

Primitive 391

Chapter 391: The loveable and scary bees

Han Cheng looked suspiciously at his hand, then at Little Fu, who was straining to lick his chin with his tongue. After waiting a moment, he reached out and touched the area Little Fu couldn't reach.

It was still sticky.

Han Cheng avoided Little Fu's tongue and brought his fingers, now covered in a clear liquid, to his nose. A sweet scent wafted into his nostrils.

Han Cheng's eyes lit up.

Honey?!

With excitement, he sniffed his fingers again and confirmed it: the familiar, sweet smell of honey.

Haha...

Han Cheng laughed out loud, realizing the truth. No wonder Little Fu was in such a miserable state. He got into this mess because he had been stealing honey!

Without the thick skin of a bear, he'd end up like this, trying to do what bears love to do.

As Han Cheng thought about it, he couldn't help but laugh again. With their tough skin, even bears sometimes suffer from the stings of venomous bees while trying to eat honey. Occasionally, they even die from particularly venomous stings.

But looking at Little Fu now, already stabilizing, it seemed unlikely he would pay for his gluttony with his life. However, the suffering was unavoidable, and the swelling would take a few days to subside.

For a foodie, eating is undeniably a top priority. Little Fu's behavior perfectly illustrated the dedication of a true gourmand. Despite being stung to the point of swelling, he still longed for the honey on Han Cheng's hand, gazing at him with his swollen, barely visible eyes and wagging his tail incessantly.

Seeing this, Han Cheng couldn't help but laugh. He squatted down and extended his hand, and immediately, Little Fu licked the honey off. Watching him struggle to lick his chin but failing, Han Cheng found a stick, tapped it on the ground to shake off the dirt, and scraped Little Fu's chin. Little Fu promptly started licking the stick.

He licked while wagging his tail with great effort, looking quite content.

Watching Little Fu's comical antics, Han Cheng couldn't help but smile broadly.

The shaman and a few others nearby, who had been worried, looked at each other in bewilderment. The Divine Child was suddenly relaxed and smiling. Wasn't Little Fu in a dire situation? Shouldn't he be trying to find a solution?

Among them, the shaman was the quickest to catch on. After a moment of confusion, he understood.

"Divine Child, is Little Fu okay?"

Han Cheng scraped off the last bit of honey from Little Fu's chin and, seeing him happily licking the stick, smiled at the shaman and said, "He's fine."

"And that is?"

The shaman pointed to the stick Little Fu was licking.

"This is honey."

"Honey?"

The shaman repeated Han Cheng's words, not quite understanding this "honey".

"It's something very sweet and tastes very good," Han Cheng explained, swallowing his saliva.

Understanding that honey was very sweet and tasty, the shaman and the others nearby couldn't help but swallow their saliva.

True foodies!

Han Cheng couldn't help but laugh.

"Come on, stop eating. Take us to find the honey," Han Cheng said to the chubby Little Fu.

Han Cheng then led Fu Jiang and a few others in the direction from which Little Fu had emerged.

After learning what Han Cheng intended to do, the shaman called over a few more people, armed with weapons, to accompany them.

Although Han Cheng said there was no need for this, insisting that the bees weren't that dangerous, the shaman was still uneasy.

Little Fu had been stung into such a miserable state, so how could they not be dangerous?

Being cautious is never a mistake, and since the shaman insisted, Han Cheng didn't argue further.

The saying "a dog relies on its master's strength" proved quite true. Not long ago, Little Fu had fled in a panic from the stings, but now, with his mother, siblings, and so many people around, his courage surged. He became lively again, strutting ahead, sniffing at the grass, and leading Han Cheng and the others to where he'd gotten into trouble.

They crossed the field, entered the forest, and after winding through the woods for a while, the once-proud Little Fu wilted.

He paced around the spot, unwilling to go any further.

Not far from him stood a large, dead tree that one person couldn't wrap their arms around. Due to its age, a crack had split open in the trunk, and many winged bees were buzzing in and out.

These bees were slightly larger and darker in color compared to the honeybees commonly seen in later times.

Below the crack in the trunk, there was a larger gap with some broken tree pieces scattered around, looking like something had clawed it open.

Little Fu must have been trying to get in there with his mouth.

From here, they could see some honeycombs, albeit damaged ones.

Watching these busy bees diligently collecting pollen and making honey, Han Cheng couldn't help but smile broadly.

This was truly a treasure!

He immediately decided to get a closer look.

But after taking just a few steps, his arm was suddenly grabbed.

"Divine Child, don't!"

It was the shaman who grabbed him, his voice filled with worry and fear.

His old, tree-root-like hand held tightly onto Han Cheng's arm, preventing him from going any further.

At the same time, he turned and shouted to the others from the tribe, "Fall back! Don't get any closer!"

Han Cheng didn't understand why the shaman was reacting so strongly.

These bees might sting, but they weren't that terrifying, right?

Or had the shaman noticed something dangerous?

Without pushing further, Han Cheng retreated with the shaman and the others.

It wasn't until they were forty or fifty meters away from the tree that the shaman released Han Cheng's arm and exhaled a long breath, looking back at the now inconspicuous dead tree with lingering fear.

"Shaman, what's wrong?"

Han Cheng glanced at the tree and then at the shaman, asking aloud.

The other members of the Green Sparrow tribe, who had maintained a high level of vigilance due to the shaman's words, also looked at him as if they hadn't detected any wild animals nearby.

The shaman took several deep breaths, pointing toward the dead tree, and said with an exceptionally serious tone, "Don't go there. It's dangerous!"

Understanding the reason behind the shaman's sudden strong reaction, Han Cheng scratched his head, puzzled.

Just a moment ago, when talking about the deliciousness of honey, hadn't the shaman been drooling with desire?

Now that they were here, why did he suddenly act so repelled?

Chapter 392: Stung to death?

Under Han Cheng's persistent questioning, the shaman explained the reason.

A long time ago, two members of the Green Sparrow tribe were gathering food and accidentally disturbed the flying insects that Han Cheng referred to as bees. Both of them died as a result, and their deaths were particularly tragic.

Primitive people's knowledge was often hard-earned, with many lessons learned at the cost of lives. After those two deaths, the tribe's shaman recorded that these flying insects' gatherings were deadly and passed this knowledge to the next shaman.

Due to the different names used in the shaman's tradition and Han Cheng's terminology, the shaman didn't realize that the bees and honey Han Cheng mentioned were the same insects that had caused deaths long ago. It wasn't until they followed Little Fu to the bees' nest that he understood.

Upon this realization, the shaman shared this old memory with the group, causing those eager for honey to feel a deep sense of caution.

Seeing Little Fu's pitiable state and recalling the shaman's words, everyone's appetite for honey diminished significantly.

"Stung to death?" Han Cheng understood. No wonder the shaman reacted so strongly; the tribe had a grim history with these insects.

However, Han Cheng thought it unreasonable to avoid bees entirely due to past incidents. Not all bees were highly venomous; some, like those producing honey, posed less danger.

The bees they had found primarily produced honey and weren't particularly venomous. Little Fu's survival despite multiple stings was proof.

Han Cheng shared his thoughts with the shaman and the others, but he shook his head resolutely, refusing to let Han Cheng take the risk. No matter how delicious honey was, it wasn't worth endangering Han Cheng.

