

Primitive 121

Chapter 121: artificial respiration and Bone sucking Manic

The tribe had already started preparing food, and Han Cheng scooped up some charcoal from the burning fire with a broken clay pot.

After some thought, he asked Lame, who had come over, to bring some dry branches and join him.

Arriving at the tree trunk where holes were drilled yesterday, he placed the charcoal from the pottery piece on the ground and used the dry branches brought by Lame to create a fire.

After the flames burned for a while, he used two wooden sticks to pick up a properly sized charcoal and placed it in the hole he had drilled in the tree trunk yesterday.

Once the charcoal left the fire pit, the flames immediately shrank, emitting a greenish smoke and giving the illusion of imminent extinction.

Having dealt with fire frequently over the past year, Han Cheng wouldn't let it die out like this. He took a deep breath, puckered his lips, and started giving artificial respiration to the piece of charcoal in the wooden hole.

Of course, not the mouth-to-mouth kind; otherwise, Han Cheng's lips would be ready to eat like sausages after a series of actions.

"Hoo."

Han Cheng squatted down, bowed his head, and blew the ethereal breath towards the charcoal in the wooden hole.

The charcoal, already turning black, received Han Cheng's divine breath, and many areas immediately turned red, regaining vitality.

It seemed that artificial respiration was indeed an essential skill for daily life. It could not only be used to save drowning girls but also successfully rescue dying embers.

Revived by Han Cheng's divine breath, the charcoal began to glow and radiate heat.

Its emotions were so intense that the wooden sticks beside it began to burst out fiery emotions.

Han Cheng was tearful watching the mortise gradually deepen and expand under the burning charcoal.

He had to cry. Damn, this stubborn tree trunk was too smoky, and it stung his eyes so much that he could hardly keep them open.

Han Cheng paused the artificial respiration on the charcoal that had already diminished significantly to prevent himself from tearing up before even creating a single mortise.

He stood up, looked around, and tried to find something suitable to use as a blowtorch.

Unfortunately, he didn't find anything suitable.

If there were bamboo here, it would be great. Just punch through the bamboo joints. It would be an excellent blowtorch.

At this moment, Han Cheng deeply missed the bamboo forest in the village from his later years.

It was a pity that Han Cheng had not seen any trace of bamboo after more than a year here.

Of course, this was also related to the dangerous external world. He often stayed in the tribe due to safety concerns.

Without a suitable item, Han Cheng could only continue to be imaginative.

He focused on a large pile of bones accumulated in the tribe over the years.

Due to the large-scale production of bone shovels, many bones were consumed. Nevertheless, it didn't matter. This didn't prevent Han Cheng from finding a suitable bone for a blowtorch.

The bones used for bone shovels were flat and sheet-like, while a blowtorch required long cylindrical bone rods.

Han Cheng found a bone about two to three centimeters in diameter and over twenty centimeters long.

He couldn't discern which animal the bone came from, as everyone in the tribe had been eating fish since he arrived.

Taking a look, it was quite good. There were no damages, and the marrow inside the bone had also been poked and eaten to some extent. A little adjustment, and it would be ready for use.

Han Cheng found a thin piece of wood and began poking the hole inside the bone rod.

After poking for a while, there were light taps on the ground, and black residues dropped from it. Han Cheng looked closely and saw a faint light, indicating that the bone rod had penetrated.

He rinsed the bone rod with water, placed one end against his mouth, and blew air. After trying a few times, he found the airflow was not smooth. Continuing to use a thin piece of wood to poke, followed by blowing air again, he tested the effect of ventilation.

"Hmm."

Han Cheng raised his head confusedly, blowing air into the bone rod.

Because in front of him appeared two feet and a large bowl. The bowl contained steaming salty fish soup with generous green vegetables.

"Divine Child, have some soup. Is it not delicious?"

He looked up to see the familiar face of the Eldest Senior Brother. However, today, his face was cautious, like a child who had done something wrong.

He said this while offering the bowl, filled mostly with meat and a small amount of soup, to Han Cheng. At the same time, he extended his other hand, attempting to take away the bone rod still pressed against Han Cheng's mouth.

The Eldest Senior Brothers behavior wasn't strange. Initially puzzled when he first saw the strange actions of the Divine Child, he quickly understood.

The Divine Child was hungry.

Hungry enough to nibble on an old bone rod.

This was all his fault. If he hadn't been so absorbed in his activities last night and woke up late this morning, causing the cooking to be delayed, the Divine Child wouldn't have been hungry enough to eat this old bone rod.

Therefore, as soon as the salty fish soup was ready, the Eldest Senior Brother quickly ladled a thick bowl and hurriedly brought it to the starving Divine Child.

"Soup isn't delicious."

Han Cheng blinked in confusion, glancing at the Eldest Senior Brother, who seemed somewhat nervous and self-blaming, and at the bone rod pressed against his mouth. Suddenly, he understood.

Han Cheng sniffled. Did he look like someone so hungry that he couldn't resist an old bone rod?

"This, for blowing fire, not for eating."

Han Cheng quickly explained to avoid getting labeled as a bone-sucking maniac and to relieve the Eldest Senior Brother's guilt after understanding what was happening.

Looking at the Eldest Senior Brother's eager eyes fixed on the bone rod, Han Cheng felt it wouldn't be easy to shake off this label in the disciple's eyes.

With the vastness of the sky and earth, eating was the most critical thing. Whether he was a bone maniac or not, Han Cheng decided to fill his stomach first before worrying about anything else.

Han Cheng washed his hands, grabbed the bowl, and began to eat heartily.

Not far away, the Eldest Senior Brother, holding a bowl of food, ate while occasionally stealing glances at the Divine Child.

He had just tried to take away the bone rod because he was worried that the Divine Child might put it in his mouth again.

"Hoo."

Han Cheng puffed up his cheeks and continued blowing fire.

The blowtorch made from the bone rod was quite handy. It increased the distance between Han Cheng and the burning charcoal, preventing him from suffering the torment of smoke. Moreover, the blown air had a greater force due to the smaller hole in the bone rod. This made it more conducive to the combustion of the charcoal and saved effort compared to blowing directly with the mouth.

As the charcoal continued to glow and emit heat, the mortise on the tree trunk became larger and deeper faster than when using a stone chisel.

However, a new problem arose. The areas that had already been burned continued to combust. At this rate, by the time Han Cheng achieved the desired depth, the mortise would be destroyed.

Chapter 122: The Miraculous Brain

Han Cheng scratched his head in frustration. It's just a mortise, and he had to make it so complicated. This is unbearable.

He removed the burning charcoal from the now deeper and larger mortise and extinguished the burning charcoal on the mortise wall. Then, he contemplated a solution.

How can we ensure that the upper part, already burned, wouldn't catch fire again while expanding the mortise with burning charcoal?

