

Primitive 211

Chapter 211: Innovate based on inheritance

After seeing this scene, Han Cheng was surprised, but at the same time, he felt relieved.

This should be a cramp for shaman, not a serious illness, but like a toothache; although it's not a disease when it hurts, it can be excruciating.

Thinking about cramps, Han Cheng let Shaman release his hands from his legs and try to lie as flat as possible on the bed.

Shaman endured the intense pain and, with Han Cheng's help, managed to lie down as flat as possible.

Han Cheng half-knelt beside Shaman's left leg, holding his ankle from below with one hand and his foot with the other, pushing forcefully toward Shaman's direction.

This could stretch the muscles and loosen the cramped muscles.

However, Han Cheng's strength was too small, and his hands were too small to grasp Shaman's large foot all at once, so the effect was not very good.

Han Cheng stopped after trying for a while and seeing little effect and Shaman's unbearable pain.

Scratching his head, he thought of another solution.

Shaman had experienced leg cramps a few times before, but they were not severe, and they would usually go away after a while, unlike this time, which was extremely painful.

Before, he had wanted to call for help, but he was the only one left in the cave, so who could he call?

The intense pain, accompanied by the surrounding darkness, filled Shaman's heart with despair and fear, afraid that he would die.

No matter how one belittles life and death, when death comes, fear is inevitable, except for those who seek death.

Of course, Shaman didn't want to die. Since the arrival of the Divine Child, life in the tribe has improved daily. He wanted to see how far the tribe could go under the leadership of the shaman, and he wanted to see all the surrounding tribes assimilated into the Green Sparrow Tribe

Because of this, he hugged his legs, feeling both fearful and praying to the gods and then a miracle happened: the Divine Child came with a lamp.

For the same reason, when he saw the Divine Child, who was usually omnipotent, frown as if troubled, his heart was again filled with anxiety.

If even the Divine Child couldn't solve this, he might be doomed

Fortunately, the Divine Child's frown soon relaxed, greatly relieving Shaman.

Following Han Cheng's instructions, Shaman sat up with Han Cheng's support.

Han Cheng pulled over Shaman's fur coat from the side and helped Shaman put it on. It was too cold then, so they had to ensure proper warmth.

After putting on the coat, Han Cheng supported Shaman, trembling all over, off the bed, helping him stand on the ground as steadily as possible.

Don't just rely on the right foot for support; the curled left foot should also touch the ground and gradually increase the force to straighten the leg.

This process was very painful, but compared to the pain, Shaman cherished his life even more. Seeing Han Cheng's confident demeanor, he was even more determined.

Following Han Cheng's instructions, he endured the pain, put his left foot on the ground, and tried to straighten his left leg as much as possible.

At first, it was indeed painful, but then the pain gradually eased a bit. Feeling the effectiveness, Shaman couldn't help but feel overjoyed and exerted more force to straighten his leg.

Seeing that this method was effective and Shaman's pain was alleviated, Han Cheng thought for a moment, said a few words to Shaman, lit Shaman's lamp, and then left the cave with his lamp and Fu Jiang.

The cave became quiet again, and Shaman was alone but no longer felt fear.

He looked at the oil lamp not far away, his leg still in pain, but there was a faint smile on his face.

Just like the oil lamp dispelled the darkness in the cave, the appearance of the shaman also dispelled all the fear in his heart.

He limped and turned his body to face the totem pole, deeply bowing, then turned towards the direction where Han Cheng left, bowing again, showing great respect and piety.

The sound of footsteps, flickering firelight and some slightly chaotic sounds, quickly spread from the cave entrance to here.

The smile on Shaman's face grew even more pronounced.

The Eldest Senior Brother and others, awakened by Han Cheng, hurried over. They didn't want anything to happen to the respected Shaman.

Seeing Shaman standing here with a smile, their anxious hearts were somewhat relieved.

Han Cheng inquired about Shaman's condition and, upon learning that he still wasn't completely better, instructed him to lie back on the bed, turn up the lamp, and watch his movements carefully. Han Cheng then began the same simple and effective method he had used to deal with leg cramps.

In a tribe, not having a healer was not an option. Since Liang aspired to become a healer who could save lives, Han Cheng took every opportunity to teach Liang some basic medical knowledge.

The so-called innovation is not innovation from scratch but something that can only be developed on a certain foundation.

Starting from scratch is indeed too difficult, whether it's starting a business or, even more so, delving into the vast and complex field of medicine.

If Liang wanted to go far on the path of medicine, Han Cheng's guidance at the beginning was indispensable.

Only by learning and mastering the bits and pieces of medical knowledge that Han Cheng knew, which would become common knowledge in later generations, and having a certain foundation, could Liang explore further on his own without losing his direction.

Liang was stronger than Han Cheng, and his methods were more effective.

After pushing Shaman's foot forward for a while and confirming that it was relaxed and that Shaman's leg would no longer cramp, Liang stopped.

Liang's eyes were bright because tonight, he had learned another way to treat illness from the Divine Child.

After his eyes shone for a while, they showed confusion and contemplation.

He was wondering why this method could cure Shaman's leg pain

Han Cheng persuaded Shaman not to stay alone in the inner cave.

This time, it was just leg cramps, and the consequences were not serious since the cold awakened him. However, who could guarantee that the same coincidence would happen next time?

At first, Shaman disagreed, but after hearing Han Cheng's explanation that his leg cramps tonight were most likely caused by being frozen, he became somewhat interested.

"The totem pole"

He hesitated.

It was the thing he was most reluctant to part with.

"The totem pole can also be moved into the house"

Han Cheng said straightforwardly.

Shaman wanted to say that the totem pole could not be moved casually, and there had never been an example of a totem pole being placed in a house.

But then he thought, this was what the Divine Child said. The Divine Child was closest to the gods, so if he said it was okay, it should be fine. Besides, the previous shamans had never seen a house before

In this way, Shaman was half-persuaded and half-carried out of the inner cave where he had lived most of his life and moved into the new residence.

Shaman's leg cramps were severe and lasted a long time. Although they had stopped now, it was still inconvenient to walk.

Under Han Cheng's direction, the totem pole was carried by Tie Tou and Liang and placed in the back wall of the room used as a hall in Han Cheng's residence.

The feather crown and bone rod, the two tools that the Shaman often used to communicate with the gods, were personally carried by Han Cheng, the Divine Child.

The others took away all the hay, animal skins, and fur covers laid out by Shaman.

Even Shaman's specially used chamber pot was not left behind.

Many hands make work quick, and before long, the inner cave became empty, with only numerous clay tablets used for recording things remaining here, quietly waiting.

When Shang came to take away the oil lamp, darkness enveloped the cave.

Chapter 212: The lazy shaman and the people grinding sticks

The sky brightened, and the wild chickens in the chicken coop were clucking. The one with its tail feathers plucked by Han Cheng didn't care about its appearance anymore, contentedly humming a tune.

Most of the people in the Green Sparrow Tribe were already awake. The shaman, who usually woke up early, stayed in bed.

The shaman was awake, lying comfortably on the new bed covered with soft fur, leisurely gazing at the ceiling.

There was a reason why he didn't get up. Firstly, his legs had cramped up for most of the night, affecting his sleep and leaving lumps on his left calf, making it difficult to walk straight.

Secondly, the bed was just too comfortable!

Underneath him was a thick layer of hay, topped with fur, extremely soft. But what mattered most was that the hay and fur were warmed by the earth stove below.

As soon as a person lay down, it was as if they were glued down, and getting up required a painful struggle to summon the courage to face the cold.

The shaman was no exception.

He had initially thought of getting up, but before he could, Han Cheng came over, mentioning his discomfort in the legs from last night's cramping, and advised him to rest in bed a bit longer.

Originally, he could have gotten up, but with Han Cheng's words, the shaman felt his legs were uncomfortable. Since there was nothing urgent for him to do, after some deliberation, he decided to stay lying down.