Realizing that he'd end up like Little Fu without proper preparation, Han Cheng didn't insist and retreated from the forest with the shaman and the others. However, he memorized the location of the hive.

Springtime, with flowers in full bloom, meant the bees had plenty of pollen, and there would be abundant honey in the hive. Han Cheng couldn't let such a bounty go to waste.

Back in the fields, he saw that everyone had mastered plowing and sowing, so he handed over the reins and hurried back to the settlement.

He went to his house, where he used a stone pen on a clay tablet to sketch out the basic design of a beehive. Then he brought the tablet to Lame, who was doing carpentry in the yard. Han Cheng put down the tablet and asked Lame to temporarily stop his current work and start making the beehive, explaining its structure.

Han Cheng had some knowledge of beehives from his childhood experiences with beekeepers.

Han Cheng's recollection of a beehive was roughly a wooden box about half a meter wide and less than a meter in height and length. From the top of the beehive, you could pull out pre-made slats like drawers, each covered with honeycombs. With one slice of a bamboo knife, thick, golden honey would slowly flow out, falling into the prepared container below...

After focusing on weaving and carpentry for so long, Lame's skills were quite impressive. He was also used to deciphering Han Cheng's less-than-perfect drawings.

After Han Cheng's explanation, Lame confidently assured him that he could build the box. He then began cutting the wood and making the basic wooden boards.

Han Cheng stayed for a while, and seeing that Lame was working diligently and effectively, he left feeling reassured.

Next, he went into the house and pulled out a large roll of linen. Totalling over sixty meters, this linen resulted from the Green Sparrow tribe women's labor from the previous winter to this spring. About a quarter of it was produced by Bai Xue, a little child bride who enjoyed raising silkworms and weaving. Although all the linen was mixed, Han Cheng could easily identify Bai Xue's work. Her linen was neat with few loose threads and very dense, far surpassing the others, which had many small square holes.

Bai Xue's finely woven linen was ideal for making clothes, and Han Cheng was reluctant to use it carelessly. However, the less refined cloth also had its uses in specific circumstances.

Han Cheng selected the coarsest cloth for a veil and went outside to find Bai Xue, who intently watched silkworms eat mulberry leaves. When Bai Xue noticed someone approaching and saw it was Brother Cheng, she immediately smiled, showing her white teeth. Her front teeth had already been replaced, and the big tooth on the bottom left had just fallen out a few days ago. Only those familiar with her would notice that this didn't affect her speech or smile.

Han Cheng patted the now slightly taller Bai Xue on the head and smiled, "Go get the needle, thread, and iron knife. I need you to make something for me."

Bai Xue happily agreed and quickly ran into the house, returning shortly with a small pottery basin containing needles and thread.

"Brother Cheng, what are we making?" Bai Xue asked as she began measuring the cloth against Han Cheng.

Putting on the straw hat he had brought, Han Cheng pointed at it and said, "Sew a circle of cloth around this hat, down to my waist."

Bai Xue, her hands deftly working with the cloth, asked, "What is Brother Cheng making this for?"

"Do you like the canned fruit we made?" Han Cheng asked with a smile.

Bai Xue nodded vigorously, recalling the sweet and tangy canned fruit she still fondly remembered, feeling it was even better than wine or vinegar.

"With this, in a few days, I'll bring back something even better than those canned fruits," Han Cheng explained.

Hearing this, Bai Xue's curiosity and excitement grew, and she focused even more on the task at hand.

Chapter 393: The Neglected Lame

Better than just cooked canned food?

The young wife's eyes narrowed, and she unconsciously started to salivate. Her hands moved faster. After measuring, she folded along the marks drawn with charcoal and then cut with an iron knife. Once cut, she took the hat off Han Cheng's head, placed it on her lap, and started threading the needle, sewing meticulously.

A man focused on his work and a woman are most appealing. Watching Lamei Xue concentrate on sewing, Han Cheng smiled faintly, feeling peaceful inside. He silently praised himself for his cleverness. Where would he find such a talented young wife without his slow cultivation?

"Here, use your hands to drill a few holes."

Han Cheng pointed to the already-formed beehive and instructed Lame.

"These holes must be left; otherwise, the bees won't be able to come and go."

"Lame, are you interested in doing something earth-shattering with me?"

Looking at the fully completed beehive, Han Cheng asked Lame with a mesmerizing tone, having dropped his axe.

Something earth-shattering? Lame's eyes lit up with excitement, reminiscent of when he followed the Divine Child out of the cave in the dead of winter and broke through the ice, saving the tribe from crisis and drastically changing his pitiful status.

The Divine Child hadn't displayed such an imposing presence in a long time, so Lame readily agreed without hesitation.

Then, when many people were resting at lunchtime, he carried a wooden box with him, sneakily following the rather suspicious-looking Divine Child towards the tribe's gate.

"Divine Child, why are we doing this?"

Lame lowered his voice, expressing his confusion.

Han Cheng smiled bitterly. Wasn't this necessary? If the unusually concerned Shaman knew about this, getting him to agree to take the bee colony would take a lot of convincing. So, after much thought, Han Cheng decided to act sneakily first. Once he had collected the bees, Gu wouldn't have much to say in the face of facts.

"Divine Child..."

"Hush!"

Seeing Han Cheng and Lame behaving suspiciously, Tie Tou, guarding the wall, scratched his head and asked.

But Han Cheng stopped him before the word "Divine Child" could come out.

Having spent much time with the Divine Child, Tie Tou understood the meaning behind this action and quickly complied.

By this time, Han Cheng had quietly opened the gate and stepped outside the tribe.

"Shaman, where are you going?"

Tie Tou asked in a hushed voice.

"Don't ask too much. I'll bring you some delicious food later!"

Han Cheng replied similarly hushedly, holding a container and some other items in his hands.

Hearing the promise of delicious food, Tie Tou immediately stopped asking and nodded vigorously.

Han Cheng, with Lame in tow, swiftly headed towards the location of the beehive.

"Divine Child, what are we doing?"

Watching as the tribe grew farther away, Lame, feeling somewhat worried, finally remembered to ask this crucial question.

"Collecting honeybees, collecting honey."

Han Cheng showed a mouthful of white teeth, smiling at Lame.

"Ah."

Lame responded, then continued to ponder the rather convoluted statement made by Han Cheng in his mind.

Seeing Lame's reaction, Han Cheng couldn't help but nod. Lame was indeed someone worthy of the Divine Child's attention. If others knew the purpose of this trip, they would surely advise him against it.

To achieve the same calmness as Lame was impossible.

Han Cheng thought this to himself as he walked for a while and looked back to see Lame lagging behind, wearing a troubled expression like he was constipated.

Of course, Lame's expression wouldn't be too pleasant because after pondering for a while, he finally figured out what the Divine Child wanted to do with him and why the Divine Child's behavior today was so strange!

Bees!

Bees that had once stung people to death!

Because a swarm of bees suddenly appeared around the tribe, and Xiao Fu was stung by bees, losing all resemblance to a dog, the tribe's shaman, upon returning to the tribe, began to spread the word about the dangers of bees.

