

Primitive 161

Chapter 161: The leader whose style is plummeting

Speak at length when there is something to say, and be brief when there is nothing.

The following days in the Green Sparrow Tribe were ordinary, nothing noteworthy.

Time passed by quickly. The sun, rising in the northeast daily, shifted to the east and hurriedly headed southeast. It, too, was tired of facing the familiar and desired to be closer to the South, intending to embrace everything and not be confined to one place

As it gradually moved away, the temperature on this land started to drop. Leaves fell from branches. Plants yielded the fruits they had been nurturing for half a year, hoping to regain the warmth brought by that figure. However, it was all in vain; the warm figure continued to move away without looking back

In the autumn atmosphere, the twelve connected houses of the Green Sparrow Tribe were in the final stage of roofing.

After finishing the roofing, a little more tidying up, and they would be ready to move in before winter arrived.

When more than half of the roof was done, they had to stop because there was a shortage of tiles being produced.

Even though Han Cheng later assigned two more people to help Hei Wa with tile making, it still wasn't enough.

There was no choice but to temporarily stop and resume when a sufficient quantity of tiles was accumulated.

Coincidentally, it was also time to prepare for planting rapeseed.

The Eldest Senior Brother, who temporarily stopped building the houses, was still busy. They were working in the fields.

With his bone shovel, Shang stuck it in the dung heap outside the Green Sparrow Tribe's courtyard on the east side. Then, he took a hooked pole from the side, hooked the handle of the shovel, and stood up straight, carrying two loads of a mixture of deer dung, rabbit droppings, chicken manure, and some decomposed weeds, heading towards the rapeseed field on the west side of the courtyard.

The Eldest Senior Brother and others were doing this task with him.

It's embarrassing to say that since Han Cheng decided to carry out major construction in the Green Sparrow Tribe and gradually develop animal farming and agriculture, those who used to chase wild beasts with wooden sticks and stone spears, running fiercely and freely, each of them had drastically lowered their style. Now, the dignified leader had fallen to the point of being a dung carrier

Walking behind Shang with two loads of dung, the Eldest Senior Brother didn't feel anything wrong. Instead, there was a smile on his face.

Because he remembered what Divine Child said before, calling what they were doing now "fertilizing." Divine Child said that after fertilizing, the rapeseed would thrive when the time came.

Divine Child also mentioned that fertilizing rapeseed was similar to people eating; without food, people would lack energy, and without food, rapeseed would not thrive

While Eldest Senior Brother marveled at this, an evil thought also occurred to him

Thinking of the deliciousness of rapeseed, he naturally worked with great enthusiasm without being picky.

Each load was poured out separately when the dung was brought to the field.

When the dung was almost spread on the ground, someone would come with a bone shovel to shovel and spread the dung evenly around"

While the Eldest Senior Brother was busy carrying dung to the fields, Han Cheng was equally occupied. He directed another group of people on the west side of the courtyard, next to the original rapeseed field, to clear away branches and tree trunks, preparing for the upcoming cultivation.

This year, the Green Sparrow Tribe harvested a considerable amount of rapeseed, and Han Cheng planned to expand the rapeseed cultivation area. This crop was not only loved by humans but also by the deer.

It was an excellent choice to feed rabbits or chop some for chicken feed. With so many mouths to feed, Han Cheng naturally wasn't worried about planting too much.

Last year's rapeseed field was only about three to four acres. This year, Han Cheng planned to cultivate more land for rapeseed, at least another dozen acres.

Fortunately, the Green Sparrow Tribe was located on the edge of the mountains, and there was plenty of relatively flat terrain on both sides and in front of them, formed by unknown geological impacts. There was enough space for cultivation.

Even after cultivating the land on this side of the river, they could continue across the small river for further cultivation.

This directly solved Han Cheng's worries. Otherwise, for the development of agriculture and the future prosperity of the tribe, he would have to convince the people of the tribe to leave the caves they had inhabited for generations and move to unfamiliar places to establish new settlements.

In that case, all the previous efforts would have been in vain.

This realization made Han Cheng appreciate his luck once again. It felt good not to start from the most primitive starting point.

It reminded him of those who were born at the finish line. When they stood there, looking back at the numerous people preparing to race, their feelings should be even more extraordinary.

Indeed, from birth, people are subjected to various injustices. It's like traveling through time; the unfortunate arrived in primitive society

Fortunately, we still have hands and feet and can change our situation through our efforts. Even if we put in all our efforts and still don't reach the starting point of others, at least we surpass our starting point

Well, just like Han Cheng leading the Green Sparrow Tribe, they may never reach the level of the era he lived in the future, but they can still make the tribe's people live better than before.

According to Han Cheng's original idea, for the trees on the land to be cultivated, just like last year, clear a buffer zone around the land and then burn it down.

But later, he changed his mind.

Because of the continuous construction of houses, kilns, stone burning, and the production of other wooden products throughout the year, the Green Sparrow Tribe had a high wood consumption.

When all these houses were completed and burning stoves together in winter, the demand for firewood was also significant. So, Han Cheng was a bit reluctant.

At his suggestion, everyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe first moved out the dry wood used for kilns and stone burning, leaving the remaining dry branches, leaves, and some too-thick and difficult-to-move tree trunks inside, waiting to be burned with intense fire.

Looking at the somewhat decayed wood in front of him and the fallen trees in the distance, Han Cheng felt it was necessary to start trying to make charcoal. Otherwise, by the time these woods, which were too late to burn, would be wasted.

After turning into charcoal, these woods, free of impurities, were easy to store and had better-burning efficiency. Until they found a good substitute for coal, Han Cheng would have to rely on charcoal if he wanted to forge some metal tools.

Chapter 162: Grass ashes? Cement!

"Divine Child! Divine Child!"

Shouts rang out once again, filled with a hint of panic. It was the Third Senior Brother calling out.

This alarmed Han Cheng again, wondering if something had gone wrong again. Thinking so, he quickly turned to look and saw Third Senior Brother rushing towards him, holding a stick in his hand.

While running, he shouted.

His shouting alarmed those spreading manure in the rapeseed field and those clearing firewood to prepare for cultivation. Everyone, dropping their tasks, grabbed their tools and hurried towards Third Senior Brother.

Around Han Cheng, three or four people armed with various weapons' had already gathered, moving towards Third Senior Brother's shouts.

This was a plan devised by the shaman and Eldest Senior Brother. The entire Green Sparrow Tribe was now committed to prioritizing the safety of the Divine Child.

As soon as this rule was established, it received enthusiastic responses from everyone. For the Divine Child, they held genuine respect and admiration from the bottom of their hearts. The Divine Child had rescued them from dire situations and led them step by step towards prosperity.

Without the Divine Child, many of them might have starved to death in the harsh winter. Not to mention the unimaginable days they were currently experiencing.

Now, with the Third Senior Brother's sudden cry, the strong youths around Han Cheng and even the underage helpers like Xing and Chen abandoned their work, each picking up a tree branch and hurrying towards Han Cheng. They formed a protective circle around the Divine Child, their young faces showing a mix of nervousness and determination, scanning the surroundings.

