

## Primitive 101

### Chapter 101: The Bamboo Craftsman and the Hand-Operated Drill

The experience of digging deep holes to plant wooden posts allowed Eldest Senior Brother and others to personally experience the usefulness of bone shovels.

Everyone was quite enthusiastic when the Divine Child mentioned starting the production of bone shovels. Despite their high spirits, the efficiency of bone shovel production did not improve much. The main issue wasn't the selection and grinding of bones; instead, it was the drilling of holes for threading and securing ropes in the bone shovel.

The current method for drilling holes involved selecting hard rocks, striking them to extract suitable thin pieces, and then processing these into rudimentary stone drills. These stone drills were used by hand to drill holes in the robust bone pieces.

Due to the extreme hardness of the bone pieces and the lack of sharpness in the stone drills, the process of drilling holes was slow and laborious. After extended periods of drilling, the fingers holding the stone drill would become sore, and wrists would tire, even for strong individuals like Eldest Senior Brother, Second Brother, and Shang, the leader of the Original Pig Tribe. They all had to take breaks intermittently.

Facing this situation, Han Cheng was also at a loss, unable to come up with a solution to the current predicament.

It was only when he suddenly remembered a small incident from his childhood. Bamboo craftsmen visited the village to create bamboo beds, tables, chairs, and other items. This memory unlocked the solution to their current problem.

Bamboo craftsmen were artisans who specialized in crafting various tools from bamboo, similar to carpenters, stonemasons, blacksmiths, and potters.

At that time, Han Cheng, like the other children in the village, was very curious about the process and often stood by, observing how they transformed bamboo into various exquisite and practical tools.

Among all these activities, Han Cheng was particularly intrigued by the tools the bamboo craftsmen used for drilling holes in bamboo.

Despite being a simple piece of equipment, the bamboo craftsmen used a half-cut bamboo piece, a long iron rod with one end sharpened and the other in a loop. Combining these elements created a hand-operated drill that could be rapidly rotated by pressing down on the bamboo.

Han Cheng vividly remembered the scene of the bamboo craftsmen using this simple hand-operated drill to bore holes in bamboo.

Upon recalling this incident, Han Cheng, elated, immediately started working on creating a primitive hand-operated drill. Since no iron rod was available, he used a sturdy wooden stick as a substitute.

Han Cheng found a robust stick, about the thickness of an adult's little finger and approximately 40 centimeters long. He cleared any small branches from one end and then used a simple stone knife from the tribe to split it open about 2-3 centimeters along its diameter.

This distance wasn't fixed but had to be determined based on the thickness and length of the upper part of the stone drill. The thicker and longer the upper part of the stone drill, the longer the split needed to be, and vice versa.

After splitting one end of the stick, the next step was to insert the upper part of the previously held stone drill into the opened section. After adjusting its position, the upper part was securely tied using rope grass. Then, a groove about 2-3 millimeters deep was carved into the top end of the stick using the stone knife.

It's important to note that this step differs from the previous one. Instead of splitting the stick from the middle, a groove was carved to prevent it from splitting. This completed the construction of the stone drill, where the drill shaft was made of wood, and the drill head was the original stone drill.

After completing these steps, another stick, approximately 30 centimeters long and 4 centimeters in diameter, was chosen and split in the middle. This wasn't difficult just place the stick vertically on the ground, press the stone knife's edge against the top end's middle, and use another stick to strike the back of the stone knife.

The split wooden stick generally won't veer off course as long as the stone knife doesn't tilt.

Using a wooden stick to strike the stone knife during the process is to avoid damaging the stone knife, as a collision between hard stones can cause damage. Using multiple soft wooden sticks for striking prevents such incidents.

After splitting the wood and thinning the ends with the stone knife, making it easier to grip, small grooves were carved at both ends for securing ropes later.

Once these steps were completed, a roughly one-meter-long rope was selected and twisted from three strands of rope grass. The middle of the rope was inserted into the groove at the head of the previously made drill, and then the rope was wound around the drill two turns in both clockwise and counterclockwise directions, securing the rope on the upper part of the drill.

Then, the prepared wooden piece was placed on the ground, pressed firmly with the foot, and the drill head was positioned in the center of the wood. One end of the rope was pulled outward while holding the other end, causing the drill to rotate rapidly due to inertia.

After pulling the rope and stopping the drill's rotation, inertia caused the rope to wind in the opposite direction, ready for the next rotation. By repeatedly pulling the rope, the drill continued to rotate, creating a magical sight of drilling holes in the wooden board without manual twisting.

This scene amazed the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, and they stopped their activities to gather and marvel at the miraculous demonstration. While the elderly members of the tribe were more composed due to their familiarity with the Divine Child's abilities, those who had joined from the Original Pig Tribe less than a month ago widened their eyes in astonishment, expressing admiration for his cleverness.

Using hands to pull the rope can indeed drill into objects, but drawbacks exist. The drill is prone to instability during drilling due to applied force, leading to holes that may deviate. Additionally, pulling the rope for an extended period can cause finger pain.

To address these issues, Han Cheng introduced the wooden piece. He removed the rope from the drill, passed the drill through the hole in the wooden board, placed the board about one-third down

the drill, and then secured the two ends with a rope. The middle of the rope remained in the groove at the upper part of the drill.

After fixing it in place, a fully functional hand-operated drill was created. Similar to the previous manual pulling method, the drill was turned twice, and then the drill head was pressed against the desired drilling location. Gripping both ends of the wooden piece, the rope wound around the drill would loosen, causing the drill to rotate.

In this way, a genuine hand-operated drill emerged. Although the drill head and drill were quite rudimentary, there was no denying that it was a traditional hand-operated drill.

Chapter 102: The Old and weak won against the Young and strong; The Next Shaman

Chirp chirp.

Chirp chirp.

Chirp chirp.

Shaman sat on a rock, bringing his legs together and lightly placing both feet on a well-polished bone to keep it from moving.

His hands gripped the ends of a hand-pressed drill on a wooden board, pressing down, lifting, pressing down again, and lifting. With his movements, the stone drill fixed on the drilling rod would rotate rapidly.

Then came the sound of "chirp chirp."

Underneath the stone drill, where the bone needed drilling, bone shavings were already accumulating, surrounding the stone drill.

While Shaman used the hand-pressed drill to bore holes, the strongest Elder Senior Brother crouched nearby. In one hand, he held a bone slab similar in thickness to the one under Shaman's feet; in the other, he held a stone drill, drilling away with all his might.

At first, relying on youthful strength, the Elder Senior Brother drilled faster than Shaman.

However, this high speed couldn't be sustained for too long. In less than two minutes, he had to slow down due to fatigue.

On the other hand, Shaman, the elderly man, maintained a calm and steady pace, pressing down on the wooden board with each deliberate motion.

"Kacha."

A subtle sound of something breaking came from the bone slab under Shaman's foot, and at the same time, the rotating hand-pressed drill got stuck.

This was the signal that the bone slab had been drilled through.

Carefully, Shaman retracted the hand-pressed drill and picked up the bone slab to examine it. A hole, rough on the outside and fine on the inside, appeared on the bone slab.

Shaman only needed to use a stone drill bit to smoothen the edges, and the hole in the bone would be finished.