To prove the correctness of his words, he even deliberately dug out a stone tablet from a pile of old slabs, pointing to the inscriptions that only he and Hei Wa, two people in the whole tribe, could recognize and announce to everyone.

How could Lame not know about such things?

No wonder the Divine Child didn't say what the wooden box was for when Lame asked.

"Di...Divine Child, let's... let's go back..."

After understanding what the Divine Child would do, which was to perform something that would astonish the heavens and move ghosts, Lane almost burst into tears.

Han Cheng sniffed. I praised you so much in my heart just now.

"Do you trust me?"

There was no choice; Han Cheng had to rely on his accumulated prestige over a long period.

"I do."

Without any hesitation, Lane blurted out.

"Since you want to believe, then come with me. I have a way to keep the bees from harming me."

Han Cheng struck while the iron was hot.

And so, the two-man bee-collecting team continued on their way.

Lane, carrying the wooden box, looked like he was about to cry. He trusted the Divine Child, but collecting bees was still too dangerous.

Thus, the two arrived in front of the dead tree. Han Cheng didn't rush forward but first checked the surroundings to ensure no danger. Then, he began to unpack his belongings.

He first put on leather gloves and tied them tightly with ropes to ensure there were no gaps between them and his sleeves, thereby preventing skin exposure.

He then tied the leather pants tightly with ropes, connecting them to his socks and tucking them into his shoes.

Just as he finished this, preparing to put on a cloth hat with holes sewn in, Lane brought the beehive over.

"Divine Child, let me go."

Lane said, looking at the dead tree buzzing with bees. Although he looked frightened, his determination to replace Han Cheng never wavered.

Han Cheng put on the hat, the cloth hanging down his waist like a curtain. He reached out to tie the rope at his chest through the small holes and smiled at Lane, "You hide in the distance. You don't understand bees. Let me handle it. With these precautions, they can't harm me."

Lane still hesitated until Han Cheng adopted the Divine Child's posture. Then, he had to follow Han Cheng's instructions and walk away, looking worried as he watched Han Cheng, carrying the beehive, approach the dead tree.

Han Cheng wasn't worried at all. He was already armed like this; if these bees still managed to breach his defenses, they would truly be extraordinary.

He put down the beehive and began to chop at the dead tree, preparing to enlarge it and find the queen bee.

As long as he found this guy, everything would be solved.

"Bang!"

"Bzzz~!"

Chapter 394: Collected a Bee Swam

With one axe blow, a piece of somewhat rotten wood fell to the ground, widening the gap considerably.

The bees, quietly building their nests and making honey, suddenly became agitated by this attack and swarmed towards the audacious intruder who dared to destroy their home, buzzing loudly as they launched a rapid attack.

This method was always effective. Not long ago, they defeated and drove away a fierce wild beast using this method.

However, today, they were destined to be disappointed because, faced with their dense attacks, the big monster still attacked their nest rhythmically and without hurry.

Looking through the cloth in front of him at the swarm of bees buzzing and dancing chaotically, Han Cheng couldn't help but marvel silently.

Luckily, the tribe had already produced cloth. Otherwise, collecting this swarm of bees so peacefully would have been quite difficult.

"Divine Child!"

Lame, hiding in the distance, saw the chaotic scene of the insects with wings swarming around the Shaman and hastily grabbed a branch from the nearby tree. He shouted and was about to rush over to Han Cheng.

Ready to fight these insects and save the Divine Child from danger.

"Go back!"

Han Cheng turned his head and saw Lame coming this way. He couldn't help but become anxious and shouted.

Is he coming to fight the insects now? If he had known, he wouldn't have brought Lame along.

The insects had turned Xiao Fu into that state. It could be imagined that these bees were more venomous than those in later generations.

"I'm fine! They can't sting me!"

Seeing Han Cheng full of confidence and those terrifying little insects being blocked outside, Lame, with lingering fear in his heart, returned to his hiding place and secretly worried about the Divine Child.

Here, Han Cheng continued to wield the axe, constantly enlarging the gap in the tree.

After the gap in the tree had reached a certain size, he stopped and began to search for the queen bee's figure amidst the disturbance caused by the buzzing bees.

Sure enough, those who could accomplish great things always had an extraordinary demeanor and composure, undisturbed even when Mount Tai collapsed. It wasn't just humans; bees were the same.

In the situation where the nest had been chopped into this state by Han Cheng and many bees had gone out to confront the enemy, the queen bee, much larger than ordinary bees, still lay quietly in the nest. The more indifferent it was, the more indifferent it appeared.

Having found the target, Han Cheng grinned and put down the iron axe, replacing it with a bamboo knife. He made a few cuts near the queen bee, and a trace of golden honey overflowed. With a spin of the bamboo knife, a piece of honeycomb and the queen bee fell into Han Cheng's waiting hand.

Han Cheng opened the bee box, set it aside, put the honeycomb and queen bee inside, picked up the bee box, and walked away.

As a result, Lame, who had been hiding on the side, mouth gaping wide, saw those violent bees following the Divine Child.

After the Divine Child left, they quickly flew into the bee box one by one, obediently as if they had been raised.

The bees that had just been violent and terrifying quickly disappeared, with most of them entering the bee box.

Han Cheng looked at the large group of disappeared bees and covered the top of the bee box. From now on, if the bees wanted to enter or leave, they could only do so through the holes left earlier.

With most of the bees left away, only the honeycomb that Han Cheng had longed for remained in the dead tree!

He took the bamboo knife and began to cut it down piece by piece, the rich scent of honey drilling into his nose.

Unable to resist, he opened his mouth wide, letting the honey dripping from the bamboo knife fall into his mouth.

After a few drops of honey entered his mouth, that unique sweetness filled his oral cavity.

Han Cheng wondered if it was because he hadn't eaten particularly sweet food for a long time. Still, he felt that this honey was exceptionally pure and far better than the packaged honey eaten in later generations.

After cutting down pieces of honeycomb, Han Cheng squeezed out the honey inside, leaving the rest on the animal skin wrap.

He couldn't bear to throw this stuff away. When it was time for tea or sweet soup, he would throw a piece in, and it would immediately sweeten up.

Moreover, honey is important in preventing wound inflammation.

At this time, Lame also emerged from his hiding place, looking awed at the bee box. He walked over to Han Cheng and stretched his head to look at the jar of translucent honey inside.

"Taste it."

Han Cheng took a small piece of broken honeycomb and handed it to Ba, indicating that he should taste it.

Ba tentatively put the honeycomb into his mouth. At first, he was cautious, afraid that the honeycomb would bite like those bees, but as soon as he tasted it, he couldn't help himself. He kept swallowing saliva. If Han Cheng hadn't reminded him, Lane would have chewed up the honeycomb completely.

"Divine Child, this..."

Lane's eyes sparkled, and it looked like he had been injected with chicken blood. He looked at the jar of honey and then at the honeycomb in the wrap, not knowing what to say to express his feelings for a while.

The thing called honeycomb by the Shaman, the deliciousness of it completely exceeded his imagination.

If the honeycomb was this delicious, he couldn't imagine what the honey the Shaman solemnly put in the jar would taste like!

Lane looked at the nearly full jar of honey, unable to help but fantasize.

At this moment, he had long forgotten about fear.

In the gap of the big tree, all the honeycombs were completely harvested by Han Cheng.

