

Primitive 16

Chapter 16: A lot of fishes

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.