

Civilization 241

Chapter 241 - The Blue Bricks and Glass_3

Behind Losano, Xiulote's face was expressionless. He looked at the Master Mason and gestured to stop Bertade and Etalik who were about to step forward.

After a long pause, the Master Mason finally raised his head and looked towards the apprentices standing still across from him.

"What are you standing there foolishly for? Go and light the kiln, mix this stuff with clay, and fire it again!"

The apprentices simply stood dumbly in front, with one quietly extending their index finger, pointing behind their Master.

"You dare point your finger at me? You're turning against me..."

Watching this scene in the workshop, Losano suddenly realized something. He leaped up, turned around sharply, and saw His Highness's expressionless face, not knowing when he had arrived—it couldn't be...

Thinking this, Losano once again threw himself to the ground with a loud thud, his movements as agile as a bear's.

"Ah, respected High Priest!... I, I, Losano have been earnestly pondering how to make glass, I must have spoken some nonsense in my sleep just now..."

Xiulote shook his head. He looked at the quartz sand on the ground and earnestly asked.

"Losano, can you not melt this hard white sand? Have you tried increasing the temperature, adding some kind of combustible?"

The face of the Master Mason turned pale. The High Priest had heard this too, which might mean... He opened his mouth, and after a long silence, finally spoke.

"High Priest, I, Losano, have already altered the kiln twice, added more firewood, let in more air, even poured some oil, but the sand is still difficult to melt... It seems like plant ash has some effect, I'm still trying other things."

Xiulote thought carefully. He knew little about glass firing, only that quartz sand was pure silicon dioxide and could produce transparent glass. Quartz sand and quartz stone were products of volcanic activity and were abundant in the territory of the Alliance.

The current difficulty was that the melting point of pure silicon dioxide was too high; he must find a way to increase the temperature or lower the melting point.

The young man kept recalling, thinking of three keywords: quartz sand, flux, and stabilizer. Flux? Saltpetre and lead should be effective. Stabilizer? He didn't know what that was. After a while, he spoke seriously.

"I will provide you with a batch of high-quality charcoal to raise the burning temperature. I'll also give you a small amount of saltpetre powder; mix it with the hard white sand and try firing it. Lastly, I'll add some lead to the white sand as well..."

"Losano, colorless glass is very important for the future of the Alliance. You need to settle your mind, be prepared for two to three years or even a decade, try different formulations, and strive to make progress sooner! From now on, this will be your main occupation!"

Xiulote stepped forward, earnestly patted the broad shoulder of the Master Mason. Then, looking at Losano's solemn, frozen expression, he nodded with satisfaction. He continued to look around, saw that there were indeed no results, then nodded and turned to leave.

Behind him, Losano remained solemn and stiff as a statue, but gradually his mouth opened wide. Moments later, the statue thunderously fell to the ground, his burly body making a loud thud as it hit. The apprentices quickly rushed forward, massaging their master's chest and back.

Xiulote did not hear the noise behind him; he had already walked far away.

Lake Texcoco reflected the glow of the sunset, illuminating the young man's defined contours. His face was covered in dust, yet he still appeared composed and determined.

Under the tempering of time and worldly affairs, the young man had been reshaped. His passion was hidden deep, like charcoal made from firewood, burning intensely yet inwardly. His will was as hard as a brick fired from clay, calm and unafraid of the vicissitudes of life. And when would his soul be complete and transparent, as clear and bright as glass? Perhaps, that needed more time.

"I have already sown the seeds of technological progress, I still need time to wait."

Xiulote thought quietly, looking into the distance. There, the golden surface of the lake rippled with sparkling waves, whispering and flowing through the centuries.

Time would ultimately shape everything, including civilization and himself.