After Shaman, with a slightly red face, put away the hand-pressed drill, the sweaty Elder Senior Brother also stopped his actions. He put down the stone drill and the bone, flexing his wrists and fingers, which had become sore and achy from drilling.

Shaman took the bone slab the Elder Senior Brother had put down, and the hole on it was only about one-third of the thickness of the bone.

This drilling competition ended with Shaman, the elderly and frail, prevailing over the young and strong Elder Senior Brother.

Moreover, Shaman, who had drilled one hole, could continue at the previous speed, while the Elder Senior Brother, without a break, would drill more slowly.

Without comparison, there is no harm, and it cannot reflect the difference between the primitive drilling method and the new hand-pressed drill created by Han Cheng.

At the current speed, one person using the hand-pressed drill could easily drill six or seven bone holes daily.

This means the drilling speed must be increased by at least three times. Indeed, it is necessary to develop new tools.

Having personally experienced the benefits of the hand-pressed drill, Shaman held one in his hand and another bone piece with a drilled hole, offering a respectful salute to Han Cheng and praising, "Divine Child."

Others who witnessed the wonders of the hand-pressed drill followed Shaman's lead, saluting the divine child and shouting with respect and excitement, "Divine Child."

Bowing and saluting the divine child had become a norm in the Green Sparrow tribe whenever something miraculous happened.

Shaman conducted another ritual, and the items used for the ceremony were the hand-pressed drill recently created by Han Cheng and the bone piece with a hole drilled using the same tool.

Before the arrival of the divine child, the Green Sparrow tribe rarely held rituals. Conducting three or four rituals from one spring to another was considered good enough. However, since the divine child arrived, the Shaman's frequency of conducting rituals began to increase rapidly.

Recording things was both a painful and joyful process for Shaman. Sometimes, he felt that frequent rituals might displease the heavenly gods. However, the magical creations of the divine child were too remarkable not to share with the gods. Thus, Shaman felt uneasy if he kept things from the gods.

By now, every time Han Cheng created something new, Shaman had to go through this conflicted mental process.

After the ritual, the manufacturing of the hand-pressed drill began on a large scale.

The production of the hand-pressed drill was not complicated. Han Cheng had previously made it in the presence of Lame and Hei Wa, and they had memorized the process. With their assistance, the Green Sparrow tribe had five additional hand-pressed drills in less than two days.

Children in the tribe were more interested in the newly created hand-pressed drills than the adults. They always sought the opportunity to experience firsthand the magical things created by the divine child, much like how Han Cheng had eagerly observed the bamboo craftsman in the past.

The introduction of the hand-pressed drill significantly increased bone shovel production speed. In just six or seven days, the Green Sparrow tribe had an additional fifteen or sixteen bone shovels.

Currently, the tribe's inventory of bone shovels has reached thirty-four.

Even though there would be a considerable amount of earthwork after spring, thirty-four bone shovels could not be used simultaneously. Han Cheng made so many to be prepared for various scenarios.

After all, the method of making bone shovels was primitive, and despite Han Cheng's careful consideration, they could not be as durable as modern iron shovels. Breakage during earthwork was inevitable.

With spare bone shovels, shovel damage would not affect the progress. The damaged shovels could be repaired during non-working hours.

Of course, the uses of the hand-pressed drill were not limited to making bone shovels. In the future, it will find applications in many other creations.

After a period of use, Han Cheng addressed issues that arose during the application and improved the hand-pressed drill.

The improvement involved the rope.

Though the rope woven from grass was strong, it was not abrasion-resistant. In continuous use, the grass rope tended to break. Han Cheng's improvement was to replace the grass-woven rope with one twisted from leather strips.

After the ritual, the people in the tribe were busy making hand-pressed drills, and Shaman wasted no time recording all these developments on the clay tablet in his cave.

Besides Han Cheng and the Elder Senior Brother, one more person could enter the inner cave: the underage Shi Tou.

Due to the multitude of miraculous creations by the divine child, even with a more usable clay tablet, the Shaman could not keep up with the pace. After some contemplation, he chose Stone, who had the best command of the divine script and language in the tribe, as his successor.

This decision would help reduce Shaman's workload and, secondly, considering Shaman's age, it was time to start grooming a successor.

In the beginning, Shaman considered Han Cheng his successor, envisioning him as the great and honorable shaman of the Green Sparrow tribe. However, these thoughts disappeared last winter when Han Cheng broke the ice and caught fish.

Chapter 103: The God's secret

The Shi Tou was very distressed. Since being chosen by the shaman as the successor and being groomed to become the next shaman, his distress began.

In fact, in the past, he had admired the shaman greatly. The shaman didn't need to go hunting or engage in other labor. When in a good mood, he could write and draw on the Shi Tou slabs inside the cave, communicate with the gods a few times a year with the tribe's people, and have more than enough good food.

Even the chief had to stand behind the shaman when receiving food.

However, after being chosen by the shaman and starting his training, he realized that things were far from as simple as he had thought.

His distress didn't come from helping the shaman record significant events in the tribe on clay tablets. As the one in the tribe who mastered the divine script the best, aside from the divine child, he was very willing to use the language of the gods to record various things created by the divine child. It was a kind of enjoyment for him.

His distress came from the words that the shaman mastered, passed down from the previous shaman, and those created by the shaman himself, as well as the various incomprehensible ritual languages and actions.

For the Shi Tou, who loved words, recognizing these symbols was already very uncomfortable. However, the shaman demanded recognition and the ability to write.

For the Shi Tou, this was the most painful thing.

He had already noticed that the shaman was unsure about the meanings of some of these symbols. But seeing the shaman's serious expression, the Shi Tou had to suppress his desire to ask about it.

The languages that the Shi Tou had never fully understood during the shaman's rituals were still unclear to him even when the shaman personally taught him. He didn't know what the shaman was teaching him meant.

When he asked the shaman, he refused to tell him, only insisting that he firmly remember. The shaman said that he could communicate with the gods once he firmly mastered these things.

Shi Tou had a strong yearning and fondness for the gods. This yearning and fondness did not come from the shaman's rituals but from the divine child, who was only slightly older than him.

The Shi Tou had witnessed all the magical things the divine child could do, and he longed to be as intelligent as the divine child, doing many things for the tribe and gaining the respect of the people.

So, after hearing the shaman say that mastering these things could communicate with the gods, the Shi Tou became excited and moved.

Even though he couldn't understand the meaning of what the shaman taught, and these words were extremely confusing, he still forcibly memorized them and quickly mastered them.

The speed was so fast that even the shaman teaching him was somewhat surprised. After the surprise came joy. He was delighted that he hadn't made a mistake; there was indeed a successor to the shaman in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

He was delighted, but the Shi Tou was not. This was because he had firmly memorized the words taught by the shaman for communicating with the gods, yet he had never seen the gods and heard them speak to him.

He expressed his distress to the shaman, and although the shaman felt something unusual, he earnestly told the Shi Tou that this was just the beginning of his learning, and he hadn't completely mastered everything yet.

When the Shi Tou asked if the shaman had ever communicated with the gods, the shaman confirmed it with a very affirmative tone.

While the Shi Tou was distressed and troubled by the gods' apparent indifference to him, the shaman's heart was not calm.

Because he seemed to have discovered some secrets about the gods.

