

## Primitive 141

### Chapter 141: Wooden Windows and Mountain Walls

Han Cheng was busy directing the installation of windows.

Without electric hammers or expansion screws, ensuring sturdy doors and windows required attaching them during the house construction process. The bottom of the windows was set at a height of just 1.2 meters above the ground. Han Cheng had carefully considered this size, as the people of the Green Sparrow tribe were generally shorter, and there was no need for tall windows.

After the front wall reached a height of 1.2 meters, it paused temporarily.

Only after Lame finished making two windows did they continue.

Installing the windows was not too difficult. Lame and another person placed the loose windows on the framed front wall. Han Cheng, observing from a distance, gave the order. Immediately, Eldest Senior Brother, prepared on the side, applied wet clay underneath, firmly pressing down on both ends of the intentionally longer wooden frame.

Once the wooden windows were secured, wet soil was poured into the space between the wooden supports. As the loose soil increased and the compacted soil was consolidated, the wooden windows were firmly integrated into the wall.

There was one thing to note. Due to the lack of convenient tools, no frames were added to the left and right sides of the completed windows. To prevent the soil from squeezing over and blocking the windows during the wall compacting process, wooden columns split in half from the middle were attached vertically on both sides of the windows in advance.

These wooden columns were placed with the round side facing the clay wall and the flat side facing inside the window. This blocked the soil and enhanced the appearance, making the wooden windows look like they had four complete frames.

The same method was applied to the doors. They needed to be prepared in advance, but they only built the door frame into the wall at this stage. The actual door would be created and installed after the house was completed.

After completing the foundation and the 1-meter-high stone wall at the bottom, the construction of the simple earth wall proceeded quickly. In just a few days, it was leveled.

"Leveling" meant that the wall had reached the predetermined height. The wall was not too high, only two meters and one meter in height. Han Cheng was not constructing a house with large bricks and tiles; this height was already sufficient.

Although the houses being constructed this time differed from the deer pens, there were still some similarities. Eldest Senior Brother and the others, observing the deer pens and then the current houses, believed that the next step for the Divine Child would be to raise the front wall higher and, like the deer pens, use wooden beams, rafters, and lattices to create a sloping roof towards the back.

As the Green Sparrow tribe did not believe in the greatness of the Divine Child, Han Cheng couldn't let them guess his plans correctly. He didn't instruct people to continue raising the front wall; instead, he raised the two side walls, often called gable walls.

These gable walls presented a major challenge, especially needing to connect four in a row. Without rulers, ensuring they were all built to a similar height would have been quite troublesome.

After Han Cheng explained the next steps, those who had speculated beforehand felt once again the Divine Child's wisdom and unfathomable nature. Following the Divine Child's guidance, they began constructing the gable walls.

Triangular gable walls were more challenging than straight walls, but not insurmountable. Under Han Cheng's command and with the diligent efforts of Eldest Senior Brother and the others, four gable walls with the same height and roughly similar shapes gradually emerged.

Although referred to as triangles, these triangles were not entirely complete. Mainly, there were two small platforms, each 30 centimeters long, on the upper sides. These two platforms evenly divided the edges into three sections.

Apart from these small platforms, the triangle's apex was flat, forming another 30-centimeter-wide small platform.

These small platforms were not intentionally designed to disrupt the aesthetic appeal of the gable walls; instead, they were prepared for the next step, which involved placing wooden beams.

The people of the Green Sparrow tribe were currently lifting the wooden beams onto the roof. These beams were burned to break and refined using stone axes and knives. Except for the ridge beam on the roof, which must be perfectly straight throughout, the other beams could have some curvature, reducing the difficulty level.

"One, two!"

"One, two!"

The Eldest Senior Brother shouted the rhythmic chant he had learned from the Divine Child, standing on a platform and pulling a rope together with the Third Senior Brother. The other end of the rope was tied to the bottom of a beam.

The beam was set against the west wall, leaning on a frame attached to the west wall.

As Eldest Senior Brother and the others exerted force, the end of the beam touching the ground began to lift, and Shang, standing on the inside of the west wall frame, held the beam against the frame to prevent it from toppling.

Since the beam was to be placed on the gable wall, its length was wider than the room, and with the half-meter-wide frames erected on both sides, this further reduced the room's width.

As Eldest Senior Brother and the others pulled and tugged, the end of the beam gradually rose and straightened. Once this end reached beneath the frame, pulling it up without some method would be challenging.

On the other side, Shang and another person started working. They held the end of the beam against the frame and began pulling it toward them. As they did, the other end of the beam emerged from under the platform where Eldest Senior Brother and the others stood.

With concerted efforts, the lifted beam, in the hands of both groups, was placed on the small platform prepared in advance on the gable wall.

Because the beam's two ends were of different thicknesses, adjustment was needed after the beam was placed. The thinner end was shimmed with small stones and pottery fragments to make it level and increase stability.

Due to the difficulty of obtaining sufficiently long beams and the challenge of lifting them onto the structure, the beams were cut into sections. For the three rooms combined, fifteen beams were required.

Except for the platforms on the outer walls at the far east and west, where two beams were placed, the other two gable wall platforms needed two beams each.

To prevent the side beams from falling off the platform, they needed to be securely tied together with ropes.

Another thing to note was that the beams placed on the outer walls at the far east and west did not align directly with the outer sides of the walls; instead, they protruded ten centimeters inside. After the house was completed, these gaps would be filled with mud, making the beams invisible. This protected the beams from exposure to the elements and prevented them from rotting or developing mold.

After the beams were installed, the next steps were similar to those used when building the deer pens. They needed to tie rafters and then lay lattices. Lame was not involved in making the lattices; he was already busy, so two less physically strong women from the tribe were handling this task.

Fortunately, lattice-making wasn't too complicated. They had seen Lame do it many times before, and with his hands-on guidance, they had learned. The lattices they produced were of good quality.

#### Chapter 142: Encounter with a divine beast

"Ssss"

Han Cheng couldn't help but take a sharp breath, not because he found the Martial Ancestor terrifying, but because a strong tingling sensation emanated from his arm. The refreshing feeling was beyond description.

His right arm was already swollen and red, with a bulge in the middle and a whitish ridge with some blood spots.

"Darn it, why does this damn thing happen now?"

With his hands and face turning purple, Han Cheng scratched the swelling on his arm vigorously, cursing indignantly.

Oh, don't worry. The purple color on Divine Child's hands and face is not due to poisoning but for another reason.

Let's go back to yesterday.

Yesterday, when the first house of the Green Sparrow tribe was already tied with beams and thatched, and they were about to apply mud on top of it, the weather turned unfavorable as rain started pouring down. Hence, the roofing work was temporarily suspended.

Fortunately, it wasn't a heavy storm, so the unfinished house could withstand the rain.

The rain continued drizzling, and it didn't stop even today. Wearing a large straw hat, Han Cheng inspected the courtyard house and suddenly remembered the dozen or so mulberry trees four to five miles away. His heart skipped a beat.

It wasn't because he recalled silkworms again.

After treating leather and making many pairs of leather underwear, silkworms are not that urgent.

The reason for his sudden excitement was the mulberries, those small purple sweet and sour fruits.

These were Han Cheng's childhood favorites, comparable to popsicles, Tang monk's meat, Nande, and Beijing instant noodles.

Now, thrown into primitive society, thinking about the other three things might take a while, but these mulberries, he could relish once more.

In his past life, mulberries usually ripened when wheat was ready for harvest. The climate where Han Cheng was now wasn't much different from his past life, so it should be around the same time.

Han Cheng slapped his forehead, scolding himself for being forgetful. How could he almost forget such an important matter?

With the thought of eating mulberries, his excitement grew uncontrollably, making him unwilling to wait any longer.

