

## I am a Primitive Man #Chapter 13: In the Name of the Sky God - Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 13: In the Name of the Sky God

The atmosphere in the cave seemed somewhat solemn. Led by the senior brother, wrapped in as much fur as possible, the group bowed to the shaman before heading into the vast snow.

As they trudged through the snowy terrain, the group gradually became tiny dots, obscured by the dense trees, disappearing. Due to the cave's opening, the temperature dropped rapidly, causing some children to shiver.

The shaman instructed a few women left in the cave to seal the entrance. Returning to his usual spot, the shaman appeared even more contemplative.

Han Cheng stood silently on the side, feeling the severity of the impending food crisis. Having just arrived and already hungry for two days and nights, he deeply understood the terrifying sensation of hunger. The burning feeling in the stomach was unbearable, worse than any torture.

It was this intense hunger that weighed heavily on his mood.

After silence, the shaman stood up and began to busy himself in the cave. He took out an item adorned with colorful bird feathers resembling a crown, placing it on his head alongside a feathered crown. These were then offered, along with the bone staff, in front of a stone resembling a totem pole.

Using a bone knife, the shaman cut open the palm of his left hand and smeared the flowing blood on his face. After instructing Han Cheng to leave the cave, the shaman dripped his blood onto the ground before the totem pole, uttering words incomprehensible to Han Cheng.

Subsequently, the shaman's actions became even more peculiar. He danced around, occasionally waving the white bone staff.

Although Han Cheng had never witnessed such a ceremony before, he understood that the shaman was performing a ritual, communicating with their sky god, and praying for blessings and relief from calamities.

After observing the shaman's rustic dance, Han Cheng wrapped himself in two more layers of animal hides, took a rudimentary fishing spear used by the tribe, and headed towards the cave entrance.

Now a tribe member, Han Cheng felt the urgency of the food crisis. However, being too young to join the hunting party with the elder brother, he had to find other ways to contribute to the tribe. He wanted to check the nearby river to see any fish.

Concerning the elder brother's claim that there were no more fish, Han Cheng had doubts. Judging by the distinct seasons and the appearance of the tribe members with their black eyes, black hair, and yellow skin, he could reasonably conclude that he was still in the land that haunted his dreams.

In his memories, the rivers in that land did not have many fish migrating seasonally like birds. However, given the several thousand or even tens of thousands of years' time difference from his original era, encountering different situations was expected.

Despite this, he wanted to investigate for himself.

"Where are you going?" The limp-legged primitive man asked in a hushed voice, afraid to disturb the shaman communicating with the god.

"I'm going outside," Han Cheng replied.

He pointed at the fish spear in Han Cheng's hand, questioning why he was taking it outside.

Han Cheng said, "Fish, stab fish."

The primitive man looked at him as if he were a fool. Even three or four-year-old kids in the tribe knew that there were no fish at this time. This seemingly shrewd guy said he wanted to catch fish. This... was something.

"No fish," he warned Han Cheng with a concerned expression. Despite the overpowering stench when Han Cheng defecated last time, he couldn't help but try to remind him to avoid unnecessary exposure to the cold.

Han Cheng looked at the man and suddenly realized a problem. Given the current temperature, the river would likely have frozen over. This wouldn't have been a problem for him in the past, but now, breaking the ice would be challenging.

The guy before him seemed like a good candidate for hard labor.

Han Cheng decided to deceive him.

Although his leg was lame, he could still walk, albeit very slowly. However, for primitive people, this was already a severe issue. Running slowly meant there was no way to chase after wild beasts, and when being chased by wild beasts, there was no way to escape. Running could be considered an indispensable condition for survival in this era.

Shaking his head, Han Cheng said, "Fish, not gone. Fish, hiding."

He gestured with his hands while saying this.

The primitive man didn't believe Han Cheng's words and stubbornly insisted, "No fish."

Shaking his head, he turned around and pointed to the cave's depths where the shaman was conducting a ritual. His meaning was that this information came from the shaman.