His past self was so similar to the Shi Tou, and the answers he gave to the previous shaman were similar to those he gave to the Shi Tou.

The shaman confirmed that he had never successfully communicated with the gods in his long career of serving them. He had never received any instructions from the gods, let alone seen them.

If he could say this to the Shi Tou, would the previous shaman have said the same to his predecessor?

The shaman didn't dare to think further. This matter was a very troublesome one for him.

However, when the shaman saw the divine child, all doubts and hesitations disappeared from his mind.

If there were no gods, how could there be the various miracles displayed by the divine child? Only the gods could create such things.

Finally, the Shi Tou had had enough of the ancient words passed down by the shamans of previous generations.

Summoning courage, he suggested to the shaman to re-record everything recorded by the previous shamans in simple and understandable divine script.

After some contemplation, the shaman agreed to Shi Tou's proposal. Aside from worrying that the Shi Tou would be too busy and keep asking him about what constituted successfully mastering the method to communicate with the gods, the shaman also felt that the previous complicated and incomprehensible words were too complex compared to the simplicity of the divine script.

The Shi Tou hadn't guessed wrong. There were things depicted on those ancient Shi Tou slabs that even the shaman couldn't be sure about.

So, he agreed to Shi Tou's proposal.

In the past, even if the shaman had the idea of re-writing what the previous shamans had left behind using the simple divine script, he wouldn't have had the ability to do so. Just recording the innovations of the divine child had already overwhelmed him.

But now, with the Shi Tou being someone better at understanding the language and script of the gods than himself, the shaman didn't have to worry about this problem.

Han Cheng only learned about this after they started working on it for a while.

He naturally supported this obvious progress.

However, Shi Tou was uncomfortable because he still had to master those complex and incomprehensible words.

He got beaten, not because he always wanted to ask the shaman how to communicate with the gods, and not by the shaman or anyone in the tribe.

He was beaten by the deer inside the deer pen.

In his leisure time, following the shaman's learning, the Shi Tou, who would often go to the deer pen to watch the fawns nursing, finally couldn't resist the temptation of the large, long, soft, and delicious-looking things.

After befriending the mother deer and finding a moment when no one was around, the Shi Tou finally indulged in the long-desired delicacy.

Before he could come back to his senses from the warm touch and some fragrant aroma, the fawn, angered by someone stealing its meal, butted him on the buttocks and sent him tumbling into the mud.

#### Chapter 104: The Thief Who Stole Milk

Shi Tou is now somewhat afraid of meeting the most respected Divine Child.

This is obvious because anyone who secretly eats deer milk, got caught by a fawn, hastily escapes from the deer pen, and then realizes that the person they respect the most is standing outside, struggling to hold back laughter with a red face. One wants to meet that person for a short period.

After Han Cheng laughed, he felt a sudden inspiration in his mind.

In the modern world, the ones who drink the most milk are not calves but humans. So, he wondered if he could replicate this and make the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe drink the most deer milk rather than the fawns.

If successful, it would be a tremendous benefit, especially for the children and the elderly in the tribe.

After thinking about this, Han Cheng joined the ranks of the improper behavior toward the old Deer Lord's wife.

Of course, he wouldn't do it like that guy Shi Tou, who laid on the ground to suck the teat with his mouth. Han Cheng came prepared with a bowl.

The old Deer Lord was generous and didn't mind that the creature that often showed filial piety to him was now milking its wife. It had plenty of wives, and besides, it didn't touch that area. To enjoy more delicious baby mustard greens, the old deer even managed to chase away the fawn that was eyeing the opportunity to come and feed.

Worried that the naive little one would come over to cause trouble, the old Deer Lord watched intently.

Its attitude was surprisingly consistent with that rowdy Fu Jiang, who was always fighting.

This moved Han Cheng quite a bit.



Imitating the way the fawn sucked milk, he pressed his hand upwards and then squeezed it downwards. The milky-white, warm deer milk flowed into the large bowl in his hands.

Han Cheng did not expect that this seemingly not-so-big female deer would have such a good yield. No wonder it could raise the little fawn so well, even in the harsh winter.

Indeed, deer can't be judged by their appearance, and the cup can't determine the milk quality.

Just like some women he had encountered in the later part of his life, appearing delicate and small, but in reality

Uh, the narrative went off track.

Han Cheng had misunderstood the old Deer Lord. It chased away the fawn not out of understanding but to seize the opportunity for a share of the milk.

Han Cheng felt helpless about the old Deer Lord's shamelessness. This female deer is your wife. You can drink whenever you want.

I've worked hard to squeeze out a bit of milk, and you still want to snatch it from me?

Why can't you understand such a simple thing?

Han Cheng avoided the hand holding the bowl and pushed the old Deer Lord, who was trying to nuzzle in, with all his might.

Later, unable to resist, he poured a little into the pottery basin used to fetch water for the deer.

With its head stretched out, the old Deer Lord quickly licked it clean. Soon after eating, it raised its upper lip, revealing a row of yellow teeth, and extended its neck, looking extremely lewd. Seeing this, Han Cheng wanted to kick it with his foot.

After feeding the Deer Lord, the fawn on the side wagged its tail, looking at its caretaker. Han Cheng also had to pour some into the basin for it.

Fu Jiang, who ate with great enthusiasm, licked it clean and, looking at Han Cheng, seemed to want a few more bites.

Worried that the fawn wouldn't have enough to eat, Han Cheng didn't squeeze too much. After feeding the deer and then the half-wolf, half-dog Fu Jiang, there wasn't much left in the bowl. He wouldn't get to taste it if he fed Fu Jiang more.

He refused the gluttonous Fu Jiang, brought the bowl to his mouth, tasted little with his mouth, felt the warmth, and tasted a slightly fishy flavor. After the fishy taste, there was a hint of a fragrant aftertaste.

It's not as delicious as the pure cow's milk he drank in his later life.

This might be because it wasn't heated.

Holding the bowl, Han Cheng left the deer pen with Fu Jiang, paying no attention to the dazed Old Deer, who still hadn't recovered after having his wife's milk for the first time.

After seeing the milk thief leave, the aggrieved fawn returned to its mother without saying a word and immediately grabbed its food bowl with its mouth.

The mother deer turned her head, extended her tongue, and licked the fawn's body, consoling the emotionally wounded child.

Han Cheng found a small clay pot, poured the remaining deer milk into it, and placed it on the fire.

Soon, the deer milk began to boil, and a milky aroma wafted from it.

As the deer milk boiled, a thin layer of solid appeared on the top this was cream.

Since there wasn't much deer milk, Han Cheng didn't dare to heat it for too long. Seeing it was about right, he used a clamp made of vine to take the clay pot off the fire.

Then, he used a piece of peeled animal hides, specifically used to prevent burns, as a pad on the clay pot. Han Cheng poured the steaming deer milk into a bowl.

After blowing on it to cool it slightly, he brought the bowl to his mouth, took a sip, and a strong, somewhat milk fragrance filled his mouth.

The gamely taste was much stronger than that of later-life pure cow's milk, but it was already much better than drinking raw deer milk. The thin layer of cream made it especially delicious.

Han Cheng only drank two sips with little deer milk left, leaving about half. He resisted the urge to continue drinking and carried the remaining portion into the inner cave to give it to the shaman.

