

Perish 331

Chapter 331: Gowes Enters Nix Tribe

Seeing everyone around him shouting eagerly, Gowes felt both angry and somewhat heartbroken. He sighed and nodded helplessly.

Emmerich continued, "Since you all wish to join the Nix Tribe, put down your weapons to avoid misunderstandings. Rest assured, once you complete the formalities and become members of the tribe, your weapons will be returned to you."

The Skodisqi people, having resolved their feelings and with no resistance left, complied obediently.

Only then did Emmerich breathe a sigh of relief and said, "Captain Hagux, you see—"

Hagux, who had been observing silently, smiled meaningfully and said, "You're still the one who makes it work, Emmerich. Please take the trouble to lead them to the Agricultural Department."

Hagux then instructed the Centurion to gather the Skodisqi people's weapons from the ground and take them to the Military Department for registration, to be returned to them later.

As the soldiers picked up the weapons, they made sure the Skodisqi people marked their weapons and informed them of the exact time to collect them from the Military Department... thoroughly ensuring that the Skodisqi people believed the Nix Tribe had no intention of seizing their weapons.

"Come with me." Emmerich led the way at the front, followed by the Skodisqi people, with two cavalymen trailing ten meters behind to promptly report any unexpected events.

As they proceeded, they passed through patch after patch of farmland, sparsely lined with wooden stakes. People were busy sowing wheat in the fields, and even as a large group of strangers passed by, none stood up to take a look.

"It seems the Nix Tribe doesn't have many tribesmen." Gowes sidled up to Emmerich, casually commenting.

"The population of the Westeni village exceeds ten thousand, which isn't small. However, these official tribe members have more land allocated to them, often with just two or three people working in fields that range from dozens to over a hundred acres, making it seem sparse," Emmerich explained. "When we reach Snowdonia, the population is even larger, and the fields there are busier than here."

"So much land yet so few people; can they manage to cultivate it all?" Someone questioned, though their eyes reflected envy.

"Rest assured, they can manage," Emmerich replied, pointing to three people working in the nearby field. "Look closely, do you see anything different about them?"

"...Nothing different."

"Oh, the younger man's clothes are quite tattered, and he looks very thin; he doesn't seem to belong to the family."

"Exactly, they are not a family," Emmerich chimed in. "The man and woman are a couple, official tribe members who own eighty acres of land. Two people couldn't cultivate that much land, so they hired an Aldean."

"Sage, you mean he's an Aldean?! How could someone from the Alde Tribe come to another tribe to farm?" Goves was astonished.

"A few years ago, the Alde Tribe suffered heavy losses from a Pannonian attack, leading to hardship among some smaller affiliated tribes. They thus reached an agreement with the Nix Tribe, allowing struggling tribesmen to accept employment from the Nix Tribe to help with farming in exchange for wages to improve their living conditions...

This agreement has only just begun, so not many Aldeans have come here for work yet. However, they eat better here than back home, and the Nix tribesmen treat them kindly. I believe more Aldeans will come for work in the future."

Emmerich looked back at his curious compatriots, raising his voice, "Aldeans helping with farming only provide a small portion of labor. The main force in helping manage all the tribe's fields are the reserve tribe members.

Currently, there are over ten thousand reserve tribe members in the Nix Tribe. One of their primary tasks is cultivating lands, and they have been helping with sowing in Snowdonia recently. In a few days, they might move to Westeni to continue their work, and you will join them then."

Emmerich said this to prepare his compatriots mentally, and having been enslaved for over a decade, they were not resistant to work, only surprised by the number of reserve tribe members in the Nix Tribe.

A curious Goves asked, "Are these reserve tribe members mostly Skodisqi people?"

Emmerich hesitated slightly but decided to speak truthfully, "The vast majority are, but there is also a small portion of Segestica people!"

With these words, the group erupted in murmurs: "What! Even Segestica people joined the Nix Tribe! Sage, they are our enemies, and seeing them makes me want to kill them; how could we work alongside them!..."

"Quiet! Listen to me!" Emmerich shouted loudly, bringing temporary silence to the crowd.

He surveyed everyone and spoke seriously, "The leader of the Nix Tribe, Maximus, once said that regardless of whether they are Pannonians, we Skodisqi, or Aldeans, Boyi people, Dacians... any race on this Great River Plain, as long as they are willing to join the Nix Tribe and contribute to it, the Nix Tribe will warmly welcome them, striving to provide them a better life than before.

However, after joining the Nix Tribe, there should no longer be distinctions like Pannonians or Skodisqi; everyone should let go of past grievances as Nix people, working together for the strength of the Nix Tribe—"

"Easy to say, with the deep hatred we have for the Pannonians, how can we just let it go!"

"Not to mention, so many of our companions have died at the hands of the Segestica; this feud must be avenged!..."

The crowd began to clamor again.

"Even if you join the Nix Tribe, you can still seek vengeance against the Segestica Tribe or the Pannonians in the future!" Emmerich shouted again: "Though Nix Tribe and Segestica may not be fighting right now, the hatred runs deep, and conflict could arise once more at any time.