Han Cheng shook his head again. "Fish, not gone. Fish, still here."

He pointed to the sky and then to his head, indicating that the sky god had told him.

The primitive man widened his eyes, seemingly stunned by Han Cheng's expression. He somewhat believed it because, firstly, no one in the tribe dared to joke about the sky god. Secondly, Han Cheng's origin was strange. Falling directly from the sky, he had never heard of anyone who could ascend to the heavens, let alone communicate with the sky god.

He looked hesitant as he stared at Han Cheng, slowly standing up.

"Fish, still here," Han Cheng repeated.

He then told him that they wouldn't go hungry once they found the fish anymore. Under the dual attack of the god and Han Cheng's promise of not going hungry, the hesitant man finally agrees to join Han Cheng in catching fish for the tribe.

The entrance to the cave was opened, and Han Cheng, holding a fish spear, and the lame primitive man, carrying a stone for smashing, walked out of the cave. The women left the cave, watched these two dreamers leave, and sealed the entrance.

Taking a stone from the cave when going outside was necessary. Otherwise, picking up a stone from the ground in the ice and snow would be difficult. The biting cold seeped through the gaps in the animal hides, causing Han Cheng to shiver involuntarily. He now strongly felt the urge to return to the cave and sew some clothes.

Wrapping animal hides crudely around his body and tying them with tough grass was uncomfortably inadequate.

Braving the cold and stepping on snow, they walked towards the river. Just as they reached the riverbank, the lame man began to regret it. He shouldn't have listened to this guy and followed him outside. There was no fish here.

"跛" (Bǒ), meaning "Lame," was the name Han Cheng silently gave to the lame primitive man, as it was inconvenient without a name.

"Fish, not here."

Feeling deceived, the limping man pointed at the frozen river covered by ice, some parts still with a layer of snow, and expressed his anger to Han Cheng.

Han Cheng, upon seeing this, was a bit stunned. So, this is what Senior Brother meant by the fish being gone. Did they mean the river was frozen, and the fish couldn't be seen as usual, so they

assumed the fish were gone? Instead of his initial thought that, due to the cold, the fish had migrated elsewhere.

As Han Cheng contemplated this, he suddenly slapped his forehead. He realized he had been misunderstanding from the beginning. He had been thinking that the fish here were migratory, neglecting that Senior Brother and the tribe had been fishing for three days despite the heavy snowfall.

If it was snowing heavily and the fish were still here, it would be strange if they were migratory.

"The fish are below."

After sighing in relief, Han Cheng was glad that the food crisis in the tribe could be averted. He wouldn't be regarded as an untrustworthy person by the limping man.

With a delighted smile on his face, Han Cheng used a stick to poke at the ice surface to confirm its solidity. Once assured, he climbed onto the ice.

He pointed at the frozen surface with his foot and explained to the indignant, limping man.

The limping man showed a look of confusion. He disagreed with Han Cheng's words. The surface had already turned into solid rock. How could there be fish?

However, Han Cheng's excited expression and confident tone made him hesitate.

"The fish are below."

"Catch fish, eat."

Han Cheng expressed his intentions to the limping man through words and gestures, once again offering the irresistible temptation of food. He then signaled for the limping man to smash the ice under his feet with the stone he held.

Han Cheng directed the limping man to a location near the riverbank for safety. This way, even if the ice cracked, the gap wouldn't be too large, and the limping man could easily climb out.

"Thud, thud, thud."

With hands red from the cold, the limping man vigorously used the stone to smash the ice beneath his feet. Each time the stone hit, ice chips scattered around.

The ice layer was quite thick, and the limping man, sweating profusely, took four breaks before finally creating a hole in the ice.

Han Cheng silently praised his cleverness. Without tricking the limping man into helping, he wouldn't have been able to break open the nearly 20-centimeter-thick ice with his current abilities.

As soon as the ice was broken, revealing water, the limping man smiled and unquestionably believed Han Cheng's words. Since there was water beneath this rock-like thing, the fish hadn't left, just as this guy had said.