Even Fire One and Fire Two, who were not responsible for tending the flames all day, slowly approached Han Cheng, wanting to ensure the Divine Child's safety.

While Han Cheng found this amusing and bemusing, he was deeply moved. Compared to some people in the future who were ungrateful and tended to repay kindness with malice, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were genuinely adorable and simple. One couldn't bear to harm them.

"No enemies! No enemies!"

Seeing the commotion he caused, Third Senior Brother realized the situation. He hurriedly shouted, calming the tense crowd.

"Divine Child, over there"

Gasping for breath, Third Senior Brother arrived, intermittently explaining while occasionally pointing towards the eastern side of the courtyard. He raised the bone shovel in his hand for everyone to see.

Only then did Han Cheng notice that the object in Third Senior Brother's hand was a bone shovel, with the lower part of the bone broken off, leaving less than half. Due to just handling manure, the lower part of the bone shovel still had some residual material.

"Something like this happened?"

Understanding what Third Senior Brother was trying to convey after his somewhat scattered words, Han Cheng appeared surprised. He then led the group quickly toward the eastern side of the courtyard, eager to see what had happened.

"Here!"

Arriving at the eastern side of the courtyard, Third Senior Brother pointed to the manure pile that had nearly half of its content missing and loudly informed Han Cheng.

He dared not approach the manure pile too closely, looking somewhat frightened. The fact that the thing could break the bone shovel still made him feel a bit frightened.

This primitive man, unafraid of enemies or wild beasts, held an inexplicable awe and fear for certain strange things.

Following his pointing finger, Han Cheng looked over and saw something resembling stones exposed in the manure pile.

Upon closer inspection, he found that these stone-like objects were indeed the grass and wood ash previously used for soaking hides in water, left here for fertilizing the fields.

Next to this ash was a broken half of a bone shovel, the same one Third Senior Brother had been holding.

To break a bone shovel indicated how solid these stone-like grass and wood ash formations were. Han Cheng was surprised, and he approached.

When Eldest Senior Brother and others tried to stop him, concerned that it might be dangerous for the Divine Child to approach, Han Cheng shook his head with a smile, assuring them there was no need to worry. Eldest Senior Brother and the others remained vigilant, accompanying him.

Han Cheng picked up a tree branch from someone nearby and then struck the stone-like grass and wood ash. The resulting touch was extremely hard, making a "thud, thud" sound.

How did the well-prepared grass and wood ash turn into stone?

Realizing that the Divine Child was fearlessly approaching and striking this mysterious stone-like substance, others began testing it with the tools in their hands. Puzzled and intrigued by this magical transformation, they found it inexplicable and fascinating.

After a brief period of confusion, some more thoughtful individuals soon felt uncomfortable. For example, Tie Tou, who enjoyed cutting grass and rapeseed, and Eldest Senior Brother, who had recently been happily shoveling manure into the fields, suddenly remembered that the Divine Child had once said that grass and wood ash were excellent fertilizers.

Now, with these grass and wood ash clumped together like stones, they could no longer spread them over the fields.

They felt distressed about wasting so much fertilizer, especially those who wanted the rapeseed to grow vigorously and hoped to acquire more things for the Green Sparrow Tribe.

"Hahaha! Heaven helps me!"

Just as they felt upset about wasting a large amount of fertilizer, the Divine Child, holding a stick, suddenly burst into laughter.

This unexpected burst of unrestrained laughter surprised everyone, who then looked at their Divine Child in confusion.

Han Cheng suddenly stopped laughing, squatted down, and, with gleaming eyes, carefully examined the clumped grass and wood ash.

If it weren't for the fact that it had been buried in the manure pile for a long time and still had some unclean substances on top, making it unsuitable for consumption, Han Cheng had the impulse to pick it up and give it a few kisses.

After struggling with this problem for so long and deciding to temporarily give up, it was unexpectedly resolved in this very unexpected way. How could he not be excited?

This wasn't just grass and wood ash; it was cement!

Turning his head to look at the puzzled crowd, Han Cheng appeared excited as he said, "This is a good thing! We are about to possess a very important material!"

After that, he instructed others to continue with their previous tasks. Meanwhile, he couldn't wait to return to the tribe, gathered half a basin of grass and wood ash, added water, and began the process based on the previous method of soaking hides.

While others were working and speculating on what good thing the Divine Child had discovered again, some impatient ones kept turning their heads to glance at the tribe, eager to go back and look.

Shaman, with his elevated status, naturally didn't experience the same torment as others. At this moment, he stood on the side, watching the Divine Child at work.

He was familiar with what the Divine Child was doing now because it was similar to the process used for tanning hides.

However, precisely because of this, he became even more confused.

After all, although these clumped grass and wood ash looked like stones, they were not as good as real stones. They couldn't be used for building houses or making stone tools. Yet, the Divine Child was so excited

The thoughts of the Divine Child were indeed something he couldn't fathom.

This was not the first time the shaman had said this to himself.

Chapter 163: Little girl who picks mushrooms

The pottery basin tilted, and the clarified water flowed along the edge into another basin, leaving behind the grass and wood ashes that had become muddy.

Han Cheng added clean water to it again, stirred it after clarification, and poured it into another basin.

The water wouldn't be poured away. Instead, it would be kept for tanning animal hides, ensuring a recycling process.

After repeating this process three times, he finally stopped.

He took out the grass and wood ashes that had been thoroughly soaked in water from the basin and divided them into two portions.

The grass and wood ashes just soaked were soft and didn't form a solid mass. This wasn't a big concern; it would be similar even when mixing cement and lime. Once it dried, it would become very sturdy.

He found several sticks with a diameter of three to four centimeters, pieced them together into an irregular rectangular frame, and pressed them from the outside with stones to prevent the sticks from rolling around and damaging the shape designed by Han Cheng.

After creating a simple mold, Han Cheng poured one portion of the soaked grass and wood ashes into it, trying to flatten it as much as possible with his hands.

After standing here for a while and washing his hands, Han Cheng told the shaman not to let anyone touch these things, then picked up the small basket he often carried and, followed by Fu Jiang, headed outside the courtyard.

If Han Cheng's hair were styled into two braids resembling goat horns, and if he made the little leather skirt less sexy and hummed a tune like Mushroom Sauce, Tastes Good', he would be a perfect girl picking mushrooms

But he was not going to pick mushrooms. He was getting sand to mix into the remaining grass and wood ashes. Experiments were necessary to confirm which one would be sturdier when compared to modern cement.

In theory, adding sand should make it sturdier. However, this stuff was grass and wood ashes, not cement. Using grass and wood ashes as a binder was something he had never encountered before. It was necessary to conduct experiments to confirm the results. Otherwise, it would be troublesome to find out later that something was wrong after applying it to the roof.

The place with sand was a bit far from the tribe, located at a bend in the river downstream, about two miles away.

When Han Cheng came out, he happened to meet the Eldest Senior Brother and Shang passing by, each carrying a load of dung. He stopped them and asked them to put the loads aside, take their weapons, and accompany him downstream. It could be considered as taking a break.