Han Cheng returned to the cave and called several Senior Brothers resting in the cave. Carrying their weapons, they accompanied him to the mulberry forest.

Han Cheng wouldn't go alone far from the tribe; he valued his life highly.

Under his efforts, the days of the Green Sparrow tribe were getting better and better, showing signs of gradually resembling rural life in the last century. Now, losing his life just for eating mulberries would be a huge loss.

The big brothers naturally agreed upon the proposal from the Divine Child. In these days, they either built fences or constructed houses. They hadn't gone far for a long time. Hearing Han Cheng's words, they also felt itchy and joined him eight people in total.

If it weren't for the scarcity of straw hats in the tribe, more people would have joined them.

The straw hats had started being made early in the spring of this year, still crafted by Lane.

The reason for making straw hats was that umbrellas were too troublesome. The required materials were temporarily unavailable in the Green Sparrow tribe. Therefore, they could only make straw hats as a backup, mainly for those standing guard in the rain.

Having flexible tree branches, thatch, and ropes, along with Han Cheng's guidance, making straw hats wasn't too difficult for the skilled Lane.

First, they used trees to weave a hollow cylinder, about five to six centimeters deep and a diameter of over ten centimeters, to be worn on the head. Then, they bent several branches as ribs outward and downward from the woven cylinder, forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the main body. Continuing with these branches as ribs, they wove several circles from top to bottom using tree branches, shaping them into an inverted cone. Next, they used ropes to bind thatch sections, cut

into about fifteen centimeters, around the horizontal wooden strips from bottom to top. A small piece of animal hide could be added to prevent rain from leaking through the top of the hat.

Han Cheng's current suffering is related to what happens next: the eating of mulberries.

Arriving at the mulberry forest, which he hadn't visited for quite some time, Han Cheng wasn't disappointed. Most of the tall mulberry trees were indeed hanging with red and purple mulberries.

Several birds, shiny black but not crows, had arrived earlier, feasting on these mulberries in the mulberry trees. These birds weren't afraid of humans. Seeing a few two-legged creatures climbing up with sticks, they just tilted their heads, looked arrogantly, and let out some unpleasant calls.

Han Cheng paid no attention to these noisy birds, busy picking mulberries with one hand holding onto a branch while the other brought the mulberries to his mouth.

The rain had washed away the dust on the mulberries, and being soaked in rainwater, they were cool when eaten. With a bite, the thin and soft fruit skin burst open, releasing a sweet purple juice that filled the mouth, more irresistible than the taste of sour plums.

As people say, too much joy brings sorrow. Just when Han Cheng was immersed in the taste of his childhood, tragedy struck quietly.

A strong, stinging sensation suddenly came from his left arm. The hand that Han Cheng used to pick mulberries retracted abruptly. When he looked at it, a red ridge had risen visibly at an alarming speed.

Han Cheng's first reaction was to give up. He had survived the fierce beasts of the primitive era only to be attacked by primitive bugs.

Thinking this way, he rushed to check the branches that had brushed against him. Even if he died, he had to kill the culprit first; he couldn't wait to seek revenge in the next life.

Those branches seemed ordinary and showed no difference from the others. When Han Cheng flipped them over with a broken branch, he finally saw the culprit hiding under a leaf.

This little guy wasn't big, about the size of two soybeans. Its body was green with some red or white spots, and it had some spikes about two to three millimeters long on its back, appearing pale yellow.

Seeing the true face of the assailant, Han Cheng first breathed a sigh of relief, followed by intense anger. Despite searching for silkworms on the mulberry trees for so long, he never saw a trace of silkworm droppings. Now, he encountered such a divine creature.

This little fellow, a genuine divine creature, was known as the "foreign pepper" in Han Cheng's hometown. Despite its small size, its body contained tremendous energy. Being stung was unbearable, and it would take several days to recover fully.

Han Cheng had been stung before and could only temporarily relieve the pain by applying cool toothpaste.

But now, there was no toothpaste around.

After some thought, he reached out to scratch the swollen area and broke off the branch where the foreign pepper was hiding. He told the people below to step back, then threw the branch down from the tree.

He slid down the tree, under the concerned gaze of his Eldest Senior Brother, and used two small sticks to dismember the divine creature that had harmed him. Afterward, he applied the pale green liquid that oozed out of it to the stung area.

Strangely, after applying this liquid, the intense stinging sensation quickly eased.

Perhaps this is the principle: "the original soup conquers the original food."

#### Chapter 143: The Useless Rabbit

The foreign pepper creature disrupted the enthusiasm for eating mulberries. Han Cheng and Tie Tou climbed up and picked more before returning to the tribe. These mulberries were meant as gifts for the people in the tribe.

Due to the earlier encounter with the foreign pepper creature, Han Cheng became cautious when picking the mulberries again. He feared encountering unexpected situations and didn't want to provoke the creature again.

By this time, the rain had stopped, so Han Cheng and his group put the mulberries they had picked into overturned bamboo hats. The group started to head back.

"Stop."

Holding a stone spear, the Eldest Senior Brother at the front suddenly turned around and spoke to the others.

Han Cheng's heart couldn't help but tremble. Did they run into a ferocious beast?

He approached Sandy, the Third Senior Brother, with fear and anticipation. He followed the direction pointed out by the Eldest Senior Brother.

No signs of a primordial ferocious beast were seen.

Han Cheng wondered and looked around. Then he found, about ten meters ahead, a gray rabbit sitting there attentively eating grass.

Han Cheng was disappointed that a rabbit was treated with such solemnity.

The Eldest Senior Brother tiptoed forward, holding a stone spear, and approached the rabbit cautiously.

When he got within two meters, the rabbit became alert, looked up at the Eldest Senior Brother, and then ran away.

Prepared for this, the Eldest Senior Brother swung his right hand, and the stone spear flew towards the rabbit. However, it missed, and the frightened rabbit continued to hop away.

"Ah, ah, ah!"

The Eldest Senior Brother shouted and chased after the startled rabbit, and the others also shouted and joined the pursuit. Only Third Senior Brother and Tie Tou stayed to guard Han Cheng. However, judging by their expressions, they were also itching for action.

After about ten minutes, the somewhat breathless Eldest Senior Brother returned with others who looked equally breathless. The Eldest Senior Brother carried the now dead rabbit.

Having not hunted for a long time, unexpectedly encountering a rabbit today excited everyone.

Han Cheng looked at the rabbit, which seemed larger than most rabbits raised in the tribe. He furrowed his brows.

In theory, the rabbits in the tribe eat when hungry, sleep after eating, and mate when in the mood. They live a life similar to pigs and should be larger than the wild ones.

However, now they seemed inferior to the wild rabbits. This puzzled Han Cheng.

With Shaman around, there should be no rabbits in the tribe that would be starving. The possibility of that happening was almost nonexistent.

Since it wasn't a food-related issue, what could be the reason?

Han Cheng pondered but couldn't figure it out.

After returning to the tribe, Han Cheng washed the purple stains from his hands and face. After failing to clean them completely, he threw a couple of mulberries into his mouth. Then, carrying the wild rabbit, he went to the rabbit enclosure with the Shaman.

Initially, Shaman didn't understand Han Cheng's intentions. He thought Han Cheng wanted to eat rabbit meat and followed Han Cheng with a small stick, ready to catch an adult rabbit from the enclosure. However, Han Cheng stopped him.

Shaman was puzzled, not understanding the Divine Child's intentions.

When Han Cheng compared the wild rabbit he was holding with the one Shaman had caught from the enclosure, Shaman suddenly realized the difference.

Both were rabbits, but the difference was astonishing.

Looking at the plump wild rabbit, then at the one in his hands, Shaman placed the rabbit back into the enclosure and picked another one. After comparing, he discovered that most of the rabbits raised in the tribe were not as plump as the wild ones.