When Shi Tou saw Han Cheng coming in, his heart pounded like a fawn's. He quickly lowered his head and shifted to the side, pretending to be earnestly recording things, trying to conceal his embarrassment.

It wasn't until Han Cheng reached out and patted his head that he felt more at ease.

"What's this?"

Shaman, still maintaining his inquisitive and studious spirit, asked as he saw Han Cheng bringing in something he had never seen before, without directly drinking it.

"Deer milk."

Han Cheng explained to the shaman using both words and gestures. After the shaman understood, he urged him to drink quickly. Otherwise, it would not taste good after it cooled down.

Following Han Cheng's advice, the shaman took a sip. After careful tasting, he didn't find it particularly delicious. At least, it wasn't as tasty as the meat and fish soups seasoned with salt.

Shi Tou, who had been paying attention to Han Cheng's words, couldn't help feeling embarrassed after understanding what the Divine Child was making. If it weren't for Han Cheng calling him, he could have buried his head in his crotch and squatted on the ground for a while.

"You try it, it's delicious."

Han Cheng handed the bowl to Shi Tou, smiling.

The young minds of teenagers are the most sensitive and complex. Although Shi Tou was a primitive man, he also understood embarrassment.

For Shi Tou, who was the best at learning Chinese characters and Chinese language, Han Cheng valued him greatly. He didn't want him to be shadowed by this incident.

Shi Tou took the bowl with a red face and drank the remaining portion in one go.

With the bowl still pressed against his face, tasting the fragrant deer milk, his eyes seemed moist.

Chapter 105: A Year Past. It's Spring again

The little fawn was hurt because ever since its food bowl was stolen, a person, a wolf, and another deer came to share its milk daily.

It wants to stop these milk thieves, but unfortunately, its father doesn't help but also assists the two-legged creature in driving it away, making it unable to come over and facilitating the two-legged creature in stealing its milk.

Looking at its old man who, after taking a mouthful of milk, curls up its upper lip, revealing a row of front teeth and a sly expression, the little deer strongly suspects he was truly his biological parent.

Since the day it discovered deer milk, Han Cheng comes over every day to milk some.

Following the usual routine, first, he gives some to the Deer Lord and Fu Jiang and then takes the rest back to the tribe, boils it, and divides it into three portions.

Han Cheng's portion is about the same as Shaman's, and Shi Tous portion was the smallest, just a little less than half a bowl. However, he is exceptionally happy because even the chief doesn't have a share of this deer milk.

Considering the growth of the little deer, Han Cheng doesn't milk much, just about half a bowl every day.

Eating less milk doesn't affect the little deer much since it can already eat grass and doesn't rely solely on milk for survival.

The mother deer, who's being milked, doesn't feel owed either. After each milking, Han Cheng feeds her a few cleaned rapeseed plants. These rapeseed plants used to be almost exclusive to the Deer Lord.

Under Han Cheng's management, the situation regarding deer milk has become a win-win for everyone.

Of course, this ignores the pitiful little deer.

Because the production of deer milk is very low, currently, in the Green Sparrow Tribe, only Han Cheng, the Divine Child, Shaman, and Shi Tou, the next shaman, can drink deer milk.

No one feels that there is anything wrong with this.

After all, deer are not cows. Once the little deer grows to a certain age, the milk will gradually disappear, and it's impossible to have a stable milk supply.

To ensure a continuous supply of milk, when Han Cheng feeds the Deer Lord, he occasionally advises it. He tells it not to wander around and to favor his harem more, so that everyone, including itself, can have enough milk.

However, this guy doesn't listen. No matter what Han Cheng says, it remains unmoved. If his legs weren't short, Han Cheng would kick its butt.

Days pass by, and the snow and ice begin to melt as the weather gets warmer. When the rapeseed plants on the west side of the wall emerge from under the snow, stretching and yawning as if waking up, turning from yellow to a greenish color, spring truly arrives.

With the arrival of spring, many things that were thought of but couldn't be done before can now finally be started.

After Shaman leads everyone in worshipping the gods and standing beside the Divine Child, with a shout from the Eldest Senior Brother, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, holding tools made during the winter, begin digging and gathering mud.

At Han Cheng's suggestion, the first task is not to raise the height of the wall but to cover the unfinished deer canopy with mud.

This is because, with the arrival of spring, there will be more rain. Completing the roof of the deer enclosure allows the deer to have shelter from wind and rain, but it will also reduce the chances of the wooden beams and lattice on top being damaged by rain, reducing the likelihood of decay.

The people from the original Pig Tribe, after spending half a winter together, have completely integrated into the Green Sparrow Tribe.

They are very curious about the work that is about to begin.

The Eldest Senior Brother placed the bone shovel on the ground, held the handle of the bone spade with both hands, lifted his right foot, and stepped forcefully to the right side of the bone spade, and the sharp bone spade drilled into the damp soil.

He gripped the handle of the bone spade and pulled it back slightly, lifting a large chunk of soil from the ground.

The others were also engaged in their respective tasks.

Since the people from the original Pig Tribe had never used such tools or engaged in such labor, they appeared unfamiliar with tasks like digging, carrying water, or mixing mud.

However, that was not a problem; these tasks were not too complicated. With a few more days of practice, they would become proficient.

Considering the tribe's defense, before starting the excavation, Han Cheng drew two lines parallel to the east side wall of the tribe, fifteen meters away from the wall. Three meters apart, these two lines were designated for digging and carrying mud.

His idea was simple to create a protective ditch on the east side of the wall.

Whether smearing mud on the lattice, raising the wall, or building houses, a large amount of soil would be needed. Doing it this way would kill two birds with one stone.

At first, the Eldest Senior Brother and others didn't understand the Divine Child's arrangement.

This was mainly because the deer enclosure was built inside the wall, but the Divine Child had them dig and carry mud outside it.

The places for digging and carrying mud were far from the main gate of the wall, facing each other across the wall. Even with a carrying pole, transporting mud into the wall would require much effort.

However, their confusion quickly disappeared.

This was because Han Cheng had people wrap two ropes around the leather bags used to carry mud or fruits.

At each end of the rope, tie them to adjacent corners, and a makeshift basket would be ready.

When using it, spread the basket on the ground, shovel the well-mixed mud onto the leather bag, pull the two ropes together, and carry it with one hand.

This was much more efficient and easier than wrapping it in a leather bag. Initially, Han Cheng had considered using straw baskets, but they were not sturdy enough. They worked well for carrying dry soil but were prone to damage when carrying mud.

Also, the large space inside the straw baskets made it hard to load much. This made it too strenuous to carry.

A durable and wear-resistant leather bag was more convenient.

Of course, having only a leather bag didn't solve the problem of long-distance transportation. This required the use of another toolropes with hooks.

Nowadays, ropes were not scarce in the Green Sparrow Tribe because, with the existence of spinning tops, they could manufacture ropes much faster.

At this point, they had accumulated quite a few unused ropes. Just tie a wooden hook to one end of the rope, and the tool is ready.

With these two tools, the person responsible for transporting soil outside only needed to lift the soil to the edge of the wall and hook the two ropes of the leather bag with the hanging hook.

The person standing on the inner side of the low wall would handle the rest.

