

## Primitive 58

Chapter 58: Shoulder Pole, Door, and the Wagging Wolf Cub

After Han Cheng slapped his head, a new tool, the shoulder pole, appeared in the tribe.

For the Green Sparrow tribe, surrounded by trees lying on the ground, finding suitable wood for making shoulder poles was easy. A tree stick about one and a half meters long and the thickness of a forearm had notches carved at both ends with a stone knife to secure the ropes on the water cans, preventing them from falling. The middle section of the shoulder pole, about twenty centimeters long, was carefully smoothed to avoid discomfort on the shoulders while carrying water.

The people in the tribe were once again impressed by the ingenious ideas of their godson. The seemingly simple shoulder pole turned out to be surprisingly practical. Previously, carrying a single heavy water can felt burdensome, but now they can carry two cans and walk more than 1.5 km from the river to the wall without feeling tired.

Suddenly, thoughts of the "New Calcium Super Calcium High Calcium Tablets" advertisement came to mind: "As you age, you love the ease of the new calcium tablets. One tablet daily, five in one go, effortlessly climbing five floors!"

However, in the beginning, shoulders couldn't bear the load, and they would become swollen after a day of carrying water. Yet, it became not an issue after continuing this for some time. Those accustomed to using the shoulder pole felt that the previous practice of carrying water directly with their hands was foolish.

Due to the need to leave a gate on this wall, the construction process differed from the previous one, especially at the location of the gate. Han Cheng brainstormed extensively to ensure the gate's strength without compromising the overall solidity of the wall.

The solution was to build a one-meter square door pillar directly at the gate's location. The square pillar connected to the wall on the west side, and on the north side of the pillar, it extended an additional two and a half meters to form a right angle, providing mutual support between the two walls, making it much more robust than a single wall.

Moreover, after the wall's completion, a roof could be added to the two-and-a-half meter walls on both sides of the gate, creating a room at the gate. This could protect the gate from wind and sun and provide a place to store simple tools.

Especially during the hot summer days, opening the gate, squatting underneath it, feeling the cool breeze, and enjoying a meal was an incredibly satisfying experience.

The challenge was installing the door and making it sturdy, but Han Cheng also devised a solution. The key was in the one-meter square door pillar.

During the construction of this door pillar, at distances of thirty centimeters, one meter twenty centimeters, and two meters from the ground, Han Cheng inserted extremely hard wood with roots attached. These logs were about one meter twenty centimeters long and had a diameter roughly the size of a bowl.

The end with the root was driven into the door pillar. After construction, it was impossible to pull them out from the outside. These three logs were used to secure the door. Once the door was constructed, it could be easily fixed onto these three logs. Additionally, the hidden mechanisms were all concealed inside. Once the door was locked from the inside, it appeared as two ordinary doors from the outside. To remove the door, one had to work from the inside, making it impossible from the outside.

Time quietly passed, and each day seemed to have no significant difference from the past. However, many things were quietly changing in this tranquility; some even completed the journey from birth to death.

The little wolf cub became more affectionate, trotting around Han Cheng all day.

It had grown quite a bit during this time, and the wolf's characteristics were gradually becoming evident. However, its personality hadn't shown much yet.

Han Cheng waved a small piece of wood before Fujiang, then tossed it away.

Fujiang was the name Han Cheng gave to the little wolf cub, hoping for a good omen.

Without Han Cheng's command, Fujiang turned and ran, swiftly reaching the fallen piece of wood, grabbing it in its mouth, and then scampering back to Han Cheng.

Placing the wood in Han Cheng's outstretched hand, Fujiang extended its tongue, looking at Han Cheng with anticipation, like a child eager for praise after doing something right.

Ignoring Fujiang, Han Cheng pretended to be angry and pointed at Fujiang's tail.

Seeing this, Fujiang suddenly remembered something, and its expression changed, showing a frightened look.

Under Han Cheng's gaze, its tail lifted slightly, then awkwardly swayed left and right, appearing quite clumsy.

Watching this creature trying to please him by peeking and wagging its tail, Han Cheng couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Fujiang immediately stopped wagging its tail, and the pitiful expression vanished. Instead, it bounced and jumped around Han Cheng, looking at him with flattery.

Han Cheng leisurely pulled a small animal skin pouch from his pocket, took a piece of salted jerky, and stuffed it into Fujiang's mouth.

People in the tribe, including Cheng, who had been bitten by the wolf before, had now accepted Fujiang's presence. They no longer glared at Fujiang as they did before, with a desire to pounce on its ears.

Now, they were more than willing to play with this new companion.

Inside the cave, flames rose, and the large pot simmered with hot steam, spreading a rich aroma.

Like the others, Fujiang squatted in front of Han Cheng, eagerly staring at the pot, waiting for the signal to start the meal.

Eating when hungry was always something to look forward to. However, Fujiang's anticipation was longer than that of ordinary people.

After looking forward to the boiling pot, it still had to wait for Han Cheng.

Under Fujiang's eager gaze, Han Cheng casually picked up a piece of green with chopsticks and placed it at his feet in Fujiang's dedicated bowl.

Seeing the greens, Fujiang deflated like a punctured ball, plopping down on the ground with a look of despair.

However, it occasionally peeked at Han Cheng's actions, revealing its true thoughts.

Han Cheng was accustomed to Fujiang's playful antics. Without looking at Fujiang, he focused on eating his food, deliberately making loud smacking noises as if the meat in his bowl was exceptionally delicious.

After waiting for a while in this manner, Fujiang, realizing it was futile, reluctantly lowered its head to its bowl, disdainfully eating the greens. Then, it raised its head to look at Han Cheng.

Seeing Han Cheng gazing at its tail, Fujiang lifted its tail and vigorously wagged it a few times.

Han Cheng took a piece of cooked meat from his bowl and put it into Fujiang's dish, reaching out to pat its head.

Fujiang, pretending to be angry, ate the meat while enjoying Han Cheng's caresses, squinting its eyes contentedly, and its tail swayed left and right involuntarily.