Shaman scratched his head with the short stick and looked at the different rabbits. He glanced at the green grass on the wooden planks not far away, which was used to feed the rabbits. There was also uneaten grass in the rabbit enclosure. His face showed confusion.

He wondered, "Have I ever neglected these rabbits? Why don't they grow as well as the wild ones?"

"Could it be lack of exercise?" Han Cheng thought for a moment, then shook his head with a smile. He had only heard that excessive eating without exercise leads to weight gain, never the other way around.

Unable to understand the situation, Han Cheng decided to take out his frustration on these underperforming rabbits. He asked the shaman to bring out nine more rabbits from the enclosure, and they were knocked dead one by one. Han Cheng planned to cook rabbit soup for the night.

After the rain cleared, the people in the tribe, without Han Cheng having to instruct them, voluntarily joined in helping to plaster the roof with mud.

Rabbits were relatively easy to skin. Once the head was processed, peeling off the fur was possible.

The peeled rabbit fur was soaked in grass and wood ash day and night, taken out, cleaned, and sun-dried, becoming soft and high-quality leather.

Fu Jiang wagged its tail, looking at its master expectantly, hoping to receive fresh meat.

Han Cheng threw the entrails to Fu Jiang, who caught it in one bite and went to enjoy it on its own.

The Deer Lord also wanted to come over for a taste, but after Fu Jiang threatened it with a nose bite, it left disappointed.

Seven rabbits were stewed, three were barbecued, and the people, who had been eating fish recently, found the rabbit meat extremely delicious.

Only after finishing most rabbit soup pots did they switch to drinking fish soup.

Shaman still appeared somewhat melancholic. Even after personally slaughtering nine rabbits and experiencing the wonderful feeling again, he couldn't dispel the lingering sadness in his heart.

Why, even though they were all rabbits, were the ones he raised smaller?

This was the question he had asked himself countless times.

Now he knew the feeling of tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep.

Got it!

Han Cheng, who was helping put tiles on the roof, suddenly had a flash of inspiration. The puzzle that had troubled him and Shaman for over two days was finally solved.

Inbreeding is likely the reason.

The rabbits in the tribe, descendants of those two old rabbits, had reproduced for countless generations, and it was only natural for them to become weaker.

Nearby tribes had even gathered together to hold a joyous celebration this year, trying to ensure their descendants' strength for future generations. Han Cheng had forgotten about it.

It wasn't just the rabbits; even the deer herd would need to consider this issue in the future.

Han Cheng called Shaman, asking him to identify the larger rabbits. As expected, these larger ones were mostly from the earlier generations.

Han Cheng explained his theory to Shaman when asked why, who suddenly looked enlightened.

Now that they had found the root of the problem, it was easy to solve. They just needed to capture a few wild rabbits and throw them into the rabbit enclosure.



## Chapter 144: Trap

Shaman was very concerned about this group of rabbits. Upon learning the situation, he wanted to resolve the matter immediately.

He discussed with Han Cheng, suggesting that everyone temporarily halt the construction of houses and instead spend a few days hunting to catch some live rabbits.

Han Cheng glanced at the busy tribe members transporting tiles and laying them on the roofs, then looked at the less favorable weather. He shook his head.

Summer had arrived, and there was more rain. If they didn't finish the roofs soon, a few heavy rains could impact the stability of the houses. They couldn't afford to delay the more important task for the sake of a few rabbits.

Seeing the Divine Child shaking his head, Shaman felt disappointed. He always prioritized eating over shelter.

Seeing Shaman's expression, Han Cheng smiled and said, "Catching rabbits is a small matter. I can handle it alone. There's no need for them."

Shaman immediately became happy at Han Cheng's words, but doubts arose.

Although Shaman didn't participate much in hunting, he knew that hunting wasn't easy. It required coordination among many people, and hunting alone was even more challenging in an era without firearms or bows and arrows. There was also the risk of becoming prey for other animals.

Even though Shaman wanted to catch rabbits, rabbits, despite appearing docile in captivity, could run very fast in the wild. Moreover, the Divine Child was just a child who had never hunted before, making it extremely difficult to catch live rabbits by himself.

If it were something else Shaman didn't understand, he wouldn't think much of it when Han Cheng spoke. But now, what Han Cheng said was about hunting, something the people in the tribe were most familiar with. It was not surprising that Shaman had such thoughts.

"Rabbits can wait. Let's finish building the houses first," Divine Child said, turning around and pointing at the busy people constructing the houses.

Compared to improving the quality and size of the rabbits in the group, Shaman was more concerned about the safety of the Divine Child. The series of unprecedented changes that occurred in the Green Sparrow Tribe were all brought about by the shaman.

"There's no need to worry; I have a solution," Han Cheng reassured.

Han Cheng wasn't just boasting; he indeed had a plan.

Shaman, watching Divine Child holding a rope, once again showed an expression of incomprehension.

In the tribe, hunting was usually done with wooden sticks, stone spears, and stones. The Divine Child, who now carried none of these tools, had ropes instead. This puzzled Shaman. When he asked the shaman, he refused to explain and only said to watch carefully; he would catch the rabbits and tell Shaman how afterward.

Watching Divine Child leave the tribe with the Tie Tou couple, carrying ropes, Shaman felt both worried and puzzled.

After standing there for a while, Shaman turned and returned to his cave. When he came out again, he had a length of rope in his hand.

He held the rope in his hand, examining it from side to side, then went to the rabbit enclosure.

After a moment of thought, he swung the rope in his hand and Shaman it towards the startled rabbits. Unfortunately for one rabbit, it got hit, but the soft rope didn't cause any harm. On the contrary, the rabbit that was struck became even more lively.

Seeing this, Shaman stopped and picked up some green grass cut by the Tie Tou couple, throwing it into the rabbit enclosure.

With tempting green grass, the panicked rabbit group quickly calmed down, moving their three-part mouths to chew on the grass.

Shaman waited for a while, then picked up the black-circled rabbit he often stroked.

This rabbit was already accustomed to it and didn't panic. It voluntarily squatted on the wall of the rabbit enclosure, motionless, awaiting the arrival of that big hand.

Shaman reached out, stroked the rabbit several times, then looped the rope around its neck twice. Holding one end of the rope in each hand, he gently pulled in opposite directions, tightening the loop around the rabbit's neck.

Shaman stopped his actions, released the rope, and placed the seemingly resigned black-eyed rabbit back into the enclosure. He scratched his messy head with the hand holding the rope. It was indeed possible to strangle the rabbit this way, but how could those fast-running wild rabbits patiently wait for Divine Child to do so?

Moreover, if it were that easy to strangle them, there would be no need for a rope; one could just catch them barehanded.

Shaman looked at the rope and then at the rabbit, but he couldn't figure out how to use it to catch rabbits. He could only wait for Divine Child to explain.

After much fruitless contemplation, Shaman thought this way.

They walked more than two miles from the tribe before Han Cheng finally stopped, searching for a suitable place to set rabbit snares.

Near the gathering area of the Green Sparrow Tribe, there were few wild animals. Humans gathered together had a certain deterrent effect on animals. Going farther from the tribe increased the chances of catching rabbits.

Han Cheng was familiar with rabbit snares. In his previous life, in elementary school, he unknowingly tripped over a rabbit snare set by some troublemaker. He fell to the ground, and even a loose lower tooth was knocked out.

This time, Han Cheng wanted to add new wild members to the Green Sparrow Tribe's rabbit group, so he noted the matter.

He had witnessed Eldest Senior Brothers catching rabbits a couple of days ago. The fact that the two old rabbits in the tribe managed to survive in such circumstances showed their lives were resilient.

Rabbit snares were more effective for catching live rabbits.

Han Cheng was placing a tightening snare under the tall grass.

The other end of the rope was tied to a small tree nearby.