#### Chapter 106: Plastering the Mud Roof and Stone Sickle

Shang stood on the low wall inside the wall, holding the rope in his hands.

Seeing someone below hanging a bag of mud on the hook at the end of the rope, he began to pull the rope.

There is a knot on the rope about every half meter to increase friction so that the person pulling the mud does not get blisters from pulling too long and to save a lot of effort.

Shang was originally strong, and staying in the Green Sparrow tribe for half a winter, with good food and drink, made him even stronger.

He exerted a little force on the hand holding the rope, and the bag of mud lifted off the ground. After a few pulls with alternating hands, the bag of mud rose to the top of the wall.

Shang raised his right hand, holding the rope, and the entire bag of mud passed over the wall.

He didn't let go but maintained this position, turned around, and bent over to place the bag of mud on the ground.

Without waiting for someone else to take it, Shang loosened the rope, and the hook came off the strap made of rope on the bag, then gently lifted the hook back.

Similarly, he didn't need to pay attention to the bag of mud left below. Someone would take it to the edge of the deer circle and hand it over to the person on top of the deer circle who was plastering mud on the fence.

Shang turned around and hung the empty rope on the outside of the wall again.

The person who brought the mud here had not yet arrived, so he could take this opportunity to look around.

Standing on this low wall, the view was broad. Because there were no trees blocking, Shang could see the riverbank at a glance.

At the river, there were a few small figures moving around.

Shang knew that there were several underage people in the tribe gathering food for the tribe.

At first, Shang was really surprised.

According to his thoughts, after the arrival of spring, the most urgent thing for the tribe to do was to go out hunting.

After a winter of consumption, the food stored in the tribe was not much.

Moreover, when he was leading the people in their tribe, he had always led them to do so.

However, the decision made by this tribe surprised him greatly.

The Divine Son and others did not rush to go hunting. Instead, they gathered many people in the tribe to start building the unnecessary roof of the deer circle.

As for getting food, it was handed over to several underage people in the tribe.

These underage people did not carry harpoons but instead brought several things he had never seen before to the river.

They used these to catch fish.

Shang was completely baffled.

Just as he began worrying about the possibility of going hungry tonight, one of the underage people who had gone to the river returned.

Behind him, he carried a fish basket with several fish inside.

Shang was extremely shocked. He thought that fishing in the winter was already very fast, but he did not expect that the speed of fishing would be even faster after melting the ice and snow.

Even now, Shang still finds this incredible.

To know, in their original tribe, it required the collective effort of all adults to obtain enough food, and even then, they would occasionally go hungry.

In this tribe, the most important task of obtaining food is surprisingly not carried out by the most robust adults. However, it is delegated to several underage individuals who, in their original tribe, would still be in a state of dependency.

As for the strongest adults, they are engaged in tasks unrelated to obtaining food.

The key is that the food these underage individuals obtain is more than enough for the people in the tribe.

Shang didn't know how to express his feelings.

When he learned that the Divine Child taught all of this, he admired that underage person even more.

"Pat, pat."

On the roof, the Eldest Senior Brother and other disciples were smearing the well-prepared mud on the fence.

According to the Divine Child's instructions, each layer of mud should be about the depth of their finger.

After smearing each layer, they would pick up a stick about three meters long and about four centimeters in diameter, split in the middle, and hold one end each to rub back and forth on the freshly smeared mud. This was to make the smeared mud smooth.

Working on the top of the deer shed required extra attention because of the risk of falling.

So, the people on top were quite agile, and following the Divine Child's instructions, they tried to walk on the wooden beams as much as possible. Even if there were no wooden beams, they would step on the rafters, not just the fence.

Although the area of the deer shed's roof was not small, the labor force of the Green Sparrow tribe had also increased by nearly one-third, and the tools for digging had greatly improved. Therefore, smearing mud on the fence was not a slow process.

It was completed in six days.

After completion, Han Cheng allocated half of the workforce to go out and find grass that could be used to cover the roof.

For the Green Sparrow tribe, obtaining this kind of grass was not too difficult because many of these grew on the mountain where they built their caves.

The mountain where the Green Sparrow tribe's caves were located had many stones and little soil.

With little soil, the likelihood of tall trees growing on top was not great. Therefore, the vegetation on top was dominated by low shrubs, and this hardy grass was similar to the later-termed thatch, which Han Cheng now officially called.

Most grass would deteriorate after a severe winter, but thatch would not because it was inherently tough. Moreover, the stems had a thin, shiny layer outside, significantly reducing the erosion by rain.

Of course, to be more specific, it would be better to use thatch harvested and stored in autumn if making a roof. However, for the current Green Sparrow tribe, it was evident that this condition could not be met.

Plus, this was for the deer shed roof, not for humans, so they could make do with it.

Harvesting thatch by hand alone would be very laborious, and hands would hurt if done for a long time.

With little success after half a day's effort from the people, Han Cheng, as their Divine Child, once again displayed his intelligence. Thus, the stone sickle was born.

The making of a stone sickle is not complicated. It only requires a thin stone knife, a stick with a diameter of about three centimeters and a length between fifteen to thirty centimeters, and a piece of rope.

During the making, the thicker end of the wooden stick is split along a crack about three to four centimeters wide, and then one end of the stone knife is horizontally wedged into the crack.

The side that is relatively thin and has a blade faces downward, while the angle between the stone sickle and the wooden stick is about seventy degrees.

After adjusting the position, it is firmly tied with a rope, and a stone sickle is made.

Of course, such a stone sickle is much heavier than a later iron sickle and can be more tiring, but it is far more convenient and labor-saving than using hands to break them.

#### Chapter 107: The Highly Motivated Tie Tou

"Stab, stab!"

Tie Tou's left hand grabbed the upper part of the thatch, and the stone sickle in his right hand followed suit.

The blade of the stone sickle hooked onto the base of the thatch, and with the force of his right hand, he pulled it back, cutting the thatch with the stone sickle.

The cut thatch didn't scatter on the ground but was held in his left hand.

After cutting these thatches, Tie Tou did not stop; instead, he swung his left hand, holding the thatch, in a small half-circle in front of him. He controlled some of the original thatch with his thumb and forefinger, leaving the other three fingers to grab new thatch, and the stone sickle in his right hand moved accordingly.

This motion repeated until the thatch in his left hand was about to slip away. Only then did Tie Tou stop and place a large bunch of thatch not far from the growing pile.

Underneath the thatch pile, there was a rope woven with grass. When the thatch pile reached a certain quantity, it would be tied up and transported to the tribe.

Compared to other thatches, this pile appeared much neater and tidier, not rough and messy like the others. This was Tie Tou's masterpiece.

Tie Tou now worked with great enthusiasm, not only because he used the newly made tool, the stone sickle, provided by the Divine Child most efficiently for harvesting thatches, but also because not far away, Ru Hua was bundling the thatches that had been piled up and transporting them back to the tribe.

After a long recuperation, Ru Hua's stomach had completely recovered. After a check-up by the Divine Child ten days ago, he agreed to let them live together.

The activities carried out by the adults in the tribe at night, humming tunes, often left Tie Tou sleepless for half the night, who had reached adulthood but didn't have a spouse. Now that he had a partner, it was only natural to stride into the realm of adulthood.