Water.

Water and fire are incompatible, and Han Cheng's first thought was of water. He used a bowl previously used by several tribes during the joyful meeting, filled it with half a bowl of water, and dipped his hand to wet the upper half of the mortise that had already been burned. Then, he picked up a piece of burning charcoal from the nearby fire and put it into the mortise, followed by blowing on it.

The moment the burning charcoal was placed in the mortise, a sizzling sound accompanied by rising white smoke occurred. This was because Han Cheng had accidentally spilled water below during the water experiment.

After experimenting for a while, Han Cheng gave up this method. Not only was it easy to wet the lower part of the mortise when pouring water, but a crucial reason was that after burning charcoal for a while, the upper part of the mortise would dry up, and then it would start burning again.

At this point, what needed to be done was to wet the burning part with water again. However, this process was not smooth. It was either burnt by the burning charcoal, or too much water was poured, extinguishing the burning charcoal below.

Shaman, who didn't know what Divine Child was busy with, walked over to inquire when Divine Child finally stopped.

Shaman, having understood Divine Child's intention, was quite puzzled. He couldn't understand why Divine Child had to exert such great effort to make another type of ladder with the ladder already in place.

In his eyes, the current ladder was already very good. It was convenient for going up and down and simple to make.

The huge significance of the mortise was something that Han Cheng couldn't explain to Shaman because Shaman had never seen a variety of wooden tools.

After thinking for a while without a solution, Han Cheng stood up from the ground with a bone-made blowtorch, stretched lazily, and observed the lively tribe with Shaman.

The gate of the deer enclosure was open, and the deer enclosure was empty. The proud deer led its harem and descendants out to eat grass.

Now, Han Cheng and Shaman are no longer worried about this because, apart from the first few times when the deer forgot about time, delaying the return, the rest of the days were very punctual.

The deer lord, who had gone from frugal to luxurious, had completely forgotten about the Salt Mountain and other places.

In the rabbit enclosure, some rabbits were basking in the sun against the wall, some were eating grass, their three-petal mouths moving delicately. They looked gentle eating without showing their teeth, but their speed was exceptionally fast. In a moment, a piece of grass would be entirely eaten.

The reproduction speed of rabbits was terrifying. Even though Shaman personally dealt with a batch last autumn and early winter, by now, the rabbit population's size had exceeded last year's peak.

Seeing this group of rabbits, Shaman would have a face full of smiles. Just by looking at his expression, Han Cheng knew that he was reminiscing about the wonderful feeling of using a wooden stick to end the lives of rabbits last autumn.

The enclosure walls were still being raised, and the western section of the gate was already more than half done.

Most of the adults in the tribe were contributing to this major project.

"Slap!"

Shang failed to catch it, and the dustpan, filled with mud, fell and hit Third Senior Brother's head below, covering him in mud. Third Senior Brother, covered in mud, cried out in frustration.

Shang continued to explain something.

Third Senior Brother, with a head full of mud, looked quite ridiculous, making Han Cheng burst into laughter.

Third Senior Brother and Shang noticed that the Divine Child and Shaman were watching them, so they stopped and laughed foolishly.

Han Cheng walked over and gestured for the Third Senior Brother to wash up.

Got it!

A light bulb went off in Han Cheng's mind. He suddenly grabbed Third Senior Brother, who was about to leave and urged him to squat down.

The third Senior Brother was confused by Han Cheng's actions, unsure of what the Divine Child wanted to do to him. Nevertheless, he followed the instructions and squatted down.

Without hesitation, Han Cheng quickly removed the mud from Third Senior Brother's head, held it in his hands, and said to Third Senior Brother, who was touched, "Alright, go wash up."

Without waiting for Third Senior Brother's response, he ran to the tree trunk with the mud in his arms.

Confused, the Third Senior Brother looked at the Divine Child, who happily left with the mud. He reached out and touched his head, covered in mud and full of doubt.

Could it be that there's something special about himself, and when mud falls on his head, it turns into a treasure?

Han Cheng was delighted because he suddenly remembered how to solve this problem.

Han Cheng kneaded the lump of mud removed from Third Senior Brother's head, then dug some out and smeared it on the upper part of the mortise.

After smearing it, Han Cheng rekindled the fire pit he wanted to extinguish, selected a suitably sized piece of charcoal, put it back in, and then used the blowtorch to blow air.

Shaman stood on the side, tilting his head, watching the Divine Child's strange actions.

Han Cheng's face quickly showed a smile because this method was surprisingly effective.

The mud blocked the direct contact between the wood and the flame, and it wasn't as troublesome as using water. Just smear the mud, and the rest will be taken care of.

After eliminating various disturbances, burning the mortise was not slow.

By the evening, four mortises appeared on the trunk at intervals of thirty centimeters.

Burning mortises with fire sped up the process compared to using chisels and had another advantage: the mortises were less likely to crack after being burned by flames.

Of course, chisels were still indispensable in the process of mortise burning. They were used to roughly shape the area where the mortise needed to be created, making it easier to burn with charcoal.

It took four days for Han Cheng to use this method to create eight symmetrical mortises on two wooden pillars that would become ladders.

"Dudu dudu."

With the help of Lame, Han Cheng, holding various-sized wooden sticks, hammered them one by one into the mortises from bottom to top, from long to short.

The tree sticks were slightly thicker than the mortises, which could increase the ladder's firmness, preventing it from becoming a shoddy job that would break at the touch.

After nailing eight mortises on one side of the pillar with wooden sticks, with the help of Lame and Hei Wa, Han Cheng rolled the other pillar with mortises on the ground for half a turn. He aligned the mortises with the eight wooden sticks one by one. Then, he let Lame, who had stronger strength, use a piece of wood suitable for striking to vigorously hit the outer side of the wooden pillar.

With Lame pounding, the eight tree sticks slowly entered their respective mortises.

Ahem, don't think too much.

Chapter 123: When I looked back, I had already embraced the towering giant tree.

The Lame's eyes gleamed brightly as he circled the wooden ladder created by Han Cheng. While spinning, he occasionally touched the ladder and sometimes grabbed one end, lifting it and vigorously shaking it. The sturdy ladder remained unaffected, showing no signs of loosening.

The more he did this, the brighter Lame's eyes became as he discovered a new direction. In the past, the only methods he knew for connecting two things were using ropes or vines that could be used like ropes. However, now, the Divine Child has created a remarkably sturdy ladder without tying with ropes.

For the passionate craftsman like the Lame, this accomplishment was comparable to the night of adulthood, when he opened a new door to a whole new world.

"Divine Child!"

Growing more excited as he thought about it, the Lame released the ladder and respectfully saluted Han Cheng, calling out with excitement.