Han Cheng was currently located in a narrow ditch without water, overgrown with random weeds.

On the left side of the ditch, amidst the tall grass, a path about ten centimeters wide could be seen, as if animals frequently used it. Han Cheng set rabbit snares along this path, spacing them about ten meters apart.

After setting seven or eight snares, he moved on to another ditch.

Rabbits liked to walk along the ditch, probably because it provided a more concealed route, making it less likely to be detected by predators. Han Cheng knew this, so he set snares accordingly.

The Tie Tou couple, holding stone sickles and stone spears, followed Divine Child, swinging the rope. Although puzzled by Divine Child's actions, they didn't find it strange. They had an inner trust in him. If Divine Child said this method could catch rabbits, it must be possible.

After setting more than fifty rabbit snares, Divine Child led them back to the tribe directly, completely different from the usual hunting method of searching for prey in the wild and using stone spears to kill them. However, they still believed in the Divine Child.

Shaman, waiting near the rabbit enclosure with the rope, hurriedly approached when he saw Han Cheng returning.

Seeing Han Cheng's hands were empty, he shifted his gaze to the Tie Tou couple following behind, only to find them holding stone spears and stone sickles, without any trace of wild rabbits.

Shaman was somewhat surprised but also felt a sense of inevitability. After all, he had experimented with the rope for a long time but couldn't find any solution.

Seeing Divine Child's unchanged expression and no signs of failure, he became even more confused.

"Divine Child," he asked, seeking clarification. Han Cheng smiled and said, "We'll have results by tomorrow morning."

Shaman nodded and didn't ask further. He was exceptionally looking forward to the next morning, eager to witness the miracle Divine Child would create once again.

Looking up at the sun in the sky, which stubbornly refused to move, Shaman wanted to use a rope to tie it up and pull it over to the other side of the mountain in one go.

## Chapter 145: A Leg

Han Cheng wasn't in a hurry. He washed his face with a basin, scooped a bowl of cold water, and walked outside, drinking while watching the Eldest Senior Brothers working on the roof.

The front part of the roof was already well-covered with tiles. The tiles were laid in a specific pattern, starting from one side of the roof's edge, stacking one over the other in a row. The laid tiles created a pattern resembling fish scales.

Squatting on the roof, the Eldest Senior Brother, after checking the alignment, inserted the small end of a black tile into the big end of the one below it. A slight push with his hands secured the two tiles tightly together. He repeated this process with another tile.

As he worked, the four vertical rows of tiles gradually extended from the bottom of the roof to the ridge.

Walking back and forth on the roof was uncomfortable, so the Eldest Senior Brother placed four rows simultaneously, improving efficiency and saving energy.

All the tiles placed by the Eldest Senior Brother had a concave side facing upwards, and there was a gap of about four centimeters between the adjacent two vertical rows. You could see the layer of mud smeared on the lattice below through these gaps.

These tiles, naturally, wouldn't keep out the rain. Another process was necessary to provide shelter from wind and rain, which was what the Third Senior Brother, following behind, was doing.

Holding a tile in his hands, the Third Senior Brother looked at the ends, inverted the tile, and then, with the big end facing down and the small end facing up, inserted it into the gap between the two rows of tiles laid by the Eldest Senior Brother.

Since the width of the tile was more than ten centimeters and the gap between the two rows laid by the Eldest Senior Brother was only four centimeters, covering this gap by inserting the tile was easy.

Furthermore, the two sides of the inserted tile would press against the middle of the two rows of tiles.

As a result, the entire roof would no longer have exposed areas under the open sky.

When raindrops fell on the slope formed by the higher middle section and the lower sides, they would slide down along this slope, gathering on the narrow, upward-facing tiles left uncovered by about four centimeters. Then, following the small channels, the water would flow rapidly down and drop like a string of pearls at the eaves.

Compared to roofs made of thatch, the rainwater drainage of tiled roofs was undoubtedly better.

As Han Cheng watched the mud-covered roof gradually being concealed by one tile after another, a smile appeared on his face. Soon, he could move into this meaningful house and wouldn't have to listen to the women singing songs at night.

Shaman woke up early today. He couldn't sleep when it wasn't yet dawn.

He glanced toward the Divine Child's location, which was not far away. It was blurry and hard to see, but he knew the Divine Child was sleeping soundly.

Looking at the sky, he could only endure his impatience, waiting slowly for the dawn, for Divine Child to wake up from his dreams, and for the Divine Child to unveil the miracle.

As the sky gradually brightened, there were movements in the cave. Fu Jiang, awakened by these sounds, perked up his ears, glanced outside the cave, then turned his head to look at Han Cheng sleeping soundly with a piece of animal hide covering his belly. Fu Jiang opened his long mouth, yawned, placed his chin on his front paws, and then dozed off again.

Han Cheng woke up from his sleep, grabbed the pottery night pot from the end of the bed, aimed at the pot, and after releasing the accumulated fluids from a night of sleep, he lay back down on the straw-made bed and closed his eyes.

Shaman, who had been anxiously waiting, saw Han Cheng getting up and felt a sense of joy. Finally, he could follow the Divine Child to see how he used the rope to catch rabbits. However, before he could get up, he saw Han Cheng turning over and falling back asleep, leaving Shaman's happy heart momentarily frozen.

He looked outside, and the sky was already bright. Thinking about the times when the Divine Child could sleep until breakfast was ready, Shaman hesitated momentarily. Finally, summoning his courage, he decided to wake up the shaman.

"Is there something wrong?" Han Cheng wasn't annoyed at being woken up abruptly; he had just slept and was still half awake. When he opened his eyes and saw Shaman hesitating, he asked, thinking that something significant might have happened in the tribe.

"Divine Child." Shaman first respectfully saluted Han Cheng to express his apologies and then said, "Rabbits."

Han Cheng slapped his forehead, realizing he had forgotten about this matter. He had been too immersed in his sleep.

Seeing that Divine Child had forgotten such an important thing, Shaman was momentarily at a loss for words.

The Divine Child was indeed the Divine Child; he could maintain his composure. Shaman had lost sleep over this matter, but the Divine Child could sleep soundly.

"Let's go, and see what's happening." Han Cheng, now reminded by Shaman, became excited. He had forgotten about it but was now eager to see the results. After all, it was his first time setting rabbit snares. Previously, he had only been caught in a rabbit snare once.

After a simple wash, Han Cheng called the Tie Tou couple to prepare for departure. However, Shaman also wanted to witness the event firsthand.

Considering that the rabbit-snaring location wasn't too far from the tribe, Han Cheng decided not to insist, but a few more people joined the group.

Looking at the people around him, Han Cheng smiled wryly, hoping that there would be a good harvest. Otherwise, it would be embarrassing.

Summer mornings were dewy, and the green grass appeared white with dewdrops from a distance.

As twenty or so feet stepped through, dewdrops fell from the grass leaves, creating a path more than a meter wide with a distinct color compared to the surroundings.

Han Cheng arrived at the nearest rabbit snare, standing on the edge of the ditch and using a long stick to push away the tall, concealing grass. The rabbit snare, dampened by the morning dew, was revealed. It looked the same as when Han Cheng had placed it there, maintaining the same posture throughout the night.

Shaman finally understood how Han Cheng had arranged everything, but seeing this simple setup, he didn't know how to express his feelings.

He thought Divine Child would develop something intricate, similar to the bone shovel or rake crafted earlier. However, it turned out to be like this.

Han Cheng was feeling embarrassed. He had anticipated a bountiful harvest, but they were all empty after checking ten rabbit snares. Not a single rabbit hair was found.

Fortunately, he was at the front, and others couldn't see the expression on his face.

"Come on, just one, please, just one." Han Cheng walked towards the next rabbit snare, muttering to himself.