At this time, most of the bees had entered the bee box.

Han Cheng put another piece of un-squeezed honeycomb inside, covered the lid, and then let Ba carry the honeycomb and the jar of honey in front while he carried the bee box behind.

Now, perhaps feeling the breath of spring, Han Cheng's body grew rapidly after spring began. He had at least grown three centimeters taller than before the new year, and his strength had also increased significantly. Now, although carrying the bee box containing a swarm of bees was a bit strenuous, he could still persist.

"Hehe..."

"Hehehe..."

On the way, the two guys laughed like fools, not saying a word, occasionally chuckling.

Little did they know the people in the tribe were about to go crazy.

Shaman felt somewhat uneasy after waking up from their nap and not seeing Han Cheng's figure after searching around. After hurriedly inquiring with Tie Tou, guarding the front wall, and learning that the Shaman had gone out with Lane to where they found the beehive and mentioning that they were bringing back something delicious, Shaman immediately became anxious!

He hastily gathered the Eldest Senior Brother and others, and then left the tribe, hurrying to the place where the beehive was located...

Chapter 395: Tribe filled with sweetness

"Don't let anything happen, please, don't let anything happen..."

As he hurriedly rushed over, Shaman kept muttering to himself.

If something happened to the Divine Child, he couldn't imagine what the tribe would be like after such an event.

Describing it as "the sky falling" wouldn't be an exaggeration.

The more he thought about it, the more anxious he became. From the gatekeeper, Tie Tou, he learned that the Divine Child had set off with Lamé a long time ago.

It had been such a long time, and they still hadn't returned. This...

Thinking back to the two tribesmen who had died not far from the beehive, Shaman's heart became even more restless. He felt as if his heart was being squeezed together...

He was panting heavily, but he didn't feel tired. He kept walking forward, his feet moving without stopping, unlike the speed one would expect from someone his age.

"I'll go check first!"

Feeling increasingly uneasy, the Eldest Senior Brother said this to Shaman after walking for a while, then led a large group of people toward the direction of the beehive at the speed of hunting prey.

"Divine Child?!"

After running and entering the woods, the Eldest Senior Brother and the others saw Lamé walking ahead, carrying a jar and a package.

Their gaze briefly paused on Lamé before skipping over to a strange-looking person walking about ten meters behind him.

Although this person was carrying a wooden box and wearing a peculiar hat that covered his face with cloth, they immediately recognized him as the Divine Child, whom they had been worried about endlessly.

After the initial surprise and shouts of joy, the relieved crowd hastened their steps again and rushed towards Han.

Han Cheng was taken aback, then sighed with a bitter smile. How could he still be discovered?

Realizing he was holding a beehive, he quickly shouted, "Don't come too close to me. I have bees in my hands..."

Lamé also reacted and hurriedly added, "Divine Child, there are bees in his hands, don't go near."

Bees?

How could the Divine Child still have bees in his hands?

Thinking this, they noticed that winged insects flew into the wooden box the Divine Child was carrying from time to time.

The Eldest Senior Brother was startled and anxiously exclaimed, "Divine Child! Quickly get rid of it!"

Saying this, he was about to run towards Han to rescue their esteemed Divine Child from the clutches of those vicious insects.

Throw it away?

Why would he throw away the bees he had worked so hard to get?

Seeing the crowd rushing towards him again, Han couldn't help but feel touched and bitter.

After another round of explanations, these people finally stopped in doubt, keeping a certain distance from Han, looking at him with a hint of worry and awe.

They worried that the bees would harm the Divine Child but admired him for his courage. The Divine Child actively provoked the bees and put them into the box himself, carrying them by hand.

"Where's Shaman?"

Han asked.

Knowing Shaman's character, the Eldest Senior Brother and the others wouldn't have mobilized so many people like this. The one who always cared for the elderly in the tribe couldn't possibly remain indifferent.

"He's behind us!"

Reminded by Han, the people who had come remembered this. The Eldest Senior Brother quickly sent the fastest runner back to tell Shaman that the Divine Child was safe and not to worry or come this way.

At Han Cheng's signal, Lane put down the honey jar, opened the package, and set down the beehive. He used a bamboo knife to cut off some honeycomb and distributed it to the approaching crowd.

The crowd looked at the somewhat yellowed, hole-riddled substance, unsure what to make of it.

But Lane was an old hand at this. He picked up a small piece of the honeycomb allocated to him and swallowed a mouthful of saliva before putting it in his mouth. Then, as a demonstration to the others, he eagerly tasted the honeycomb, squinting his eyes in delight.

Seeing his reaction, the others hesitated but ultimately followed suit, putting the seemingly inconspicuous and somewhat strange honeycomb into their mouths.

"Hmm?!"

The Eldest Senior Brother's eyes widened instantly.

Even the Second Senior Brother, who loved to eat the most, hesitated momentarily before his mouth moved quickly. He ate while eyeing the remaining large pieces of honeycomb in the package, his eyes shining brightly...

No wonder the Divine Child was eager to get these bees. This stuff was incredibly delicious!

They had thought that the fruit juice they had drunk before was sweet and tasty enough, but compared to this honeycomb, it was far inferior!

Even the smaller-faced Little Fu came over. As the first discoverer of the honeycomb and the first to try it, Han Cheng also gave him some honeycomb. Little Fu, like the others, didn't hesitate to indulge.

After this round of operations, Han Cheng also rested, picked up the beehive, and continued to the tribe.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others followed, but unlike their anxious rush before, on the way back, they all calmed down and were filled with joy. Some were even secretly licking their fingers.

This young Divine Child, who had not yet fully grown up, had already become their backbone...

"Phew~!"

Shaman, who had received the report, let out a long sigh, completely relaxed. Those who had just hurried along now felt tired and found a slightly elevated spot to sit, panting heavily.

As he breathed heavily, he asked about the situation over there.

"They collected all the bees?!"

Shaman's eyes widened.

"Shaman, try this."

Inside the tribe, Han Cheng, who knew he had acted improperly, held out a bowl of freshly brewed honey water to Shaman, behaving somewhat obsequiously.

Looking at Han Cheng's appearance, Shaman couldn't help but feel amused and moved.

He pretended to be still angry, took the honey water, and brought it to his lips. The cloudy old eyes immediately lit up.

With his mouth wide open, he looked at Han Cheng and then at the honey water in the bowl, his face filled with astonishment. The anger he had just forced himself to show disappeared in an instant.

"Divine... Divine Child, this..."

Seeing Shaman's reaction, Han Cheng smiled subtly...

In the room, Han Cheng lifted a piece of honeycomb with chopsticks, drawing out a bright line of viscous honey.

The chopsticks, coated in honey, entered the mouth of his young bride.

Bai Xue's big eyes involuntarily squinted, resembling two adorable crescent moons.

Big Brother Han brought back something delicious...

The beehive was placed on a mud wall over a meter high and two to three meters long, specially built in the courtyard.

It had to be placed so high because these little fellows, like Little Fu, always wanted to come and bother the beehive, acting on the principle of "remember the meal, forget the beating."

Wherever the queen bee was, that was home, and these bees had already adapted to their new home, continuously flying in and out of the holes in the beehive, diligently collecting pollen and making honey.