When that happens, you will also take up arms and head to the battlefield to defeat the Segestica army, capture and kill the Segestica tribal leaders and nobles you despise, forcing the Segestica tribesmen who discriminated against you to kneel and beg for mercy. Even if they choose to surrender and are forced to join the Nix Tribe, by then your status in the tribe will be higher than theirs, and you can find other ways to humiliate them, venting your anger...

Of course, you can also regret now; before joining the Nix Tribe, there's still time to leave. But leaving now means you will never have the chance to exact revenge in person."

The group suddenly fell silent again, looking at each other but not one speaking up to leave.

One of Emmerich's main tasks in recent months was to persuade Skodisqi people fleeing from Brochi to Nix Tribe not to leave in anger because of Pannonians in the tribe. He had become adept at this, and seeing his methods work again, he felt a pang of guilt but did not regret it.

As a Druid mainly responsible for medical care, Emmerich's hatred for the Pannonians wasn't as intense as his compatriots. Instead, he somewhat agreed with Maximus's viewpoint: Pannonians and Skodisqi, two races that have been enslaving and oppressing each other for decades, could only be reconciled by a powerful external force. Otherwise, the cycle of hatred would never end!

"Since we Skodisqi have made a commitment, we must stand by it! What are you waiting for? Follow the Sage to register with the Nix Tribe!" Goves shouted loudly at this moment.

Emmerich was surprised, having expected Goves to be the most resistant among them. His previous attitude suggested so, yet now he was helping to speak in Emmerich's favor. Emmerich looked at him in amazement.

The group was silent for a moment longer until someone asked, "Sage, you mentioned there are ways in this tribe to vent our hatred on Segestica people?"

"You'll find out after dinner," Emmerich teased, then said loudly, "Since no one has any objections, let's speed up and move forward."

There was no response, but they continued following Emmerich's lead, crossing through the fields to the Kupa River, where the silence broke upon stepping onto the wooden bridge: "Was this bridge really built by the Nix Tribe?! ... Ah?! Really?! A wooden bridge this large in less than a month!"

"... What? Not just this one! There's another bridge at the Snowdonia Village?! The Nix is truly impressive!"

"Indeed! My former tribe lived by the Sava River for years, and no tribe ever built a bridge, not even a pontoon bridge; crossing meant taking a boat which was very inconvenient."

"Not to mention on the Dev River, my tribe was by the Sava, which is narrower than the Delaware, and still, no bridges were built."

"This Nix Tribe is truly unique!"

"Absolutely unique! Look at how long this bridge is! How wide! And so sturdy!"

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Everyone was amazed by the wooden bridge beneath them, looking around continuously. Some even jumped like children, stamping on the bridge, while others leaned over the railings, peering down...

Suddenly, someone pointed to the other side and exclaimed in surprise, "Look over there, what is that?!"

Following his finger, everyone saw a huge wooden disk spinning continuously on the water about a hundred meters beyond the opposite end of the bridge...

"That's a water wheel!" Emmerich answered.

Chapter 332: Gowes Enters the Nix Tribe (Continued)

"Water wheel?"

"Another amazing device made by the Nix Tribe, it can automatically transport the river water to the bank without manpower, and then through channels, it flows into the fields..."

"It can automatically transport water to the bank continuously?! If it really works like that, that would be wonderful! Carrying water every day to water the fields is very tiring!" A Skodisqi person was quite surprised.

The others also expressed the same astonishment. Having done years of farming work in the Segestica Tribe, they deeply understood the burden, so the function of the water wheel piqued their curiosity even more: "Let's go take a look!"

A group of people excitedly ran to the riverbank, and after seeing the water wheel, the excitement remained on their faces, leaving no trace of previous silence and hesitation.

Emmerich saw this and couldn't help but sigh in his heart: Not only were they amazed, even he, who had some understanding of the outside world through learning in his early years, was attracted by the Nix Tribe's continuous creation of strange things, and gradually recognized this tribe more and more.

Apart from some additional houses, there wasn't much change in the Westeni Village. Except for the guards on the wooden walls and the patrol teams within the village, most of the tribesmen had gone out to work in the fields, making the village seem a bit deserted.

Even though Emmerich joined the tribe later, as the Deputy Officer of the Medical Department, he frequently visited the hospitals in the two villages over the past few months, so most of the tribesmen recognized him.

With him leading the group, they walked unhindered in the village, and when they encountered patrolling soldiers, they proactively greeted him, making Gowes and others realize that this Druid Sage likely held a high position in the Nix Tribe. A mere outsider who joined the tribe a few months ago could be entrusted with such a role and genuinely accepted by the tribesmen. Although this was due to Emmerich's personal abilities, it also showed the Nix Tribe's tolerant and open attitude toward outsiders, which reassured them greatly.

Emmerich arrived at the agricultural department courtyard of Westeni, where a line of carriages was parked at the gate.

Thankfully, they hadn't left!... Emmerich felt a rush of joy and quickly walked over to find the leader of these carriages—the transport team leader Bojitalas (Seksepis's trusted aide, the original transport team leader).

"Hey, Lalala, when are you going back?" Emmerich asked.

"Today, we just finished handing over the wheat seeds with the Agricultural Department and are about to leave. Do you want to ride back with us?" Bojitalas asked with a friendly face.