Because there was such a large group of people around the Green Sparrow Tribe, there were generally no large predators lurking. When these upright walking monkeys wielding sticks gathered together for survival, the overlords of the wilderness generally wouldn't easily provoke them.

However, it wasn't sure. After all, animals have legs and can run. Although most large predators have their fixed hunting territories and wouldn't easily roam, some predators also like to wander around like free-spirited wandering minstrels.

If someone with bad luck encounters them, not to mention being swallowed whole, just getting slapped by their huge paws like monkeys stealing peaches might leave Han Cheng emasculated, and the end of this book might be ruined

The sand at the downstream river bay wasn't fantastic, probably because the place where the Green Sparrow Tribe lived was relatively close to the source of the small river, and the sand in the river hadn't undergone enough washing from big waves.

The Eldest Senior Brother carried a whole basket of sand, and Han Cheng struggled with sand that didn't seem to have much weight in the Eldest Senior Brothers hands. Han Cheng shook his head, thinking that he should eat more, sleep more, and exercise more in the future to grow taller quickly, gain great strength, and do more things without feeling overwhelmed

The sand at the river bay had been washed very clean by the water, making it the best type of sand that wouldn't affect the firmness of the cement.

After escorting the shaman and returning with sand, the Eldest Senior Brother and Shang didn't want to leave immediately.

Han Cheng understood their thoughts and didn't urge them with words. Instead, he took some sand and mixed it with the remaining portion of grass and wood ashes.

One couldn't add too much sand either; everything had to be about the right amount, with the ideal result being that the sand blending inside wouldn't reveal its original color.

Of course, this was just a rough standard. The following experiments will define more detailed standards based on different purposes.

The well-mixed, unique cement was placed by Han Cheng into a rudimentary mold, waiting for it to dry and solidify, just like before.

Watching the excitement on the faces of the Eldest Senior Brother and Shang, who had been standing by, Han Cheng smiled and told them they would know the results after waiting.

The two stopped asking and went on to do the dung-picking work.

Looking around, Han Cheng saw that the pure grass and wood ash "ingot" left before had no water stains on its surface. He took a small straw, poked it slightly, and found it soft. He then cleaned the clay pot used to mix the mud, preventing it from drying up and being hard to clean later.

The two cement "ingots" were placed not directly under the scorching sun to avoid high temperatures affecting solidification.

With the tasks at hand completed, only time, the magical catalyst could bring about the results. It was now a matter of waiting, hoping for good outcomes.

Han Cheng stayed here for a while longer, but seeing that the results wouldn't be visible quickly, he took Fu Jiang and headed back to the wilderness in autumn.

Fu Jiang must not be brought away. Han Cheng instructed that no one should touch them, especially the unruly Fu Jiang

Outside the courtyard, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were still busy. To wear the crown, one must bear its weight. To enjoy better living conditions, one must put in hard work.

As the sun inclined westward, the twilight descended like a large net.

Tired birds returned to the forest, and the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who had worked all day, carried their respective tools, shrouded in the dusk, and headed towards the courtyard. Having stopped their work, they enjoyed this rare moment of leisure

The cooking smoke rose gently, and the fragrance of food mixed with the twilight permeated the tribe, bringing a profound sense of tranquility.

Without Han Cheng saying anything, the kids who loved to talk, guarded the two slightly solidified cement "ingots." When they saw someone passing by, they would remind them not to step on the things made by Divine Child.

The place where Han Cheng placed the two cement "ingots" was about five or six meters away from the main path in front of the cave, and generally, people wouldn't go there.

After their shouting, people who came back gathered to see what was happening. The children were more excited when they saw adults approaching.

As dusk gradually fell, the light dimmed, and the people couldn't see the appearance of the things surrounded by wood. However, those who came to observe observed for a while, then left with a confident expectation, feeling satisfied.

Chapter 164: Discovery of Cement

After lunch and a short break, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe did not go back to work as usual. Instead, they stayed near the cave, glancing at the Divine Child and then at something not far from the cave, enclosed by a few wooden sticks.

The Divine Child had mentioned that they could see the results after the break, so they were eagerly anticipating what delightful changes the ordinary ash would undergo in the hands of the Divine Child.

When Han Cheng woke up and noticed the constant glances from the people, he didn't delay any further. He scooped some clear water from the jar, washed his face, and became more awake. After that, he led the people out of the cave to see the results.

It had been four and a half days since the creation of the cement cakes using the two ash molds.

The day before yesterday, when Han Cheng checked, the cement cakes had already dried and solidified. However, considering that they might differ from real cement and wanting to see the better side of them, he waited until today at noon to unveil the results.

The several wooden sticks serving as molds around it were stuck to the solidified cement cakes. Han Cheng had to use a thin stick to pry them open. Watching the uneven tree bark peeling off the sticks, Han Cheng couldn't help but feel delighted. This substance could be used as an adhesive!

The cement cakes enclosed in the middle were fully exposed with the sticks removed. Han Cheng first used a thin stick to lift and loosen it before forcefully flipping it.

Regardless of whether sand was added or not, neither of them cracked during this process.

Han Cheng casually picked up a nearby stick and tried to strike the portion without sand. It produced a thud, thud' sound, somewhat resembling the sound of a woodpecker pecking at a tree to catch insects.

This unconventional cement cake was sturdier than he had imagined. It was only after he used all his strength to strike it seven or eight times that the cake, leaning against a stone, finally broke in the middle.

The people around were even more confused. The Divine Child spent more than four days carefully tending to these creations, fearing they might be damaged. Yet, now that they were completed, he used a stick to break them into pieces. What

Han Cheng wasn't content with breaking just one; he continued the one-sided attack on the cement cake with added sand.

Han Cheng's hand became numb after seven or eight strikes in succession. However, this cement cake only sheds some debris.

Cement cakes at this level were more than usable!

He stood up, revealing a smile to the onlookers.

Although most of the surrounding people didn't understand what the Divine Child had just done, seeing the Divine Child so happy, they understood that the task was successful.

They immediately became excited after waiting a long time, especially the children waiting here for the past few days. They were even more thrilled.

The contemplative Shaman, driven by this atmosphere, was also excited. Although he couldn't contain his excitement, he had many doubts. He felt like he was genuinely getting old. He could more or less guess the Divine Child's intentions in the past, but this time, even after the Divine Child thoroughly revealed the items, he still knew nothing about their purpose.

The Eldest Senior Brother also harbored doubts. As someone who frequently built houses, when he saw this stone-like, neatly shaped thing, his initial thought was to use it for wall construction. However, he quickly shook his head, realizing that using this for building houses would be too cumbersome and far less convenient than using stones or compacted earth.

Han Cheng had already seen the confusion in everyone's eyes. He stopped the overly excited people and then turned to pick up four tiles stacked together from the nearby mountain wall.

In the middle of the tiles was the completely solidified ash. It looked like a uniquely shaped chocolate sandwich cookie.