Outside the walls of the Green Sparrow Tribe, the large expanse of flourishing rapeseed flowers had become their best gathering place for nectar...

Chapter 396: Brick kiln put on the agenda

In the beginning, the people in the tribe were very worried about keeping such a large group of bees inside the tribe's walls, afraid that these bees would sting people. But if they were left outside, they were afraid that something else would take the delicious honey away. So, in a dilemma, they accepted the idea of bees living in the tribe.

After a few days of contact, it was discovered that these bees were busy collecting pollen daily, flying around. As long as they didn't attack the beehive like Xiao Fu did initially, these bees wouldn't actively attack people. After that, the people in the tribe completely let go of their worries.

Many children would stand near the beehives when they had nothing to do, watching the bees coming in and out of the hives. Some would even involuntarily put their fingers into their mouths to suck on them.

Sweet honey was attractive enough for children who liked sweets. As long as they did their work well, they could drink a bowl of honey water. These kids worked harder than anyone else.

After the waves caused by the bees gradually subsided, the spring planting in the Green Sparrow Tribe was completed. The earliest planted millet had already sprouted from the ground, showing tender shoots and receiving the caress of the spring breeze.

Smoke was rising from outside the Green Sparrow Tribe, near the river. People who had freed up their hands from spring planting had begun to make bricks and prepare for the blue brick and big tile houses mentioned by the Divine Child.

Now, Hei Wa was no longer involved in the tile-making work, leaving it to the two people who often helped him. Making tiles was relatively easier than making pottery, which had higher requirements.

However, he was not idle either. At this time, he had more important things to do.

Compared to making tiles, making bricks was much more difficult. The kiln used for firing tiles was not suitable for firing bricks. It's not that it couldn't be done, but it was just too laborious.

They tried firing once before. The fire burned continuously for three full days before finally baking the bricks. It took so much time and materials, yet only produced about a hundred bricks in one firing, and half of them were damaged as soon as they came out of the kiln, rendering them unusable.

At this rate, it would take forever for Han Cheng's desired brick and tile houses to appear.

As it turned out, the kiln for firing tiles was unsuitable for firing bricks. The solution, of course, was to build a new kiln suitable for firing bricks.

The first requirement for the new kiln was that it had to be large enough to accommodate a large number of brick blanks at once, at least more than a thousand.

Secondly, it had to be sturdy.

Because of the living conditions later in life, Han Cheng saw brick kilns for firing bricks. In those years, brick kilns were not uncommon.

Of course, most of the ones he had seen were already abandoned brick kilns.

In his memory, the kilns used to fire bricks were roughly cylindrical, about four or five meters high, with a diameter of over fifteen meters, narrower at the top and wider at the bottom, similar to a huge mound.

Inside such a large mound was a domed space built with bricks, with an arched passage for transporting bricks and people in and out.

Inside, the space was relatively large, where the manufactured and dried brick blanks were placed...

Building such a kiln was also a major project. Even though Han Cheng intended to halve its size, it was undoubtedly a huge challenge for him and the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who only knew the general structure but had never tried their hand at it.

The arched roof, especially, requires very high technical skills.

But there wasn't much else to do, so they could only learn as they went along, fighting and learning simultaneously.

Many things are like this. You'll never know if you can succeed if you don't try.

Just like the charcoal burning and iron smelting before, Han Cheng had never thought of these things. But life had pushed them to this point, so what else could they do? They could only grit their teeth and do it.

Without trying, you'll never know how talented you are!

After motivating himself with such thoughts, Han Cheng began to arrange manpower.

Firstly, he had some people continue making brick blanks, which was necessary.

At the same time, he let two people continue firing bricks in the small earth kiln that wasn't suitable for brick firing.

There was no other way. The interior of the brick kiln to be built later would need to be lined with bricks, so they had to start by firing some as backups.

However, the bricks fired this way were not blue but red with a yellowish tint.

To fire bricks, another procedure that the small earth kiln used for firing tiles couldn't carry out was needed.

After several days, under Han Cheng's guidance, some people from the Green Sparrow Tribe began to select a site near the original small earth kiln and started digging.

They dug out a circular pit with a diameter of about eight meters and a depth of about one meter twenty.

After completing these tasks and realizing they still didn't have enough bricks, Han Cheng momentarily instructed people to cut more tree branches and bring them over, preparing to build a thatched shed near the earth kiln.

Of course, this shed wasn't for people to live in but for the brick blanks.

Like pottery clay molds, brick blanks couldn't withstand strong sunlight, especially in the summer and rain.

So Han Cheng took advantage of this opportunity to have people build a thatched shed to shelter the brick blanks. This way, even if it rained in the future, they wouldn't have to worry.

Building sheds like this was a piece of cake for the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe. After Han Cheng marked out the area for building the shed, he didn't have to worry about the rest. The people in the tribe could take care of the rest themselves.

The people of the original Bone Tribe once again marveled at the capabilities of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

How could they have so many things?

After this sigh of emotion, they began to invest themselves in various labor tasks, contributing to the tribe while also quickly learning these new skills.

While the tribe's members were busy with these tasks, Han Cheng, the foreman, didn't idle either. He continuously arranged the bricks that had already been fired, somewhat like playing with building blocks.

First, he arranged two walls no more than thirty centimeters high and no more than one meter long. The distance between these two walls was one meter.

Then, using brick by brick, he extended the arch between the two "walls" bit by bit.

The arch was an unavoidable obstacle in building the brick kiln, as it was the best choice regarding load-bearing and heat resistance.

This wasn't a big deal for people used to masonry work, but for Han Cheng, who was a novice, it was much more difficult.

"Clatter..."

The arches extending from both walls hadn't even smoothly connected before they collapsed...

Chapter 397: Sturdy without using Cement

Han Cheng looked at the collapsed pile of bricks, sniffed, then moved the bricks aside and continued this seemingly never-ending task.

His craftsmanship had few shortcuts; it could only be improved through continuous trial and practice.

He was just an ordinary person from the future with no superpowers, so he had to try repeatedly, learn from his experiences, and then continue trying.

"Clatter..."

Just as Han Cheng was about to rejoice at the finally connected arch, the bricks pieced together collapsed once again.

"Brother Cheng, just use some mud to stick them together, and they won't collapse..."

After watching for a while, Bai Xue stood by the side and couldn't help but speak up.

She didn't understand why Brother Cheng only used bricks instead of using well-mixed mud as adhesive or stronger cement to build.

How could it be possible to build without using mud? How could it not be possible?

People like Bai Xue, who had never been exposed to such things, didn't understand its reasoning. He had seen skilled craftsmen build an arch piece by piece with bricks before, without any adhesive, and it was solid.

It seemed to involve some force, which, as a humanities student, he didn't quite understand, but he also understood that this principle was similar to that of an eggshell.

An eggshell is thin and fragile, but most people can't crush it with their hands.

The arch that Han Cheng wanted to make was similar to this.

There's no room for laziness; a forcibly constructed arch using straw ash cement or mud wouldn't achieve a perfect state structurally, and such an arch wouldn't bear weight.

Han Cheng was preparing to make a brick kiln, the kind that required people to enter, place brick blanks, and remove bricks.

How could he not take this seriously?

Otherwise, if people were working in the kiln and the kiln collapsed...