"Thank you." Emmerich didn't refuse, and pointed behind him, saying, "Can they ride as well? They are Skodisqi people who just escaped from Segestica and want to join our Nix Tribe."

Seated on the carriage, Bojitalas stood up, glanced over Emmerich's team behind him, looking at the weary faces, some supported by companions... he nodded and said, "No problem, let them all get on the carriages, a few on each cart, they should all fit."

"Thank you! Thanks a lot!" Emmerich said repeatedly.

"We are all one family, no need to be polite." Bojitalas waved his hand, reminding them: "Be careful when you get on, and let me know when everyone is seated, so we can set off."

"Okay."

After a while, the transport team left the village and took the dirt road leading to Snowdonia.

Bojitalas, driving the ox cart, was at the front, with Emmerich sitting right behind him.

It had been drizzling for the past few days, making the road muddy and bumpy. Despite the ox cart moving slowly and steadily, the jolts were still quite significant.

"By the end of today's trip, I'm afraid several carts will need repairs again," Bojitalas complained a bit, "This road is already bad, and it gets worse with the constant spring rain. I've heard that in April, there still won't be less rain here, I wonder if this road can still be passable then!"

We should really repair this road, even if it's not as good as the Roman Road, at least it should be like the town roads between Italian towns. Only then would travel and transport between the two places become more convenient.

Actually, Capito already suggested road repairs in the Political Affairs Hall, but the Agricultural Department hoped to repair the Kupa River embankment first. I heard that the heads of various departments have been debating whether to repair the road or the embankment for several days, but nothing is decided yet. Emmerich, what do you think? Shouldn't we repair the road first?"

Emmerich sensed that Bojitalas wasn't just asking casually; he was likely seeking support from him, knowing that Emmerich, as an advisor to the Political Affairs Hall, could attend such important meetings of the tribe and propose suggestions.

Having spent a few months in the Nix Tribe and attended many meetings of the Political Affairs Hall, Emmerich had gained some political awareness, understanding he shouldn't make statements lightly. So he replied tactfully, "Whether to repair the road or the embankment first, it won't matter even if it's decided now because there aren't enough spare hands in the tribe to do it.

Everyone is focusing their efforts on farming and building our village. The wood, cement, stone bricks, and other materials they gather are all used there... Once these tasks are done and we have enough

manpower and sufficient materials, actually, road repairs and embankment repairs can proceed simultaneously."

"What you said makes some sense too." Bojitalas tapped his back with a whip handle, sighed, and said, "But when will that happen!"

Emmerich didn't respond directly, instead quickly changing the topic: "After delivering the wheat seeds today, will you be doing more deliveries tomorrow?"

"We've been delivering for three days already, the Agricultural Department said it's about enough here, no need for more deliveries for now. I heard we consumed a lot of wheat in this seeding, and we're a bit short on food. Volenus proposed in the Political Affairs Hall to exchange 500 Pannonia captives for more food from the Segestica Tribe. Is that true?"

Emmerich had participated in that particular meeting of the Political Affairs Hall, so he didn't deny and said, "Volenus indeed proposed that, but after discussion, it wasn't accepted because everyone felt that with spring coming, there would be more beasts in the mountains and forests, more fish in the rivers, plus we can buy some food from the Aldeans, we should be able to last until the autumn harvest..."

"That's the way it should be!" Bojitalas gently swung his cow whip, happily saying, "Last year we worked hard to defeat the Segestica people, captured so many of them, forcing them to seek peace with us. If we were to return some captives now, wouldn't it help them regain their strength more quickly, and then come back to trouble us!

Besides, the last time we returned some captives, the Pannonia Reserve Tribe Members found out, which caused quite a stir, and the tribe had to execute a few escapees to settle matters down. So yes, using captives to trade for food shouldn't be done again, better to endure a little longer, endure until the autumn harvest solves everything."

Emmerich gave an "hmm," not wanting to discuss the matter further, so he asked, "After the wheat seed deliveries are done here, will you be transporting iron ore from the Alde Tribe?"

"Yes, the Iron Workshop is about to be completed, and they say they want to start intensifying iron smelting soon, so we need to transport more iron ore for reserves. Also, the tribe needs a lot of the cement produced by the lime kilns, and their demand for iron ore is increasing as well, so our transport

team will only get busier. We won't have any spare time at all! But that's a good thing, shows that our transport team is important, indispensable to the tribe, don't you think, hahahaha..."

"Yes, every workshop and every team established in our tribe is very important. It's really due to everyone's efforts that our tribe is developing so quickly..." Emmerich sincerely said.

While driving the carriage, Bojitalas chatted with Emmerich, and as the carriage convoy rounded a perpendicular river bend, the scenery alongside changed: the number of people working in the fields noticeably increased, starkly contrasting with the cold scene in the Westeni fields, this place was bustling. Each plot, encircled with wooden poles, had hundreds of people diligently working; there were also armored soldiers moving through the fields, shouting loudly, seemingly urging something, and on the edge of the fields, people holding wooden boards and pens were observing and recording something...

"The Sage was right, there are quite a few of our tribesmen working in the fields!" a Skodisqi person sitting on the carriage gazing at the fields happily remarked.

"Look over there, those are all Pannonians!" someone shouted.