Unfortunately, Tie Tou only had a general idea about this matter. Although he was anxious, he couldn't figure out how to approach it.

Fortunately, Ru Hua was experienced. She gently supported him with her hand, then turned around, giving his buttocks a slight push, and the door to a new world opened.

At that moment, Tie Tou, who had never thought about flying, felt like a bird soaring in the sky. All his impatience disappeared, leaving only a wonderful feeling he had never experienced before.

When he returned to his senses from this wonderful feeling, he found Hei Wa, who was resting nearby, smiling at him under the not-so-bright firelight.

It was a strange smile that Tie Tou didn't understand its meaning.

However, his confusion didn't last long. After smiling at him again, Hei Wa patted Zhuang beside him.

The Zhuang stood up, knelt on the ground like Ru Hua, and then Hei Wa wriggled.

After a while, the Zhuangs deep voice began to hum a rough song.

Looking at Hei Wa, who was wriggling and smiling at him, Tie Tou, who had never thought about such matters, suddenly understood Hei Wa's meaning quickly.

Tie Tou's face suddenly became hot for no apparent reason, and he felt uncomfortable. The one who rescued him from this situation was Hua.

This considerate primitive woman once again led Tie Tou, whose self-esteem was hurt, to explore a new world.

And soon, he started humming a song too.

The song made Tie Tou feel spirited, and he raised his head that had been lowered. Learning from Hei Wa, he vigorously wriggled, turning his head to counter-attack Hei Wa with a smile.

From that night on, every night, the two couples competed like singing a duet, each voice louder than the other, like slaughtering pigs.

Until Han Cheng, unable to bear it any longer, came out of the inner cave, kicked their buttocks, and after two kicks, the primitive competition came to a halt.

When Tie Tou and the others were harvesting thatch on the mountain and transporting it back, the other Senior Disciples did not idle.

They were still working with clay near the deer pen, but this time, instead of pasting clay on the top of the deer pen's fence, they were pasting it underneath the roof onto the woven wooden fence.

This was quite different from pasting on the roof.

Firstly, the clay applied was thicker, at least five centimeters. Secondly, the roof's fence was only pasted on top, while here, both inside and outside, needed to be covered.

The Eldest Senior Brother, who had transformed from an excellent hunter into an excellent mud worker, lifted a lump of well-mixed clay from his leather bag, kneaded it in his hands into a roughly ten-centimeter-long, five-centimeter-wide, and five-centimeter-high clay strip. Then, he forcefully stacked it on the lower mud wall.

He pressed it firmly against the inner wooden wall to make it stick more securely.

Han Cheng watched and reached out to press on the already-hardened clay. After shaking it a few times, he felt satisfied.

First, they wove wooden walls with wooden poles and sticks, then thickly pasted a layer of clay on both sides, completely sealing the wooden walls in mud. This method indeed worked well for making mud walls.

Moreover, because these wooden stakes and bars acted as the skeleton inside, such walls were even sturdier than simple mud walls.

After covering all the wooden walls of the deer pen with clay and placing the last step of laying thatch on the top, a complete house was built.

This way, Deer Lord and his harem could stay inside when the weather was cold and rainy. When the weather cleared, and the temperature rose, they could move to a larger deer pen without a covered roof for ventilation and sunbathing.

After collecting sufficient thatch, under Han Cheng's command and guidance, the Eldest Senior Disciple, Shang, and others began to lay thatch on the clay-covered roof.

The thatch had to be thicker to withstand years of wind and rain better.

Moreover, when laying thatch, they needed to lay it row by row horizontally.

After finishing one row at the bottom, some clay needed to be pressed on the top to fix them in place.

Then, they could lay the next row on top.

The upper row had to cover the part where the lower row was pressed with clay, leaving no trace.

This way, row by row, they covered the topmost layer, and the entire roof became a unified structure.

Han Cheng had a solution to secure the topmost layer of thatch. They used ropes to tie them to the lower fence and placed two wooden bars horizontally on top, pressing stones. This way, there was no need to worry even in strong winds.

The deer pen, which had been under construction since winter, was finally officially completed.

#### Chapter 108: From Deer Pen to Houses

The collection of thatch and the roofing proved quite a troublesome task, taking nearly twenty days to complete.

During this period, the Eldest Senior Brother and others found time to plaster one side of the mud wall. The remaining three sides of the mud wall were completed four days after the roof was built, with the help of many hands.

The thatch on the roof emitted a golden glow under the warm spring sunshine.

The newly plastered mud walls were sturdy and gave a sense of security. Because there were many holes left in the mud walls at a height of one meter and three to four, the interior of the deer pen had good lighting.

Especially after lighting several fires continuously for more than two days inside to dry the mud, Han Cheng had the impulse to drive the deer into the caves and let the people in the tribe live inside the deer pen.

Han Cheng's decision to build the deer pen this way had its considerations. Firstly, such a deer pen was not easy to damage. Once the effort was put in at the beginning and the construction was completed, there was no need to worry much. Secondly, he attached great importance to this group of deer and wanted to provide them with a good living environment. Thirdly, he wanted to practice during the construction of the deer pen and gain some experience for the houses he would start building later this year.

After completing the deer pen, Han Cheng was more excited and looked forward to the houses he would build later this year.

If it weren't for the fact that raising the height of the fence was more critical than building houses, Han Cheng would have started building houses immediately after completing the deer pen.

Perhaps the heavens wanted to test whether this cave built with mud and vegetation could withstand its power. On the third day after the completion of the deer pen, it started to drizzle.

Upon discovering the rain, Shaman, Eldest Senior Brother, and others looked at the deer pen they had worked hard to build with some concern. They had experienced taking shelter under trees and knew that tree leaves could not cover all the rain, especially since the top of the deer pen, built under the guidance of the Divine Child and covered with thatch, would also leak. Thus, they expressed great concern.

Han Cheng, however, was confident in the thatched roof. In his later years, he had spent time in thatched houses. Well-constructed thatched houses could withstand heavy summer rains and were not prone to the pitiful scene of leaks in bed during continuous rain showers, not to mention the current light spring rain.

People always tend to value what they have put a lot of effort into obtaining, and primitive people were no exception.

Seeing everyone's concern, Han Cheng momentarily called some people who wanted to go over, running to the deer pen together in the rain.

The deer weren't stupid. Initially, when the deer pen was built, Deer Lord and his harem refused to enter this strange-looking cave. Now, with the rain, they went in without any invitation and even stayed inside, making it impossible to drive them out.

The young deer had grown quite a bit, but upon seeing Han Cheng, it couldn't help but approach its mother. It had a deep memory of this little two-legged creature that always competed with him for milk.

Han Cheng wasn't in the mood to compete for milk with the young deer now because he had already squeezed it once that morning.

Spring rain could be quite cold, so Han Cheng had people light many fires inside the deer pen for warmth. The roof was nearly one meter and seven centimeters above the ground at its lowest point, and the surrounding walls were all mud, so there was no need to worry about the fire igniting the house.

The fire was lit, but Han Cheng didn't go to warm himself. Instead, he walked slowly inside the deer pen, looking up to check for any signs of leakage from the rain.

As he expected, the wooden lattice on the roof inside the pen was dry, showing no signs of leakage. Rainwater falling on the thatched roof slid down along the rows of straw to the ground.