These were the ones he had made before. Initially, he only wanted to make two cement cakes for a simple experiment. Later, he thought that the primary purpose of making cement was not to make cement bricks but to seal the edges of the roof. So, he made some more and created two special sandwich cookies.'

Han Cheng first tried to break them with his hands. When he couldn't break them, he handed them to the Eldest Senior Brother, indicating that he should use force to separate the two pieces of tiles stuck together.

Upon seeing the two tiles stuck together that Han Cheng brought, the Eldest Senior Brother immediately guessed something. He looked at Han Cheng with surprise, and Han Cheng smiled, nodding in confirmation.

The Eldest Senior Brother took one tile in his hand and began to exert force slowly.

His joy increased when he used considerable force, and these two tiles remained firmly stuck together without any sign of separation.

"Crack!"

A slight sound echoed as a piece of the tile couldn't withstand the force of the Eldest Senior Brother and was forcefully broken off. However, the rest of the tiles remained firmly stuck to each other.

"Divine Child!"

The Eldest Senior Brother held the broken piece, and the two tiles stuck together, looking at Han Cheng excitedly.

He had understood entirely the Divine Child's intention in making these things. In the past, when building walls for houses, they used mud for filling, and the walls were quite sturdy. Now, using something like these tiles that couldn't be separated by force to build walls would make the houses even more robust.

There's a saying, talks about one thing but thinks about another, talks about something else but thinks about their trade.' For the Eldest Senior Brother, who had been mainly dealing with walls, deer enclosures, and houses for over a year, upon seeing this magical substance made from wood ash, his first thought was related to these constructions.

Of course, this was also related to Han Cheng experimenting with a few tiles.

The tiles stuck together were then passed around among the people of the Green Sparrow tribe. They were amazed at the transformation of the initially soft and shapeless wood ash into something sturdy, able to attach two tiles firmly.

This discovery deeply moved the Eldest Senior Brother and Tie Tou.

In the same incident, they sighed for wasting fertilizer when they saw it. However, the Divine Child was able to find something good in it. The Divine Child's wisdom was truly admirable.

Next, a few skilled individuals were tasked with washing the wood ash, going to the downstream bay to collect sand, and mixing it with cement. They started removing the tiles that covered the sides of the roofs of the three completed houses, washing away the mud on the tiles, and using cement to build and seal the edges.

Others who couldn't contribute to these tasks went out to continue their efforts in plowing and clearing land with fire. Until now, the Green Sparrow tribe hasn't kept many idle individuals.

Chapter 165: Beacon Fire and Smoke

The autumn weather was clear and refreshing, the sunlight not too harsh, and though lacking a gentle breeze for those who enjoyed autumn scenery, it was perfect for the people of the Green Sparrow tribe. They had cleared a wide isolation strip and prepared to set it ablaze.

"Hiss, hiss"

The proficient Fire One, who had mastered the hand drill, squatted next to a large pile of broken branches and dry leaves, using the modified hand drill designed for fire-making.

The well-tensioned leather cord swung back and forth, rapidly spinning the blackened wooden drill attached to it. Black powder flowed out from the wooden pit, landing on the dry and delicate fire tinder below, accompanied by rising smoke.

Fire One put down the hand drill, picked up the smoking fire tinder, and blew on it huffing' with a mouth that had lost some teeth.

As the smoke gradually dispersed, flames began to leap.

The ignited fire tinder was placed on the edge of the large pile of dry branches and leaves. Soon, a spark turned into a raging fire.

Despite his less agile legs, Fire One, who insisted on lighting the fire, held the ignition tools, taking quick steps at his fastest speed outside the isolation strip.

They harbored a sense of awe for fire, which brought light, warmth, and the ability to cook food.

Running with sweat on his forehead, Fire One arrived outside the isolation strip, turned around, and looked at the smoke and flames that had already risen. In his cloudy old eyes was a flicker of awe and excitement.

Giant flames soared, devouring the dry branches and leaves, and the scorching heat swept over. The Green Sparrow tribe members watching the fire outside the isolation strip couldn't help but step back four or five yards.

Even though they had done this last year, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe still showed expressions of astonishment as they watched the fire.

It had rained a couple of days ago, and the thicker parts of the pile of dry branches and leaves in the middle were not completely dry. Now, under the fierce fire burning, a thick column of smoke rose slowly, seemingly reaching the sky, resembling a signal fire.

Of course, if the surrounding trees were replaced with a desert, the animal skins on the people standing around were replaced with armor and weapons, and a faded flag was stuck on the side, it would create an even more ominous atmosphere of beacon fire and smoke.

It seemed unnecessary now, but the current scene was already extremely frightening!

At least a group of people three or four miles away from here had already been scared by this spectacular scene.

The leader of the Green tribe, covered in dirty green, suddenly stopped and, along with more than ten people following him, looked in amazement at the column of smoke rising in the distance, connecting with the clouds, his mouth wide open, eyes flashing with a frightened light.

In amazement, the leader of the Green tribe and the others quickly tightened their weapons, cautiously observing the surrounding bushes, then turned their gaze toward the column of smoke, preparing to run if things went wrong.

After staying in place for a while without detecting any danger, the people of the Green tribe, carrying many things on their backs and in their arms, felt a bit relieved.

Watching the smoke column, which showed no signs of diminishing and instead became denser, the leader of the Green tribe suddenly sighed.

He looked at his tribe members, carrying large and small packages, and his expression became even more melancholy.

He turned and said to the people behind him, then walked away.

Someone voiced their doubts.

For the rich neighboring tribe, their impression was quite profound.

After participating in the joyful gathering, they often dreamt of people from various other tribes, men and women alike.

This year, however, was markedly different. After the joyful gathering, the most frequent thing appearing in their dreams was the mysterious object placed on fire, resembling stones yet different from stones known as pottery.

Of course, in the dreams, the pottery was always filled with steaming and fragrant fish soup that seemed endlessly delicious. Sometimes, two thin sticks, called chopsticks by the neighboring tribes, would also appear. Holding these sticks, they couldn't pick up the delicious food, leading many to cry out in frustration, only to wake up eventually.

Over this extended period, the magic of pottery and the deliciousness of fish soup hadn't faded with time; instead, they became even clearer and more profound.

Previously, the tribe always had a shortage of food, and they had to endure it. Now, with the arrival of autumn and an increase in food supply, their itching hearts, tormented by hunger, couldn't wait any longer. They eagerly brought food and set off toward the prosperous tribe, even giving up hunting and gathering fruits.

After walking for a long time, they were finally about to reach it, but the chief wanted to lead them back. Naturally, they were unwilling.

The leader of the Green tribe stopped and looked at the reluctant crowd.

He, too, was unwilling to return just like this.

The people in the tribe longed for pottery and delicious food, and he also longed for them. During these days, he used the pottery he had exchanged from the Green Sparrow tribe to learn from them, placing it on a stone over the fire and cooking food.

However, no matter how he did it, the taste was far from the prosperity of the neighboring tribe, even if he put the most delicious meat inside.

After much contemplation and numerous attempts, he attributed the problem to the small size of the pottery he used for cooking.