For those from the former rebel army, if not looked at closely, they might think the Pannonians and the Skodisqi people looked somewhat similar, making it hard to distinguish at a glance. But for the Skodisqi people, who bore deep resentment towards their enemies, they could recognize them at first sight, even if from afar, even if they had their heads lowered or their bodies turned to the side.

These Pannonians were noticeably fewer in number compared to the Skodisqi in the fields. The fields they tilled were some distance away from where the Skodisqi people worked, with even a small squad of fully armed soldiers patrolling between the two. Perhaps due to these reasons, both sides were burying themselves in their hard work, not hurling abuses, arguments, or even getting physical, thus showing a quiet and peaceful scene.

Though Emmerich had given prior warnings, the Skodisqi people on the carriages still felt indignant, one disregarding the presence of strangers, angrily said, "Damn it! Have these guys really forgotten the hatred and made friends with our enemies?"

"Pannonians and Skodisqi people becoming friends? That's impossible!" The driver laughed heartily, interjecting, "Previously, fights and brawls between the two were frequent, but later they were suppressed by various punishments from the tribe."

Gowes was stirred, and asked, "What punishments does the Nix Tribe have for their fights and skirmishes?"

Chapter 333: Nix Agricultural Department

The old coachman happened to be an Illyrian, so there was not much communication barrier. Out of concern for these people who were about to become reserve tribe members, he explained seriously, "Initially, according to the tribe's decree, punishment was meted out to those involved in brawls, usually in the form of public caning.

However, this decree didn't have much effect. The hatred between both sides was too deep, and the fights did not decrease. Later, the leader specifically formulated a law for them: those who initiated conflicts would have their food supply reduced, leaving them hungry, and they would also have to complete more work. Most importantly, their time to become official tribe members would be extended...

I remember once there was a severe conflict, which seemed to result in one death and five or six serious injuries, shocking the whole tribe. In anger, the leader ordered the Legal Department to capture the main offenders and publicly sentence them to beheading. After this, the brawls decreased but still occurred...

It wasn't until the leader invented the olive ball game and stipulated that if anyone from these two tribes caused trouble, their entire ten-man team would be banned from playing olive ball forever. This finally kept the Pannonians and Skodisqi people from causing more trouble..."

"Excuse me, what is this olive ball?!" Not only Gowes, but other Skodisqi in the carriage were also very curious: "This olive ball can actually suppress the hatred in tribespeople's hearts!"

"Haha, you'll find out after dinner... Although it's said that the leader invented this olive ball game specifically for your two tribes, all of us in the Nix Tribe love it too!" The mention of the olive ball brought an obsessed look to the coachman's face.

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After constant jolting, the group finally arrived at Snowdonia.

Gowes had previously come here with the Segestica Army and was surprised to find that the place had completely changed in just a few months: the wooden walls were gone, more houses had been built, and the entire residential area had expanded considerably...

Emmerich led the tribespeople through a patrol's inspection and into the village, turning a few streets until they arrived at a courtyard.

Above the courtyard gate hung a wooden plaque with a few words carved on it, but unfortunately, Gowes and the others were illiterate.

"This is the Agricultural Department of the Nix Tribe, responsible for managing the reserve tribe members." Emmerich explained briefly, then gestured for everyone to follow.

The courtyard was already crowded with people, and it was noisy.

"Hey, don't come in, there are already too many people in here, wait outside—" someone came over, blocking their way, but changed their tune immediately: "Oh, it's you, Emmerich! Here to help your tribespeople register again?"

"Yes." Emmerich replied with a smile, then pointed at those standing in the courtyard and curiously asked, "Why are there so many Aldeans today?"

"You don't know? For the past few days, more and more Aldeans have been coming here every day. Rumor has it that our tribe plans to hire them for work, and this news has spread in some Aldean tribes. They've also heard from the Aldean people already working here that our attitude towards them is very friendly, and the food is better than theirs, so—" the person shrugged: "I guess there will be even more Aldeans coming here, we'll be really busy!" Although it seemed like a complaint, the tone revealed excitement.

"I'll try to expedite the registration for my tribespeople to avoid the courtyard getting too crowded, disturbing your work." Emmerich said.

"No need to rush, isn't the courtyard being crowded a sign that our Agricultural Department is the busiest department in the tribe?" Amid the jokes, Emmerich led the tribespeople through the courtyard with difficulty and knocked on the door of a building.

"Come in!"

Emmerich pushed open the door, took two steps inside, and stopped, because wooden railings had been built in front and on both sides, making it impossible to go further.

The room was not small, but it was filled with two-person tall wooden shelves, with a large number of papyrus and wooden boards sorted and arranged on them, some even piled on the ground...

Only a little space remained behind the wooden railing at the entrance, where stood a wooden table, and behind it sat a person named Cseni. He was of Celtic descent but grew up as a slave in a wealthy merchant's family in Pompeii, so he learned to write before joining Maximus' rebellion army and now became a subordinate in the Nix Tribe's Agricultural Department.

He had been resting his eyes when he heard the door open, saw who had come, and immediately perked up: "Emmerich, haven't seen you for a few days, are you here for registrations again today?!"

"Yes."