Han Cheng wiped the sweat from his forehead, straightened up to rest momentarily, and smiled at Bai Xue, "We can't use mud for now. I'll finish building them first, then use mud... Didn't I already build it for a while just now..."

Bai Xue blinked her eyes. It collapsed right after she let go, and that was considered built?

But she didn't say anything more. Since Brother Cheng said so, there must be a reason for it, and he could build them without using mud.

After standing here for a while and watching, she left and went to pick up mulberry leaves with several other people from the tribe.

The silkworms had already started molting; after molting, they would eat a lot of mulberry leaves.

Han Cheng continued with his continuous building and collapsing.

During this period, there was more than one occasion when people came over, like Bai Xue, suggesting solutions to him, but he smiled and refused.

If the Zhaozhou Bridge, with its long span, could be successfully built and stand for thousands of years without collapsing, there was no reason he couldn't build an arch with a span of only one meter...

Was an arch built without mud sturdier than one built with it?

The people of the Green Sparrow tribe, upon learning what the shaman wanted to do, were puzzled and eager to see what the shaman's words would bring to them, opening their eyes.

The leader of the donkey tribe, addicted to trade, came with the goods traded by the tribe. Regarding the appearance of these things outside the Green Sparrow tribe, he expressed his incomprehension.

These people in the tribe don't seem to hunt; they scratch around in the dirt all day, not doing any real work... The key is that despite this, the tribe is getting better and better, which is frustrating.

Especially that Divine Child, constantly stacking neat stones and constantly collapsing. When he saw it, it had collapsed four times already.

Is this the Divine Child revered like a god by this powerful tribe?

The leader of the donkey tribe left, complaining all the way.

His complaints weren't without reason. Originally, it was enough to exchange fur for pottery, but now salt wasn't free anymore, and the same amount of fur would get much less in exchange.

Should he start trading with other tribes again? Should he ask for more things in exchange for salt?

The leader of the donkey tribe pondered...

Not long after the leader of the donkey tribe left, Han Cheng finally managed to build the arch properly.

The arch, built entirely of dry bricks, didn't collapse this time like before. Instead, it stood there quietly, with curvature, as if glued together with cement.

Seeing this scene, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe were very surprised at this completely illogical thing.

What surprised them even more was what happened next. After waiting for a while, the Divine Child put one foot on it.

This made everyone very worried. It was already very difficult for this thing, which seemed unable to bear any weight and could collapse at any time, to support itself. Why step on it with a foot?

However, the expected collapse did not occur. After the Divine Child put his foot on it, the thing, which seemed unable to support any weight and could collapse at any time, was surprisingly stable.

"Brother Cheng!"

After realizing Han Cheng's intention to go up to the top of the arch, Bai Xue worriedly called out.

Although the arch was not high and falling from it wouldn't cause injury, it was built with bricks, and it was very likely that the collapsed arch would trap his foot.

Han Cheng smiled at her and then climbed up.

To everyone's surprise, the seemingly weak, dry brick arch with an empty middle withstood the Divine Child's weight and showed no signs of collapse.

Seeing this miraculous scene, everyone couldn't help but marvel.

After standing on it for a while and testing it, Han Cheng began to jump lightly on it, gradually increasing the force until he jumped down with all his strength. There was no sign of collapse, and Han Cheng couldn't help but smile.

With perseverance, he finally built this thing!

Everyone wondered how this seemingly weak arch could withstand so much force. After consulting Han Cheng's opinion, they also began to climb up one by one.

After experiencing the strength of this arch firsthand, everyone was even more surprised. Even after successfully slimming down, the second elder brother, still the heaviest in the tribe, went up and down several times. After experiencing the strength of this arch, everyone had a whole new understanding.

In everyone's regretful expressions, Han Cheng personally dismantled the arch that had been so painstakingly built.

Then, after moving one of the walls, which was only 30 centimeters high, back half a meter, he continued to build the arch with bricks.

However, the arch's span reached one and a half meters this time.

"Clatter..."

As expected by Han Cheng, the first attempt failed again.

However, with the experience of building the smaller arch, the larger span arch didn't fail too often. By the second day, he had it set up properly.

Chapter 398: Cold bucket of water

At the smoky riverside of the Green Sparrow Tribe, a large grass shed was erected. Underneath the shed were five sets of bricks, arranged alternately in rows and columns, forming walls one meter wide, one and a half meters high, and over ten meters long.

The brick walls were oriented east to west, with gaps of over half a meter between each wall. This arrangement was made because east winds often blow after winter. This layout allows for good ventilation and better preservation of the bricks.

These numerous bricks were the result of the hard work and mood of the Green Sparrow Tribe people during this period.

After finishing excavating the circular foundation, Han Cheng placed the final brick. The arch, spanning two meters, was also completed.

He then called the Second Eldest Brother over and had him jump fiercely on top to test the strength of the brick arch.

After some jumping, the brick arch remained as strong as ever, and Han Cheng smiled.

Then, he spent another two days with Hei Wa, building the internal structure of the kiln elsewhere using bricks and some brick blanks, considering things like airflow and smoke exhaust.

After waiting a few days, they began piling soil continuously around the kiln once it was sturdy enough, slowly covering up what had been built before.

The soil was compacted using the tools previously used to tamp the walls.

The thick layer of soil covering the outside of the kiln served a purpose, primarily insulation.

This was a considerable amount of work and took half a month to complete.

By this time, the rapeseed seeds had also matured.

Han Cheng instructed most people to harvest the rapeseed seeds while he and Hei Wa wandered around the kiln with shovels, doing some repairs.

Practice makes perfect. This phrase was reflected vividly in Hei Wa. He was passionate not only about making pottery but also about various types of kilns.

Now faced with this kiln, which felt spacious even when a person entered it, his anticipation was stronger than that of Han Cheng, the advocate himself.

A kiln this big was something he had never dared to think about, yet here it was, right in front of him!

If this kiln worked well and was used to fire pottery, how much pottery could be fired in one kiln?

Looking at the bricks emitting smoke from the top as they were ignited from the inside for drying, Hei Wa was full of longing thoughts...

After harvesting all the rapeseed from several hectares, the newly built brick kiln was completely dry. Under Han Cheng's command, 500 bricks made for a long time were sent into the kiln.

Then, the firing began.

The kiln's capacity, which had been painstakingly built, was naturally not just this much. However, this was the first time a brick kiln was used in a true sense to fire bricks. People, including Han Cheng, were unfamiliar with the firing process, so they needed to explore and experiment.

Firing such a kiln required far more wood than other small kilns. Bundles of wood were directly added to the fire mouth.

The flames roared beneath the kiln, and smoke billowed upward.

The large fire lasted two days and nights before no more wood was added.

The fire mouth was sealed shut, and the people, prepared according to Han Cheng's previous instructions, began to carry water in pottery jars from the nearby stream. They poured the water, jar by jar, down from the top of the kiln along the designated opening.

The thick layer of soil outside the brick kiln insulated the heat, so even though the temperature inside the kiln was terrifyingly high, the people climbing up and down with water around the kiln only felt the soil slightly warm.

The cool river water poured into the kiln from above, mingling with the hot air and other elements inside, generating a large amount of even hotter gas, which permeated the soil kiln...