This act of respect was how the members of the Green Sparrow Tribe expressed their admiration for Han Cheng. Even the highly respected Shaman rarely received such treatment.

The Shaman, too, was observing the ladder. In his perspective, the ladder created by the Divine Child was indeed more exquisite than those tied with ropes. However, it didn't reach the level of excitement that would make him ecstatic.

The Lame wouldn't be so thrilled for nothing.

This was the cognitive bias brought about by different professions.

For example, the clay tablet that brought joy to the Shaman for inscribing words was just decent in the eyes of the Lame.

As an enthusiastic craftsman, Han Cheng mostly left the ladder-making process to himself. He only provided guidance when there were certain aspects the Lame didn't understand.

It's worth mentioning that Han Cheng had already created a ruler.

With the increasing production of various items, there needed to be certain standards to ensure the aesthetics and easy replacement of damaged parts. Additionally, Han Cheng wanted a relatively accurate measuring tool.

The ruler was simple to make. He found some straight wooden sticks and removed the outer bark, leaving the white inner part. He estimated a length of ten centimeters first. Then, using this ten-centimeter piece as a standard, he extended it step by step to create rulers of one meter, one and a half meters, or even two and a half meters.

After estimating the distance of ten centimeters, he evenly marked the ruler with zero to ten, with numbers labeled at each centimeter. After finishing the markings, he rubbed a bit of wood charcoal on them, instantly making the initially unclear marks clear.

Likewise, using this ten-centimeter wooden stick as a reference, he accurately marked other sticks of different lengths to the centimeter. He made another small vertical mark in the middle of each centimeter, indicating half a centimeter.

For the current Green Sparrow Tribe, accuracy to the centimeter was already sufficient. Although Han Cheng's estimated ten-centimeter distance might differ somewhat from the exact ten centimeters in the future, he wasn't worried. His standard would be accurate as long as he could maintain this standard and ensure that the rulers produced later were the same length as the initial ten-centimeter piece.

So, Han Cheng took great care to preserve the initially measured ten-centimeter wooden segment.

After discussing the importance of this tool with the Shaman and stressing its significance, the Shaman, not entirely grasping the Divine Child's words, placed it on the sacred stone tablet in front of the totem pole, where the feathered crown and bone staff were kept. This place was the holiest and safest in the entire Green Sparrow Tribe.

The Shaman didn't fully understand why the seemingly ordinary wooden stick suddenly became so important, but since the Divine Child regarded it with such gravity, it couldn't be wrong.

Manufacturing rulers was a meticulous task that couldn't afford any negligence. To craft these tools properly, Han Cheng dedicated several days, working continuously, before finally completing the task.

However, rulers made from wooden sticks had shortcomings, particularly in length. They were suitable for measuring shorter objects, but they became extremely inconvenient to use once the length increased.

Therefore, the tape measure came into existence.

The materials for the tape measure were simple twisted ropes.

Han Cheng cut two lengths of rope, one measuring ten meters and the other five meters, both measured using the previously standardized ruler.

Starting from the beginning, every ten centimeters, he tied a small knot with a single strand of rope grass. At the one-meter mark, he used a thin rope made by twisting two strands together and tied a large knot. This perfectly solved the issue of leaving markings on the rope.

These two tape measures were mainly used to measure large distances, such as the foundations of the courtyard wall and the gaps between house beams. They didn't require extreme precision, and markings every ten centimeters were sufficient.

The finished tape measures were wrapped around short wooden sticks. When in use, they could be pulled out; when not, they could be wrapped around the sticks again.

To familiarize the tribe members with the concept of rulers and teach them how to use these tools, Han Cheng put considerable effort into explaining, using numerous words to gradually make them accept and understand what rulers were and how to use them.

In understanding and using rulers, the fastest learner was not Stone, who had an innate talent for Chinese characters, but Lame.

This might be related to his engagement in weaving fish traps, rafts, fences, and other items over the past year. Since these things required specific dimensions, his frequent exposure naturally made him comprehend and use rulers faster than the average person.

Next were Hei Wa, the tribe's top potter, and then Shi Tou.

Among the people in the tribe, Han Cheng admired Lame the most.

Due to the injury to his leg, he had experienced the sorrow of becoming a burden. Therefore, when Han Cheng appeared and brought him some hope, he clung to it desperately.

In this way, after more than a year had passed, looking back, it would be surprising to find that he had acquired so much, much of which far exceeded the abilities of an ordinary person.

Lame held a piece of charcoal in one hand and a one-meter ruler in the other, gesturing and muttering softly as he laid it flat on the ground against a wooden post. After a while, he would leave marks on the wooden post using the black charcoal.

He appeared somewhat like a woodworker from the future.

He was finding the points where he needed to create mortises.

To manufacture a wooden ladder, the mortises on the two side pillars used to insert the crossbars had to align; otherwise, when it was time to fit the crossbars, they would either not fit or be loosely attached.

He was immersed in his work, unaware of the approving look in Han Cheng's eyes as he stood on the side.

Chapter 124: The Painful Rapeseed

The weather was getting warmer daily, and things that had been silent throughout the winter were now enthusiastically bursting.

Of course, some had already burst forth, such as the Deer Lord, whose dull fur made it appear listless, and the members of the Green Sparrow tribe.

These days, Han Cheng likes to run to the west side beyond the enclosure whenever he has nothing to do. There, a vibrant green expanse unfolded under the warm spring sun, releasing its passionate vibes.

The warm sunlight lazily enveloped the earth, creating a dazzling golden carpet of tiny, yellow flowers. They huddled together, forming a dreamlike tapestry.

Bees and various butterflies, having received news from an unknown source, buzzed around, arguing to compete for the title of flower thief.

Han Cheng stood there quietly, watching, with a somewhat foolish smile.

Without deliberately taking a deep breath, the unique fragrance of rapeseed flowers naturally entered his nose.

It was as if he wanted to marinate the tribe's chief in the fragrance of flowers, just like how the people of the Green Sparrow tribe marinated salted fish.

Han Cheng regretted not having a mobile phone to take a few beautiful pictures and share them on social media, but he had to ignore his current attire of animal skins.

"Woo, woo, woo."

Fu Jiang crouched on the ground, exerting force with all four limbs and pushing its butt backward to resist the shameless act of its master tying a rope around its neck.

Only after Han Cheng walked back and kicked its butt twice did this guy look at Han Cheng with resentment. It reluctantly stood up, drooping its head, and followed Han Cheng with a powerless demeanor, heading towards the sea of flowers.

There was a reason for Han Cheng tying a rope around Fu Jiang. This guy now followed him everywhere like a loyal dog. No matter where Han Cheng went, it stuck to him like glue.