"Great! You wouldn't believe how bored I've been the past few days." Cseni bent down, took out something from beneath the wooden table, and gently placed it on top, then asked, "Are the people you brought this time all your Skodisqi tribespeople again? How many are there?"

"Seventy-three, all from Segestica," Emmerich said, then suddenly noted something unusual on the table and immediately moved closer to take a closer look.

"From Segestica?!" Cseni was a bit surprised: "Ever since we ceased hostilities with the Segestica people, the Skodisqi people who voluntarily fled to join us have always been coming from Brochi, and this is the first time they've come from Segestica, and with so many. Did something happen over there? ... Emmerich... Emmerich!"

Emmerich didn't respond, entirely focused on the object on the table: it was a thick register book used for recording new tribe members.

Having frequently brought tribespeople for registration, Emmerich was well-acquainted with the process. Initially, the Agricultural Department used registers made from papyrus, but when the papyrus ran out, they switched to thin wooden boards, which were used for several months. Now they had suddenly switched to this 'paper.'

The paper was quite different from papyrus; it didn't have crisscrossing lines from being pressed together, nor did it have the natural yellow-green tint from being plant-based. Instead, it was grayish-white in color, each sheet appearing naturally whole, without signs of artificial assembly. While the paper had some speckles and holes, making it feel a bit uneven to the touch, it had good tensile strength and thickness. Pulling it lightly, it seemed quite sturdy...

"Hey, hey, be gentle, don't tear it!" Cseni quickly cautioned.

"This is paper made by the Paper Making Workshop, right?" Emmerich asked excitedly, touching the register.

"That's right." Cseni quickly took the register back from Emmerich's hands: "Two days ago, the Public Works Department sent us some paper, saying it was freshly made by the Paper Making Workshop. They wanted us to try it out for a while and give feedback so that the workshop could further improve and produce better paper."

"How did you find it after using it?" Emmerich eagerly inquired.

"It's excellent! Writing is smooth, the ink is clear, and the paper absorbs ink quickly without smudging onto your hands. Most importantly, we no longer need to worry about running out of paper. I hear the materials for making it are easy to obtain..." He couldn't stop praising it, his eyes filled with anticipation:

"I think this paper is already great, but the Public Works Department doesn't seem satisfied yet. I can't imagine what paper that satisfies them will look like!"

Emmerich, enticed by the description, reached out: "These days, I've been experimenting with some herbs following the leader's suggestions. I need paper to record results and study closely what effects each herb specifically has on patients. Cseni, you must lend me a few sheets now, and I'll return them later after requesting paper from the leader."

Cseni, having a good relationship with Emmerich, and especially since Emmerich had mentioned the leader, couldn't refuse. Reluctantly, he pulled out a few sheets of paper from beneath the table. After having Emmerich write a note for borrowing, he handed them over.

After being delayed by the matter of the paper, Cseni then hastened to register Goves and the others.

Cseni had handled these affairs while following Volenus in the rebellion army and naturally became a subordinate in the Agricultural Department, where, because he was Celtic and spoke native language, the Skodisqi people could understand him, he was responsible for reserve tribe matters. Over time, he had become quick in handling registrations.

Emmerich called the tribespeople in one by one, while Cseni asked for their names, ages, genders, races, original places of residence, previous occupations, other skills...

Emmerich assisted on the side, and Cseni briefly recorded the information gathered. After reaffirming that each person sincerely wished to join the Nix Tribe and was willing to abide by all its decrees, he had them press their handprints on the registration paper, then gave each one a small wooden tag with an Arabic number engraved on it — this was their identification number as a Nix Tribe reserve tribe member.

Once everyone had finished registering, Emmerich led the tribespeople out of the Agricultural Department. Seeing someone tossing a wooden tag up and down playfully, he quickly reminded, "This wooden tag is your proof of identity as reserve tribe members of the Nix Tribe. You'll need it to receive food and supplies; make sure to keep it safe! If it gets damaged or lost, it'll take time to get a replacement, and going without food for a day or two will be quite uncomfortable for you."

Gowes looked at the wooden tag and said dismissively, "Sage, you've made this wooden piece out to be so important, but it looks quite simple in its making. Even if it gets damaged, I could make another one myself."

Chapter 334: Nix Finance Department

"In fact, if your wooden token is damaged, making a new one yourself isn't a big problem, as long as you carve the exact same number from the original token onto the new one. This number corresponds to the information recorded when you registered with the Agricultural Department.

However, if you forge any other number and once it's suspected, compared against the records of the Agricultural Department, proving you are not who the record says you are, you will have violated the tribe's decree and will face severe punishment!"

Emmerich's warning made many quickly put their wooden tokens close to their bodies, and some looked at the numbers on the tokens repeatedly, feeling that these strange symbols were filled with mystery.

Emmerich led them to the Civil Affairs Department courtyard next door for registration.

The registration room was similar to the Agricultural Department, with rows of wooden shelves piled with papyrus and wood boards. The Civil Affairs Bureau also used the newly made paper.

However, the registration process was relatively simple. A subordinate just wrote down Gowes's name, his Reserve Tribe Member number, and the registration date, then solemnly said: "Gowes, you joined the tribe and became a Reserve Tribe Member on March 5th, the second year of the Nix Tribe's establishment. Please remember this day well.

