After repeating this process seven or eight times, when looking at the water basin, it had changed from the initial turbidity to clarity.

Han Cheng dipped his hand in the water and put it in his mouth, and the familiar salty taste almost made him cry.

What Han Cheng wanted was salt, not saltwater. This saltwater was not suitable for his needs.

However, this final step was easy to perform.

He poured the filtered and detoxified saltwater into a pottery pot for boiling soup and heating water, placing it over the fire.

Unlike before, he didn't cover the pot.

A wisp of white vapor rose, and with the steam, the water evaporated. Not long after, all the water inside the pottery pot had completely disappeared, leaving a layer of white crystals below.

Han Cheng took the pot off the fire. He couldn't wait to pick up a piece of the crystallized salt and put it in his mouth. The familiar and rich salty taste spread throughout his mouth.

He didn't spit it out, but after fully experiencing the long-lost salty taste, he swallowed it down, licking his lips, showing a satisfied expression.

People on the side stared wide-eyed. Can this rock be eaten?

However, after the experience with plain boiled water last time, they had some psychological preparation for this strange white rock, lowering their expectations.

Shaman, watching the entire process, approached, imitating Han Cheng. He picked up a piece from the bottom of the pot and prepared to taste the white rock that could be eaten.

Seeing this, Han Cheng quickly stopped him because Shaman picked a piece that was too big, almost the size of a thumbnail.

If he ate that piece in one go, the taste

Shaman thought that Divine Child was being a bit stingy. Even when he picked such a small piece, he still didn't want to let him eat it, insisting on giving him an even smaller piece. How could he taste anything with such a tiny amount?

With this thought, he still put the almost unholdable small piece of white rock into his mouth.

In the expectant eyes of Han Cheng, Shaman widened his eyes instantly, his facial expression somewhat distorted. He endured the taste in his mouth for a while before finally swallowing it, shaking his head and saying, "Not tasty."

Blackwa and the others watching showed expressions of "as expected." The Divine Child's taste is different from theirs.

Although they thought so, they couldn't resist their curiosity and wanted to taste how bad the white rock was, so much so that it made Shaman's face twitch.

Learning from Shaman's experience, they picked even smaller pieces, but the rich, salty taste they had never encountered made them stick out their tongues in disdain.

Han Cheng scooped up a bowl of cold, plain boiled water and handed it to the shaman, telling him to rinse his mouth. He smiled at the small amount of salt at the bottom of the pot.

He told Shaman with a smile that salt is not eaten like this. He will be able to appreciate its deliciousness in the evening.