When the rapeseeds began to bloom a few days ago, Han Cheng joyfully approached the rapeseed field to check the selected rapeseed plants earmarked for seed preservation. However, Fu Jiang was frolicking in the rapeseed field, knocking down a swath of rapeseed. Han Cheng, feeling heartache, refrained from the impulse to eat wolf meat that evening. Instead, he grabbed its ears and pulled it out of the rapeseed field. After kicking its butt several times, he decisively tied a rope around its neck.

Since then, every time Han Cheng visited the rapeseed field, Fu Jiang's neck had to be tied with a rope.

Han Cheng deliberately left several paths for easy traversal in the rapeseed field.

Even though the rapeseeds had grown now, careful traversal was still possible. However, it was unavoidable to get some yellow pollen on the body.

Han Cheng stopped at the end of a flower path where two or three dozen rapeseed plants grew exceptionally robust.

Not only were they large, but their flowers were also denser and more brilliant than the average rapeseed.

These were the ones Han Cheng had selected after traversing the entire rapeseed field following the melting of snow and the resurgence of all things.

Out of so many rapeseeds, only they were selected, and their luck could be described as divinely chosen.

They were already quite strong when Han Cheng had plucked out all the surrounding rapeseeds. They grew even more robust without competition from the same species for water and sunlight.

Moreover, aside from these privileges, Han Cheng also sprinkled some ash and manure around their roots after Han Cheng finished watering them.

Under such favoritism, if they didn't grow vigorously, it would truly be a disservice to Han Cheng. After watering them with manure, he ate less for dinner that night.

Of course, too much manure could burn them, and moderation was key, a saying that seemed applicable in various situations.

Han Cheng's height was still not tall; he measured himself with the ruler he made, finding it to be only 123 centimeters. There seemed to be a long way to go before reaching adulthood.

However, being short also had its advantages. For example, Han Cheng could kiss the radiant rapeseed flowers closely without bending over.

"If only I could grow taller, grow taller quickly," Han Cheng sincerely wished for the rapeseeds.

Of course, verbal encouragement was always hollow, lacking practical substance.

A warm urine stream was Han Cheng's best gift to them, but now it seems that Fu Jiang also contributed to it.

Leaving this place, Han Cheng went to another area where rapeseed was also deliberately chosen. However, unlike the previous ones, these rapeseeds were living in discomfort. Their lower leaves were gathered together and bound with ropes.

Under such harsh conditions, it would be strange if they could live happily. However, life, most of the time, was resolute and moving.

For example, these rapeseeds, subjected to Han Cheng's severe treatment, still sprout flower stalks and bloom clusters of yellow flowers.

Han Cheng squatted down and pressed the leaves, bound together by ropes at the root of the rapeseeds. They still felt soft.

He couldn't help but sigh. The journey to cultivate Chinese cabbage was still a long one.

Sighing wouldn't help. Now, he didn't have the advanced equipment of the future. Even if he did, he couldn't create genetically modified Chinese cabbage. He could only rely on this ancient method, generation by generation, to cultivate.

As for whether he could eventually produce Chinese cabbage, it depended on whether heaven would favor this unlucky time traveler or not.

But thinking a bit more, Han Cheng still found Chinese cabbage particularly tempting.

This thing had a high yield and was extremely storage-resistant, making it an essential food during the harsh winter.

Considering the Chinese cabbage from the future and looking at the current ancestor-level rapeseeds bound by spells, Han Cheng couldn't help but sniff, feeling like this was a "living in the year" series.

Despite Han Cheng looking unsteady, he was worried about the food problem.

Because relying solely on the fish in the small river wasn't a long-term solution. Continually catching fish would eventually deplete the fish resources in the small river.

If the tribe couldn't find a stable food source before the fish resources in the small river were insufficient to support the tribe's consumption, the tribe would inevitably return to the days of constantly struggling for food.

Moreover, with the increase in the tribe's population, relying solely on hunting would make it difficult to feed so many people.

The Green Sparrow tribe would either move towards the path of dispersal or, like the Flying Snake tribe, divide the tribe into several parts in a semi-dispersed state. One part would hunt animals, and the other would hunt the remaining tribes.

Han Cheng didn't want to go down either of these paths. Fortunately, whether it was because there were too few people who ate fish in the primitive era or because there were too many fish in the big river connected to the small river, new fish would quickly fill the void every time the small river rose.

This allowed Han Cheng to breathe a sigh of relief because it meant he would have more time to develop agriculture and animal husbandry.

Chapter 125: Wolf and Deer fight and harvest

Deer Lord also joined in. With its fondness for flowers, it wouldn't miss the opportunity to indulge in the tempting display.

When Han Cheng spotted the deer approaching, he quickly led Fu Jiang away. These two companions were not ones to put a person at ease.

Deer Lord's current look was quite cool. Not only did it have a face with a splint, but it also had ropes wound around its antlers and even a mask covering its mouth. It was a unique sight in the entire Green Sparrow tribe.

Of course, this mask wasn't made of gauze. At this time, even if Han Cheng wanted to make a gauze mask like that, he couldn't find the materials.

Under Han Cheng's instructions, the Deer Lord's mask was woven by the Green Lord tribe's top craftsman, Lame, using rattan.

It was roughly bowl-shaped, with symmetrical ropes tied around the edges. When worn, it only needed to be hooked onto Deer Lord's long mouth. Then, it wouldn't fall off by tying the ropes slightly at the base of its antlers.

Such a thing was called a "cage head," commonly used for cows and horses, usually woven from broken bamboo strips in Han Cheng's old hometown.

However, Han Cheng hadn't found any bamboo, so he had to use rattan instead.

Fortunately, the effect was not bad.

This was evident by watching Deer Lord desperately trying to get its mouth on the rapeseed flowers but miserably failing due to the mask, with its tongue making loud noises.

Seeing this pitiful scene, Han Cheng couldn't help but be dumbfounded. Could it be that Fu Jiang, this silly dog, was becoming clever, using tactics where sacrificing oneself to kill the enemy?

Deer Lord, upon witnessing this scene, was furious. It grunted, grunted again, and spared the rapeseed flowers that were frightened by it. Lowering its head, it charged towards Fu Jiang.

These two companions, who had fought countless times, were already familiar with each other's tricks.

Fu Jiang, who had been poked in the butt many times by Deer Lord's antlers, couldn't let it succeed. It swiftly dodged to the side, baring its sparse teeth at Deer Lord.

Feeling insulted, Deer Lord knew that Fu Jiang wouldn't dare to bite it for real. After a failed attack, it immediately turned its head and charged at Fu Jiang again.

This wolf versus deer battle ended with Deer Lord being the clear winner.

The main reason was that Fu Jiang forgot it had a rope tied around its neck this time.

After dodging a few more times, the rope got entangled with Han Cheng, losing its maneuver space.

