

I am a Primitive Man

Chapter 10: But other tribes raided the orchard

After Shaman's tireless teaching during this period, Han Cheng has already understood many of the words spoken in the tribe.

After a moment of silence, the senior brother finally started to speak, explaining through speech and gestures, and Han Cheng understood what had happened to them.

Not far from the cave is a considerable orchard, a place the tribe discovered long ago and had been harvesting for many years.

Although it's wild, it has long been considered the tribe's property and an essential one.

This year, most of the fruits in the cave come from there.

However, today, a group from another tribe arrived from an unknown place.

They immediately occupied the orchard and rudely expelled the senior brother and his group.

Naturally, the senior brother couldn't tolerate such an infuriating act. After a brief exchange of words, the situation escalated into a physical conflict.

However, this conflict still carried some rationality; neither side used weapons, engaging in bare-handed combat.

The result of the battle was obvious.

The senior brother, along with the defeated tribe members, left the orchard. Even the fruits they had picked earlier were not allowed to be taken by the people from the other tribe.

"#\$%"

The senior brother, feeling both ashamed and angry, spoke with excitement. At the end of his words, he angrily pounded his chest twice, flipped from the ground, and prepared to take his people back to the orchard for another fight.

"\$#^&*%^\$"

Shaman stopped the senior brother, pulled him back, looked at him, shook his head slowly, and prevented him from going.

The angry senior brother fell silent. He understood Shaman's meaning. They had already suffered defeat once, and going again might only harm their people more.

Half-pressed by Shaman, he sat back on the ground, looking dejected.

Others in the tribe looked at Shaman, waiting for him to devise a solution or suggestion.

Shaman's expression looked somewhat serious as he squatted there, thinking.

After a while, he stood up, facing everyone, slowly saying, "%\$^%&*."

When interpreting the Shaman's gestures, Han Cheng understood what the Shaman meant.

Shaman suggested giving up the orchard and going elsewhere to pick fruits.

For the people in the tribe, this outcome was bitter, but they had no choice. With inferior strength, they had to accept the reality of losing the orchard.

After some silence, the senior brother raised his head, spoke a few words to Shaman, and then left with his people.

Shaman did not stop them this time, as the senior brother and his group were not returning to the orchard but going elsewhere to find wild fruits.

At this time, it was still early, with almost half a day left. After losing the stable food source in the orchard, the senior brother didn't want to waste any time.

The little primitive people in the cave, after the initial silence and the departure of the adults, quickly started playing and frolicking again.

Being young, they didn't quite understand what had happened or how it would affect their tribe.

In their playful age, they couldn't comprehend the concerns that belonged to the adults.

Shaman returned to his dwelling and sat down not far from Han Cheng, his face full of contemplation.

Compared to when he was in front of everyone in the tribe earlier, he seemed much more worried now.

The incident in the tribe made Han Cheng's mood somewhat heavy.

The joy from discovering he could move and wouldn't live like a statue for the rest of his life had faded.

After spending time together, he developed a dependency and identification with this primitive tribe.

Unfortunately, he was completely static, incapable of helping with anything, even if he wanted to.

When it got dark, the senior brother and his group returned. Unlike the previous fruitful expeditions, only about half had fruits wrapped in animal skins this time. The rest returned empty-handed.

As the flames rose, the aroma of barbecue filled the cave. After a while, the eagerly anticipated dinner began.

Compared to the joyful meals of the past, the atmosphere at tonight's dinner was quite somber.

People were silently eating, with very few words spoken.

Han Cheng's mouth could move a bit now, and he could reluctantly chew on some things.

This unexpected discovery brought a smile to Shaman's face.

Late into the night, the fire in the cave dwindled, and one by one, people went to sleep. The cave was unusually quiet tonight, without the usual primitive songs.

Early the next morning, after breakfast, the senior brother took some hunting tools and animal-skin-wrapped fruits, leading the group out of the cave.

Because they needed to find fruits elsewhere, where they might encounter various dangers, unlike the familiar safety of the previous orchard, they carried many hunting tools for self-defense.

Around noon, the senior brother and his group returned. Each person in the group had fruits, bringing smiles to many faces that were previously silent.

After a short rest, the group set out again, leaving behind four female primitive people.

Han Cheng initially didn't understand why the senior brother arranged things this way.

It wasn't until near evening when they came back carrying seven or eight fish, that Han Cheng understood what was happening.

It turns out that the game they previously caught was not enough for tomorrow's meals, so the senior brother asked the four women to stay back and catch fish.

Today, the senior brother and his group brought back fruits three times. It seemed like a considerable amount, but Han Cheng compared and found that the fruits harvested in a day were not even half the previous day's.

Days passed like this, and autumn became increasingly pronounced. Although Han Cheng couldn't see the outside world, he could imagine the scene from the progressively cooler, even cold, temperatures.

He could now feel the temperature because two not-so-large scabs had fallen off his face, revealing some skin.

The gradual joy of his body recovering made Han Cheng ignore his somewhat legendary, thick-skinned, peeling state.

Now, Shaman didn't need to make the food mushy anymore. At this point, Han Cheng could chew on some things, albeit slower than Shaman. However, the joy of chewing was incomparable to consuming mushy food.

In the following days, the senior brother, who had enjoyed a hearty meal, took the people who had also eaten well to the orchard for another attempt to reclaim what belonged to them.

Unfortunately, they suffered defeat once again.

All they could do was continue to search far and wide for fruits.