The shaman lay on the bed, looking around the room with his eyes open. The warmth underneath him made him regret not moving here earlier.

He wouldn't have to suffer like this if he had moved earlier.

Thinking this way and recalling the prohibition against moving the totem pole, he felt relieved, lying on the bed even more peacefully.

The shaman turned his head back and forth on the bed, looking around the room. The longer he looked, the more he liked it. This new house replaced the decades he had spent in the inner cave.

Yes, the "smell theory" was indeed remarkable.

Han Cheng got up quite early. Climbing up the low wall with a ladder, he exhaled white mist and looked outside. All he saw was a vast expanse of white.

This wasn't snow but a thick layer of frost.

No wonder it suddenly became so cold last night. It turned out there was such heavy frost. Before the frost came cold, and after the snow came chill, the reputation was well-deserved.

The sun seemed afraid of the cold, just like the shaman lying on the bed not wanting to get up. It wavered and swayed for a while before finally rising from the east, presenting a rosy face as if it was still reminiscing about an inappropriate dream

As the sun rose, the frost quickly disappeared, and the busy and fulfilling life of the Green Sparrow Tribe continued.

After breakfast, the Eldest Senior Brother and others carried bone shovels under their armpits, shrunk their necks, and rolled up their sleeves as they left the tribe's gate to continue working in the fields.

Most of the oilseed rape leaves, previously greenish from the frost, were now wilting and drooping on the ground.

Others, like Lame, Mu Tou, Cheng, and Hei Wa, didn't go to the fields but followed Han Cheng's instructions to collect tree branches about a centimeter in diameter.

Some people didn't understand why the Divine Child needed these branches, but they still did as they were told.

Of course, Han Cheng needed these branches for a reason, and it was significant concerning the tribe's safety.

As winter approaches, the safety issue must be taken even more seriously. Fire prevention, theft prevention, and protection against the Flying Snake tribe were not just empty words; they needed to be genuinely addressed.

Last winter, when the Flying Snake Tribe attacked, what left the deepest impression on Han Cheng wasn't the significant role played by the walls but rather the scattered dead trees hidden beneath the accumulated snow.

During that battle, these dead trees played a crucial role, causing significant damage to the Flying Snake Tribe even before they could approach the walls. Without them, the damage suffered by the Green Sparrow Tribe in the last war would have been much greater.

With continuous consumption, most of the trees around the outer perimeter of the walls had been cleared away. This was undoubtedly a loss of a powerful barrier for the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Although there were protective trenches on the outer side of the Green Sparrow Tribe, they would freeze over in the extreme cold of winter, greatly reducing their effectiveness.

Some wise individuals in the Green Sparrow Tribe had long proposed their views, wanting the Divine Child to leave these dead trees behind to defend the tribe. These people included the shaman, the Eldest Senior Brother, Shang, who had detailed knowledge of the battle, and the Third Senior Brother.

Han Cheng felt it was a pity to leave so much wood here to rot, so he insisted on clearing away these trees according to his own opinion.

However, before discussing this, he proposed a defense solution.

The solution was what Lame and others were currently working on.

Lame picked up a two-meter-long forked branch, estimated the distance, and placed it on a relatively thick trunk. Holding a stone axe of wood in his right hand, he chopped diagonally towards the trunk.

According to Han Cheng's requirements, the branches found by everyone were quite hard, and even a heavy axe blow barely made a dent.

Lame grasped the branch with his left hand, turned it halfway, and then chopped again. Finally, he put down the axe, grabbed the branch with both hands and broke it from the break.

Then he placed it on the left side, where there was already a pile of neatly cut branches about thirty centimeters long.

Seeing that Lame had already cut a pile of branches, Han Cheng asked the others to stop looking for suitable branches and instead started a fire not far away.

After bringing over the branches cut by Lame and putting them aside, they picked up a few, burned both ends in the fire for a while, and then began grinding them on the stones they had brought earlier.

After sharpening both ends, they stopped and put the finished wooden sticks together.

After gathering enough branches to form a large pile, Hei Wa and others also stopped and brought another stone axe to chop branches with Lame.

The rest of the people followed Han Cheng and Mu Tou's example, grinding the cut branches.

Swinging the stone axe was not an easy task. After a while, Lame was already dripping with sweat. Even though he opened up the animal skins wrapped around his body, his head was still steaming with white mist, as if he had achieved mastery in internal energy, reaching a state of perfection.

After watching for a while, Han Cheng let Mu Tou take over Lame's job of cutting branches and asked Lame to handle the lighter task of grinding the branches.

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Chapter 213: The Thorny Greenbelt

"Dong, dong, dong"

After a large pile of sharpened tree stakes had been prepared, the Eldest Senior Brother and others stopped plowing the fields. Each person took a stone and hammered the sharpened wooden stakes into the ground.

The location for hammering the stakes was along the second line created on the outskirts of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

As the walls grew higher, the throwing distance of the Green Sparrow Tribe's people extended further forward. However, the two original lines remained unchanged because the greatest throwing distance did not necessarily inflict the most powerful damage on the enemy.

It was better not to move these two lines.

Previously, when the wall was only two meters high, the people from outside the tribe couldn't even throw their weapons over the second line, and it was not a threat to the safety of the Green Sparrow Tribe. Now that the wall had been raised much higher, the safety of the Green Sparrow Tribe was naturally assured at this distance.

After much thought and verification, Han Cheng established this defensive line here.

The Eldest Senior Brother hammered one stake until only about ten centimeters were left, wiped the sweat from his forehead, and looked at the completed section of the torn belt nearly four meters wide with great satisfaction.

He stood up and tried stepping on the newly hammered stake with his foot.

Because the stakes were hammered down with stones, the tips of the stakes were not very sharp. Moreover, he wore grass shoes on his feet, with animal skin socks inside, so he didn't feel much pain even when stepping on them.

However, the Eldest Senior Brother's joy did not diminish. There weren't many people in other tribes who wore grass shoes and socks like him.

He imagined the scene of the attackers rushing over and being tripped up by the stakes before they could attack their tribe or falling after stepping on the sharp ends of the stakes, their faces turning pale before revealing a relieved expression.

Falling in a place with so many relatively sharp tree stakes the consequences

Even if most people's injuries weren't fatal, the people defending the tribe on the wall were not puppets. They would take advantage of the opportunity to throw spears and stones

After about half a month, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe completed this defensive system.

Rows of stakes stood here, like a green belt that had appeared out of thin air, but this kind of green belt was stained with blood.

The stakes were not densely packed; there was a distance of about forty centimeters between each row and a similar distance between stakes in the same row.

There was no need to worry about attackers from other tribes passing through the forty-centimeter gap because these stakes were for defense, not planting trees. Whether looked at horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, there was no space for a forty-centimeter-wide passage.

Each stake in the second row was hammered into the middle position between the two stakes in the first row, and each stake in the third row was hammered into the southern position after shifting from the two stakes in the second row

This way, the gaps between the stakes would be very small, making it impossible to charge straight through.

As everyone looked at this defensive line led by the Divine Child and built by themselves, smiles appeared on their faces because they felt a sense of security from it.

When everyone thought this was a great success, the Divine Child gave new instructions regarding this defensive line. He instructed the tribe's people to collect sturdy vines, similar to the ones used when encountering wild boars and saber-toothed tigers last time to build defenses.

While collecting the vines, if they encountered thorny bushes with large thorns, they also tried to bring them back as much as possible.

The collected vines were wrapped around the stakes nailed into the ground one by one by Lane to be used as ropes.

They created something similar to tripwire traps using these stakes as pivot points.

The thorny bushes brought back were placed on the outer and inner perimeters of the defensive formation wrapped with vines by Lane.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, under the guidance of their Divine Child, felt a sudden pity for those who would attack their tribe in the future

Han Cheng, the Divine Child, was still somewhat dissatisfied, regretting not finding soapberry trees.