About ten meters away, he saw that the grass's color differed from the surrounding grass. The dew on the nearby grass was white, while the grass was deep green here because the dew had been shaken off.

"There's a chance." Han Cheng, seeing this scene, was delighted. Then he rushed towards that spot, and the others hurriedly followed.

"Damn it." Holding a rope with only one rabbit leg, Han Cheng looked disheveled in the morning breeze. He couldn't help but curse out loud.

#### Chapter 146: Precious Eggs

From the cut on the leg, you can see that this leg was bitten off while alive. When caught and unable to escape, some animals choose to bite off their legs as a survival tactic. Wolves and yellow weasels, for example. However, the leg in Han Cheng's hand was not bitten off by its owner. With a rabbit's three-part mouth and specially evolved large incisors for eating vegetation, they couldn't gnaw through their own bones.

"Let's go." Han Cheng handed the rabbit leg as a reward to the eagerly waiting Fu Jiang and removed the rope from the tree stump. He then beckoned to the others and continued walking along the ditch.

Even if the caught rabbit escaped, at least he could prove to everyone in the tribe that the rabbit snare was indeed effective, and the most embarrassing result wouldn't happen.

Shaman took the rope from Han Cheng, the same one tied around a rabbit's leg. He examined it, occasionally opening the loop, putting his hand inside, and pulling on the rope to tighten it. The harder he pulled, the tighter it became, causing the blood vessels on Shaman's hand to swell.

Shaman marveled at the rope more and more as he played with it. He couldn't believe he hadn't thought of such a clever method. Han Cheng had indeed proven himself to be the Divine Child.

Han Cheng was unaware of Shaman's thoughts. He might have recalled the phrase "Your uncle is still your uncle" from his future life, although it wouldn't be entirely appropriate in this context.

"Rabbit!" While examining two more empty rabbit snares, the sharp-eyed Tie Tou was the first to call out quietly when they reached the third one. Simultaneously, he tightened his grip on the stone sickle, preparing to chase after the rabbit.

The others also did the same, momentarily forgetting about the existence of the rabbit snares in the excitement of spotting a live rabbit.

Seeing the excitement on everyone's faces, Han Cheng smiled and told Tie Tou, "Bring it here."

Tie Tou responded with a quick run toward the rabbit.

The others followed suit, preparing in case the rabbit wasn't caught in Han Cheng's snares, and they needed to intervene.

"I want it alive!" Han Cheng worried about mishaps and added a reminder as the enthusiastic group rushed forward.

Startled by the sudden commotion, the initially quiet rabbit kicked its legs and sprang up, attempting to escape. However, it had forgotten about the rope tied to its hind leg.

"Snap!" The rabbit, leaping into the air, was pulled back by the tautened rope and crashed heavily into the grass. Before it could resist again, Tie Tou had already descended from above.

After being evaded twice by this frantic rabbit, Tie Tou decided not to confront it directly. He grabbed the rope tied to the wooden stake, pulling it along with the stake out of the ground. With one swift motion, he lifted the struggling rabbit off the ground.

"Shaman! Rabbit! Rabbit!" Climbing out of the shallow ditch, Tietou energetically held the struggling rabbit, shouting excitedly towards Han Cheng and Shaman.

The others joined in the excitement, temporarily forgetting about the rabbit snares. Han Cheng, seeing their jubilation, couldn't help but smile. He also forgot about Tie Tou mistakenly calling him a rabbit instead of Divine Child.

Taking the plump rabbit from Tie Tou, Han Cheng handed it over to Shaman.

The first rabbit enthusiast in the Green Sparrow Tribe, Shaman, held the rabbit's ears with a smiling face and was unwilling to let go.

"Divine Child." Shaman transferred the rabbit to his left hand, pressed his right hand against his left chest, and respectfully saluted Han Cheng to express his admiration.

Although the rabbit in his left hand continued to struggle, disrupting the solemnity a bit, Shaman's admiration was genuine.

Because he thought of the fish traps that would provide abundant food without much effort.

Like a fish trap, this type of snare could be left outside, and there was no need to worry about it.

The next day, the prey would come willingly, just like picking it up without effort compared to the previous hunting methods involving chasing, shouting, and throwing.

Thinking about this layer, he couldn't help but feel excited. This was the Divine Child. Many seemingly playful actions could bring significant benefits to the tribe.

With this rabbit snare, the food in the Green Sparrow Tribe would be even more plentiful and diverse in the future.

"Divine Child!" The others also shouted respectfully and excitedly.

Han Cheng waved his hand, signaling everyone not to be overly polite. Then, leading the group, he walked towards the next location to set a rabbit snare, wearing a smile on his face. This rabbit snare had given him face. Instead of embarrassing him, it had allowed him to show off a bit.

Although other protagonists typically showed off in front of emperors, ministers, martial arts masters, saintly sons, or divine maidens, and he was showing off in front of a group of primitive people, it still felt satisfying.

Han Cheng's mood improved even more. Not because he had shown off in front of the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe but because the guy who had snatched the rabbit before found them.

"Ying ying ying."

This fox, who had been waiting to steal a rabbit, ended up with the same fate as the one it had half-eaten. It struggled helplessly, also caught in the snare.

Han Cheng had no intention of keeping a fox. Their strong odor and cunning nature were not suitable for domestication.

So, when this fox realized it couldn't escape, it resorted to farting and lying on the ground, pretending to be pitiful. Its life ended in this manner.

Han Cheng, now a fierce, primitive man, had no intention of keeping a fox as he once did in a temple, holding a holy book while looking out the window, expecting a beautiful fox spirit to come and reward him for his virtue. Instead, he saw it as a creature to eat a ying-ying monster in the eyes of primitive people.

Looking at the rabbit with only half left, Han Cheng couldn't help but want to say to the already-dead fox, "There's no such thing as a free lunch, even for breakfast."

The surprises brought by the rabbit snares to Han Cheng and the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't end there. An even bigger surprise awaited them.

Seeing Hei Wa carrying a brightly colored wild chicken, Han Cheng's smile grew broader. He had been thinking about this for a long time, and he didn't expect to obtain it this way.

Tea eggs, pine flower eggs, pouch eggs, fried eggs, egg soup thinking about the variety of egg dishes from his future life, Han Cheng couldn't help but salivate. If some people saw his current appearance, they would probably mock him for not being able to afford even a tea egg.

#### Chapter 147: Ferocious Wild Chicken

Watching the Divine Child drooling at the wild chicken, Tie Tou felt his tribe could have chicken for lunch today.



This wild chicken had a rather aggressive personality. Even when held in Tie Tou's hands, it was not cooperative. It fluttered its wings occasionally and tilted its head, seemingly trying to peck at Tie Tou. However, Tie Tou skillfully avoided its attempts.

Feeling annoyed by the flapping, Tie Tou contemplated killing the chicken, as they planned to eat it for lunch anyway.

"Hey!"

Suddenly, Tie Tou let out a cry of pain, clutching his groin and hopping on one foot.

It wasn't because he discovered Tie Tou's intention to kill the chicken. Han Cheng, who was daydreaming about eating chicken eggs, was infuriated by Tie Tou's misuse of the opportunity and decided to retaliate using a widely known technique called "monkey steals peach." However, Tie Tou's leather skirt had somehow shifted to the front, exposing a certain bean-sized object.

Sensing the murderous intent of the chicken, it decided to go down together, taking the chance to peck at Tie Tou like a little chicken pecking at a bug.

"Stop, stop. Don't kill it."

Seeing this unexpected scene, Han, who had just awakened from his chicken egg thoughts, was stunned at first, then couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Seeing Tie Tou, who was furious but holding back the pain, intending to kill the chicken, Han quickly spoke up to prevent it.