Deer Lord, who hoped for milk-sharing opportunities, approached when he saw Han Cheng. But Han Cheng didn't go over. Deer Lord, feeling disappointed, walked over, lowered its head, and gently bit the animal hide wrapped around Han Cheng, pulling it towards its mate, who was nursing a fawn.

Understanding Deer Lords intention, Han Cheng couldn't help but cry and laugh. He raised both hands, indicating that he didn't have a bowl. Deer Lord, feeling disappointed, walked away, not bothering Han Cheng.

Shaman, Eldest Senior Brother, and others also arrived. They followed Han Cheng's example, walking around inside the deer pen and seeing no rain coming in, and they became extremely happy. This meant that their efforts were not in vain.

Shaman, unlike the others, after a brief moment of joy, looked around the unique cave with a thoughtful expression in his eyes. He thought of the cave where they had lived for generations.

At the top of their cave, there were several irregular holes. Shaman didn't know if their ancestors dug these holes or if they existed naturally. However, he knew that these holes were crucial.

Not only did these holes allow the pungent smoke released during the fire burning to escape, but they also let in light from the outside, preventing the cave from becoming too dark.

These holes were significant for the tribe, but they also brought troubles. Every time it rained, water would leak into the cave through these holes, even if they covered them with stone slabs.

Before the arrival of the Divine Child, all they could do was carve small channels in the cave to let the dripping rainwater flow out. Still, there were many places in the tribe that would get wet, making it uncomfortable.

After the Divine Child arrived and created pottery, they used water tanks and clay pots to collect rainwater during rain. Although this improved the situation compared to before, it was still troublesome.

Moreover, the cave's lighting became particularly dim when the few natural skylights were covered.

Now, the Divine Child had created a cave that didn't leak rain, had good lighting, and, although intended for deer, could also be used by humans.

It must be said that Shaman was indeed the wise man of the tribe. While others were simply happy that their efforts had not been in vain, he had already connected it to the current situation of their tribe.

Han Cheng hadn't mentioned this idea of making the tribe abandon the caves they had lived in for generations and move into houses, yet. Shaman, however, had already taken the initiative to bring it up.

In the evening, Shaman explained his thoughts to Han Cheng, who was surprised by Shaman's intelligence and forward-thinking.

Han Cheng had originally thought that convincing the tribe to leave their caves and move into new houses would require some persuasion and maybe even the involvement of his Divine Child identity and god. However, before he could say anything, Shaman had already brought up the matter voluntarily.

Han Cheng had planned to inform Shaman about this soon, but now that Shaman had brought it up, he naturally went ahead and explained it.

Upon learning that the living conditions in the new houses would be even better than those in the deer pen, Shaman's face showed a genuine smile.

Chapter 109: Let the Deers out to pasture

The matter of raising the height of the wall was not as fast as imagined. This was not only because increasing the height required scaffolding, mud pulling, and a series of other tasks but also due to a major reason—the group of deer.

When the population was small, it was inconvenient to do anything, even raising deer.

If it was just one or two, feeding them posed no major problem for the Green Sparrow Tribe. However, now there were more than twenty.

Not to mention other things, just the daily fodder consumption was not a small amount. It required at least seven people to harvest grass for them every day to fill the stomachs of these big eaters.

And it had to be a diligent task.

For the current Green Sparrow Tribe, this was undoubtedly a significant burden.

Even though, under Han Cheng's orders, the Eldest Senior Brother and others used small rapeseeds to lure an old deer out and secretly killed it for meat, the pressure on the tribe to provide grass for the deer did not decrease.

Moreover, after the lethargic rabbits from the winter started getting excited in spring due to increased activity, each one opened their appetite. With the continuous birth of rabbit offspring, the demand for grass also increased.

This further increased the burden on the people in the tribe.

After the grass near the tribe was harvested, they had to go to more distant places if they wanted to harvest an equivalent amount of grass again.

This meant more effort and a significant increase in encountering dangerous situations.

Han Cheng was also helpless about this matter. He didn't expect that what was originally a very good thing for the tribe would turn out like this.

Regarding letting them roam freely, he had considered it, but he had been hesitating all along. He had worked hard to coax and deceive the deer back to the tribe. Moreover, the deer pen was built better than where the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe lived. If he released them now, they would gallop away without looking back, leaving behind an empty deer pen, and Han Cheng couldn't find a reasonable explanation for it.

After careful consideration, Han Cheng ultimately chose to yield to reality and decided to release the deer.

However, he took a compromise approach. He tied ropes around the deer.

Initially, they were tied around their necks, but Han Cheng quickly changed this practice because it was prone to loosening, which could result in the rope falling off. If tied too tightly, it could affect the deer's breathing.

The deer looked discontentedly at Han Cheng, and Han Cheng looked back at it.

It looked at Han Cheng's hand holding the rope, and Han Cheng looked at its nostrils.

The puzzled deer was infuriated by the attempt of this small two-legged creature to try and bind it. It extended its tongue to lick its nostrils. Perhaps finding the taste unpleasant, it angrily sneezed twice and shook its head.

After thinking about it, Han Cheng decided not to touch the deer's nose.

Apart from the small gap between its two nostrils being too small for a nose ring, another important reason was that piercing the nostrils would be too painful.

After such a long interaction, Han Cheng developed feelings for this spiritually sensitive deer. He didn't want to treat it with such cruel methods.

After much thought, he could only approach it from the top of its head.

Rather than directly using a rope to make a loop around the deer's head, which could easily cause bloodstains on its face, considering that the deer also relied on its appearance for food, Han Cheng opted for a method known as a "clamp board" in his hometown in his previous life.

This thing was originally designed for cattle.

As the young calves grew, a clamp board would be used to tether them to prevent them from going to the fields and eating crops.

As for nose rings, usually, only cattle that were certain to stay and be trained as plow oxen would be pierced with them. Calves sold for meat typically wouldn't wear nose rings.

Making such a clamp board was quite simple. You just needed to split a wooden stick about twelve to thirteen centimeters long and two to three centimeters in diameter in the middle. Then, drill a hole at each end with a hand drill to thread a rope through.

When using it, the two wooden pieces would be threaded with a rope and then placed on the deer's face one on the left and one on the right. Once secured, another long rope would tie around the clamp board.

As long as you pulled on the rope, the deer would follow you.

This way, various drawbacks could be avoided while ensuring control over the deer. It also prevented them from getting hurt and protected their beautiful appearance.

Once again deceived by Han Cheng with his wife's milk, the Deer Lord would occasionally shake its head, lower it, and twist its buttocks to scratch its face with its hind hooves, trying to get rid of this troublesome thing.

Unfortunately, its hooves were only split into two parts and couldn't move freely. The deer couldn't remove the thing Han Cheng tied.

The deer looked at Han Cheng resentfully, constantly rubbing its face against Han Cheng's hand, wanting him to remove this uncomfortable thing. But Han Cheng hardened his heart in the end and didn't untie it.

After about two days, the deer gradually adapted to this contraption.

Han Cheng, Tie Tou, and a few others released the deer.

Only Deer Lord was tied. It was the leader of the deer herd, and as long as it was controlled, the rest of the deer would follow.