It wasn't for washing hair or clothes but for the large thorns on soapberry trees.

Throwing those thorns down here would be extremely convenient for the primitive people who only wore shoes. Han Cheng experienced the power of soapberry thorns firsthand as a child.

He was about four or five years old and used to run barefoot in the summer. Once, he stepped on a soapberry thorn that had fallen.

He still remembered the refreshing sensation, and at that time, he had tried pulling it out twice with his hands but failed. It was another adult nearby who managed to do it

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't know what their Divine Child was thinking. Their admiration for him would be even more overwhelming if they did.

They felt even more sympathy and pity for those who might attack their tribe.

After completing these tasks, winter had fully arrived.

A cold wind blew through the night, carrying dried grass with it. The temperature suddenly dropped, but the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't feel much cold. They had heated beds in their rooms, so this winter felt warmer.

Wrapped in thick fur, Shaman walked out from the east room, opened the door, and stepped outside, exhaling white breath fiercely shivering.

It was like two different worlds outside and inside the house!

If it weren't for the need to deal with the last batch of rabbits that needed to be executed today, Shaman would have turned around and returned to the warm, heated bed.

Shaman stood there, looking at the chimneys beside the house, thick at the bottom and thin at the top, emitting wisps of smoke, with a smile on his face. This was a good thing.

Han Cheng also got up, similarly wrapped in thick fur, wearing a primitive version of a hat that covered his entire head, ears, and half of his face. He stood beside Shaman, watching him knock rabbits with a small stick.

Shaman's hands and feet were so agile it was unbelievable. One stick, one rabbit. His movements were as smooth as flowing water. In no time, there was a pile of rabbits at his feet.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were always enthusiastic about food. This enthusiasm couldn't be stifled even by the harsh cold. The Eldest Senior Brother and others were peeling rabbit fur while breathing out white breath, chatting happily.

Skilled people could peel off a "tube skin," which, when tanned, could be transformed into excellent socks or gloves. These cylindrical rabbit skins were durable and comfortable, much better than those sewn from ropes. They were rare treasures.

With many hands, the work progressed quickly. After nearly a hundred rabbits were processed, the sun was still far from directly south. Seeing there was still time, Han Cheng called a few people, including Hei Wa, and left the courtyard, walking towards a nearby place.

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Chapter 214: The Unreliable burning of charcoal

Hei Wa and the others followed eagerly, not knowing what the Divine Child wanted to do, but because, in such situations, the Divine Child could always perform miracles.

The winter here was colder than where Han Cheng lived in his later life. Although the sun had risen, the temperature hadn't risen much yet. As they walked out of the Blue Sparrow Tribe, their breaths turned into white clouds, like monsters swallowing clouds and spitting mist.

Han Cheng instructed someone to dig a rectangular pit here using a bone shovel.

The pit didn't need to be too deep. About twenty centimeters would do.

Despite the cold weather, the ground hadn't frozen much due to the lack of rain or snow during this period. Digging with a bone shovel was still possible, albeit chilly on the hands.

Physical activity warmed them up, and after digging a shallow pit over a meter long and half a meter wide, the people involved were already sweating.

Everyone speculated about the Divine Child's purpose in digging this pit.

Was he going to set up another line of defense here?

It seemed very likely because it wasn't too far from the defensive line made of stakes, thorns, and vines.

However, this idea quickly disappeared because the pit was too narrow. With just a little effort, one could easily cross it. It wouldn't serve much purpose in blocking the enemy.

After the pit was dug, Han Cheng was about to proceed to the next step when he heard someone from the tribe shouting for food.

In times like this, eating was the most important thing. This was the creed of food lovers, especially in such cold weather. Having a bowl of hot soup was incredibly comforting.

Han Cheng immediately stopped what he was doing and returned to the tribe with everyone to eat.

Having dealt with a batch of rabbits in the morning, rabbits naturally became the main dish for lunch.

After drinking a steaming rabbit soup, all the cold was dispelled, and they felt warm. Holding a golden-roasted rabbit leg and slowly tearing and chewing it was incredibly satisfying.

After lunch, Han Cheng used a pottery jar to carry half of the remaining charcoal from cooking. He led the people out of the cave, which was used as a storage room and dining hall, towards the outside of the tribe.

More people followed this time. In addition to Hei Wa and the others who had dug the pit in the morning, Shaman, who had satisfied his rabbit craving, and the children who were not afraid of the cold.

Tie Tou, Mu Tou, and Qi Qiu left after watching for a while, heading east.

They carried stone sickles and ropes with hooks under their arms.

Such ropes were very convenient for tying things. They would place the rope on the ground with things in the middle, wrap it around it, and then hook the end without a wooden hook onto a wooden hook and pull it in the opposite direction.

Tie Tou and the others climbed up the hill where the cave was located, removed the rope, spread it on the ground, and began cutting with the stone sickles.

They were harvesting completely dried thatch.

Before the widespread use of tiles, thatch had always been very useful. The thatch grew very well this year, and Han Cheng naturally didn't want to waste it. This thatch would be of great use to him.

The golden thatch collided with each other when standing on the ground, making a "pipi boba" sound.

Those assigned to harvest the thatch were accustomed to cutting grass regularly, so they were very familiar with using stone sickles to harvest things over time.

Tie Tou, the grass-cutting enthusiast, was the fastest. While others hadn't finished bundling one batch, he had already started bundling the thatch.

One leg half-kneeling, pressing down on the bundle of thatch. With each press, the hand holding the rope's end pulls forcefully.

With his exertion, the gap just squeezed out by the leg disappeared. After repeating this several times, the whole bundle of thatch was securely tied up. The excess rope was tied to the taut rope so the thatch bundle wouldn't loosen. Then, a rough rope made of straw was used to wrap around the rope, tying it tightly. After securing the knot, the rope with the hook was untied.

This was done to save rope, as using well-woven rope to tie thatch was too wasteful.

The rough rope made of straw was not convenient for tying, and it took quite a bit of effort to tie the thatch securely without loosening. This method perfectly solved this problem.

Han Cheng did not devise this method but Tie Tou himself.

Indeed, labor can make people smarter.

However, Han Cheng devised the method of tying the rope with a hook on one end.

At first, when tying, one end of the rope was looped and wrapped around, and then the other was pulled back through the loop.

The process was the same as with the grooved rope.

However, there were many inconveniences to this method. When untying, the rope was prone to getting stuck, and after numerous pulls, the loop would break.

Always breaking the rope, Tie Tou was quite distressed. Initially, to prevent the rope from breaking, he didn't dare to use much force when tying things up.

The result was even more troublesome. If the grass and other things weren't tied securely, it was very uncomfortable to transport them. Sometimes, they wouldn't be able to walk far before the bundle of grass would loosen, and the grass would slide off

Han Cheng didn't pay attention at first, and it wasn't until two or three days later that he realized something was wrong. Tie Tou had returned from cutting grass with high spirits in the past, and the grass bundles were neatly tied. Now, it was as if someone else had done it.

After inquiring about the reason and knowing the whole story, the rope with the hook was born.

The hook was not afraid of the rope wearing out; the more it wore, the stronger and even smoother it became.

After Han Cheng solved this problem, Tie Tou's enthusiasm for cutting grass was once again aroused

While Tie Tou was tying thatch, Han Cheng also directed people to use a bone shovel to fill the hole dug out in the morning with soil from the pile at the pit's edge.

Inside the pit was a pile of burning firewood.

The people had no idea what the purpose of the Divine Child burying the fire with soil was. Lighting a fire in the wilderness was one thing, but burying a perfectly good fire with soil?

With this, wouldn't all the fires be extinguished?