Having won the battle, Deer Lord walked away with a proud posture, its long legs and head held high. It seemed to have forgotten about having Han Cheng untie the troublesome cage head.

Fu Jiang looked at Han Cheng with extremely resentful eyes. If it weren't for this stupid owner, it wouldn't have been humiliated by that darn deer. Thinking about the experience just now, Fu Jiang felt pain in its butt.

Time passed bit by bit, seemingly slow, but looking back, it was always surprised with its speed.

When the tall gate of the Green Sparrow tribe on the south side was completely raised, and the short walls behind it were only a short length away from being heightened, the flourishing rapeseeds could finally be harvested.

As with last year, before harvesting the rapeseed, Han Cheng directed the tribe's people to clear an area called the "field."

The field is right in the courtyard of the Green Sparrow tribe.

The courtyard of the Green Sparrow tribe is spacious enough, and apart from the toilet, rabbit pens, and deer pen, there are no other structures, providing ample space for the field.

Han Cheng chose to locate the field near the west side of the main gate. This decision had its reasons. Firstly, when transporting the harvested rapeseed to the tribe would involve less walking. Secondly, during the rapeseed threshing process, there would be a lot of dust, broken grass, and other debris. Placing the field near the main gate, far from the cave, would reduce the impact on the cave.

Moreover, the west side of the main gate's wall has already been raised, so storing rapeseed there wouldn't interfere with further construction.

Compared to the difficulty of opening the wheat field last year, this time, it felt much easier. Calling it a field feels awkward, but let's continue calling it a wheat field for now, even though the Green Sparrow tribe doesn't have wheat.

This is mainly due to the strong wind, which uprooted numerous trees last year. Han Cheng and the others only needed to level the ground and then tamp it down with stone slabs or other flat objects.

Considering that there is more rapeseed this year than last year, Han Cheng also expanded the construction of the wheat field quite a bit to about fifty or sixty square meters.

For the rapeseed harvest, the couple Tie Tou and Ruhua are the main force, especially Tie Tou. During this period, he has become adept at cutting grass with a stone sickle; the same skill applies to rapeseed harvest. One person can harvest faster than two people.

Like harvesting thatch, the harvested rapeseed is placed in small piles nearby, tied with ropes and transported to the tribe's wheat field.

Larger bundles of rapeseed are made for those with greater strength, while those with less strength make smaller ones.

Because there isn't much rapeseed, not everyone in the Green Sparrow tribe is involved in the rapeseed harvest.

Han Cheng only drew a quarter of the workforce from those building the wall, plus the couple Hei Wa and his wife, which was already sufficient.

Han Cheng didn't let others handle the carefully cultivated two patches, totaling less than two hundred rapeseed plants. Instead, he harvested them.

After harvesting, they were tied into bundles with grass ropes, four plants per bundle, then carefully hung on some branches on the west side of the tribe's cave entrance to dry without mixing them with the rest of the rapeseed.

Not only were they not mixed with other rapeseed, but even these two patches of rapeseed were strictly separated during drying.

They may not look much different now, but they would become two major factions in Han Cheng's anticipation.

One faction would develop towards the direction of Chinese cabbage, while the other would develop towards rapeseed with better taste and more seeds.

Of course, even if this plan could succeed, it would take at least seventy to eighty years.

Looking at the rapeseed hanging on the branches, exposed to the sun and wind, Han Cheng couldn't help but sigh slightly. The road ahead is indeed long.

Thinking like this, he immediately smiled again. To encounter this primitive rapeseed at this time is already extremely fortunate. How can one be dissatisfied and proceed slowly when luck is so good?

If the direction is right, there will always be that successful day.

Chapter 126 – Wooden Fork

The harvested and transported rapeseed did not go into a stack; instead, it was spread out on the threshing floor for drying. The weather had been good these days, with the warm sunshine making it ideal for harvesting and drying grains.

Taking advantage of the favorable weather, Han Cheng naturally took action. He urgently needed to dry the rapeseed while the opportunity was rare. If rain fell later, it would be troublesome. After all, this was not the modern era where plastic sheets could cover the grains in the threshing floor during rainy days, waiting for the weather to clear.

There were no plastic sheets available, not to mention straws...

Once it rained, besides rushing to transport some to the deer's enclosure for shelter, Han Cheng couldn't think of any other solutions.

A thick layer of rapeseed had already been spread on the threshing floor. It was quickly evaporating moisture under the late spring and early summer sun.

Han Cheng, who hadn't grown much in height yet, held a wooden fork and turned over the drying rapeseed. While turning, he also tried to loosen the rapeseed as much as possible, promoting ventilation and accelerating moisture evaporation.

With his right hand in front and left hand behind, Han Cheng used the wooden fork to stab some rapeseed. Then, with a little force from his right hand near the rapeseed, he lifted it slightly while

simultaneously pressing down with his left hand behind. Leveraging the principle of leverage that could lift the Earth, these rapeseeds were naturally lifted effortlessly.

Then, based on this posture, he tilted the top of the wooden fork slightly downward, shook it a few times continuously, and the rapeseeds on the fork dropped successively. He changed to a more comfortable posture and continued enjoying the sunlight.

This was not considered difficult for Han Cheng, who had been accustomed to farm work since childhood. Even though he lived in a different era, using a wooden fork to turn the threshing floor was still just as handy.

It was uncomfortable for people like Mu Tou, who had just started to learn about these things. This strange stick, a “wooden fork,” was not easy to use. They felt that they could do it faster with their hands directly.

However, the Divine Child forbade them from doing it that way. They had to use this strange stick to do these tasks.

Looking at Mu Tou and others awkwardly using the wooden fork to turn the rapeseed, Han Cheng couldn't help but sniff. Wasn't it said, “Farming work doesn't need to be learned; just do it the way others do?” Why were these guys learning so slowly?

This made him sigh with a somewhat settled heart. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, he walked to Mu Tou and others, conducting hands-on teaching.

Han Cheng made this wooden fork to welcome the first harvested grain batch in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The structure of the wooden fork was very simple. It was a wooden stick about four centimeters in diameter and one meter five to six in length. At the top of the wooden stick were three forked sticks, each about the thickness of a thumb and around forty centimeters long.

The three wooden sticks were not in a straight line between the small wooden stick and the handle. They had a certain curvature, bending downwards after about ten centimeters of depth and extending forward.

Moreover, at the upper part where the three “fork teeth” intersected, a small wooden stick protruded upward, about two to three centimeters long.

This was done to facilitate the wooden fork's ability to scoop enough rapeseed while preventing the scooped rapeseed from slipping off.

In Han Cheng's childhood in the future, when the wheat season was approaching each year, there would be many people selling wooden forks on the streets, along with long-handled brooms, iron sickles, rakes, straw hats, whetstones, and other items related to farming.