After thinking it over multiple times, he finally brought food and exchanged it for a larger pottery.

By exchanging the pottery used by the neighboring tribe for cooking, his tribe could also make delicious food.

Thinking about being able to eat such delicious food every day in the future, the leader of the Green tribe couldn't help but feel joy and anticipation, with saliva almost flowing out of his mouth. He needed to swallow it to prevent it from leaking.

However, at this moment

He looked at the thick smoke column with a mixture of fear, deep helplessness, regret, and sympathy for the fate of that powerful tribe.

He remembered the route very clearly, and where the thick smoke column rose was the dwelling place of the prosperous tribe!

The scale of this smoke column far exceeded any smoke he had seen before, and even from this distance, he could smell the scent of burning firewood. Without even thinking, he knew the fate of that tribe would be tragic.

Pointing at the thick smoke column, he explained to the tribe that the prosperous tribe was facing a disaster, and from now on, there might not be such a thing as that tribe.

Upon hearing this, the people of the Green tribe showed expressions of fear, relief, and regret.

The person who had shouted to stop the leader of the Green tribe and asked about the reason, unlike others, after thinking for a while, spoke again. He put down what he was holding and used gestures to express himself.

After understanding what this person meant, the leader of the Green tribe's eyes suddenly lit up

Chapter 166: Green Tribe's Leader's Surprise

After contemplating for a while, the leader of the Green tribe gradually replaced the worry on his face with increasingly joyful expressions.

Smiling broadly, he patted the shoulder of the person who had spoken earlier to show appreciation and encouragement. Then, with an excited demeanor, he announced the decision he had made to the others in the tribe.

The leader of the Green tribe, armed with weapons and excitement, bypassed a clump of bushes with a somewhat cautious approach, heading toward the location where the smoke column rose.

As he walked, he calculated in his mind the words spoken by the tribe member earlier, finding them more and more reasonable.

Pottery containing soup, placed over the flame, wouldn't break no matter how it was burned. He had seen and practiced it himself.

So, if the neighboring prosperous tribe caught fire, the pottery inside shouldn't burn either.

In this case, wouldn't he be able to obtain pottery for free?

Thinking about the large herd of deer in the prosperous tribe, the leader of the Green tribe became even more enthusiastic. It would be even better if he and the others could obtain some deer from here.

Also, it would be best if the mate of the neighboring tribe's leader with the big buttocks could stay behind

The leader of the Green tribe became happier the more he thought about it. The fear of the big fire quickly dissipated with the huge benefits that followed.

However, his excitement didn't last too long.

The branches that constantly swayed before his eyes, blocking his view, disappeared, and the sight suddenly became clear. He could see everything.

The strange wall' made of piled-up mud became even taller. It stood quietly there, and though it was still far away, the leader of the Green tribe could sense the oppression it exuded.

The thick smoke column didn't rise from the strange wall' arranged in a circle but from the other side of that wall.

Approaching closer, he could already see the massive flames rising under the thick smoke column and the large group of people standing beside the flames.

Watching this scene, completely different from what he had expected, the leader of the Green tribe was stunned. In addition to the disappointment, he couldn't help but make a series of displeased sounds to vent his frustration.

He suddenly wanted to rush over with people and light a fire behind the strange wall.'

This way, they could get many, many things.

However, this idea quickly shattered because the people standing by the strange wall' had already noticed their presence.

Shouting to sound the alarm, their voices were loud enough for him to faintly hear some of it from here.

Watching the flames, those gathered not far from the fire quickly took action. Some rushed quickly toward the entrance of the wall,' and others, pounding their chests and waving their weapons, shouted at them, issuing warnings and demonstrations.

The leader of the Green tribe looked at the number of people in that group and then glanced at the people he brought. Suddenly, he felt a bit afraid, worrying that the group, obviously larger than his own, might charge towards them and engage in a fight.

However, he was mistaken again. The people who had been demonstrating against them didn't charge over. Instead, after the initial group entered the strange wall,' they remained vigilant while looking in their direction and moved toward the wall. In no time, they all disappeared.

Soon after, they reappeared on the strange wall, showing half of their bodies and holding weapons.

At this point, the leader of the Green tribe is finally fully awake. Watching this scene, he suddenly remembered the evil tribe he had heard about during the festive gathering, which had captured all the young and old members of the pig tribe. He also recalled the numerous bones not completely burned on the other side of the strange wall.

He wiped off the sweat that had appeared on his head at some point, walked over to the tribe member who had warned him earlier, and slapped him on the shoulder to express admonition.

Standing there, he calmed his emotions a bit. Carrying the tribe members, they set off again towards the prosperous tribe.

To express their friendliness and that they came without malice, he specifically instructed someone to prominently carry the food they brought for trading.

The people of the Green tribe obediently followed the leader's command.

Everything that had just happened before their eyes made them witness the strength of this tribe.

The last time they came, they experienced the prosperity of this tribe. This time, they felt its power.

Han Cheng, who climbed the ladder and stood on the low wall with the Eldest Senior Brother and the rest wielding weapons, was unaware of the unintentional military-like muscle-showing behavior of the Green tribe that had impressed the incoming tribe.

He watched those thirteen people approaching, feeling they shouldn't be here to attack the Green tribe.

Firstly, the number of people was too few, and secondly, it was the most abundant season for food, and no tribe would want to start a battle easily at this time.

This was easily understandable. Even when fierce carnivorous animals encountered each other, they usually engaged in a brief battle and wouldn't easily start a life-and-death fight.

Moreover, these people were more intelligent than them.

Of course, despite these thoughts, there should be no lack of vigilance. He couldn't afford to overturn a big sailboat in the gutter.

Seeing the green color on the heads of those who approached from a distance, Han Cheng confirmed their identity. As expected, they came for trade.

Even before reaching them, the leader of the Green tribe began shouting to express goodwill. He first pointed to the still green grass on his head, proving they were not strangers. Then, he dropped his weapon and raised the food he was carrying high, expressing his good intentions.

Fearing that the people standing on the high wall, armed and ready to strike, might attack them, he dared not provoke them.

What

The Eldest Senior Brother put down his weapon, and using a mixture of Mandarin and gestures, he sternly questioned the approaching leader of the Green tribe, showing a somewhat domineering aura, making it hard to associate him with the person who was happily carrying manure with a shovel a few days ago.

The leader of the Green tribe put down the food he was holding and raised his head to look at the people of the Green tribe, the green grass on his head falling all over the place

He gestured animatedly.

After some communication, the people of the Green tribe were allowed to enter for trading.

However, before entering, all their weapons had to be left outside

Chapter 167: Wild Grass Ear

The leader of the Green Tribe was stunned as soon as he entered. He looked at the two rows of houses that seemed to appear out of thin air, unable to find words to express his amazement. He vividly remembered that when the flowers were in full bloom during the Joyous Celebration, this prosperous neighboring tribe did not have those two buildings whose purpose he couldn't fathom. Still, his intuition told him they must be valuable.

