

I am a Primitive Man #Chapter 15: The secret of Shaman - Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 15: The secret of Shaman

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 Lame 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 Lame 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 Lame 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 Lame'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 Lame 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.

He stood there in a daze, then walked a few steps and squatted beside Han Cheng. He carefully examined the fish in his hands before confirming that it was indeed the fish they used to eat.

Holding the fish in one hand and pointing with the other, he looked at Han Cheng, appearing excitedly, and said, "This, this fish."

On the way back, Han Cheng thought about how the shaman would react upon seeing the fish. He thought the shaman would be surprised, but he never expected his reaction to be so overwhelming that he couldn't speak coherently.

Understanding his emotions, Han Cheng felt grateful to the shaman and quickly said, "Fish, there are fish in the river."

As he spoke, he gestured towards the small river outside the cave.

"Fish, a lot. A lot of fishes," Han Cheng added, fearing that his expression wasn't clear.

The shaman was a bit dazed and then stood up abruptly. He took Han Cheng's hand and hurriedly walked outside, showing eagerness. He wanted to verify what Han Cheng said about the river quickly.

If it was true, then the food crisis for their tribe this year would be completely resolved.

Although Han Cheng had brought back a fish, what he said should be true, the conflict with the shaman's understanding was too significant. The shaman couldn't help but want to see it with his own eyes.

To see if there were a lot of fish.

In his mind, he didn't need a lot of fishes. He just needed enough for their tribe to survive the winter.

Han Cheng quickly grabbed the shaman, trying to convey that they should stop first. He then ran into the cave, carrying a few hides and gesturing for the shaman to tie them around himself.

The shaman smiled. He was indeed too impatient and had forgotten about the cold outside.

Taking the hides from Han Cheng, he quickly wrapped them around himself and called the two female tribesmen present earlier. The four left the cave, walking through the snow towards the small river.

Han Cheng's face twitched into a bitter melon. He had just run back from there, and now, within ten minutes of entering the cave, he was going back there again.

Truly torturous.

The shaman walked quickly, wanting to see the scene described by Han Cheng as soon as possible. After suddenly learning about this news that could save the tribe from crisis, he forgot about his fatigue and old age.

"Splash."

Upon seeing nearly twenty large and small fishes arranged on the bank and fishes crowding at the hole in the ice, the shaman, now sure of Han Cheng's words, showed a joyful expression. He knelt in the snow, muttering something in his mouth, perhaps words of gratitude to the spirits.

This made Han Cheng, who was happy to be able to help the tribe, somewhat helpless as he rubbed his nose.

The fish were discovered by himself. You can't give all the credit to the spirits like this.

The shaman stood up from the snowy ground, looking at the fishes on the bank and the heads poking out from the ice hole. The joy on his face couldn't be contained.

He picked up Han Cheng and embraced him, affectionately rubbing his forehead against Han Cheng's head. Then, he put Han Cheng down and used his hands to tidy Han Cheng's hair.

This was a mutual expression of affection in the tribe, something Han Cheng saw daily in the cave. However, he had never seen the shaman show such affectionate gestures to anyone before.

Although the action of grooming the hair looked like a big monkey picking lice from a little monkey.

"Fish, go back and get a fork, catch fish."

After Han Cheng's hair was tidied for a while, the shaman, now less excited, ordered the two female tribesmen who were still in awe to take the fish back to the cave. He then instructed them to bring a fishing fork and join them to catch fish.

The two female tribesmen hurriedly moved, carrying three or four fish and quickly rushing back to the cave. Lame with the fishing fork became even more enthusiastic, especially after seeing the shaman's and others' amazed expressions. This gave him a sense of triumph.

"Fish, you..."

After a brief pause, the shaman began verbally and with gestures questioning Han Cheng about how he knew there were fish underneath.

This made Han Cheng somewhat helpless. Why were primitive people so fond of digging to the bottom of things?

But, of course, he couldn't tell the shaman that he was a transmigrator. That was just basic common sense.

He pondered momentarily and suddenly remembered the methods he used to deceive Lame earlier.

Yes, the gods are all-powerful, and the people here seem to have great faith in the gods.

Since that's the case, he decided to use the name of the gods again.

However, borrowing the names of the gods in front of a professional clergyman made Han Cheng feel a bit guilty.

But considering the high status of the clergy in the tribe and the fact that he would inevitably have to come up with other things for himself and the tribe in the future, explaining everything in detail would be troublesome. It was better to attribute everything to the all-powerful gods.

Anyway, the gods are all-powerful.

With this decision in mind, he pointed to the sky, then to his head, and said, "The gods say there are fish."

To Han Cheng's relief, the shaman didn't show the slightest suspicion after he invoked the name of the gods. On the contrary, there was a strong expression of joy in his eyes, and this joy carried a sense of "as expected."

He once again affectionately groomed Han Cheng's hair, then, as if remembering something, he loosened his hands a bit, looking somewhat uneasy.

Seeing that the shaman was a bit uneasy, Han Cheng, after careful consideration, realized what might be bothering him. He smiled, tiptoed, and started grooming the hair of the slightly bent shaman to show his affection.

The shaman's uneasiness quickly disappeared. He looked at Han Cheng, and his face, which appeared somewhat aged, was filled with a smile.

Four more women who stayed in the tribe arrived.

They split into a group, one holding a fish fork and standing with Lame to spear the fish in the ice hole.

As for the others, Han Cheng chose several more ice surfaces at a distance and taught them how to break the ice and spear the fish.

The enthusiasm of the people in the tribe for food was admirable.

After breaking two more ice holes, along with Lame, six people were spearing fish.

Due to the fish being crowded in the ice holes due to lack of oxygen, it was much easier to spear them than usual.

Even the woman responsible for returning the fish to the cave couldn't keep up.

It wasn't until Han Cheng broke off a relatively soft branch from the side, threaded seven or eight fish from gills to mouth at once, and had her drag the fish across the snowy ground using the branch that she finally relaxed.

Han Cheng's seemingly effortless innovation, which could save effort and transport multiple fish at once, made the shaman look at him with more admiration.

It wasn't late yet, and the six had already speared enough fish for the tribe to eat for three days.

Lame, already frozen all over and with a darkened face, refused to move.

He and the other women who were fishing also refused to return.

It wasn't until Han Cheng repeatedly told them that the fish wouldn't run away and they could continue spearfishing tomorrow that they reluctantly walked back to the cave, hesitating and turning back several times.

Han Cheng, who was shivering from the cold, was secretly determined not to go out with them tomorrow, no matter what they said.

The small door in the middle of the cave was opened, and under the shaman's orders, the old tribesman in charge of the fire put a lot of firewood on the fire pit, making the fire burn vigorously.

Han Cheng and the others gathered around the fire, savoring the rare warmth.

Lame and the others would occasionally turn their heads to look at the pile of nearly a hundred fish together, then grin foolishly. When they looked at Han Cheng, who was roasting his feet, their eyes showed a strong sense of respect.

Unlike the joy inside the cave, the senior brother, who led the hunting party out, was unusually heavy-hearted.