While the people were puzzled, their hands didn't stop moving. Shoveling soil one shovel at a time, they covered the burning fire with soil. The fire, which was burning brightly, was hit by this sudden attack and was quickly extinguished, not even struggling before it was buried alive.

After it was buried, Han Cheng, still unsatisfied, had people jump on top to compact the soil further.

It was almost as if they were burying the army of General Dan Xiongxin by the command of Niu Jin, then leading three thousand iron riders to trample it half the night.

Even now, the people still couldn't figure out what the shaman wanted to do, and the Shaman had been pondering for a long time, but he still couldn't understand the Divine Child's intentions.

Of course, they couldn't figure it out because even Han Cheng, the initiator, had no idea if the seemingly unreliable method could produce charcoal.

Chapter 215: Plant a Divine Child in Spring and Autumn...

When the Divine Child walked away after burying these unburned firewood, showing no further interest, Shaman finally couldn't contain his curiosity and asked Han Cheng about the purpose of this action.

At the same time, he was also pondering in his mind. Could it be that after planting them here, the next year would bring forth more firewood, just like the rapeseed?

Thinking about this, the eyes of this old primitive man, who had already experienced the tremendous benefits of agriculture, suddenly lit up.

If firewood could be grown like this, did it mean that burying rabbits in the ground would produce many more rabbits the following year?

Would burying deer in the ground result in many more deer the next year?

Burying people

Shaman became even more excited. This sudden flash of inspiration made him discover a great path for the tribe to become prosperous.

Unable to suppress the joy in his heart, he eagerly looked at the Divine Child, hoping to get confirmation from him.

Han Cheng found it strange in his heart. He didn't know what Shaman was thinking in showing such an expression.

There was nothing to hide about making charcoal. If charcoal could be produced, the entire tribe would benefit.

He immediately explained his intention to Shaman and the various benefits of charcoal and admitted that he didn't know much about making charcoal and could only explore slowly.

In the past, whenever Shaman heard of something beneficial to the tribe, he would be very happy, but today was different.

After Han Cheng listed the various benefits of charcoal, Shaman not only didn't feel happy but showed an unmistakable disappointment.

His reaction puzzled Han Cheng. When did Shaman's vision become so high? Charcoal was such a good thing, but it failed to move him and even made him show a deep disappointment.

Who exactly was the one with broad vision and experience in the modern world?

"Divine Child, can't firewood be grown?"

In addition to disappointment, Shaman was unwilling to let go of the great path he had just thought of. After hesitating for a while, he asked Han Cheng.

"No."

Han Cheng found it strange that Shaman, who was usually quite wise, would ask such a question.

But it was strange, and he didn't think deeply about it. Of course, he didn't know about the bold idea Shaman had just had.

If he knew, he wouldn't be so calm. What if Shaman suddenly thought of planting a Divine Child and expecting to harvest many more Divine Childs when the time came

After burying the firewood, Han Cheng had these people go to the back mountain to transport the thatch harvested by Tie Tou and others.

Transporting the thatch back was also convenient. There was no need to carry the thatch bundles down the mountain and then take a detour to enter through the front gate of the tribe, which was too troublesome. They only needed to carry the thatch bundles in the direction closer to the tribe for a while, throw them at the edge, and the thatch bundles would bounce and roll down to the courtyard of the Green Sparrow tribe below.

The thatch bundles were tied very securely, and only a small part would be scattered when thrown while the rest remained intact.

After the thatch bundles were thrown down, someone in the courtyard would stack them up to the side where they didn't obstruct.

While others were handling these, the Lame didn't idle either. According to Han Cheng's instructions, he cut many half-meter-long branches from the tree branches left over from constructing the "wooden stick defense system" a few days ago.

The end of the sticks was also sharpened after being burned by fire.

The daytime in winter was short, and not much work was done before the sky darkened.

Sharpening sticks, arranging thatch, and similar tasks were not urgent, so Han Cheng instructed people not to work by the light of oil lamps.

However, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe were not idle either. After drinking soup, they returned to their rooms, sitting on the edges of the warm beds. By the light of the unsealed bed opening, they used various types of rope for spinning tops.

Rope was a highly consumed item in the Green Sparrow tribe, used in many aspects of daily life. From sewing socks and gloves to setting traps for catching prey, ropes were indispensable. The Divine Child had mentioned that the demand for thin ropes would increase significantly in a few days, so they needed to spin ropes tonight.

Generally, women took on this task more often. Many men in the tribe were willing to do labor-intensive tasks like compacting soil, digging pits, and tilling the land. Still, they found these meticulous, less tiring activities somewhat tedious.

The small spindle felt awkward in their hands.

Perhaps due to nature, women showed great patience for repetitive tasks like this, calmly spinning the threads and showing no signs of impatience.

Therefore, spinning ropes at night was mainly done by the tribe's women.

Of course, there were exceptions. For example, under Han Cheng's guidance, the "stone craftsman," who usually worked with stones, forcefully ground a bone into a bone needle.

Possibly due to personality, he appeared enthusiastic when doing tasks that most men were unwilling to do, and he spun ropes faster and with better quality than most women.

Han Cheng sat cross-legged on the warm, heated bed, listening to the sound of the wind moving the wooden doors and windows. He constantly calculated the charcoal-burning process.

Learning from the experience of making pottery, although he was eager to know the results, he didn't immediately dig open the sealed earth to check.

Let's wait. Wait until tomorrow to see the specific results. If it's feasible, expand the production scale according to this method. If not, think of another solution.

After some fruitless contemplation, Han Cheng had to console himself and quickly removed his clothes, slipping into the warm bedding to sleep.

That's life. There's always unfinished work and unsolved problems. If you worry about everything, life will be too exhausting. It's important to sleep when it's time to sleep and eat when it's time to eat. Taking care of one's physical and mental health is essential for facing challenges.

Shaman did not understand the true essence of life. He buried himself in a pile of fur, keeping his eyes open, looking at the room completely covered in darkness, unwilling to sleep.

He was still thinking about that idea that excited him just by thinking about it, trembling all over

The night wind shook the doors and windows, trying to come in, tearing apart the last bit of warmth, making the whole world shiver under its cover.

Unfortunately, both sides of the wooden door and the window were tightly wrapped with impenetrable fur, blocking its power. Despite roaring and tearing for most of the night, it couldn't destroy this small house built by human hands and finally had to give up.

The people who slept soundly on the warm bed, completely unaffected by the cold wind, slept deeply and peacefully

It wasn't too cold this winter.

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Chapter 216: Feel like reciting a poem

Han Cheng looked at the unearthed, partially burnt wooden sticks with a hint of disappointment.

This method, indeed, couldn't produce charcoal.

The sticks that were dug out looked similar to those that were burning and suddenly extinguished by water both had a layer of blackened charcoal on the outside, but the inside remained unburnt wood.

This substance was far from the charcoal Han Cheng had seen in his future life. It couldn't even be called charcoal.

Although he had felt skeptical about this method before uncovering it, there was still some expectation. Now, with the truth revealed, a sense of disappointment was inevitable.

Shaman, who was watching from the side, also felt disappointed. He had hoped overnight that these pieces of firewood buried by the Divine Child with such solemnity would undergo some change, preferably growing more firewood. Seeing the results now was uncomfortable for him, too.

He felt that the grand road he had envisioned for the tribe had moved further away. There were signs of it being completely blocked by thorns

Han Cheng felt a bit troubled. He only had a partial understanding of charcoal production, and this first attempt had failed. He didn't have a good solution at the moment.

Seeing the people around him looking at him in confusion, he instructed them to continue with the tasks from the previous day.

Tie Tou and others went to harvest thatch while Lame cut wood pieces and burned them in the fire pit before polishing them.

Han Cheng squatted by the messy fire pit, picked up a charred piece of wood, and studied it carefully, a pensive look in his eyes.

In this situation, Han Cheng suddenly felt like reciting a poem, the famous "Selling Firewood" written by Bai Juyi.