If all goes well, in three years' time, you will become an Official Tribe Member of the Nix Tribe, owning 50 acres of land! Of course, if during these three years, you make significant contributions to the tribe and earn rewards, shortening the time for you to become an Official Tribe Member, you would return here to register again!

Work hard, Gowes, I hope you can soon become one of our Official Tribe Members! Come, put your handprint here first!"

The Civil Affairs Bureau subordinate's words were very encouraging. After hearing Emmerich's translation, Gowes couldn't help but become serious. He dipped his finger in some ink, took a deep breath, and pressed his handprint firmly on the paper.

When everyone finished registering and came out of the Civil Affairs Department courtyard, most people's spirits had noticeably changed from before because hope for the future had been planted in their hearts.

After leaving the Civil Affairs Department, Emmerich took them into the Finance Department's courtyard. They were no longer received by department subordinates, but by Chief Officer Gaius, who greeted them with a smile: "Emmerich, you've come here today to receive supplies for your new Skodisqi compatriots, right?"

"Yes, there are seventy-three in total. They've completed the registration at the Agricultural Department and Civil Affairs Department successively and received their tokens."

"Then follow me, you're here at the perfect time. The Pottery Workshop opened several kilns these days, producing a large batch of pots and bowls, so your new compatriots won't have to receive rudimentary wooden bowls and cups anymore."

"That's great! Are there any linen sheets?"

"Unfortunately, there aren't any... No way around it, the Aldeans grow too little flax, barely enough for themselves, and they're unwilling to sell it to us. Pigeris has already suggested in a meeting, 'allowing tribe members to offset some of their land taxes by submitting flax,' hoping to encourage tribe members to plant flax. I believe by next year our Weaving Workshop will use flax to weave cloth. For now, they can only collect a small amount of wool, and the woven blankets are quite valuable and cannot be given to Reserve Tribe Members..."

However, you don't need to worry too much. It's spring now, the nights aren't that cold, and with hearths, you can sleep well without a sheet."

"You're right." Emmerich replied and casually asked, "Gaius, every time you lead the way personally, why don't you let one of your subordinates do this simple task?"

"They're busy! Since we settled here, we've been building various facilities, constantly receiving new materials such as wood, stone bricks, and cement into the warehouse, and constantly sending out materials for consumption. My subordinates are busy recording and verifying these materials every day, fearful of making mistakes!

Now that the market has opened, we also have to verify the commerce tax records sent by the Commerce Department daily, keeping us extremely busy. I'm the only one with a bit of free time, so..." Gaius shrugged, looking rather helpless.

From Emmerich and Gaius's frequent interactions, it seemed that this Chief Officer of the Finance Department was a considerate and hardworking superior, though Emmerich also heard others say that Gaius was perfunctory and indifferent to his work when in Italy and was not favored by the leader. His current diligence was to make up for past mistakes.

Of course, Emmerich was not foolish enough to share this view with Gaius. He was curious and asked, "I've been busy in the hospital recently and wonder what things can be bought at the market now?"

"The first things sold in the market were various furniture made by the Furniture Workshop. Subsequently, the Weaving Workshop put various straw shoes, baskets, and bags made of reeds and straw for sale, along with a few woven wool blankets and cloths. Now, the Pottery Workshop is also selling its products in the market... These items are very cheap, so many tribesmen go to the market to buy things. It's getting quite lively there; you should really check it out!"

"Is everyone still buying on credit notes?"

"Of course, everyone has no money now and can only write credit notes, paying back with grain after the autumn harvest. However, these credit notes are increasing, and we, the Finance Department, are responsible for them, which is very exhausting!"

"Indeed, every department has it tough now." Emmerich sighed, "But on the flip side, it's also a great thing! It shows our tribe is vibrant and developing rapidly!"

"Ha ha, you're absolutely right!"

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The two continued chatting as they walked and soon reached their destination.

This place was once where the Segestica people stored war materials, and has now become the warehouse area of the Finance Department. Because of this, a simple wooden fence was built around it, with soldiers guarding the perimeter. The central area of the warehouse used to be a large open space, but now it's full of timber piles. There are four tall, long storerooms around it.

Gaius led them to the outermost storeroom, whose door was open with a long wooden table blocking the entrance. A person sat behind it, stood up to greet Gaius as he approached.

"Arisacus, another batch of Reserve Tribe Members have come today. Please help them collect their supplies."

"Sure." Arisacus glanced at Gowes and the others, then entered the storeroom, laboriously pushing out a large wooden basket filled with pots, followed by another basket filled with bowls.

Meanwhile, Emmerich had already lined up the tribesmen, with Gowes standing at the front of the line.

After pushing out a basket of straw shoes, Arisacus returned to his seat and said in halting Illyrian, "Give me your token."

Gowes complied.

Arisacus examined the token carefully and, after confirming the other person's name, wrote down the name and number on a piece of paper, then took a pair of straw shoes and a wooden spoon, along with a pot and a bowl, placing them on the table.

Then he said, "These are the items issued to you Reserve Tribe Members by the tribe. Check them well for any issues. If there aren't any, put your handprint on the paper."