Upon hearing Han's words, Tie Tou naturally couldn't avenge his brother anymore. Seeing the chicken tilting its head and looking at him, he quickly extended his arms, keeping them away from him.

After confirming that there was nothing exposed in her short skirt, Ru Hua took the chicken from Tie Tou.

Seeing the chicken tilting its head to peek under Ru Hua's short skirt, Han Cheng almost couldn't help but burst into laughter again.

Under Han Cheng's signal, Ru Hua grabbed the root of the fierce chicken's wing and twisted its head back, using her thumb to hold it. This way, the chicken, who always tried dirty tricks, couldn't act recklessly.

Of course, Han specifically instructed Ru Hua not to press too hard to avoid the chicken suffocating to death.

The group from the Green Sparrow tribe, filled with the joy of the harvest, headed back to the tribe.

Of course, the one with the strange walking posture, Tie Tou, was excluded from the joyful group.

Han Cheng checked Tie Tou's injuries only on the surface, and the vital parts were well-protected. In a few days, he would be fine, nothing serious.

However, he had to lay low for the next few days.

On the rooftop, the Elder Senior Brother, who was laying tiles, saw the returning group and couldn't help but widen his eyes.

There was a plump rabbit with bound legs in each of Shaman's hands. Ru Hua carried a wild chicken, while another person had a fox on their shoulder.

The Elder Senior Brother used to take people from the tribe for hunting frequently. After a day of hard work, they often didn't get as much prey as this.

Divine Child and the others went out for less than a morning, bringing back so much game. Moreover, among the ten people, there were an elderly shaman and a young Divine Child who could not hunt.

This was truly a miracle.

Thinking excitedly like this, he remembered yesterday when Divine Child took people out with a rope, and he became somewhat puzzled.

Didn't Divine Child say they were going to catch rabbits? Why did they bring back rabbits, a chicken, and a fox?

"Crack!"

A loud sound rang out. The excited Elder Senior Brother threw away the tiles in his hands, came to the roof's edge, skipped the ladder, and jumped down.

"Divine Child. Shaman."

He eagerly came to Han Cheng and Shaman, asking urgently to know what was happening.

The people working, seeing the leader, the Elder Senior Brother, stopping his work, also put down their tools one after another and gathered here to share the joy of the harvest.

Among them, apart from the Elder Senior Brother, the leader of the original pig tribe, Shang, stood at the forefront.

He had suffered heavy losses due to food issues and had always been concerned about food. Now, seeing that the Divine Child and others had brought back so much game quickly, he naturally wanted to know how they did it.

"Divine Child!"

"Divine Child!"

After Shaman told everyone about this miraculous event and raised the rope and rabbits high, another round of thunderous cheers erupted from the people in the tribe.

The common ropes in the tribe, after a slight modification, could be left outdoors overnight to catch prey, and the quantity was abundant. This was truly a miracle.

At the suggestion of Shaman, who walked with joy and a peculiar posture, all activities of the Green Sparrow tribe temporarily ceased. He wanted to lead the tribe in holding a ceremony to offer these

as sacrifices to the gods and to express gratitude to the gods for their favor towards the Green Sparrow tribe.

The flames blazed, creating intense heat.

In the middle of the hot summer, the bonfire was naturally hot. Standing on the edge of the totem pole, Han Cheng was already sweating profusely.

Before the ceremony began, Han Cheng suggested to Shaman that they could dispel the flames. Still, Shaman shook his head, saying the previous shaman passed it down, and fire was necessary during the ceremony.

Thinking about it, Han Cheng felt that without the flames, the mystery and ceremonial sense of the ceremony would be reduced by about half, so he didn't say anything more.

So now, he was covered in sweat.

For Han Cheng, he could understand having flames during the ceremony.

After all, the fire had saved humanity from the era of eating raw meat and drinking blood. It was an extremely important part of human evolutionary history.

In this era of widespread nature worship, people feared and revered fire, which was quite normal.

Every time during the ceremony, Shaman's physical strength would become extremely good. Standing here without moving, Han Cheng was covered in sweat and felt exhausted.

On the other hand, the shaman bounced around with a feathered crown and a bone staff, full of passion, without showing any signs of aging.

It seemed like he could live for another ten years without any problem.

"Heavenly God!"

Shaman finally stopped his dance, came to the totem pole where the rabbits, mountain chickens, foxes, and the rabbit trap were placed, and respectfully performed a ceremony in front of the totem pole, praising Heavenly God. Then, he performed a ceremony towards Han Cheng, praising the Divine Child. The other people in the tribe followed suit.

The wild chicken and rabbit, placed as sacrifices, watched this solemn scene with fear.

The terrifying part for the fierce chicken was still to come. After coming down from the sacrificial platform alive, the ferocious little monkey took a burning stick in one hand and burned its wings.

In a panic, the fierce chicken wanted to peck the little bugs on the monkey. However, it didn't find anything after looking around for a long time with its head tilted.

Unaware of the burning of the chicken wings, Han Cheng, who was focused on burning off the feathers, didn't know that his airtight leather pants had protected him once again without him noticing.

## Chapter 148: Plastic Surgery

A nauseating smell of burning chicken feathers lingered over the Green Sparrow tribe, lasting for a long time. The smell stuck to the hair, which the fire had also scorched.

Under Han Cheng's hand, the fierce and somewhat presentable wild chicken had undergone a significant transformation.

Well, it could be described as disfigurement.

The feathers on both wings, which were hard and allowed for a brief flight, were now completely gone, leaving only the roots burnt by the fire.

The two wings became bald, and more than half of its buttocks were exposed.

It wasn't Divine Child doing something to it; rather, when burning the wings with a thick burning stick that was difficult to control, coupled with the fierce resistance from the wild chicken, its backside got exposed.

This could be considered an accidental injury.

The pitiful-looking wild chicken, which seemed almost one-third smaller, saw the ferocious little monkey approaching and was scared. It flapped its featherless wings and ran in the opposite direction with its sturdy chicken legs in panic. It feared that the little monkey would do something undesirable to it.

However, one of its legs was still tied with a rope. It didn't run far before being tripped and falling to the ground. The pulled leg was left behind, sticking up high, still struggling forward.

Han Cheng sniffed, wondering if he was really that scary.

This chicken was frightened to an extent just by coming to deliver a meal. Where did the bold and courageous aura that Tie Tou displayed when confronting him earlier?

Han Cheng placed the pottery bowl he held down and moved away from the area, giving the bald chicken a quiet space to calm down.

The other tribes used the bowl during the joyful meeting. Inside were some grass seeds, rapeseeds, a few dead insects, and crushed green grass. With a balanced mix of meat and vegetables, it was quite nutritious.

Chickens are omnivores and not picky about their diet. In this regard, they were stronger than the future village bully, Big White Goose, who, despite being a domineering character, was a pure vegetarian. Although it swam happily in the water, it didn't catch fish.

If the cat, which always wanted to sneakily eat fish but couldn't swim, knew about this, it would probably be furious.

Han Cheng watched from a distance. After a while, the disfigured wild chicken couldn't resist the temptation of the delicious food and came to the bowl, pecking at the contents. It lifted its head to look in Han Cheng's direction after a couple of bites, displaying an unusually alert expression.

Han Cheng couldn't help but smile at the scene.

Many bird species could be tamed. Among these birds, chickens, ducks, and geese stood out as the mainstay of poultry farming. The primary reason was that they were not picky. When a rooster wanted to mate, it just extended one wing diagonally, scratched the ground twice with one foot, and then jumped on the back of the hen straightforwardly.

Unlike some birds that needed to sing, display, and find beautiful stones, after a series of events, the chance of these birds going into heat two or three times a year was considered rare.

The chicken coop hadn't been built yet, so this disheveled wild chicken could only temporarily live outside. After witnessing the magical rabbit traps of the Green Sparrow tribe, many people in the tribe, excited about catching prey, followed their Divine Child in the afternoon to witness this rare technique.

