

I am a Primitive Man #Chapter 14: Breaking the Ice to Catch Fish - Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 14: Breaking the Ice to Catch Fish

"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.

The cold air penetrated the body, and Han Cheng, tightly wrapped in fur, shivered uncontrollably.

After being outside for so long, he was completely frozen.

"There are many fish. Enough to eat. Let's go back and get warm."

With a reluctant expression, Han Cheng extended the numb hand that had just gained some sensation from being pressed against his armpit. He pulled out the fish stabbed by the Lamé with a fish fork and placed it in the snow pit on the shore.

There were already more than a dozen fish with holes in them, and due to the cold weather, except for the three just stabbed out, the others had become stiff.

Han Cheng no longer felt the excitement he had when he first saw the fish. The pervasive coldness had completely extinguished all his enthusiasm.

"Catch fish. Not cold."

The Lamé was beyond salvation. He was completely immersed in the joy of fishing and couldn't extricate himself, completely oblivious to the cold.

Han Cheng was no longer excited. He felt he had unintentionally made a terrible mistake by coaxing a workaholic into this. He stomped his feet, and the feet wrapped in fur were also numb.

"You, catch fish. I, go back, for Shaman."

Han Cheng expressed his intention with gestures and words.

Regardless, let the Lamé catch fish here. He didn't want to endure the cold with him any longer. If he continued like this, even if there were fish to eat in the tribe, his own life would probably be in danger.

After saying that, without waiting for the Lamé's response, he rushed towards the direction of the cave. He didn't want to stay in this damned place for a moment longer.

After running for a while, Han Cheng stopped, thought momentarily, and turned back. He found the smallest one among the fish lying on the ground, touched it, found it too cold to touch directly, looked around, and broke off some resilient dried grass exposed in the snow. He threaded the fish from gills to mouth with the grass, then dragged the fish and the grass through the snow on the topmost layer, rushing back to the cave.

It was not okay not to bring back a fish. Otherwise, he would need to spend many words explaining to Shaman that the fish was not lost but blocked by the ice. Besides, Shaman probably wouldn't believe him.

Better to bring back a fish directly, saving trouble.

Compared to the bitter cold outside, the inside of the cave was much warmer.

Jumping and sweating, Shaman finally completed the ritual and prayed for blessings from the sky god.

However, despite his calm appearance, he was somewhat uneasy in his heart.

This kind of uneasiness occurred every time after the ritual.

It was not because he was insincere in his prayers to the sky god or made mistakes. It was because of a deep secret in his heart for many years.

The secret was that he couldn't communicate with the sky god as the tribe imagined.

This was a lingering illness that had followed him for decades.

He could confirm that every time he performed the ritual, he did it with all his heart and soul, and every movement and action was impeccable.

However, what worried him was that he hadn't received any guidance from the sky god all these years.

This made him uneasy because he vividly remembered that the previous shaman had explicitly told him he could communicate with the sky god.

It was precisely because of this that Shaman became even more uneasy in his heart after each ritual. After all, in the same ceremony and actions, one shaman could receive the guidance of the sky god, while he couldn't.

Shaman held the white bone staff and placed it on the stone in front of the totem pillar where the sky god resided. Carefully, he removed the feather crown on his head, placed it back in its original position, and heaved a sigh of relief.

He turned around, wanting to see the mysterious and miraculously transformed little guy.

However, he did not see him in the cave, and the Lamé man was also missing.

Shaman felt a bit anxious. He cared a lot about this little guy who came from the sky.

In his understanding, the sky god resided above the sky where only birds could fly. The totem pole placed in the tribe was just a projection of the sky god, a temporary place for the sky god to stay during the acceptance of sacrifices.

And this little guy fell from the sky.

This discovery excited Shaman, who had never received any guidance from the sky god. It seemed like he had found some clues.

Especially considering the horrifying scene that happened when he descended.

A person who spent a night in the wilderness without being eaten by wild beasts and still managed to come back to life in this state.

All these things made him curious and concerned about this extraordinary little guy.

Through the explanations and gestures of a few weak women who stayed in the cave, Shaman learned about Han Cheng's whereabouts and what they were doing.

This made Shaman both angry and touched.

This little guy... All the fish had gone in this freezing weather. Where could he possibly catch fish?

Don't get hurt from the cold.

With these thoughts, Shaman looked at the five or seven children in the cave who were similar or larger than the little guy. He couldn't help shaking his head.

They were all children, but these children in the tribe, except for the little guy, were far behind. Although the little guy's actions might seem futile and result in unnecessary freezing, having this intention was enough.

Hmm, unconsciously, Han Cheng had become someone else's child.

"You, you, call him back."

Shaman, looking at the few half-grown children in the tribe for a while, pointed to the two women who had just answered him, telling them to go out and bring Han Cheng and the Lame back.

The two women naturally dared not disobey Wu's orders. They found some fur to wrap around themselves, covered a bit more, and then removed the middle stone at the cave entrance. The cold air outside immediately rushed in.

Without hesitation, they bent over and walked out.

Shaman, feeling the cold, was about to call someone to seal the entrance again when he found that the two women who had just gone out were coming back.

This puzzled Shaman and made him a little angry. They didn't even listen to his words.

However, Shaman was a person who could keep his composure. Instead of getting angry, he was about to ask aloud when Han Cheng had already crawled into the cave.

Feeling the warm air inside the cave, Han Cheng couldn't help but sigh of relief.

Shaman had a smile on his face, ready to praise this sensible little guy. However, the next moment, his whole person froze.

His eyes were fixed on the fish that Han Cheng had dragged back, and he couldn't move them. His face was full of astonishment and disbelief.