Han Cheng realized he was wrong. He shouldn't have come out to release the deer. Damn, this was not releasing the deer; it was the deer releasing him!

It was pure revenge.

Gasping for breath, Han Cheng, whose feet were dragged by Deer Lord, wanted to burst into curses.

Deer Lord was in a great mood. First, it finally got to leave the deer pen where it had lived for half the winter and run freely outside, breathing freely. Second, it could finally retaliate against this annoying two-legged creature.

The deer lowered its head and took a few bites of juicy grass, then turned to look at the breathless two-legged creature holding the rope. Its tail swayed, and it elegantly ran away with its long legs.

Han Cheng couldn't stop it and was dragged along again.

Fu Jiang, the silly dog, thought they were just playing and completely ignored Han Cheng's requests to stop Deer Lord. It ran around, frolicking joyfully from all sides, infuriating Han Cheng to the point of wanting to eat dog meat for dinner.

After running for a while, Deer Lord stopped, wagged its tail, and leisurely ate grass. Its mood was as pleasant as can be.

It now thought having a rope tied to its head was not bad. At the very least, using it to walk the two-legged creature was quite enjoyable.

Chapter 110: Let the Deers out to pasture 2

Watching the setting sun casting a slanting glow as the evening approached, the Deer Lord, having indulged in a belly full of delicious grass, called out a couple of times to the deer herd behind him. Then, he turned and walked towards the direction of the tribe.

Han Cheng, who had already exhausted most of his strength after half a day, was being led towards the tribe by the Deer Lord, tethered by the rope on his head.

Oh, the shame! What a disgrace!

As a transcendent being destined to be the protagonist, Han Cheng was being walked like a dog by a deer.

Han Cheng once again felt like he was tarnishing the reputation of the great community of transcendent individuals.

The Deer Lord, in high spirits, walked at the forefront with an elegant posture, displaying the commanding presence of the leader of the deer herd.

"Yo! Yo!"

Turning his head towards the exhausted two-legged creature trailing behind, the Deer Lord called out twice, urging him to walk faster and not dawdle behind. How could he not even know to hurry back to the dwelling place before it got dark?

Han Cheng, feeling exhausted and powerless, was speechless.

Han Cheng gave up on releasing the deer. After being dragged around like a dog for three consecutive days by this damn deer, Han Cheng, who was infuriated and ashamed, stopped mentioning the idea of releasing the deer.

Of course, besides being infuriated and ashamed, there was another reason this damn deer had a better sense of time than Han Cheng.

As soon as it was time, it would lead the deer herd, pulling Han Cheng and Fu Jiang, the crazy dog, towards the tribe.

Upon returning, when it encountered the closed gate of the deer pen, it would use its head to push it open. Then, it would walk in with the demeanor of a returning general, strutting in gracefully.

Afterward, it would lower its mouth into a row of water basins filled with salted water and drink.

If it found the basin empty, this fellow would lift its head, discontentedly calling outside, urging the person responsible for caring for them to quickly add water.

This damn deer truly saw itself as a lord.

After three such occasions, Han Cheng gave up on releasing the deer, as these creatures didn't care whether they were released.

Moreover, because humans had only two short legs, they couldn't outrun these creatures in case of danger outside.

In the morning, with the sun rising for quite some time, Han Cheng estimated that the dew on the grass leaves had already dried up. He opened the deer pen.



Thinking that this two-legged creature would release it again, the Deer Lord appeared somewhat excited, even more joyous than when he was drinking his wife's milk.

Of course, Han Cheng didn't want to torment himself again. He took the hanging rope and coiled it around the base of the deer's antlers, securing it tightly to ensure it wouldn't come loose.

Since it was coiled around the lowest part of the antlers, it wouldn't hinder the Deer Lord from using its antlers for defense, scratching, and various other activities.

The Deer Lord realized that the two-legged creature wasn't planning to let it roam freely today. Feeling unhappy, the leader signaled Han Cheng to walk alongside by pushing the antlers with the coiled rope towards him, suggesting that he should follow with the rope and enjoy the sunny spring day.

It wasn't until Han Cheng infuriated and slapped its belly several times that the Deer Lord led its harem, offspring, and descendants, reluctantly leaving the tribe's main gate and walking into the distance.

Occasionally, it would turn its head to look at Han Cheng, showing a reluctant expression that made Han Cheng snifle.

Shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother watched the deer leave like this and felt a deep reluctance.

They worried the deer wouldn't return after leaving without someone watching them.

"Divine Child, I'll go and follow them," said Eldest Senior Brother.

"Don't worry. They will return," Han Cheng said decisively.

Regarding releasing the deer and ending up being led by them instead, Han Cheng had issued strict orders for Tie Tou and the others to keep it confidential. The shaman and Eldest Senior Brother were unaware of what their Divine Child had truly experienced. They believed the deer returned because their Divine Child and the others accompanied them.

Now that the Divine Child had spoken this way, they didn't persist and continued raising the enclosure walls.

At the same time, two people were sent outside the enclosure to harvest green grass near the tribe.

Part of the harvested green grass was used to feed the rabbits, while the rest was dried and stored as emergency food.

This task was mainly entrusted to Tie Tou and his partner, Ru Hua.

The appearance of the stone sickle and Ru Hua's cooperation at night made Tie Tou confident. Initially, Han Cheng didn't want to assign this task to Tie Tou and Ru Hua since they were adults who could do more important things. Harvesting green grass could be done by some of the underage members of the tribe, such as Xing, Cheng, Xiao Mei, Xiao Li, and others.

However, Tie Tou had developed a sense of accomplishment using the stone sickle to cut thatch, and he always wanted to cut something whenever he had spare time. After learning about this, Han Cheng assigned him to harvest green grass with Ru Hua.

Their interest truly was a powerful thing. As a pair, Tie Tou and Ru Hua harvested more green grass in a day than the group of underage individuals did in two days.

Moreover, Tie Tou was always in a cheerful mood.

Of course, he was cheerful because he also did some other private things with Flower while working in the vast fields harvesting green grass.

There were only the two of them, so there was no need to worry about being kicked in the buttocks by the Divine Child while they were in the middle of enjoying themselves. They could indulge freely.

After the group of underage individuals finished harvesting green grass, Han Cheng assigned them to collect wooden sticks.

He planned to wait until he had some free time to study the vine baskets with Lane and try to make them.

Spring had arrived, and everything was reviving. The vine branches had become soft and pliable, no longer as brittle as in winter, making them suitable for weaving vine baskets.

Of course, they were collecting old vine branches from the previous year, not the tender shoots of the current year.

Left Lane and Right Lane, who were originally supposed to become female slaves, had now officially joined the Green Sparrow Tribe. They were not idle either.

The injuries on their legs had mostly healed, but they were left with disabilities.

Considering that they couldn't handle heavy work, Han Cheng assigned them the task of gutting and cleaning the fish caught by the underage individuals who often fished by the river.

Under the hands-on guidance of these underage individuals, they learned simple tasks, even mastering the art of pickling salted fish.

They were very happy, not only because the tribe accepted them but also because they genuinely enjoyed this work.

Dealing with food all day, such tasks were never enough for them.

As for the fishy smell, they did not even consider it. When they smelled it, all they could sense was the deliciousness.