This Nix Tribe actually gives supplies... Goves was a bit taken aback as he looked at the items on the table: although the shoes were woven from straw, they were finely made; the pot and bowl gleamed black and smooth to the touch, with no obvious flaws. The pottery walls were thick, feeling heavy when held... clearly not crudely made cheap goods.

"This pottery looks pretty good!" Emmerich's praise sounded in his ear.

"Of course." Gaius picked up the conversation, complimenting, "Don't be fooled by the fact that the Pottery Workshop was established not long ago; these potters are making pottery here for the first time, but they're the best potters from Sarabia. Otherwise, we wouldn't have brought them here.

When they delivered the pottery, they specifically mentioned that the soil here was suitable for making black pottery. They still need some time to explore further to create better pottery.

Since the tribe is in urgent need of pottery now, they have to make it quickly to meet the tribesmen's needs. Later, when there's more time, they will let the bottle painters paint patterns on the pottery blanks for firing, creating real pottery art...

The pottery they sent is relatively simple; the truly beautiful and complex pottery has been sent to the market to sell. We've strictly reviewed the pottery sent here, sending back any with chips or cracks, so you can be completely assured."

Having been slaves in the Pannonian Tribe for more than a decade, these Skodisqi people always worked barefoot and ate communally using a single spoon from a pot. Now that they owned their shoes and utensils, they felt quite moved.

Someone immediately put on the straw shoes, walking back and forth in front of the storeroom, continuously saying, "So comfortable, so comfortable!"

Only Goves remained silent.

Emmerich noticed and walked over to say softly, "How is it? The Nix Tribe treats its Reserve Tribe Members fairly well, right?"

Gowes hesitated a moment and said, "...They just want us to work hard."

Emmerich said no more, took his leave from Gaius, and concernedly asked the tribesmen, "Are you tired?"

"Not tired! Not tired!" The tribesmen, still excited after receiving their goods, all shook their heads.

"Originally, I should have taken you to the Reserve Tribe Members' residential area, but many of you are injured, and I see some injuries are quite severe, so we must treat you immediately. Therefore, I'll take you to the hospital first."

"Sage, will you treat our wounds?"

"Sage, what is a hospital?"

...

The tribesmen asked in succession.

"Follow me, you'll find out soon." Emmerich didn't want to waste time explaining further and quickly led them to a relatively large courtyard.

Chapter 335: Nix Tribe Hospital

Just after entering the courtyard, a woman in a linen robe approached, respectfully greeting Emmerich.

Emmerich smiled back at her and pointed to his tribesmen, saying, "They are all reserve tribe members who joined today. On their way here, they fought multiple battles with the Segestica people, and some were injured. I want to take them to the medical area for a thorough check-up."

The woman nodded and said, "The treatment area is currently not busy, you can take them there directly... Oh, by the way, Nexia is also there, you should manage your people well!"

Nexia is also there!... Emmerich's heart skipped a beat. He quickly turned back to remind his tribesmen entering the courtyard to maintain order.

In fact, after Nexia married Maximus, she continued working in the Medical Department as usual and didn't think herself more noble. The doctors and nurses, having known her for a long time, didn't change their attitude toward her; it was just that others showed her more respect because of her status as the leader's wife.

The hospital in Snowdonia is divided into three parts: the consultation area, the treatment area, and the wards, with the wards mainly located in another building.

Bringing his tribesmen to the front of the treatment area, Emmerich once again reminded them to line up and keep quiet, then he went in first.

Sure enough, he found Nexia in the courtyard of the treatment area, chatting happily with Florist Luscia, complete with light-hearted laughter from Florist Luscia.

Emmerich felt happy; after months of recuperation in the hospital, Florist Luscia's condition had improved and she'd developed an interest in medicine. With Leader Maximus's approval, she stayed in the hospital working as a nurse while learning medical skills... It seemed she had freed herself from her nightmarish past and become cheerful.

"Sage!" Florist Luscia, being sharp-eyed, noticed Emmerich first and waved to him.

"Child, you look very well!" Emmerich smiled kindly and then bowed to Nexia, "Madam!"

"Emmerich, you've come here too — now there's no one left in the Medical Department!" Nexia also smiled, half-jokingly yet sincerely.

"I received an order from the leader to go to the border of Westeni to meet a group of my tribesmen who fled from the Segetisca Territory and brought them to register as reserve tribe members in our tribe. However, many of them were injured, so I brought them to the hospital—"

Before Emmerich could finish his sentence, Nexia eagerly said, "Then why are you hesitating? Quickly call them all in! I came here because there's nothing to do in the Medical Department, and I wanted to help out. I didn't expect there to be so few patients lately. Even the reserve tribe members who often got injured during rugby games haven't been coming in these past few days. I was just thinking of going to the wards to find something to do, and now you've come, so there will be something to keep me busy."

Smiling broadly, Nexia turned to head further inside the treatment area, calling out loudly, "Stodis, Tui Liyas, Luxina, Milia... everyone get ready, a large number of patients are coming!..."

Instantly, a cacophony of hurried footsteps echoed from within the treatment area.

"The madam told me she still enjoys being a head nurse like before, doing specific tasks..." Florist Luscia said quietly, watching Nexia who was invigorated.