The market was probably the liveliest at that time, except for the period before the New Year.

After all, every household needed to go out to the market, more or less procuring some things. Otherwise, finding time to go to the market once the wheat was harvested would be difficult.

In the future, most wooden forks will be made from mulberry wood. People who specialized in producing wooden forks generally had mulberry orchards, although different from the mulberry orchards for silk production.

There were no large mulberry trees in the mulberry orchards producing wooden forks; they were all small mulberry trees.

The mulberry trees were cut at the base in the first year, and in the second year's spring, many tender shoots would emerge.

After the tender shoots grew into normal branches, one or two straight and robust ones would be selected from each plant, while the others would be cut off from the base.

When these selected ones grew to one to two meters, the top of the mulberry tree branches would be cut off from about one meter fifty-six above the ground.

After the tops were cut off, new branches would sprout from there, and it wasn't just one branch.

After these new branches grew, the others would be broken off, leaving only three at approximately equal distances.

After some time, the three wooden bars about to become the "fork teeth" would be transformed. They would be pinched into the required curvature and fixed. They would maintain this shape after growing for a while and not change back.

In this process, a small wooden peg at the intersection of the three "fork teeth" would be left in a suitable position.

The mulberry wooden forks would be cut down when they grew to a suitable size.

Taking advantage of the fact that they hadn't dried completely, they would be burned in the fire, improving the previously imperfect parts. When the mulberry wood cooled down, the previously shaped form would be completely fixed, and no further changes would occur.

Afterward, the bark would be peeled off, tools like axes and planes would be used to refine it, and a wooden fork would be born.

Han Cheng had not been in this era for a long time, and he hadn't thought about making wooden forks until the rapeseed flowers fell, reminding him of this matter.

It was impossible to make a wooden fork like those in the future.

But fortunately, there were many trees in the primitive era. With some effort, he eventually found some usable ones.

After laboriously chopping them down with a stone axe, he brought them to the outer side of the tribe's wall, lit a pile of fire, and called for the help of the hunchback, who was absorbed in burning holes on wooden pillars to make wooden ladders.

After burning, these wooden sticks were transformed into wooden forks.

Chapter 128: Taste from Childhood

After experiencing this incident, Han Cheng emerged from the initial two days of fervor.

Silkworms were important, but like elusive cabbages, they were not something to be rushed.

Not to mention that there were still no traces of silkworms found. Even if they were found now, it wouldn't make much sense for Han Cheng.

This lack of significance doesn't refer to anything else, but even if there were silkworms, they had already turned into pupae. It would be more convenient to let them grow in the wild. When autumn arrived, and the leaves fell, Han Cheng could easily find the silkworm cocoons hanging on the bare branches of mulberry trees.

After all, silkworm cocoons, much larger than silkworm droppings, hanging conspicuously on bare branches, would be much easier to spot.

Moreover, with rapeseed about to mature, making pitchforks was more urgent.

Perhaps because they had spread enough grass and wood ash in the first field of the Green Sparrow Tribe and also irrigated it with a lot of natural green manure made by the Green Sparrow Tribe, along with the nutrient contributions from rabbits and deer, and careful care from the Green Sparrow Tribe people led by Han Cheng, this year's rapeseed grew exceptionally well. It was far superior to when it grew mixed with weeds in the wild.

With robust rapeseed, it was impossible to dry it all at once on the threshing ground.

After no idle space was left on the threshing ground, the newly harvested rapeseed, under Han Cheng's guidance, was all piled up at the edge of the threshing ground.

Similar to storing hay, some logs were laid flat on the ground to separate them, and then some branches were placed on the logs before stacking the rapeseed.

When there was not much rapeseed, one could simply drop the rapeseed held in the arms or carried on the shoulders here. When the rapeseed stacks were higher than the person transporting the rapeseed, a pitchfork had to be used.

Under Han Cheng's tireless guidance, these people who had been learning for more than a day finally learned to use the pitchfork, at least not as unfamiliar as before.

As Ru Hua carried a bundle of rapeseed, she walked from the rapeseed field to the front of the rapeseed stack. She lowered her right shoulder, and the bundle of rapeseed on her shoulder fell to the ground.

She straightened up for a moment, then turned around and walked towards the rapeseed field, ignoring the rapeseed bundles on the ground. There would be someone coming to put them on the rapeseed stack.

Mu Tou, the person in charge of flipping the field, walked over with a peeled and white pitchfork in his hand.

With the right hand in front and the left behind, the pitchfork tines were close to the ground and inserted under the rapeseed bundle. Then, the right leg slightly advanced, and both arms exerted force. He lifted the rapeseed bundle.

Without stopping, he raised his right hand while the left hand pressed down on the pitchfork handle, bringing it down with a little force. In this way, the pitchfork, along with the rapeseed on it, exceeded the top of his head.

Mu Tou pushed his right hand forward while pushing down on the pitchfork with his left hand below. The pitchfork and the rapeseed on it would cross a small half-circle in the air and be placed on the high rapeseed stack.

When removing the pitchfork, he pressed it down a little and then pulled it out. This ensured that the rapeseed placed on the stack would not fall.

Under the cool breeze at the entrance, Han Cheng, enjoying the view, watched Mu Tou's smooth movements and nodded in approval. Not bad, he's a talent that can be molded.

Indeed, watching others do farm work while hiding in the shade is comfortable.

This is the same principle as many people like rural life.

What they like about rural life is being clean, coming to the countryside, feeling the breeze of nature, smelling the fragrance of the soil, and then marveling at the old farmer constantly hoeing and weeding.

In the mood, perhaps they might even compose a couple of poems to praise the beautiful pastoral scenery and envy the old farmer who can have all these intoxicating things.

Once immersed in rural life, spending a few days eating, living, and working with the old farmers, that sense of picking chrysanthemums by the east fence and leisurely viewing the southern mountains would immediately vanish.

Taking a few steps outside, Han Cheng looked at Iron Head and others bending over to harvest rapeseed in the rapeseed field. Then he glanced at the threshing ground in the courtyard, where Mu Tou was flipping the rapeseed with a wooden fork. Suddenly, he felt a bit lost.

There was a feeling of returning to primary school, laboring in the fields with the adults during busy farming times.

During the summers, when wheat was harvested, and in autumn, during the harvest of peanuts and corn, the school used to grant a week off to help families with the summer and autumn harvests.

Working in the field under the scorching sun, flipping wheat, or gathering the fallen wheat in the middle of the field, he had done a fair share of these tasks.

If, during those times, someone appeared riding a bicycle with a large beam, carrying a white foam box behind them, that would be the most joyful thing.

Opening the white blanket wrapped around the plastic box, a white mist emerged. Taking out a popsicle that cost twenty cents each and carefully licking it, it felt as if the scorching heat had disappeared.