How much time had passed since then? During this period, he and his tribe had been busy with food. His diligent efforts were not in vain, as the tribe had accumulated a considerable amount of long-lasting food. At this rate, even if the early snowfall arrived, there would be no risk of starvation in the tribe.

However, now he was witnessing everything before him. In the same period, this prosperous tribe significantly raised the strange wall that protected them and constructed two enormous structures. What surprised him the most was that, while creating so many things, their food collection did not lag.

On top of these peculiar structures, there were white and delicious fish something he discovered after a closer look. Initially, the Green Tribe leader overlooked this detail, but when he realized those were skinned game animals hanging on the wooden pegs attached to the earth-made wall, his eyes widened in amazement.

How could they create so many things in the same amount of time? The Green Tribe leader was shocked again when entering for the second time. Alongside this astonishment, a strong sense of frustration arose, even more intense than the previous occasion.

The rest of the Green Tribe members also opened their mouths wide, finding it incredibly hard to believe. Humans could create magnificent structures besides hunting, gathering food, and making simple tools!

Not only the Eldest Senior Brother but also all the members of the Green Tribe had reactions that pleased the hearts of the members of the Green Sparrow Tribe. They were filled with pride and satisfaction as they looked around at the things they had built with their hands.

Regardless of where their gazes wandered, they all ended up at the cave entrance, where a figure was jumping around with a dog by its side. Their eyes were filled with admiration and eagerness.

It's the Divine Child! This revolutionary change is all because of the Divine Child!

The leader of the Green Tribe, ever calculative and fond of taking advantage, after recovering from the intense shock, felt quite depressed. However, he began thinking of how to take advantage again, believing it would ease his mood.

He told the Eldest Senior Brother they had traveled a long way, becoming both tired and hungry. They gave up hunting time to come for the trade and received less food. Therefore, he hoped that the Green Sparrow Tribe could treat them to a delicious fish soup again.

He glanced at the dried fish hanging on the ceiling as he spoke.

The Eldest Senior Brother indicated that he couldn't make such a decision and needed to consult with Shaman and Divine Child; they would have to decide.

The leader of the Green Tribe felt a bit relieved when he saw that the Eldest Senior Brother couldn't make decisions even on such trivial matters. However, when he thought about how everything happened because of the Divine Child, the balance he had just found in his heart immediately became uneasy again.

After hearing from the Eldest Senior Brother, Han Cheng shook his head. He told the Eldest Senior Brother that if they wanted to eat salted fish soup, they could exchange it with the food they brought. The Green Sparrow Tribe would not provide food and drink for free.

Han Cheng had witnessed how much salted fish soup these hungry ghosts could eat.

This was a trade, not a happy gathering like before.

After letting them have a meal, trading would be conducted. Otherwise, their tribe might end up at a loss again.

After all, without cars, the Green Tribe did not have convenient tools like hooks or carrying baskets, like their own tribe. Using animal skins or other simple tools to carry food for a round trip would not bring much food for exchange.

The Green Tribe had a deep memory of the generosity of the Green Sparrow Tribe. The leader of the Green Tribe who made this request thought the Divine Child would not refuse. After all, they were not only generous but also very wealthy.

As he walked over to this side after hearing the Eldest Senior Brother's inquiry, he couldn't help but salivate.

The leader of the Green Tribe looked somewhat surprised and displeased.

The Eldest Senior Brother remained unmoved, shaking his head and pointing to the food brought by the Green Tribe, then pointing to the salted fish drying on the roof. He refused to give in.

After a primitive bargaining session, the leader of the Green Tribe had to give up the idea of enjoying a delicious fish soup.

Although he missed the taste of the fish soup, exchanging food for something they used to enjoy for free was impossible.

Moreover, he had a bit of self-awareness about the food they brought this time. After exchanging for such a delicious fish soup, it would not be easy to use the remaining food to trade for large pottery jars.

Endure it for now. After all, their tribe would soon have those large pottery jars suitable for cooking food.

In due time, their tribe could enjoy a continuous supply of delicious meat soup!

The leader of the Green Tribe calculated this in his mind.

Since the Green Sparrow Tribe was unwilling to provide free food again, the leader of the Green Tribe naturally didn't want to stay here longer. It was autumn, and he needed to lead these adults to gather food quickly.

Thus, the material exchange meeting between the Green Sparrow Tribe and the Green Tribe, without any deliberate promotion, directly entered the main agenda.

The leader of the Green Tribe had someone lay out the food they brought. Without waiting for the Eldest Senior Brother to speak, he pointed to the large pot often used by the Green Sparrow Tribe for cooking, then pointed to two smaller clay pots. After some consideration, he gestured to the bowls used for serving rice, indicating that he wanted these items.

The Eldest Senior Brother felt a bit angry as he watched. The food brought by the Green Tribe this time mainly was fruits and strange things like spikes made from wild grass that the eldest senior brother had never seen.

It would be strange not to be angry if they wanted to exchange these items for so many pottery jars from their tribe."

Chapter 168: Wild grass spikes? Grains!

Not acceptable!

At this moment, the Eldest Senior Brother and the leader of the Green Tribe had no agreement, each meticulously scrutinizing every detail.

The Eldest Senior Brother shook his head repeatedly, using gestures and a mix of Mandarin to express his thoughts to the leader of the Green Tribe. At the same time, he picked out some of the undesirable food and set them aside in a pile, with the majority being those grass-like spikes brought by the Green Tribe.

There was no silent understanding between them like during the happy gathering.

The leader of the Green Tribe, who had been closely observing the Eldest Senior Brother's actions, became a bit anxious when he saw the Eldest Senior Brother deliberately separating and rejecting the items he added to the pile.

In a hurry, he squatted down, holding down the Eldest Senior Brother's hand that was picking and choosing and the other hand grabbing a handful of grass spikes that the Eldest Senior Brother had rejected and abandoned. He shook his head vigorously, praising the deliciousness of these grass spikes with all his might.

Seeing that the Eldest Senior Brother continued to scrutinize him with questioning eyes, the leader of the Green Tribe, a determined character, squeezed a handful of grass spikes full of seeds, put it directly into his mouth, endured the mouth-puckering and hardness of the seeds, showed an expression of extreme enjoyment as he chewed for a while, forcibly swallowed it down, patted his chest, and fervently praised the deliciousness of the grass spikes to the Eldest Senior Brother.

The leader of the Green Tribe's performance made the Eldest Senior Brother hesitate. Could this strange grass spike-like thing he had never seen before be so delicious?

Thinking this, he picked up one from the ground and brought it to his mouth.

Seeing that the Eldest Senior Brother was about to taste it, the leader of the Green Tribe quickly reached out to stop him. However, the Eldest Senior Brother had already taken a bite.

"Spit! Spit!"

After taking a bite, the Eldest Senior Brother kept spitting, angrily throwing away the piece of grass spike he had bitten off and found highly unappetizing.

After spitting out the grass spike, the Eldest Senior Brother angrily shouted at the somewhat embarrassed leader of the Green Tribe.