After pouring a jar of water, Hei Wa was still slightly stunned. He couldn't understand why they suddenly had to pour water into the kiln during a proper firing.

Wouldn't this cause all the bricks inside the kiln to be damaged?

Apart from this outcome, he couldn't think of any other result as someone who dealt with pottery all year round.

The Divine Child should be clearer about such matters than he was, yet he still let it happen...

This was precisely what puzzled Hei Wa even more.

Could there be other changes he was unaware of by doing this?

Squatting there, he accepted the water handed to him by others, silently pondering this seemingly illogical and confusing matter.

Of course, there would be other changes. For example, bricks could not be fired without the step of pouring water.

Han Cheng insisted on firing green bricks not because the Green Sparrow Tribe's color was also green and he wanted these green bricks to match the tribe but because, under these conditions, green bricks were stronger than red bricks.

The common red bricks in later generations were all mechanically pressed, resulting in a much higher density of brick blanks. However, the brick blanks of the Green Sparrow Tribe were made entirely by hand.

Even if great force was applied during the brick-making process, the density of the resulting brick blanks was far lower than that of later generations.

Bricks made in this way were prone to fragility, but under the same conditions, green bricks were more durable than red bricks.

Red bricks gradually replaced green bricks in later generations and were almost on the verge of extinction, unrelated to the difficulty of firing them.

With various machines in later generations and changes in kiln-firing technology, it only took three to four hours to fire a kiln of red bricks.

It was impossible for green bricks, which required watering and a sealed kiln, to achieve this speed.

Moreover, due to the movement of machines, the red bricks fired were no worse than green bricks and were even more durable, so replacing green bricks became inevitable.

However, under the current conditions, green bricks were still the preferred choice for the Green Sparrow Tribe.

"Bricks made this way will be stronger and more practical."

Han Cheng touched the bricks mixed with sand and gravel and told Hei Wa, who had sealed the kiln.

Stronger?

Are you sure they won't fall apart?

Hei Wa was puzzled but didn't ask any further because he knew that the Shaman's words were generally not wrong.

But what was the reason behind this?

Hei Wa scratched his head, looking somewhat distressed.

After firing the kiln for two days, on the third day, after watering and sealing the kiln, in the eager anticipation of the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, the kiln was finally opened!

Seeing the hot air from the kiln mouth, Han Cheng also felt nervous and clenched his fists.

Although he knew what the final product fired from the kiln would look like, he still wasn't sure if the kiln he had built could produce qualified products. After all, this was the first kiln.

Han Cheng stopped Hei Wa, who was eager to know the results and wanted to enter the kiln. After waiting for a while here and ensuring ventilation, he put on a mask made of several layers of linen and went into the brick kiln.

Hei Wa and the others were also dressed similarly.

Chapter 399: Cart

After much effort, the relatively small quantity of high-quality linen, which had been manufactured with considerable effort, was transformed into what appeared to be of little use: items referred to as masks by the Divine Child, which made many people in the tribe feel very uncomfortable.

It wasn't just Bai Xue, the fabric enthusiast, who felt uncomfortable; even those wearing masks felt the same.

Because these things covered their mouths and noses, it was uncomfortable to breathe.

However, when they descended into the kiln, the Divine Child insisted they must wear them, and nobody was allowed to slack off.

He said that if they didn't do this, they would easily contract a very uncomfortable illness.

It wasn't until they realized the seriousness of the situation and the possibility of illness that the people who descended into the kiln began to take it seriously and dared not disregard wearing the extremely uncomfortable masks.

Although Han Cheng felt a bit sorry for using linen originally intended for clothing to make masks, he did not skimp or hesitate in the slightest.

This was something that had to be done; otherwise, if several people in the tribe ended up with tuberculosis, it would be unbearable.

That was a disease that could reduce a strong man to the brink of death!

The temperature inside the brick kiln was much higher than outside, and Han Cheng was sweating profusely soon after entering.

However, he didn't pay much attention to this; instead, he focused intently on the bricks inside the kiln.

Compared to before, these brick blanks had changed significantly.

Each was dark green, and they made a crisp sound when two were struck together.

Han Cheng held a green brick in his hand, a smile on his face. His luck and skill were not wrong; these bricks from the first kiln were successful!

He had the bricks transported outside; out of the five hundred bricks, forty-three had cracked, which was still within an acceptable range.

The middle part of these cracked bricks was black, indicating they had not been fully fired.

It seemed that the kiln had been extinguished too early this time; next time, they would need to fire it for a more extended period.

He didn't discard these broken bricks but had them all transported back to the tribe. They could still be used when it was time to build houses; after all, "better a wall with cracks than no wall at all."

"Ding, ding, ding..."

Beside him, Hei Wa, holding a green brick in one hand and the red bricks left over from building the kiln in the other, collided them together. After doing this for a while, he had to admit that bricks fired this way were more durable than the previous red bricks.

"Divine Child, when firing pottery, can we also pour water inside?"

After confirming that pouring water could make the bricks more solid, Hei Wa immediately thought of applying it to pottery firing.

Pour water while firing pottery.

That would almost certainly not work.

Although both pottery and bricks were made from clay, there were still many differences between them.

However, Han Cheng did not directly state what he knew. Instead, he looked at Hei Wa, eagerly anticipating his response, and said, "I'm not sure. If you want to know the result, try it yourself."

Han Cheng gradually cultivated the ability of people in the tribe to think actively and discover problems.

He had already figured out that while there were many things he could indeed lead the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe to shortcut if they wanted to continue developing further down this path, the tribe's people would need to work hard and discover things for themselves.

After all, he, the pseudo-shaman, was not almighty, and he only had partial knowledge of many things.

"Yeah, I'll give it a try!"

With a gleam in his eye, Hei Wa nodded vigorously before turning and running towards the place where he usually fired pottery...

The bricks used for the experiment in the first kiln were all transported to the interior of the tribe. After cleaning up the brick kiln, the bricks for the second kiln were also loaded. This time, there were a lot more—two thousand in total.

It turned out that carrying bricks was not an easy task, even if they were just brick blanks.

This was the most direct feeling Han Cheng got after helping the tribe members load the bricks for the second kiln into the kiln.

The other people in the tribe were okay. After all, they had more muscular bodies than Han Cheng, and secondly, they had been living a life worse than the current one since they were born.

To Han Cheng, shoulder-carrying and lifting these extremely laborious methods were already rare in their eyes!

"A gentleman says: 'Learning should never cease. Blue comes from indigo but is bluer than indigo; ice comes from water but is colder than water. A straight piece of wood becomes a wheel, and the square is rounded in the middle. Even if it is rough and uneven, the wheel makes it so...' Therefore, without accumulating small steps, one cannot travel a thousand miles..."

Watching the brick kiln emitting blue smoke and the tribe members sweating profusely as they carried bricks back and forth, Han Cheng recited an excerpt from Xunzi's famous work "Encouraging Learning."

He wasn't trying to motivate himself or encourage the tribe members to persevere and adhere to their efforts. Continuing in this way, the light would belong to them, and the large brick houses would appear.

After all, even the stone in the tribe, who was the best at learning Chinese, was equally bewildered when hearing the words uttered by the Divine Child.

If they couldn't understand, it naturally wouldn't serve the purpose of awakening and educating the people.