Roasting slightly immature wheat with fire was delicious. In autumn, roasting large green grasshoppers with fire was also tasty, especially the golden eggs inside their abdomen that had not yet been expelled. Eating them was a mix of flavors, with a crunchy, bony chest full of chicken flavor after biting.

Of course, sweet potatoes roasted with dried cow dung were a childhood delicacy.

It's a pity, however, that one would never return to the childhood that required little worry and was easily satisfied.

Shaking his head, Han Cheng pulled his thoughts back from the past, storing all those memories in his heart and reevaluating everything that needed to be faced.

After over two days of flipping and drying, the rapeseed spread on the threshing ground had turned brown.

Without sturdy tools made from iron, even for a time traveler like Han Cheng, it was impossible to manufacture a stone roller for the threshing ground.

There was no other way, so people had to use a wooden fork to pat it down individually.

With each part of the fork, many rapeseed pods couldn't bear the pressure, choosing to burst open and release the seeds they had been nurturing.

Under Han Cheng's demonstration, Mu Tou and the others took wooden forks and patted the rapeseed in front of them. Then, they flipped it over and continued patting.

After another round of patting, they used the fork to lift and shake the maltreated rapeseed, making them loose. Then, they subjected them to the intense sunlight.

Meanwhile, Mu Tou and the others continued using wooden forks to pat the remaining rapeseed, ensuring even exposure to the sun. This method aimed to prevent uneven drying. Some slightly damp, resistant rapeseed pods wouldn't give up their hidden seeds until thoroughly dried by the scorching sun and warm winds.

Chapter 129: Second Senior Brother's Rake

"Pa, pa, pa."

After the sound of the wooden sticks cutting through the air, there was the sound of wooden forks beating on the rapeseed, mixed with the crackling of rapeseed pods and rapeseed seeds bursting out.

Mu Tou and several other people vigorously beat the rapeseed.

This is not an easy job. If it were easy, people in later generations wouldn't use oxen and horses to do this work.

From noon until the sun was halfway down the west, the rapeseed in the drying field was thoroughly beaten.

Under Han Cheng's guidance, Mu Tou and others picked up the beaten, battered, and empty rapeseed stems with wooden forks and piled them on the edge of the drying field.

One small detail needs special attention when doing this: after using a wooden fork to shake the rapeseed stems, they must be completely shoveled away. This is to shake out the rapeseed seeds trapped in the empty stems.

After picking up the rapeseed stems, a layer of fine rapeseed pods and small, dark brown rapeseed seeds is left on the ground.

Han Cheng stepped on it with bare feet, sliding and tickling.

Mu Tou and others began to use a tool to gather these scattered seeds to the middle of the drying field.

This tool is the commonly seen "Rake" in the future.

The so-called "Rake" is usually made of wood, with a structure similar to the nine-tooth nail rake of Piggy from *The Journey to the West*.

It consists of a wooden stick about one meter long connected to a rake head at the front.

The difference is that Piggys nine-tooth nail rake can exorcise demons and be used to plow the fields in Old Gaos Mansion. In contrast, this wooden "Rake" can only be used in the field.

Using a wooden fork can only roughly clear away the empty rapeseed stems, and many fragments will still fall.

Because the teeth of the wooden fork are few and sparse, with only three teeth, and there is also an old sparse tooth among them, the distance between each fork tooth is nearly twenty centimeters. It is difficult to clear these fragments.

At this time, it is the turn of the Rake to take the stage. It has many teeth that are densely spaced and is a good tool to deal with these fragments.

The construction of the Rake is simple, and it is not difficult to make.

Just cut a piece of wood about five centimeters in diameter and half a meter long. Then, use a stone axe to cut out four faces as much as possible. After that, drill a hole about one and a half centimeters in diameter every four to five centimeters on one of the faces. There are about nine holes in total.

Since the Green Sparrow tribe already has a hand drill, and Han Cheng came up with a way to enlarge the holes with fire when researching wooden ladders, drilling these holes is not too difficult for the Green Sparrow tribe. It just takes a little more time.

These holes need to be drilled through.

After completing this step, find some harder, thicker wet branches with a diameter of about two and a half centimeters.

First, put one of the branches into the fire and roast about ten centimeters at one end. After waiting a while, remove it from the fire and bend it while hot. It needs to be bent into a not-too-curved arc. After cooling, release it while holding it. This branch will maintain this posture and not return.

This curved part is cut off, and then repeat the previous steps until nine wooden sticks with similar lengths, lengths, and curves are obtained before stopping.

This wooden stick is the teeth on the "Rake".

Of course, these teeth cannot be used directly and need further processing.

Make one end finer after peeling off the outer layer of burnt black skin.

This task was difficult to accomplish in the past.

At least, Lame, who frequently dealt with wood, felt that it would take at least two days to polish one end of these nine curved wooden sticks to the specifications mentioned by Divine Child.

However, what Han Cheng did next greatly exceed the expectations of Lame. Han Cheng didn't use stones or other tools to polish the wooden sticks, as Lame expected. Instead, he put the wooden sticks into the nearby fire, letting the flames burn the end that needed to be polished.

Lame, with a mix of concern and anticipation, watched with unblinking eyes, hoping to witness another miracle and learn something new from the Divine Child.

The temperature of the flames quickly turned the bright white wooden sticks black, and they started burning.

After waiting a while, Han Cheng took them out and quickly polished the burnt parts on the stones.

After being burned by the fire, the hardwood was easily dealt with, and the layer of charcoal left on the outside came off with a bit of polishing.

Watching Divine Child quickly polish the stick, which would have taken a lot of effort, Lame's eyes lit up.

This method is not complicated, but why didn't he think of it himself?

Feeling somewhat distressed, Lame joined in this novel polishing process.

After the teeth were polished, they were threaded one by one through the previously drilled holes in the wooden pillar. First, thread the finely polished small head so the large head would get stuck in the hole, making it more secure.

The entire rake head was completed after threading the teeth and smashing them firmly with a stone.

However, because it needed to be mounted on a wooden handle, a flat, round-shaped mortise must be chiseled out in the middle of the nine rake teeth. These days, immersed in making wooden ladders and unable to extricate himself, Lame had already mastered the technique of chiseling mortises to perfection. For him, chiseling a mortise like this was a piece of cake.

The thicker end of the cut wooden handle was polished, inserted into the mortise, wedged firmly with a wooden wedge, and possibly the world's first rake designed for agricultural production appeared.

Because the manufacture of the rake was quite complicated, and Han Cheng remembered this matter when the rapeseed was about to ripen, the Green Sparrow tribe currently only had one rake.

Fortunately, the Green Sparrow tribe now cultivated a small amount of land, and one rake was enough for the current tasks.