Not to lament the hardships of making charcoal, sympathize with the old man's difficulties, or express indignation at the disturbances of the court, but because it reminded him of some experiences of the firewood seller in the poem.

"The firewood seller chops wood and burns charcoal in the southern mountains. His face is covered in dust, and his fingers are black from the smoke"

These opening lines vividly depict the hardships of the firewood seller, but Han Cheng saw something else through them.

His method of making charcoal truly wouldn't work.

From the experiences of the firewood seller, he was likely a solitary old man, frail and weak. If he had used the method Han Cheng had employed, even just covering the burning firewood with sand would have been difficult to achieve.

Because if the covering were too slow, the branches would all be burnt by the fire. Where would the charcoal come from, then?

Han Cheng didn't know what others read from "Selling Firewood," but at this moment, he saw that his method wouldn't work, although he couldn't explain the reason clearly.

Shaman stayed with Han Cheng for a while before returning to the tribe. After hesitating, he finally came to the edge of the rabbit enclosure and began to skin rabbits as usual.

However, compared to before, he seemed distracted while skinning the rabbits today.

Han Cheng squatted there, lost in thought for a long time. When he stood up, his legs felt numb. He stayed in place for a while before gradually shaking off the feeling and moving on from this sour moment.

Han Cheng called for Hei Wa, and together, they carried the firewood towards the earthen kiln near the river.

As the weather grew colder, Hei Wa hadn't made any pottery clay for several days.

Hei Wa and Han Cheng placed the firewood they were carrying next to the earthen kiln. He couldn't help but feel puzzled. The last batch of pottery had been fired a few days ago, so what was the Divine Child doing bringing firewood to the kiln now?

Could it be for making charcoal?

Hei Wa wasn't a foolish person. Considering what the Divine Child had done before, he quickly guessed Han Cheng's intentions.

But his confusion only deepened.

He was one of the few in the tribe who had dealt extensively with the kiln. It had excellent ventilation, and once the wood was placed inside and lit, it would burn fiercely.

With the Divine Child bringing so much firewood, wouldn't it all burn up once placed inside the kiln? Where would the charcoal the Divine Child spoke of be left?

Han Cheng also pondered this matter but didn't have many clues. He could only experiment bit by bit and seek experience from each failure.

With Hei Wa's help, the kiln, originally used for firing pottery, was filled with firewood inside and underneath. The top of the kiln was covered with two large clay tiles.

After Han Cheng nodded slightly in confirmation, Hei Wa didn't hesitate. He first lit the hay and then the dry branches. Before long, the fire at the hearth of the kiln below was roaring.

Soon, the firewood placed inside the kiln also caught fire.

With so much firewood burning together, the flames were intense. Even though the top of the kiln was covered with clay tiles, the scorching flames spewed out from the surrounding gaps, leaping high into the air.

Watching this, Hei Wa suddenly remembered the Divine Child's instructions to cover the burning firewood with sand yesterday, feeling slightly anxious.

After all, the kiln was of great use, and he had put much effort into building it. It would be a pity if it were buried like this.

Looking around, he realized that only the Divine Child and he were there, and they hadn't brought a shovel. They wouldn't be burying the kiln. This reassured him, a lover of firing kilns.

But then he realized something was wrong. If they didn't use sand to cover it, wouldn't the firewood inside the kiln burn up completely?

Han Cheng had already considered this. The burning of flames required oxygen this was the most basic common sense.

After observing the fire for a while, he instructed Hei Wa to move some discarded large pottery shards and stones to the edge of the kiln.

Then, after a while, he asked Hei Wa to use these items to gradually block the fire hole at the bottom of the kiln.

As the fire hole narrowed, the air entering it gradually decreased, and the flames became much smaller.

However, the flames inside the kiln still didn't completely extinguish, likely due to the gaps at the fire hole below. After all, Hei Wa used pottery shards to block it, so it was impossible not to leave some gaps.

Han Cheng now looked conflicted. He feared the firewood inside would turn to ashes if he didn't completely seal the fire hole. But if he did seal it completely, he worried that the firewood would end up like the half-burnt pieces he had dug out today, which was also unacceptable.

After much deliberation, he let this burn continue and see what happened. If it didn't work, he would seal the fire hole with clay next time.

Chapter 217: Dawn

Han Cheng originally planned to open the kiln the next day, but it was opened in the afternoon.

It wasn't because he couldn't wait, but because he noticed through the cracks in the kiln that the firewood inside mainly had turned to ashes, and the temperature inside the kiln had also dropped. So, he decided to open it early.

Han Cheng stirred the ashes in the now empty kiln with a stick, breaking apart the remnants of the firewood.

Feeling helpless, he asked Hei Wa to reopen the sealed fire hole and clear away the ashes. Afterward, they brought more firewood into the kiln.

Once the fire was lit again, they prepared a pile of clay with a shovel and a clay pot.

After burning for a while, Han Cheng had Hei Wa seal the fire hole again with stones and pottery shards, and then he applied a thick layer of fresh clay over it, completely sealing the gaps.

Once the fire hole was sealed, the fire quickly went out due to a lack of oxygen.

By this time, it was getting dark, and although Han Cheng was eager to know the results, it wasn't suitable to stay outside any longer. So, he and Hei Wa went back together.

The next day, after washing up with hot water heated over an early morning fire, Han Cheng tightened his clothes, put on his hat, and went out with Hei Wa.

Some people who had finished washing up and had nothing else to do followed them.

Tie Tou had become increasingly diligent, perhaps because of the little calf born half a month ago.

Early in the morning, he and two others who often cut grass to feed the deer used wooden forks, shovels, and brooms to clean the deer pen. They piled the deer dung far from the wall to form a large heap. This dung was an excellent fertilizer and shouldn't be wasted.

Han Cheng had once thought about making a hole in the wall to allow for easy disposal of the dung, but he abandoned the idea. It would be difficult to make a hole in the thick wall, compromise the wall's solidity, and pose a security risk. In his experience, thieves could use such holes to steal cattle.

After clearing the pen, Tie Tou used the shovel to scatter some dry "mulch" evenly over the wet areas. Mulch was made of finely ground dry soil, crushed leaves, and trimmed grass leaves, which helped keep the pen clean and comfortable for the deer.

Once these tasks were completed, Tie Tou fed the deer and three lambs before leaving the courtyard toward the kiln by the river, where many people had already gathered.

After a night in the cold, the kiln had cooled down completely.

Han Cheng felt a bit nervous as he had someone open the kiln, and the sight inside disappointed him again.

Most of it was unburned firewood, with many pieces barely charred and some not even touched by the flames.

In the central area, some pieces had been wholly reduced to ashes.

After observing for a while, Han Cheng removed the ruined firewood from the kiln, stacking it by the side.

Seeing Han Cheng's expression, many people refrained from speaking. They already knew that the charcoal had not been successfully produced without him saying anything.

What kind of good thing was Han Cheng trying to make? Even with his abilities, he kept failing.

The curiosity of the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe was piqued even more.

"Haha."

Han Cheng suddenly laughed as he held a piece of charred wood.

This piece of charcoal, located near the center of the kiln, was much lighter than the unburned wood. Unlike regular charcoal that quickly crumbled, this piece retains its original shape.

A rough analogy would be a person suddenly turning black several times over; although the color changed drastically, the previous appearance could still be discerned.

Tapping it with a stick produced a clear, crisp sound.

This charcoal was not much different from what Han Cheng had seen in his later years!

In addition to this piece of charcoal, there were scattered pieces in the transition zone between the center and the outer parts of the kiln. Han Cheng had Hei Wa quickly retrieve them.

Seeing Han Cheng's excited expression, Hei Wa and the others knew he had progressed with his task.

They joined in the excitement, quickly removing the scattered charcoal.