The reason why he suddenly recited this famous excerpt was because he wanted to make a cart!

Master Xun had already given the most critical method for making wheels in "Encouraging Learning."

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had also used similar methods to make wooden forks and handles with an overall curvature exceeding 270 degrees.

With the existence of iron tools at this time, it shouldn't be too much of a problem to spend a little more effort making wheels.

After solving the key technical problem of the wheels, the rest would be figured out.

Han Cheng could not make four-wheeled cars or three-wheeled motorcycles with buckets. However, making a single-wheeled cart like the red-faced Guan Gong selling dates should not have been a problem.

Han Cheng clenched his fist, full of fighting spirit, and then couldn't help but smile. Selling dates for the red-faced Guan Gong and Old Luo was indeed narrow-minded.

Han Cheng didn't need to personally handle the kiln's firing. He instructed the fire, which was about to develop occupational diseases from frequent firing, and then returned to the tribe.

As an idle person, there was nothing major to manufacture, so he started making the windows for the large brick house that had not yet been built.

"Lame, take a break first. Let me tell you something more interesting."

Han Cheng glanced at the busy bees coming and going, approached Lame, and spoke up.

"Something interesting?"

Lame perked up.

When people achieve a sense of accomplishment in a particular field, they will become more immersed in it and want to do more challenging things.

Woodworking was also an activity that could intoxicate people, such as Emperor Chongzhen's brother, who was obsessed with woodworking and now Lame.

Chapter 400: Motivating with Food

Han Cheng explained and gestured, sometimes even drawing a few lines on the ground with a stick to help Lame understand what a wheelbarrow was.

Learning that a wheelbarrow could transport many things at once, similar to the unusable plow after the snow melted, Lame immediately became excited.

The memory of using the plow still left a deep impression on him, and he felt regretful when it couldn't be used after the snow melted. He had always wondered how to create something similar to a plow but usable throughout the year, especially for tasks like transporting harvested crops or spreading manure in the fields, which currently left the tribe members exhausted.

Limited by his knowledge, Lame had never devised such a solution. When he suddenly heard Han Cheng mention the wheelbarrow today, he felt like a door that had been blocked for a long time was suddenly opened, and everything became clear.

This was exactly what he had always wanted to create!

"Divine Child!"

Lame stood up abruptly from the ground, looking at Han Cheng. His excitement overflowing, he was at a loss for words to express his feelings.

Han Cheng was also taken aback by Lame's overly strong reaction but smiled knowingly.

No madness, no magic, no survival.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

With something new and challenging to do, Lame was as excited as if he had been injected with chicken blood.

He eagerly wielded his axe and saw and cut wood, burning and bending it into circles to make wooden wheels. He was thoroughly enjoying himself.

Influenced by Han Cheng, Lame's first step in making the handcart was also the wooden wheels, as this was the most critical point.

When Lame got into his work mode, he was somewhat frightened. With an axe in hand, his face and hands covered in black ash, and his head sprinkled with bits of grass and bark, he sometimes furrowed his brow in a worried expression and other times burst into laughter, muttering to himself before swinging the axe at the tree trunks.

His strokes varied from light to heavy.

When they were heavy, wood chips flew everywhere; when they were light, it was as gentle as a lover's caress...

As Lame discarded more and more scrap wood, the circles he produced became rounder, and the quality of the wooden wheels improved.

"Hehehe..."

Five or six days later, Lame stood before Han Cheng with a wooden wheel in his hand, not saying a word, just laughing gleefully.

At this point, Lame looked much thinner, with hollow eye sockets and bloodshot eyes, radiating fatigue from deep within his bones.

Han Cheng solemnly took the wooden wheel from Lame's hand, carefully examined it, and gave Lame a thumbs-up.

Patting him on the shoulder, Han Cheng praised, "Well done! You've solved this difficult problem. Now go eat some food, bathe, and sleep well!"

Watching Lame happily turn around and leave with the heavy wooden wheel, Han Cheng couldn't help but sniffle. This guy was reckless!

Today, Lame was undoubtedly the most eye-catching person in the entire tribe because today, the Divine Child cooked a meal for him.

There were delicious stir-fried meat and vegetables, steamed, tender meat covered in honey, fried eggs sprinkled with green onions, and a large plate of golden brown pancakes.

In addition, there was a small bowl of thick, honey-infused deer milk and a large bowl of sour but refreshing fermented grain juice...

Lame grabbed a piece of meat and threw it into his mouth, chewing loudly.

Before he could even finish chewing, he grabbed another big, chubby piece of meat and stuffed it into his mouth.

There was no need to chew with his teeth; all he had to do was press it with his tongue, and it melted away.

Then he lowered his head to sip the rich and sweet deer milk. It was heavenly!

"Gudong! Gudong!"

Watching Lame devouring the meat and deer milk with oil dripping from his mouth, the other members of the Green Sparrow Tribe, holding their bowls, couldn't help but swallow their saliva.

Second Senior Brother's mouth even watered, a thin thread of saliva hanging from the corner of his mouth.

However, envy was just envy because the Divine Child had only prepared such a delicious meal for Lame, and no one else.

Even the Shaman, the Witch, and the Eldest Senior Brother, the leader, were treated the same way.

As the Divine Child put it, this was the treatment that those who made great contributions to the tribe should receive.

After being stimulated by this, the members of the Green Sparrow Tribe were extremely enthusiastic in their work and other activities for quite some time, as if they were injected with chicken blood.

Lame raised his plate high. After the last drop of juice fell into his mouth, he put down the empty plate, belched contentedly, took a hot bath, and lay on the heated bed, immediately falling asleep with loud snores.

Han Cheng observed everyone's reactions and couldn't help but smile at himself. This was precisely the effect he wanted.

With Lame as a vivid example, the other members of the tribe would undoubtedly wholeheartedly devote themselves to the tribe.

After taking a short nap with Bai Xue, Han Cheng left the room and went to the millet field with the people carrying hoes.

The Green Sparrow Tribe's population had increased significantly compared to before, and it was now capable of performing several tasks simultaneously.

The millet grew well, reaching about twenty centimeters deep, almost up to Han Cheng's calves.

Rows of millet stood there, a pleasing sight to behold.

When the wind blew, the green seedlings danced with the breeze, resembling green waves running towards the distant edge of the forest.

If it weren't for the fact that this was food, Han Cheng would have been tempted to roll around on it.

Such a scene was truly delightful.

The bone hoes, sharpened by the earth, danced lightly in the rows of millet, cutting through the somewhat hard soil, removing the weeds competing for nutrients with the seedlings.

Loosening the soil and weeding for these enchanting seedlings.

Under the warm sun, the air was filled with the fresh scent of millet and wild grass.

These carefully tended millet seedlings were thriving, with lush green leaves and some areas even turning slightly black, indicating the fertility of the soil.

However, amidst this picturesque field, some patches of different colors also existed.

About a dozen scattered yellow patches broke the harmony of the lush green field.

These yellowing millet seedlings were the ten acres that hadn't been fertilized or sprinkled with wood ash for comparison.

Not only were these seedlings turning yellow, but they were also thinner and shorter than the fertilized ones.

Even before the autumn harvest, the difference between fertilized and unfertilized was already evident.