Then, he stood up, picked up a large pottery jar used for water from the side, and placed it next to the pile of food that the Green Tribe had brought and had picked through. This implied that the food brought by the Green Tribe could only be exchanged for this single pottery jar.

The leader of the Green Tribe had long coveted the large pot used by the Green Sparrow Tribe for cooking, and seeing that the Eldest Senior Brother was only willing to exchange it for a single pottery jar, he naturally disagreed.

With a series of gestures and dances, they made their points.

A perfectly normal trade turned into a scene where the two acted as if they were in a dance-off.

Han Cheng stood at the cave entrance, watching the two people who couldn't agree, and ended up dancing. He almost couldn't hold back his laughter.

Fu Jiang came running over, with the grass spike that the Eldest Senior Brother had thrown far away still in its mouth. It ran to Han Cheng's side, wagging its tail, asking for a reward.

Han Cheng had trained this fellow to be quite skilled at carrying things in its mouth.

Watching the primitive dance-off between the two from a distance, Han Cheng, who was full of primitive flavor, couldn't help but burst into laughter.

After watching for a while, he reached out without much concern, took the grass spike from Fu Jiang's mouth, and played with it in his hand.

After playing with it for a while, his movements suddenly stopped.

He stared at the grass spike in his hand, which was now missing a quarter, and a gleam gradually appeared in his dazed eyes.

After a brief moment of bewilderment, his movements quickly accelerated. His hands, slightly trembling, held the grass spike, examining it from various angles.

The grass spike was about five or six centimeters long, with a little over one-centimeter diameter. Its color resembled the dried and yellow appearance of a plant. It was densely packed with numerous seeds of the same color.

It looked familiar, like dried dogtail grass, but thicker and longer than the typical variety. It had more seeds on top.

It also resembled the foxtail millet that would droop low to the ground in the future, but compared to those crops bearing heavy fruits, it was far less impressive.

Suppressing his excitement, Han Cheng forced himself to calm down. He plucked some seeds from the grass spike and carefully peeled them using his fingernails.

However, the first three were empty. They shriveled before Han Cheng could peel them. The fourth finally had a fruit a tiny, pale yellow sphere appeared in his hand.

Although it was minuscule and yellow wasn't pure, Han Cheng felt it was more dazzling than gold.

He cradled this tiny, peeled seed in his palm, raised it to eye level, and examined it as if it were the most precious treasure. He felt nothing in the surroundings compared to the allure of this tiny grain in his palm.

A red shadow quickly enlarged in front of his eyes. With a warm sensation in his hand, the red shadow and the tiny yellow seed that Han Cheng had considered an unparalleled sight disappeared.

Fu Jiang smacked its lips, feeling nothing special, shaking its head, somewhat bored, not understanding what silly thing its owner was looking at.

Ignoring the silly dog Fu Jiang, Han Cheng stared at the grass spike in his hand, which was now missing a section, and burst into silent laughter.

Millet! It was millet!

Millet, scientifically known as *Panicum miliaceum* or *Setaria italica*, was an annual herbaceous plant. It was closely related to dogtail grass and could be considered an evolution from it. It was a significant crop in the Yellow River basin.

Millet made significant contributions, especially in the early stages of Chinese civilization. The Xia and Shang civilizations could be called millet civilizations, representing the main staple!

His original plan was to wait until the Green Sparrow Tribe became safer and more prosperous. Once he grew taller, improved the weapons of the Green Sparrow Tribe, and expanded the search range with the young adults of the tribe, he would look for traces of certain things. Among them, the cultivation of millet and other primary food crops was a necessary step.

Life was always full of surprises. He hadn't expected that before he could put this plan, which he had long conceived in his mind, into action, millet would unexpectedly appear in front of him in such a way!

Over there, the dance-off between the Eldest Senior Brother and the leader of the Green Tribe continued. It seemed that the Eldest Senior Brother was at a disadvantage again, and he placed another pottery jar in front of the pile of food.

The leader of the Green Tribe was determined to exchange it for the large pot used for cooking rice. After a series of awkward dances, he made some concessions, indicating they could do without the other pottery and needed to get that large pot.

More significant pottery took much work to manufacture.

Although the Eldest Senior Brother did not participate much in pottery making, he was familiar with this common knowledge. Plus, he was infuriated by the Green Tribe leader's attempt to use grass seeds as food for exchange, so he naturally refused to make the exchange.

Chapter 169: Green Tribe's Chief had taken a big advantage

"Give it to him, and also give him these two pottery jars."

Han Cheng walked over at a moment of intense bargaining between the two parties. His gaze swept over the food brought by the Green Tribe and then landed on the primitive millet set aside by Eldest Senior Brother. After retracting his gaze, he spoke to Eldest Senior Brother.

Upon hearing that it was the Divine Child speaking, the Eldest Senior Brother halted the intense negotiation with the leader of the Green Tribe. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, and his breath became somewhat hurried.

Bargaining for traded goods was not an easy task!

Regarding the sudden arrival of the Divine Child and his decision to exchange the food brought by the Green Tribe, which wasn't of great quality, for a large jar and two pottery jars, Eldest Senior Brother felt somewhat puzzled.

Because the Divine Child had previously explicitly instructed him that pottery was exclusive to their tribe. When trading, they should try to exchange as much as possible for items from other tribes.

Eldest Senior Brother had always kept the Divine Child's instructions in mind and followed them faithfully in practice. So why did the Divine Child suddenly make such a decision inconsistent with his previous instructions?

Eldest Senior Brother felt confused, looking towards the Divine Child. He saw the Divine Child looking back at him, smiling and nodding.

Observing this, Eldest Senior Brother understood. This wasn't a decision made on a whim by the Divine Child. There must be considerations behind this decision that he hadn't thought of.

It wasn't appropriate to ask further questions at this moment, so he followed Han Cheng's suggestion. He instructed someone to bring a new and unused large jar over, placing it next to the two pottery jars, and informed the leader of the Green Tribe that they could leave the food, and all these items were now theirs.

The leader of the Green Tribe was momentarily stunned by this unexpected turn of events. He hurriedly embraced the long-anticipated large jar after standing in place for a while. Then, he respectfully bowed to the candid and straightforward little Divine Child to express his gratitude.

"What's this? Do you have a lot of it?"

Han Cheng picked up two stalks of millet from the ground and asked the leader of the Green Tribe.

After hearing this, the leader of the Green Tribe felt a bit confused. He turned to explain his thoughts to Eldest Senior Brother, letting him convey the message to the leader of the Green Tribe in their language.

Serving as a translator, Eldest Senior Brother used a mix of their language and the God' language, along with gestures, to convey Han Cheng's message to the leader of the Green Tribe.

Once the leader of the Green Tribe understood the message, he thought momentarily. He recalled the tasteless, emergency food his tribe had in considerable quantity near their settlement, which could barely stave off starvation in times of food crisis. Feeling that there was nothing to hide, he honestly revealed this information.

Upon learning this news, Han Cheng suppressed the joy in his heart, and with a calm demeanor, he spoke to the Eldest Senior Brother. He instructed Eldest Senior Brother to inform the leader of the Green Tribe that next time they come to trade, bring more of this item and some hides and fur. They could bring fewer food items.