They only stopped after setting over a hundred rabbit traps.

Including the ones that hadn't been collected before, about two hundred traps were scattered around the Green Sparrow tribe. The surrounding area was full of these small and practical traps.

On that night, many people in the Green Sparrow tribe found it difficult to fall asleep, wishing for the day to break quickly so they could collect their catches.

Early the next morning, many people woke up and went to collect the rabbit traps, eager to gather their prey and more active than eating meals.

The more traps set, the greater the harvest. As expected, the Green Sparrow tribe once again enjoyed a bountiful catch.

In addition to three plump rabbits, a long-tailed wild chicken, two unidentified large birds, two fat and rat-like creatures, and a half-grown yellow weasel.

The shaman was overjoyed while carrying the rabbits, and Han Cheng showed a special interest in the wild chicken.

With brutal methods, he plucked the splendidly colored feathers from the rooster's buttocks, then used the same method to slim down the chicken. After that, he carried the featherless and bleeding wild chicken into the already constructed chicken coop to keep the female wild chicken company, which had also undergone disfigurement.

Han Cheng was pleasantly surprised when the newly caught wild chicken was placed in the coop.

In the corner of the chicken coop was a brownish-colored oval-shaped thing with some spots on it, quietly sitting there.

Although it was just a regular egg, it seemed to emit the radiance of something precious. It immediately caught Han Cheng's attention.

This is a hen!

Han Cheng couldn't wait and grabbed a long-handled bone shovel. He carefully extended the shovel through the gap in the wooden planks above the chicken coop, gently scooping up this significantly meaningful egg.

The egg wasn't large, smaller than the eggs of domesticated chickens in the future.

Moreover, the eggshell wasn't hard; it felt soft when held in the hand.

Han Cheng didn't mind this. Chickens in the future, when frightened or chased for a long distance, tended to lay soft eggs the next day.

It seemed that the fear left by Han Cheng on this determined hen yesterday was not small. Not only did it lay a soft egg, but when Han Cheng used the shovel to take away the egg it laid in front of it, it didn't dare to stop him.

Han Cheng, ignoring the chickens that may or may not have seen this, gave a thumbs-up to the chicken with a half-bald butt, placed the wooden plank back, sealing the chicken coop completely, and then ran quickly into the cave, cradling the soft egg in his arms.

He was eager to eat it.

After washing the small earthenware pot used for cooking, he added a little over half a pot of water, placed it on the makeshift stove supported by three stones, and set it on fire. In no time, the water in the pot was boiling.

Han Cheng picked up the soft egg and tore open the soft eggshell with his hands. The egg, with plenty of yolk, a little egg white, and a reddish hue, fell into the boiling water. He covered the pot, rolled it a few times, and a bowl of poached egg was ready.

Yes, just one bowl, and it was a large bowl.

Han Cheng, like the host in the joke who invited friends to drink soup after catching a sparrow, used one chicken egg to make a large bowl of poached egg.

He used chopsticks to pick up the egg and brought it to his mouth, carefully biting into a piece of white, feeling the delicious taste.

When he bit into the thin layer of egg white, broke it, and slurped a mouthful of yolk, it felt like he was ascending to heaven.

Indeed, people who transmigrated to the primitive era were the most pitiful. He was so infatuated with eating just one egg, nearly crying.

Fu Jiang stared eagerly at his master, who was enjoying a delicious meal. He was so anxious that he kept making whining sounds. After a while, Han Cheng reluctantly gave him a small piece of egg white that squeezed out from between his teeth.

Then, holding the bowl, he drank the entire bowl of poached eggs. Even without sugar, the taste still made Han Cheng nostalgic.

Chapter 149: Excessive joy leads to sorrow

Han Cheng is now like an old lady in later generations who lives by guarding chicken butts, running to the chicken coop whenever he has nothing to do.

But there are also some differences. Those old ladies guarding chicken butts are hoping to exchange eggs for some needles, threads, matches, salt, and other things to supplement their household expenses. In contrast, Han Cheng is purely doing it for eating.

By now, Han Cheng thoroughly understands the feelings of the shaman who often runs to the rabbit traps.

Perhaps in recent days, it's the laying period of this mother hen, or maybe all the eggs it laid were taken away by the ferocious little monkey. It keeps laying more eggs for incubation these days, and the eggs haven't stopped.

This makes Han Cheng extremely happy.

After recovering from the initial shock, the bald-tailed rooster has also achieved some success with this mother hen who exposed half of her buttocks.

Of course, this also has much to do with no other small hens in the chicken coop. Otherwise, why would this guy close his eyes?

As the saying goes, extreme joy begets sorrow, and when everything in the Green Sparrow Tribe is immersed in the joy of easily obtaining prey, trouble quietly arrives.

It's not another tribe attacking; it's the first house about to be completed.

From excavating the foundation to putting on the tiles, everything has been smooth so far. Just as the tiles on the roof are about to be completely laid, a mistake occurs. A detail that Han Cheng had never considered before becomes a stumbling block.

After the efforts of the Eldest Senior Brother and others, the tiles on the house have been laid, and a row of tiles has been placed on the roof ridge. The whole house is completed now, with only some minor details left.

The problem arises at this moment, precisely on the roof of the walls on the east and west sides.

According to the practice in later generations, two or three layers of tiles should be reversed, and lime or cement should be used for seam sealing.

What Han Cheng did not consider is this part.

In other places, mud can be used as a substitute, acting as a binder. However, this cannot be done here because the roof is exposed to wind and rain. Using mud as a substitute would be irresponsible for the house.

After several rains, the mud used for seams would be washed away by rainwater, seeping through these gaps during this process. The house would experience leaks.

Most importantly, leaks occur on the east and west sides, and the walls are made of mud, not reinforced with steel bars to support the roof.

So, when all these details are calculated, the minor issue becomes a major problem affecting the entire structure.

Han Cheng scratches his head, wondering how such a troublesome matter suddenly arises.

He hasn't even thought about burning cement or lime.

After pondering without a good solution for a while, Han Cheng had to ask the Eldest Senior Brother and the others to stop and not seal the edges for now. Instead, according to his teaching method, they started to build a heatable brick bed in the east room.

The heatable brick bed, a tool for surviving the winter, is certainly something Han Cheng wants to create.

Then, he, along with some people centered around the tribe, went to look for traces of limestone. Han Cheng hasn't mentioned lime, cement, and other things before because the tribe's productivity

is limited at the moment. The main issue is that burning these things requires very high temperatures, and ordinary firewood is probably not up to the task. Charcoal needs to be made first and then used to burn lime.

If possible, a bellows needs to be manufactured.

For the current Green Sparrow Tribe, making a bellows is indeed difficult.

Moreover, Han Cheng is only half-knowledgeable about making charcoal; he only knows that burning wood puts out the fire, which somehow turns into charcoal.

Han Cheng deeply regrets spending most of his free time on mature content from the island nation in his previous life without dedicating more time to watching primitive survival videos and acquiring knowledge. Otherwise, he could have had a more comfortable life now without being troubled by things like charcoal, lime, and bellows.

Han Cheng's concerns about charcoal, bellows, and similar things have become unnecessary.

Whether it's due to the heavens no longer favoring Han Cheng or other reasons, he, accompanied by the adults in the tribe, spent ten days searching within a radius of nearly ten miles around the tribe but found no traces of limestone.

Looking at the almost completed roof, Han Cheng feels frustrated. For someone like him without obsessive-compulsive disorder, it's already uncomfortable to look at. If someone with OCD were here, they might even collapse.

The heatable brick bed in the room has been built. It is one meter eight long and one meter five wide. Compared to the narrow bed made of hay that Han Cheng slept on in the inner cave, which was less than one meter wide, this heatable brick bed is much larger.

