

## Primitive 56

Chapter 56: Wooden planks, mix mud, and building the wall

These stakes are driven into the ground about every half meter, and they are driven more densely at the corners of the wall.

This work continued for about eight days. After that, on the westernmost excavated foundation, there was a row of wooden stakes about thirty to forty centimeters above the ground.

It looks somewhat similar to the steel bars standing on foundations in future times.

The wooden stakes appear uneven in height, but there's no other way. After all, they don't have axes, saws, or machetes to cut these woods, and it's already quite challenging to get pieces with somewhat suitable dimensions. Maintaining uniform dimensions is even more challenging.

However, the wooden stakes driven into the ground have a uniform standard. They must be at least forty centimeters long because Han Cheng and his underage students marked the bottom of these tree stakes at forty centimeters.

With the wooden stakes in place, the next step is making wooden planks and plastering the wall with clay.

The underage people in the tribe have already collected the tree branches needed for weaving the wooden planks.

Since the tree branches needed for weaving the wooden planks don't have to be too thick, they could break them off from fallen trees.

The weaving of wooden planks is relatively simple. It only requires arranging suitable and relatively straight tree branches on the ground and then weaving and securing them horizontally with flexible vines.

This is somewhat like weaving a bamboo mat.

Of course, the techniques are different, and these wooden planks are rougher than bamboo mats.

Among the adults in the tribe, the most skillful hands belong to the Lame because his legs are inconvenient, and he can't go hunting or do heavy work like the others. So, unwilling to be idle, he devoted much effort to his hands.

To give a not-so-good analogy, this is similar to the fact that a blind person's hearing and touch are often much stronger than average.

The weaving of wooden planks is an essential task for Lame.

Han Cheng hadn't done this before but had seen it before and knew some general methods. After explaining it to Lame, the two of them started to experiment.

The technology involved is not complicated. It took just one day, and there were already results.

However, this thing differs from weaving fish cages because the tree vines are much harder than ropes. Without a certain amount of strength, it would be challenging to weave them. At least Han Cheng can't do it right now.

After figuring out the weaving method, Han Cheng called two good people with their hands to learn how to weave wooden planks from Lame.

Wooden planks, each three meters long and over half a meter wide, were erected on the foundation on both sides of the southern wall corner, facing each other.

In the middle of the two wooden planks, two tree stakes about half a meter long were propped up, with some uncleared branches on top.

To prevent the two wooden planks from merging, one at each end, a meter-long wooden plank was used to block it vertically. It was also tightly tied with vines. In this way, a cuboid model was completed.

Next, they needed to pour the well-prepared mud into it.

There's also a trick to mixing mud. Simple mud may not have enough viscosity for casting such walls. Therefore, when mixing mud, Han Cheng added some rope grass cut into half-meter lengths and some other tough grass that may not be as tough as rope grass but still had considerable toughness. He even sprinkled a handful of salt inside.

The role of rope grass in mud is similar to fine steel bars; it can better connect the mud. As for the salt

Han Cheng didn't know what role it would play, but he remembered seeing people put it in when building a mud stove.

Since it's put in, there must be a reason for it. Han Cheng values this wall very much. Salt is not particularly abundant for the current tribe, but building this wall is even more challenging.

Han Cheng didn't hesitate to sprinkle salt into it to prevent any regrettable defects in something that took so much effort to create.

The wall pounding also relied on division of labor and cooperation.

Some were responsible for carrying water, some for digging soil and clay, some for bringing well-prepared clay into the space surrounded by the wooden planks, and some for flattening the clay. After accumulating a certain thickness, they began to use thick and slender wooden stakes to forcefully pound the clay, making it more solid and cohesive.

Of course, the clay couldn't be too loose. They only needed to moisten the raised soil, mix it with grass and salt, and vigorously stir it. Afterward, they could fill the gaps between the wooden planks with animal skins and previously broken clay pots.

"Bang, bang, bang."

Tamping the wet soil was an extremely laborious activity by strong adult men like the Elder and Second brothers.

The muscles on the Elder Senior Brother's arm bulged and then suddenly stretched out, followed by a dull sound.

The muscles on his arm bulged again, and the wooden stake in his hand rose. A bowl-sized imprint appeared on the wet clay.

This imprint was at least half a centimeter lower than in other places.

Sweat slid off his body and fell to the ground, breaking into eight petals.

The aesthetic beauty of labor and hardship interweaved, forming a picture called life.

There might be casual success in this world, but such success is really rare.

The vast majority of success involves tremendous effort, experiencing great hardships and trials before blooming a flower watered with blood, sweat, and perhaps even tears.

This section of the wall, about nine meters long and half a meter high, was finally built. This wall also included a corner.

Han Cheng didn't rush to have people dismantle the wooden planks but added another layer of wooden planks on top, following the previous procedure.

Because of the thirty-centimeter-deep foundation dug earlier, after three consecutive layers of wooden planks, the height of this section of the wall above the ground was only about one meter and twenty centimeters.

This was as high as it could go this time; any higher would require scaffolding.

The Elder Senior Brother and the others cut off the vines with stone knives, tying the wooden planks. Then, they used a stick to pry a few times at the edge, and the wooden planks stuck to the mud wall fell off.

After seeing the wall, Han Cheng's somewhat uneasy heart finally settled down. Although the wall's surface was not entirely smooth, overall, it was very good, with no cracks or looseness.

Although it was made of mud, reaching half a meter in thickness, with the tough grass inside the soil and the forceful pounding by the eldest brother and others, it underwent a qualitative change.

After this tempering, it was no longer the loose lump of soil it used to be.

Imitating Han Cheng, the Elder Senior Brother extended his hand to touch and push against the mud wall.

Initially, he was still worried that he might knock down this thing made of mud, but he didn't use too much force.

He just tentatively applied pressure. He gradually increased the force after seeing that the mud wall was fine.

Ultimately, the eldest brother's face turned red, and his neck thickened, but he couldn't do anything to the mud wall.

He looked at the mud wall, then at Han Cheng, his eyes bright. The wall that the shaman talked about did not disappoint.