"Oh..." Emmerich responded casually, then asked, half-intentionally, "It seems you get along well with the madam?"

"Yes, the madam has always taken good care of me! Just like... just like my sister..." Florist Luscia's voice trembled slightly, revealing undisguised admiration in her eyes.

Emmerich's heart stirred, and he fell into contemplation watching the doctors and nurses flood into the hall...

...

After examination and treatment by the doctors and nurses, eleven Skodisqi individuals with either serious injuries or other diagnosed illnesses were hospitalized for further treatment. The rest had their wounds cleaned, medicated, and bandaged with clean linen.

Thus, on the way to the lodging area, the group started chattering, eager to share their experiences in the hospital: "When you first said we were going for treatment, Sage, I thought we were going to pray in the Holy Forest, and then you'd apply mashed herbs for us..."

Didn't expect it to be this complex. First, we stripped naked for examination, then had our wounds cleaned, followed by dressing with herbs and bandages..."

"Hey, you know, the woman who cleaned and bandaged my wound was especially nice. Her movements were very gentle. When I groaned a little, she promptly asked, 'Where does it hurt? Was I too heavy-handed while cleaning?' ... I didn't want to trouble her further, so I held my breath and didn't utter another sound."

"It's not just the woman treating you who was good, the one taking care of me was great too! My leg wound was from being stabbed by an enemy's long spear and was quite deep. Any strength used while walking hurt, but during her treatment, I didn't feel any pain at all, and now walking is much more comfortable! The Nix tribe's medical skills are really superb, especially letting women do the healing... hahaha, it's a truly wonderful idea!"

"I think the Nix tribe is not only skilled in medicine but genuinely treats us sincerely! You guys might not know, but the woman who started treating my wound was a fellow tribeswoman and a novice. She wasn't very experienced, but the woman guiding her from the side, do you know who it was?"

"How could we know?"

"Later, Sage quietly told me it was the wife of the Nix tribe's leader!"

"Really?!"

"No way?!"

"How could it be!"

"It's true!" Emmerich interjected, "She is Nexia, Leader Maximus's only wife. She used to be the head nurse of the hospital, not only managing the nurses well but also being highly skilled in treating wounds. Everyone in the tribe respects her!"

The tribesmen's doubts vanished, replaced with expressions of incredulity.

The tribesman who spoke earlier proudly continued, "You wouldn't know, but because the multiple wounds on my back were large and the novice woman struggled, that leader's wife personally stepped in and quickly bandaged me up. Now I feel no pain at all!"

"Is that leader's wife the tall, good-looking one who likes standing with her right hand on her hip?"

"That's right."

"When I was receiving treatment, she was standing by guiding, though she didn't personally step in. But the woman bandaging me was also a fellow female tribeswoman and quite pretty. She was a bit shy, didn't speak much, but looked so familiar to me..."

"You just think she's pretty, so you say she looks familiar, definitely with ulterior motives!"

"I saw that woman too, young and pretty, indeed familiar-looking. I wanted to ask her, but unfortunately, she didn't bandage me."

"You indeed should be familiar with that girl!" Emmerich spoke again, his gaze deep as he looked at them, "She is Florist Lusia, the daughter of Great Chief Hamsted!"

"What?!... Really?!!..." Everyone was shocked: "Florist Lusia is still alive?!!"

Emmerich spoke gravely, "Back when we were defeated, Great Chief Hamsted's entire family was killed by Segestica people; only young Florist Lusia survived and became a slave, growing up in difficulty within Segestica's main house until she was later sent to Wallis by Andres—"

"Ah! That vicious guy!"

"When the Nix tribe conquered this village, Florist Luscia was injured by Wallis and recovered only due to the Nixes' attentive treatment—" Emmerich was speaking when he noticed some tribesmen suddenly turn and head back. He immediately questioned, "What are you doing?!"

The lead figure, Gowes, confidently replied, "We are going to see Florist Luscia; she is the only bloodline of Great Chief Hamsted! She will become our—"

"No! She is nothing of the sort! She is just an ordinary child who suffered greatly among the Segestica people, causing her severe trauma!

Do you think others who joined the Nix tribe before you didn't know she is Hamsted's daughter? They knew! They also greeted her respectfully like you, resulting in her being terrified and unwilling to come out for days...

Out of respect for Great Chief Hamsted, I, as the Druid, implore you not to disturb her and allow her to live in peace. Otherwise, Great Chief Hamsted's sole bloodline might return to nature's embrace in terror and unease!" Emmerich earnestly warned them.

Gowes and the others hesitated for a long moment before eventually rejoining their group, which became silent.

However, the unease in each of their hearts dissipated because, after all, they had personally experienced the Nix tribesmen's kindness, and here lived the only bloodline of their former Great Chief...

The group arrived at the reserve tribe members' lodging. There were no wooden fences or walls because the area was extensive, with over a hundred long, barrack-style houses neatly arranged...

Gowes had visited here once before with the Segestica army. He and his companions had once slept under a few wooden posts, beneath a simple canopy, crowded together, unable to shield from the wind and rain, much less the cold. These were the harsh living conditions for Skodisqi slaves, and now, it was totally different.

Emmerich arrived in front of a house.