Han Cheng selected a few pieces that hadn't burned well and set them aside, smiling at the small amount of charcoal produced.

The efficiency was abysmally low, with so much firewood yielding so little charcoal, but it was still excellent news for Han Cheng.

It proved that his approach was not wrong, and he only needed to continue improving upon it in the future.

Someone in the tribe informed them that breakfast was ready, so Han Cheng carried the charcoal in a small basket and returned with everyone else.

After rewashing his hands with warm water, he finally began to eat.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were now more diligent in washing their hands than in the summer because they had discovered the benefits of keeping their hands clean in winter.

Before Han Cheng's arrival, most people's hands would crack in the winter. The cracks, coupled with the dirt, made their hands unsightly and painful.

Since Han Cheng had instructed them to wash their hands diligently, their hands hardly cracked in the winter anymore.

Even if one- or two peoples hands got cold, it was nowhere near as bad as in previous years.

Children who used to be reluctant to wash their hands in winter were now washing them very seriously after discovering this benefit.

After breakfast, Han Cheng brought a fire basin and retrieved charcoal from the large jar underneath. He lit the charcoal from the basket and examined its quality.

The charcoal was excellent, producing almost no smoke when burning.

Because it burned slowly in a smoldering state, it lasted longer than regular firewood.

Han Cheng nodded satisfactorily, skewering two chicken wings on thin sticks and grilling them over the charcoal. After they were cooked, he gave one to Shaman and kept the other for himself.

Taking a bite, he found the taste delightful, devoid of the usual smoky flavor, making it much more palatable.

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Tie Tou had become increasingly diligent, perhaps because of the little calf born half a month ago.

Early in the morning, he and two others who often cut grass to feed the deer used wooden forks, shovels, and brooms to clean the deer pen. They piled the deer dung far from the wall to form a large heap. This dung was an excellent fertilizer and shouldn't be wasted.

Han Cheng had once thought about making a hole in the wall to allow for easy disposal of the dung, but he abandoned the idea. It would be difficult to make a hole in the thick wall, compromise the wall's solidity, and pose a security risk. In his experience, thieves could use such holes to steal cattle.

After clearing the pen, Tie Tou used the shovel to scatter some dry "mulch" evenly over the wet areas. Mulch was made of finely ground dry soil, crushed leaves, and trimmed grass leaves, which helped keep the pen clean and comfortable for the deer.

Once these tasks were completed, Tie Tou fed the deer and three lambs before leaving the courtyard toward the kiln by the river, where many people had already gathered.

After a night in the cold, the kiln had cooled down completely.

Han Cheng felt a bit nervous as he had someone open the kiln, and the sight inside disappointed him again.

Most of it was unburned firewood, with many pieces barely charred and some not even touched by the flames.

In the central area, some pieces had been wholly reduced to ashes.

After observing for a while, Han Cheng removed the ruined firewood from the kiln, stacking it by the side.

Seeing Han Cheng's expression, many people refrained from speaking. They already knew that the charcoal had not been successfully produced without him saying anything.

What kind of good thing was Han Cheng trying to make? Even with his abilities, he kept failing.

The curiosity of the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe was piqued even more.

"Haha."

Han Cheng suddenly laughed as he held a piece of charred wood.

This piece of charcoal, located near the center of the kiln, was much lighter than the unburned wood. Unlike regular charcoal that quickly crumbled, this piece retains its original shape.

A rough analogy would be a person suddenly turning black several times over; although the color changed drastically, the previous appearance could still be discerned.

Tapping it with a stick produced a clear, crisp sound.

This charcoal was not much different from what Han Cheng had seen in his later years!

In addition to this piece of charcoal, there were scattered pieces in the transition zone between the center and the outer parts of the kiln. Han Cheng had Hei Wa quickly retrieve them.

Seeing Han Cheng's excited expression, Hei Wa and the others knew he had progressed with his task.

They joined in the excitement, quickly removing the scattered charcoal.

Han Cheng selected a few pieces that hadn't burned well and set them aside, smiling at the small amount of charcoal produced.

The efficiency was abysmally low, with so much firewood yielding so little charcoal, but it was still excellent news for Han Cheng.

It proved that his approach was not wrong, and he only needed to continue improving upon it in the future.

Someone in the tribe informed them that breakfast was ready, so Han Cheng carried the charcoal in a small basket and returned with everyone else.

After rewashing his hands with warm water, he finally began to eat.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were now more diligent in washing their hands than in the summer because they had discovered the benefits of keeping their hands clean in winter.

Before Han Cheng's arrival, most people's hands would crack in the winter. The cracks, coupled with the dirt, made their hands unsightly and painful.

Since Han Cheng had instructed them to wash their hands diligently, their hands hardly cracked in the winter anymore.

Even if one- or two people's hands got cold, it was nowhere near as bad as in previous years.

Children who used to be reluctant to wash their hands in winter were now washing them very seriously after discovering this benefit.

After breakfast, Han Cheng brought a fire basin and retrieved charcoal from the large jar underneath. He lit the charcoal from the basket and examined its quality.

The charcoal was excellent, producing almost no smoke when burning.

Because it burned slowly in a smoldering state, it lasted longer than regular firewood.

Han Cheng nodded satisfactorily, skewering two chicken wings on thin sticks and grilling them over the charcoal. After they were cooked, he gave one to Shaman and kept the other for himself.

Taking a bite, he found the taste delightful, devoid of the usual smoky flavor, making it much more palatable.

Chapter 218: Dogs that can't eat bones and crazy earth walls

The Shaman, with fewer teeth, slowly gnawed on the chicken wings. The chicken wings cooked with charcoal tasted better than those cooked with ordinary firewood, but the improvement in taste was nowhere near the terrifying level it had reached when salt was first introduced.

Plus, he had been preoccupied with something these past two days, so he didn't feel the same joy and excitement as before.

Although charcoal was more efficient than firewood in their current life, it didn't make a significant difference.

One major reason the people in the tribe didn't cheer and celebrate like before when Han Cheng produced charcoal was their limited perspective due to their environment.

Han Cheng didn't mind. He knew it was due to the limitations of their living conditions.

When the time came to find iron or copper ore, the tremendous value of charcoal would become immediately apparent.

Looking back then, people would realize their foresight.

This was what the shameless "Divine Child" thought.

Just as he was about to throw the gnawed chicken wings to Fu Jiang, he suddenly remembered something and quickly stopped his motion.

Fu Jiang looked at the bone that had nearly reached his mouth flying away and couldn't help but feel anxious, looking at Han Cheng expectantly.

However, unlike when Fu Jiang's owner would always give him bones to gnaw on whenever they ate meat, this time, despite Fu Jiang's eager expression, Han Cheng forcefully threw the chicken wing bones into the charcoal brazier.

He even instructed the Shaman to throw the gnawed chicken wing bones into the charcoal brazier, never letting Fu Jiang have them.

This instruction was because he suddenly remembered something he had heard in his childhood. It was said that a certain family's dog got pregnant, and since the family didn't want the puppies, they stewed chicken bones and fed them to the dog.

After the mother dog ate the chicken bones, the puppies in her belly dissolved

This was hearsay, and Han Cheng wasn't sure if it was true. After thinking for a moment, he still felt it was better to believe it than to dismiss it.

Fu Jiang, that rascal, had been sneaking out and fooling around for a few days. There was a good chance she was pregnant now, although it wasn't evident yet. But Han Cheng had to be cautious.

If chicken bones really could dissolve puppies, it would be truly regrettable.

Han Cheng pulled Fu Jiang, who was circling the brazier, as if wanting to grab the chicken bones from the fire, and left, heading towards the riverbank, then began to search for burning charcoal.

The appearance of charcoal had given him great confidence.

The flames soared atop the kiln, radiating intense heat that even the winter chill didn't dare to approach.