After demonstrating how to use the rake, Han Cheng handed this brand-new farming tool to Qi Qiu (Balloon).

Qi Qiu was not a real balloon; he was a person.

He originally came from the Pig tribe. The reason he got such a name was not because he was particularly fat but because of how quickly he gained weight.

When he first joined the Green Sparrow tribe, he was skinny, without an ounce of flesh. However, his body expanded like an inflated balloon after just a few months. Facing such a situation, Han Cheng gave him this name.

Once, Qi Qiu asked Han Cheng what is a balloon. Han Cheng resisted the impulse to tell him that he was something like a bladder and instead said that it was a good thing.

Qi Qiu was very happy to hear that the great Divine Child said balloons were good things.

Looking at the ecstatic Qi Qiu, Han Cheng's face suddenly twitched because he suddenly remembered that something not used for blowing, like a tool, was also called a balloon.

Chapter 130: Praise, like labor, makes people smarter

Qi Qiu, with a slightly plump body, felt very pleased. Following the method taught by the Divine Child, he held the previously unseen tool, called a "rake" by the Divine Child, and pulled it forward on the spread-out scene.

The nine curved teeth on the rake swept across the scene, removing some broken rapeseed stems. The small, dark-brown rapeseeds playfully avoided the large teeth, joyfully gathering together to observe this novel world.

Where the teeth had passed, small furrows were left behind, similar to a comb running through.

Qi Qiu continuously extended and pulled back the rake in his hand. In front of him, a pile of straw had already gathered.

After sweeping through this entire area, Qi Qiu moved to another spot, repeating this simple yet immensely satisfying task.

He didn't need to worry about the gathered stems. Mu Tou was nearby to pick them up with a fork and place them on the side of the rapeseed stack.

Qi Qiu's mood was, of course, joyful. The Divine Child not only gave him such a pleasing name but also entrusted him with the exclusive tool of the tribe for use. There was no reason for him not to be happy.

He worked hard, recalling the Divine Child's demonstration and incorporating some of his understanding, striving to do this task even better.

Qi Qiu was willing to do this. He liked contributing to the tribe like everyone else. He would be happy for days if he could receive the Divine Child's smiling praise.

While doing this task, he occasionally thought about the past.

If this were in the past, he might be hunting in the forest with his former leader. But hunting couldn't compare to the comfort of doing this now.

Not only did he not have to worry about being bitten by wild animals, but there would also be delicious meat soup in the evening.

Thinking about the delicious meat soup in the tribe, Qi Qiu's stomach couldn't help but growl, seemingly impatient.

"Good, well done."

After Qi Qiu had swept the entire scene with the rake, he straightened his waist, supported the rake, and took a brief rest. His eyes were somewhat expectant, occasionally glancing towards the Divine Child standing under the gate.

The Divine Child didn't disappoint him. Seeing that he had finished the task, the Divine Child walked over, smiled, and praised him eagerly. Not only that, but the Divine Child also raised the thumb of his right hand towards him.

This made Qi Qiu even more excited.

Having lived here for so long, he already knew the meaning of this action. It was a praise higher than the words spoken earlier. Not many people in the tribe received such praise from the Divine Child.

Han Cheng's praise was sincere because Qi Qiu had quickly mastered using the rake. Before finishing one field, he became more proficient than Han Cheng himself.

For such talents in the tribe, encouragement was necessary.

Seeing Qi Qiu being praised, Mu Tou and the others couldn't help but feel envious.

Mu Tou looked at the situation on the rapeseed field, seeing that the taller stems had been shoveled away, and there was nothing left to shovel. He casually supported the wooden fork and began scratching his head.

As an elderly member of the Green Sparrow tribe, he had watched the Divine Child plant rapeseed last year and knew some general procedures.

However, there were very few rapeseeds last year, and the methods used to plant them were quite different. For example, last year, they used wooden sticks to beat the rapeseed and even let underage kids trample on them. But this year, they were using wooden forks.

After carefully recollecting last year's practices and a thorough comparison with the current situation, Mu Tou figured out the next thing that needed to be done.

He looked at the Divine Child standing on the side, hesitated momentarily, then put down the wooden fork and picked up a broom. He started sweeping the scattered rapeseeds towards the center.

This broom, an essential tool, had already been manufactured by Han Cheng last year. The people in the tribe were familiar with its purpose and usage.

The broom was made from grass that grew like a small tree in its first year. This grass had a dense and tough structure, making it an excellent material for making large brooms.

Of course, if you were to go into specifics, a broom made from bamboo would be even better. However, since bamboo was not found, they had to make do with what they could call a "firewood broom."

Han Cheng was delighted to see Mu Tou's actions because it meant that Mu Tou had engaged in independent thinking and found a solution to the problem.

Reflecting on such matters played a crucial role in human evolution.

Han Cheng smiled and gave a thumbs-up to Mu Tou, who used the broom to sweep the rapeseeds towards the center.

Mu Tou's mood became extremely pleasant; he seemed right in thinking.

Thinking this way, Mu Tou worked even harder. He slowed down when he noticed that sweeping too fast would cause some rapeseeds to roll onto the already-cleaned ground. Remembering the method taught by the Divine Child while using the wooden fork to pick up rapeseed stems, Mu Tou had a sudden insight. While slowing down, he would shake the broom after each sweep.

After two shakes, he found that hardly any rapeseeds were being left behind. The smile on Mu Tou's face became even more pronounced.

Life was like this, with countless small tricks waiting to be discovered, mastered, and passed down.

Mu Tou swept for a while but furrowed his brow again when he saw that the rapeseeds had piled up into a thick layer before him, making it difficult to sweep with the broom.

Seeing this scene, Han Cheng smiled because it meant he had another chance to show off in front of Mu Tou and the others.

Amused by this thought, Han Cheng took the rake from Qi Qiu's hand, signaling to Qi Qiu and Mu Tou to watch his demonstration.

Han Cheng turned the rake upside down, with the nine curved teeth facing up, and pressed it against the thick layer of rapeseeds and smaller debris that Mu Tou had swept. Gripping the rake handle with both hands, he pushed it forward.

There was little opposition to the rake against the resistance that a broom couldn't overcome. Han Cheng pushed it forward, leaving behind a half-meter-wide gap where the rake had passed. Only a thin layer of rapeseeds remained here.

The eyes of Mu Tou and Balloon lit up. Mu Tou hadn't expected this problem to be solved this way, and Balloon had discovered a new use for the rake.

After demonstrating, Han Cheng handed the rake to the eager Balloon and then played the role of a spectator.

The following scene was harmonious. Balloon used the rake to push the rapeseeds towards the center of the wheat field, while Mu Tou followed behind, sweeping the thin layer left behind by the rake. In their wake, there was a clean field.

This scene easily reminded people of the busy couples working in wheat fields in the future.