Han Cheng can now roll and somersault on it comfortably.

The heatable brick bed is against the easternmost wall. When building the house, Han Cheng had someone leave a hole about fifteen centimeters in diameter.

The hole is about one meter two above the ground.

This is a reserved smoke vent.

After the heatable brick bed is built, use adobe and mud to create a hollow passage along the hole left behind, sticking to the wall. This way, the smoke can be vented to the outside from the hole.

In this way, there won't be any smoke in the room when burning the bed.

In the west room, there is another heatable brick bed of the same specifications. That's where Han Cheng sleeps, and the east room is for the shaman.

The reason for arranging it this way is because in later generations, when living in the same house with elders, the eastern room, where the elders reside, is the most respected, and the western room is for the younger generation.

The northern room is the most respected if the house faces west to east.



The shaman is a person Han Cheng respects and is also older. Therefore, Han Cheng wants him to stay in the eastern room. This is a way for Han Cheng to show his respect to the shaman and cherish the memories of the future that he can never return to.

After searching for two more days without finding any traces of limestone, and with rain starting to fall, seeing the large area on the west wall getting wet, Han Cheng has to bow to reality and temporarily give up on limestone.

He decides to use mud to seal this area and fill the gaps. Repairing it in the future should be enough. Thinking like this, although he feels a bit unwilling, he feels more relieved.

There seems to be nothing difficult in the world as long as one is willing to let go.

"Thud, thud, thud."

The Eldest Senior Brother and others are using tools to tamp the newly repaired ground in the room.

The soil inside the room needs to be tamped so it doesn't easily rise, and it's less likely for grass to grow awkwardly from the floor. Since it's raining outside and there's nothing to be done, it's a good time to tamp the ground in the room.

After the ground is tamped, Han Cheng has people bring a large amount of dry firewood. Both beds are ignited, and a fire is lit in the middle room. This can help expedite the removal of dampness from the room.

#### Chapter 150: No More Stones

Han Cheng touched the warm bed with a delighted expression, while Shaman, feeling the warmth, shook his head repeatedly.

"How can you sleep on this? Even now, without moving, I'm sweating. If I sleep on this, I'll probably spend the whole night restless. I'd rather sleep on my hay pile."

To avoid dampening the mood of the Divine Child, Shaman chose not to voice these complaints.

He didn't say it, and Han Cheng naturally wouldn't know that Shaman, who was usually quite wise, had moments of confusion like this.

Dry kindling meeting a fierce fire would erupt into passionate flames, but there would be ashes all around after the passion.

Han Cheng couldn't bear to throw away these ashes and swept them into a corner of the room, preserving them.

These ashes, now, were extremely important in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

They could be used to scrub the greasy utensils after drinking meat soup and fertilize fields.

After Han Cheng remembered that water soaked with ashes could be used to tan fur, the previously neglected ashes gained significant importance in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

These ashes were accumulated, soaked in water, combined with the deer and rabbit dung pile outside the courtyard wall, and then applied to fertilize the fields when right.

Outside, the sky was gloomy. The newly constructed houses, not yet fitted with doors and windows, were much brighter inside than the caves. Looking at the spacious and clean houses, everyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe felt genuine joy.

The Divine Child was right; these newly built houses were much better than the deer pens, but the sleeping area was too hot.

Following the Divine Child's instructions, the Elder Senior Brother and the others sealed the roof's edges, and the construction of the second house in the Green Sparrow Tribe began.

This time, the specifications for building the house were different from the first one.

It wasn't about the length and width; the second connected house had twelve rooms.

Twelve rooms lined up together would look spectacular when completed.

Han Cheng didn't design the second house to be spectacular; connecting them like this was simply more labor and material-efficient.

The initial three-room house required the construction of four mountain walls, and according to the specifications of three rooms per house, building twelve would require sixteen walls.

However, by connecting twelve rooms, only thirteen walls would be needed.

For the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who had already built one house, digging foundations had become a familiar task, making the process relatively fast.

Learning from the previous experience where construction had to stop due to a lack of stones right after digging the foundation, Han Cheng didn't let everyone dig the foundation. Instead, he assigned some people to search for stones and transport them into the tribe.

Due to the rain, the artificial ditches dug around the Green Sparrow Tribe's walls had accumulated about twenty to thirty centimeters of water.

This water was somewhat troublesome, affecting the subsequent excavation of soil and even the transportation of stones into the tribe.

After some contemplation, Han Cheng set up a makeshift wooden bridge with four tree trunks supported by logs over the ditch's northern end. Through this simple bridge, people carrying stones from the northern slope could directly reach the western side of the courtyard wall without having to throw stones across the ditch as before.

In the Green Sparrow Tribe, while busy building houses, another troublesome matter quietly descended.

"Stone, no more."

Shang, transporting stones, put down his empty load and approached the wild chicken coop, peeking beside the Divine Child spying on the chickens with his clothes off, to report this frustrating news.

Shang's expression was somewhat disheartened. A few days ago, he had accompanied the Divine Child around the tribe and knew there were many scattered stones around where they had

previously transported them. In other places, there were only a few scattered pieces; the rest were those immovable giant rocks.

Like everyone else in the Green Sparrow Tribe, Shang loved the three houses already built. He wanted to work together with others to build more houses so that everyone in the tribe could live in spacious and bright homes.

It was precisely because of this that he felt so disheartened upon discovering the shortage of stones. Yes, the greater the expectation for something, the greater the disappointment when things worsen.

Han Cheng withdrew his gaze from the chicken coop, looked at the disheartened Shang, and said with a smile, "Don't worry, I have a solution."

"Really?"

Shang suddenly became excited, widening his eyes and looking at Han Cheng with a face full of joy.

Of course, he was thrilled. He had a clear idea of how many stones could be transported around the tribe, and unlike other things, moving stones could only be done through sheer strength.

Shang didn't believe that the usually wise Divine Child could solve the stone problem. He came to inquire because the Divine Child had created too many miracles, and deep down, he had a slight expectation, hoping that the Divine Child could find a solution to the stone issue and lead the tribe out of this predicament.

However, this hope was too weak, and even he thought it was impossible.

In this situation, he learned unbelievable information from the Divine Child, which excited him. Han Cheng asked the joyful Shang to fetch two pottery jars used for carrying water from the tribe and carry them with a load. They walked out of the tribe gate together, heading towards the place where the Green Sparrow Tribe often collected stones.

At the same time, they called the others responsible for stone collection to join them. They were instructed to gather some dry branches from the fallen trees on the way.

Meanwhile, Shang fetched two jars of water from the ditch on the west side.

Fetching water from here was much closer than carrying water from the small river.

Everyone followed the instructions, dragging firewood and carrying water, feeling an indescribable excitement as they followed the Divine Child, who was carrying half-broken pottery jars of burning charcoal, towards the stone collection site, which was now devoid of small stones.

They wanted to see how the Divine Child would solve this seemingly unsolvable problem.

The stone collection site, not too far from the Green Sparrow Tribe, had many rocks exposed.

Unfortunately, these rocks were either too big to move or connected to the mountain. Under the current conditions, they were simply impossible to deal with.

Impossible to deal with.

Han Cheng repeated these words in his mind, then chose a rock about the size of three large oxen lying side by side, half more than a foot above the ground and the other half deeply embedded in the soil.

Using the charcoal and firewood brought along, he lit a fire under the suspended rock.

Fierce red flames soared, and the orange flames were blocked by the stone slab, spreading out in all directions. The heat wave followed, reverberating in all directions.

Shang stood with the others, watching the burning flames.

Under the continuous burning of the flames, the stone only turned slightly black, without any other changes.

He looked at the shaman, who seemed relaxed, suppressed his doubts, and, like everyone else, waited for the miracle to happen.