Considering that many of the woods weren't fully burned last time, Han Cheng, risking the chance of singeing his eyebrows and hair, approached the kiln to inspect how the firewood was burning inside.

After seeing that most of the firewood was covered by flames, he instructed Hei Wa to seal the entire firing port.

Han Cheng waited here for a while, and gradually, the flames inside the kiln extinguished.

At this moment, Lame walked out from inside the compound.

He said the wooden sticks had been polished many times and asked Han Cheng what they should do next.

Seeing the flames extinguished in the kiln, Han Cheng knew it wasn't time to open it yet, and there was no point in waiting there. So, he walked back to the tribe with Hei Wa and Lame.

It must be said that with Lame, the carpenter, and Black Wa, the stonemason, working together, their speed was indeed fast.

One of them cut the wooden sticks, and the other polished them. With their cooperation, they worked very smoothly.

Han Cheng instructed Hei Wa, Lame, and Mu Tou to bring a dozen or so polished wooden sticks, as well as rope, a measuring tape, and a stone hammer made with a wooden handle according to the method of a stone axe.

The group climbed the wooden ladder and walked along the low wall on the west side until they reached the northernmost point, which connected to the mountain wall.

The place where the Green Sparrow Tribe is located receives quite a bit of rain during the summer and autumn seasons.

And since the wall is made of rammed earth, due to Han Cheng's rush to build houses, once the wall was rammed, it was neglected after that.

Due to the lack of necessary rainproof measures, traces left by wind and rain appeared on the top of the wall.

Some walls have been eroded by rainwater running down, forming shallow grooves.

Given the thickness of the wall, it wouldn't be a problem for it to last three to five years without any attention.

However, Han Cheng was reluctant to let this thing, which was of great use to the tribe and had cost the Green Sparrow Tribe a great deal of effort to make decay on its own.

The things he had the people make these days were to solve this problem.

After measuring for a while, he made a mark every 1.5 meters at the center of the top of the wall.

Then, Lame used a stone hammer to pound the sharpened wooden sticks brought up along these marks.

Because the wall was wide enough and the tree sticks were not too thick, driving these sticks into the center of the wall wouldn't affect the solidity of the wall.

When the wall was built, it was rammed forcefully, so it was difficult to drive wooden sticks into it. It was much more difficult than driving them into the ground. Fortunately, Han Cheng directed Mu Tou to create a stone hammer specifically for smashing things, imitating the method of a stone axe. Otherwise, it would have been even more difficult.

After the wooden sticks were driven into about ten centimeters, they stopped. At this depth, the wooden sticks were firmly wedged into the top of the wall.

Watching this scene, Han Cheng couldn't help but recall a story he had heard about constructing rammed-earth walls in the Western Kingdom.

It was said that after a section of the city wall was rammed, people were instructed to nail it into the wall. If the nail went in an inch, the person who rammed the earth would be killed; if the nail didn't, the person who nailed it would be killed.

Looking at the wooden sticks firmly wedged into the top of the wall, Han Cheng couldn't help but snort. If, according to such a bizarre standard, he and the others wouldn't have survived!

After Lame had driven in six wooden sticks in a row, Han Cheng instructed him to stop temporarily. He then took a ruler to measure for a while and asked Lame to cut six sticks that were 70 centimeters long and twelve sticks that were 55 centimeters long.

He asked Mu Tou to help Lame.

Hei Wa brought twisted ropes and a thin stone knife.

Before long, Lame and Mu Tou brought up the cut wooden sticks, and Hei Wa had already brought up the ropes and stone knife.

The three looked at Han Cheng together, waiting for their Divine Child's next move.

They had already learned from the Divine Child that he would make something like a hat and put it on top of the wall so that the wall wouldn't get wet from the rain.

Although they knew what the Divine Child would do, they didn't quite understand the specific method, so they all seemed a bit expectant, wanting to see how the Divine Child would use these materials to put a hat on the wall.

Han Cheng didn't let them wait long. He immediately picked up a stick 70 centimeters long from the low wall and placed it horizontally on top of the wall, next to the wooden stick that Lame had just nailed into place, forming a right angle.

Because the width of the wall was only 60 centimeters, this stick placed horizontally was wider than the wall, protruding about five centimeters on one side.

Han Cheng firmly tied this stick to the post with a rope and used a stone knife like a saw to cut off the excess rope.

Chapter 219: Covering the wall

After tying down the bottom horizontal stick, Han Cheng picked up two 55-centimeter sticks.

He joined one end of each stick with the top of the vertical stick already nailed in place while having Lame tie them together with a rope, supporting him as he worked.

Once secured, he used the rope to tie the other ends of these two sticks, which served as the slanted sides of the triangle, to the ends of the bottom horizontal stick.

Triangles are inherently stable, and the solidity was beyond question with three triangles constructed by Han Cheng.

The process wasn't complicated. Once Han Cheng and Lame tied down one triangle, Mu Tou and Hei Wa followed suit with the other two.

In no time, all six were securely tied.

Looking at the mountain's shapes every 1.5 meters on top of the wall and then at the houses they lived in, Lame suddenly realized the similarity between what they were doing and the roofs of their homes.

When they built the houses, after raising the walls, the next step was to put up the roof beams. Would it be the same now?

He shared his thoughts with Han Cheng, who nodded in agreement, pleased with Lame's insight.

This primitive carpenter was straying further and further from his ancestral path. Who knew if he'd eventually make a flying wooden kite

As Lame had leg trouble, Han Cheng didn't ask him to go down this time. Instead, he sent Hei Wa and Mu Tou to find straight branches, about 1 to 3 centimeters in diameter, to serve as roof beams.'

Such branches were abundant in the Green Sparrow Tribe's area, and it didn't take long for them to gather a small bundle.

Han Cheng first selected the straightest ones and set them aside. These would be used for the topmost beams, serving as the ridge' of the roof. When he tied the triangular beams earlier, Han Cheng deliberately carved a minor groove at the top where the top beam could snugly fit. With a quick tie of the rope, it was secure.

Then, on the bottom and middle of each tripod,' he tied two long sticks, similar to when they constructed the roofs of the houses.

With these in place, the frame for this 7.5-meter wall section was complete.

Han Cheng then instructed Mu Tou and Hei Wa to fetch two bundles of thatch.

Now that the frame was ready, the two understood the purpose of their task and were delighted. After listening to Han Cheng's instructions, they hurried to fetch the thatch.

Lame, however, hesitated a bit. Based on experience building roofs, the next step should be to tie rafters, lay lath, apply mud, and add thatch. So why skip all these steps and jump straight to the last one?

After some thought, he voiced his question.

Han Cheng explained that they were only building this to keep the rain out; no one would be living underneath, so there was no need for such high-quality construction. Furthermore, the roof on top of the wall was very small in scale, with the length of one slope not surpassing the growth of the thatch. The frame alone was sufficient; they didn't need so much else.

Lame nodded in agreement after hearing Han Cheng's explanation, realizing the wisdom in adapting to specific circumstances.

Of course, this was just a vague awareness; he couldn't say it.

Bundles of thatch were densely tied onto the frame with ropes, leaving no gaps, somewhat resembling the process of thatching a hat.

The final step of thatching was meticulous work, and it took several people a good while to finish this 7.5-meter-long section.

With the addition of the golden thatch,' this wall section immediately appeared remarkable. Compared to the surrounding walls without thatch,' it looked much more noble.

Indeed, just as people rely on clothes to enhance appearance, walls also rely on thatch' to add charm.

The thatch' extended beyond both sides of the wall, so when it rained again, the water would drip directly to the ground along the edges of the thatch,' preventing the wall from getting wet.

Shaman, who had spent more and more time watching the rabbits by the rabbit pen, stood there looking over from a distance. With the presence of houses and deer pens, he quickly understood the significance of what Han Cheng and the others were doing.

Shaman couldn't help but slap his head. If the deer pen and the houses could have roofs, why couldn't the wall have one, too?