Following Han Cheng's guidance, the energetic, limping man continued to enlarge the hole in the ice. Because the ice had already been broken, it became much easier to smash it aside.

Not long after, the ice hole had expanded to more than twice its original size.

"Fish."

Before Han Cheng could tell the limping man to scoop out the broken ice from the ice hole, the man excitedly shouted, pointing at the mouth of the hole where a fish was coming up to breathe fresh air.

If Han Cheng hadn't stopped him, the limping man, who had already thrown the stone in his arms aside, would have been leaning on the ice surface to grab the fish.

Han Cheng couldn't help but smile. It's great to have fish.

He instructed the excited, limping man to throw the stones on the ice to the shore. Otherwise, they would soon freeze to the ice in the current weather and become difficult to pick up.

"Poof."

It seemed like these fish had been suffocated. The ice had just been smashed, and seven or eight fish had already gathered at the hole. They crowded together, greedily breathing through their mouths.

Han Cheng felt uncomfortable with them all squeezed together, thinking it would be more enjoyable for them to come ashore. He seized the opportunity and, aiming at the middle of the group, fiercely stabbed downward.

A great start.

It was unexpected whether it was unlucky for this fish or the proficiency of Han Cheng's fish-stabbing technique, but with just one stab, a fish over a foot long was pierced through the body.

With a strong pull, Han Cheng lifted it directly from the water.

The fish's tail swung in the air, throwing out a string of beautiful water droplets.

"Fish."

Watching the fish dancing in the snow, the limping man shouted joyfully again.

With a limp, he quickly picked up the still-jumping fish, grinned at Han Cheng, and held the fish up for him to see.

Han Cheng also smiled. This fish weighed at least 1.8 kg.

"Poof."

Taking advantage of the momentum, Han Cheng struck again. Unfortunately, he didn't have the same luck this time. Apart from some scales, nothing else was left after the stab.

These fish, being suffocated, took advantage of the rare opportunity to breathe, and when Han Cheng stabbed them, they sank a little but quickly floated back to the surface.

"Poof."

Taking a deep breath, Han Cheng struck again. The fish head was hit this time, causing the fish to jump directly from the water onto the ice, bouncing back and forth.

This was an unexpected joy.

"Fish, let me."

The limping man, having beaten up the fish that had jumped onto the ice, pressed it down next to the previous one. He then eagerly asked Han Cheng for the fish spear, ready to personally experience the joy of the harvest.

After all, picking up fish was not as exciting as stabbing them.

Han Cheng's current body was still small and coupled with just having undergone rebirth, the charred skin hadn't completely peeled off. His strength was insufficient.

If he had the sharp fish spear made of thin steel bars or iron rods from his later years, it would be suitable for stabbing fish.

However, at the moment, with this simple stick, the head of which was not carved but ground into a fish spear, and Han Cheng's current strength, there was still a long way to go.

Although Han Cheng wanted to stab a few more fish for fun, he knew it wasn't the time for playing around. The most crucial thing was to get food. Therefore, he handed the fish spear to the limping man.

With a lame leg, the limping man, with remaining strength and previous work experience, bent his waist and thrust the fish spear diagonally. With a loud splash, a fish over two feet long was pierced through the belly and lifted out of the water.

"Fish!"

He shouted excitedly, took the fish off the fish spear, handed it to Han Cheng, and almost knocked Han Cheng down with the fish still shaking its tail.

This fish weighed at least 6 kg.

Completely immersed in the joy of the harvest, the limping man, forgetting the cold, stood by the ice hole, holding the fish spear, and stared at the hole intently. He fiercely stabbed the fish with the spear whenever he saw the opportunity.

With every stab, he would excitedly shout, "Fish!"

The limping man was genuinely happy. Since his leg injury, he has never been as happy as he is today.

He was no longer a burden to the tribe. He could also hunt for food for the tribe.

Having been a burden for more than three years, the joy he felt at this moment radiated from the depths of his heart.