Why hadn't he and the others thought of such a simple idea and solution before the Divine Child did?

Han Cheng's addition of a roof to the wall temporarily caught Shaman's attention, diverting his gaze from the rabbits in the pen. He and Shi Tou, who stayed up late at night, often gazed at the stars and drew moon shapes on pottery, and went to Han Cheng and Lame to inquire about adding a roof to the wall.

After getting the details, he entrusted Shi Tou with recording the information and returned to look at the rabbits.

With this demonstration of the 7.5-meter-long wall roof, Han Cheng didn't have to worry about the rest. The Eldest Senior Brother and others, who had built more than ten houses, would have no trouble with such a small-scale project once they knew the specifics.

As Han Cheng was on his way to check on the charcoal burning, he suddenly realized a problem regarding the wall.

While adding the roof could protect the outside of the wall from rain, it wouldn't help the inside.

Because right next to the wall's inside was another wall, wider than the wall itself.

When it rained, water inside the wall would drip directly onto this wider inner wall.

Han Cheng smiled helplessly. Damn, he had neglected one thing while focusing on another.

They seemed to have to wait until the elder brothers finished the roof atop the wall. Then, they could create a small ditch on the top of the inner eaves' of the wider wall and have Hei Wa burn some arched tiles and lay them upside down inside, using clay cement to seal them, creating a drainage system on the top of the wider wall to guide the water down.

Fortunately, it was now winter, with less rain and more snow, so there was no rush to make the drainage ditch.

With this plan in mind, Han Cheng stopped thinking about it. He reached out and felt that there was not much heat left in the kiln and on the pottery boards covering it. Together with Hei Wa, who had come with him, he removed the pottery boards covering the kiln.

With just a glance inside, Han Cheng knew that the wood in this kiln had burned out again.

In the middle, a large area of firewood had turned into ashes, and some pieces still hadn't burned yet. Along the edges were some well-burnt charcoal and many pieces of wood that hadn't entirely burned

Chapter 220: Sheep Tribe was led astray

Han Cheng looked at the sparse charcoal in the basket, the ashes in the kiln, and the pile of wood next to him that hadn't burned through or hadn't burned at all, feeling somewhat distressed as he grabbed his hair.

This was already his eighth failed attempt at making charcoal in the kiln.

None of these attempts had been successful, despite him continuously adjusting the timing of sealing the kiln and starting the fire based on past experiences of making charcoal. However, there hadn't been much progress.

In this eighth firing, compared to the second attempt, he had only produced a few more pieces of charcoal

He took a deep breath and let out a long sigh, profoundly feeling the difficulty of picking apples without standing on the shoulders of giants.

Han Cheng wasn't the only one troubled in such a vast world. The chief of the Sheep Tribe was equally distressed at this moment.

Like Han Cheng, he squatted on the ground, occasionally running his hands through his messy hair. Before him was a corner of the cave.

What used to be connected to the rest of the cave was now separated by a rough wall made of some piled stones, creating a relatively independent space.

The Sheep Tribe chief, clad in sheepskin, squatted on the ground, catching a whiff of some unpleasant smell from the crevices in the stone wall.

Of course, he wasn't bothered by the smell; in fact, his scent wasn't much better.

After squatting there for a while, he stood up.

The scene in this isolated space appeared before him.

Twelve sheep, almost indistinguishable in color due to being covered in dirt, were startled by the sudden movement of the Sheep Tribe chief, bleating and huddling together, trembling.

These sheep were thin, almost like skeletal frames covered in fur.

The Sheep Tribe chief's distress stemmed from these sheep.

Of course, at first, the chief and the tribe members were delighted with these sheep.

Every autumn, for tribes living on this vast land, it was a harvest season, especially for the Sheep Tribe.

Because every autumn, they could harvest enough sheep.

These sheep occupied a large part of their future food supply.

In the past, to prevent captured sheep from escaping, they would choose to slaughter all the sheep they caught.

As a result, uneaten sheep meat often spoiled, even in the cold winter weather, because there was a considerable period between capturing the sheep and the arrival of winter.

In the past, although the people of the Sheep Tribe were troubled by this, they had no reasonable solutions. Because as far back as they could remember, this was how their tribe had always done things.

Food was precious, especially in winter, when even spoiled and rotten food became extremely valuable, and no one was willing to discard it.

The Sheep Tribe, a tribe whose meat supply accounted for half of their winter food, was even more reluctant to discard it because if they did, many people in their tribe would starve to death!

During autumn, the Sheep Tribe could quickly obtain a large amount of meat, ensuring they had enough food for the winter. The reason why the population of the tribe had never been among the top in the nearby tribes was because every winter, as it was about to end, the Sheep Tribe would lose some people, mostly elderly and young children.

The Sheep Tribe would mourn the deceased, but there was also a sense of resignation along with the sorrow.

Or, you could say, helplessness.

A particular saying has been circulating within the sheep tribe. Even the oldest person in their tribe doesn't know when this saying began to spread.

It is said that the people of their tribe had it too easy to obtain food, so the gods punished them

The people of the sheep tribe firmly believe this. In their eyes, it is indeed a punishment because the deceased become extremely emaciated, even though they eat large amounts of food

Of course, the people of the sheep tribe do not know that this is due to eating too much rotten food. Starting this year, they began to leave some live sheep behind, not to solve the problem.

They do this mainly because they were inspired by seeing the large group of deer owned by the neighboring prosperous tribe and partly because they received promises from the leaders of neighboring tribes that they would get more pottery for live sheep than dead ones.

This discovery from neighboring tribes delighted the people of the sheep tribe because they suddenly realized they had found a way to prevent sheep meat from spoiling in the future.

Dead sheep, over time, would rot, while live sheep would not.

This is a very simple truth, which they also understand, but they had never considered associating it with the sheep they captured in their tribe.

Every year, following the passed-down experience, they would kill all the sheep they captured until this year when they saw the large group of deer owned by the neighboring tribe during the joyous gathering

What comes quickly also goes easily. In the beginning, the idea of raising sheep did excite the entire sheep tribe because after starting to raise sheep, they realized another benefit: after the cold weather passed, their tribe would still have sheep, unlike in the past, when if they wanted to eat mutton after the cold season, they would have to wait until the following autumn

To raise these sheep, they also built sheep pens imitating the deer pens of the neighboring tribe.

They didn't have those high courtyards, so they built the sheep pens into their living caves.

They couldn't build sturdy sheep pens out of wood, so after seeing that the nearby tribe had built something similar to where the deer lived using stones, they came back and started building sheep pens with stones

Everything seemed fine, but troubles arose as the weather gradually got colder.

The trouble was with gathering grass or the sheep's deaths.

At first, they thought raising sheep was a good idea; they only needed to give them grass daily.

But after some time, it became impossible because they had too many sheep in their tribe, and they needed a lot of grass daily to feed them.

As the weather got colder and the grass around the tribe was depleted, the burden of gathering grass became heavier and heavier.

These sheep couldn't eat their fill and drank old, dry grass daily, so they started visibly losing weight.

Moreover, as time passed, sheep began to die continuously.

The sheep tribe would not let these dead sheep go to waste, but compared to autumn, there was not much meat left on their bodies.

Raising sheep not only meant losing meat but also brought suffering to the people in the tribe.

In previous years, when the cold winter arrived, they could block the cave entrance with stone slabs and sit around the fire for a long winter.

But not this year because they still had to go out and gather grass for the sheep, and each one froze to the bone. Some people's hands and feet had already started to develop frostbite.

The leader of the sheep tribe was troubled.

He didn't quite understand why what seemed like a good path was like this once implemented.

The neighboring tribe had so many deer. How did they get through the winter?

After scratching his head again, the leader of the sheep tribe began to prepare food. He decided to go and find out what was happening in the nearby friendly tribe.

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