Understanding the intentions of the young child-like Divine Child, the leader of the Green Tribe became even happier. He didn't expect to encounter someone so understanding. Compared to this Divine Child, the leader felt that the leaders he had dealt with in the past were truly despicable.

Han Cheng, who was almost unable to contain his laughter, was about to leave. The leader of the Green Tribe started speaking again, pointing to the food, tapping the large jar, and gesturing towards the entrance of the Green Sparrow Tribe's cave.

Seeing the expression of the leader of the Green Tribe, Han Cheng, who was on the verge of bursting into laughter, felt a slight pause in his joy. His expression turned somewhat gloomy.

It turned out that not only people from the modern world would push their luck; primitive people were the same!

Han Cheng's mood was no longer as cheerful as before.

If the leader of the Green Tribe didn't know how to behave, they wouldn't trade with their tribe in the future.

With the millet seeds obtained this time, given a few years, the Green Sparrow Tribe would certainly have a vast area of millet fields.

When the Green Sparrow Tribe faced development obstacles due to a population shortage, Han Cheng might use some means, and when necessary, he might not be very friendly.

At that time, among the neighboring tribes, the Green Tribe would undoubtedly be the first consideration.

"A large jar for cooking rice?"

After learning the leader of the Green Tribe's intentions from Eldest Senior Brother, Han Cheng appeared somewhat surprised. He didn't immediately understand the reason behind the leader of the Green Tribe's actions.

Is this guy crazy? Why would he choose the old jar when there's a new one available?

Han Cheng's momentary displeasure dissipated when he realized he had misunderstood the leader of the Green Tribe. Because of the millet the Green Tribe brought, Han Cheng didn't want them to suffer too much of a loss. At least, regarding the jar used for cooking, that was the case.

Through Eldest Senior Brother, Han Cheng informed the leader of the Green Tribe about the condition of the Green Sparrow Tribe's cooking jar, which was already worn out and not as durable as the new one. He hoped the leader of the Green Tribe would reconsider.

The leader of the Green Tribe, however, was firmly convinced that the Green Sparrow Tribe's ability to produce such delicious meat soup was closely related to the pottery they used for cooking. Understanding Han Cheng's message, he became even more determined in his thoughts.

With some cleverness, he misinterpreted Han Cheng's sincere advice, thinking that Han Cheng was reluctant to part with the old jar, and deliberately said that. During the trade, didn't everyone keep the best for their tribe and use the rest for exchanges?

The more Han Cheng refused, the more the leader of the Green Tribe thought the old jar was a good item and wanted it even more.

After this happened twice, Han Cheng had no choice but to let it be. He allowed the people to carry out the old, now blackened, large jar.

The leader of the Green Tribe was extremely pleased to see this. He felt that in this trade, he had gained a tremendous advantage. He went over to the jar, tapped it, touched it, and circled it several times with great joy. After that, he respectfully bowed to Han Cheng, the shaman and Eldest Senior Brother. He was particularly willing to show respect to Han Cheng, secretly thinking that they must have this little Divine Child present whenever they came for future trades.

As for the leaders of their tribe, those guys were truly difficult to deal with.

The other members of the Green Tribe, upon seeing their leader exchanging the Green Sparrow Tribe's cooking jar, were all smiles. They were delighted because they would now have the opportunity to enjoy the extremely delicious meat soup!

After completing the exchange, the people from the Green Tribe did not linger. Carrying the charred cooking jar and holding the two water jars, they quickly left the Green Sparrow Tribe, as if afraid that staying longer might lead to a change of heart from Han Cheng and the others.

Chapter 170: The Neglected Millet

The people of the Green Tribe, under the command of their leader, took turns carrying the large, blackened pot with caution and speed. It wasn't until they could see the peculiar "mountain wall" of the Green Tribe that the leader ordered them to set the pot down. He reached out his already blackened hands and began to feel the pot.

After a while, unable to contain his joy, he smiled happily toward the Green Tribe.

For the leader of the Green Tribe, being able to exchange these three precious pottery items, especially the large pot, made him extremely proud. The rest of the Green Tribe members were equally ecstatic, expressing their admiration for their leader's wisdom in their own unique way.

Amid their jubilation, some would playfully smear the black ash from the pot onto their companions, adding to the joy. After venting their suppressed happiness, the strengthened Green Tribe members eagerly returned their valuable items to their tribe. They looked forward to seeing the joyous reactions of those who had stayed behind to pick fruits near the tribe.

As the Green Tribe people left, sure that they wouldn't hear any more commotion from the other tribe, a certain ecstatic Divine Child who had held back for a long time finally couldn't contain himself and burst into hearty laughter, disregarding his image.

"This! Good stuff; it can keep us full! No more starvation!"

After a burst of wild laughter, Han Cheng announced the big good news to the curious onlookers. He expected them to be as overjoyed as he was upon hearing this news, but their reaction was not as enthusiastic as he had imagined.

Upon further thought, he understood that since he introduced the fish cages, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had already lived a life without worries about food.

Now, informing them that with this new item, there would be no more hunger wouldn't evoke such a strong reaction.

Wiping his nose, Han Cheng realized that perhaps living too well and being too forward-thinking might not be such a good thing.

Acknowledging the situation, Han Cheng waved his hand, instructing everyone to continue their tasks. He stared blankly at the nearly two-dan-long ears of millet in his hands, grinning foolishly. In his imagination, he lay in a millet field during the millet's golden ripening season, smelling the unique fragrance of millet, looking through the gaps between the ears of millet into the distant, azure sky.

The shaman came over, squatted beside Han Cheng, who was laughing foolishly, picked up an ear of millet from the pile, held it in front of his eyes, and observed it back and forth. He wanted to see if there was anything special about it.

He wanted to know what kind of thing made the Divine Child so happy and obsessed. The Divine Child's announcement that with this thing, the Green Sparrow Tribe would never starve again made him quite concerned.

After observing for a while, the shaman picked some grass-seed-like things from the top and put them in his palm. Then, he put them in his mouth, chewing slowly. The taste was not good; compared to other grass seeds, it was just a bit less bitter or weird.

Chewing in his mouth, his teeth felt similar to other food like fish soup, meat soup, and other fruits and vegetables, but it was not as good.

Han Cheng snapped out of his golden reverie, and seeing the shaman appreciating the millet while chewing, he smiled. Having some in his old age was indeed a treasure.

Taking the ear of the millet from the shaman's hand, he weighed it in his hand, feeling the weight significantly less than the millet from later times. Then, he smiled as he told the shaman the name of this thing.

He also told the shaman that this wasn't meant to be eaten as is; it needed some processing to become delicious.

Hearing what Han Cheng said, the shaman's eyes couldn't help but light up. Because he suddenly remembered the originally terrible stone, which, after the hands of the Divine Child, became the delicious salt. Now, this unpalatable millet, after the hands of the shaman

The shaman became extremely expectant.

As an elder in the tribe, he was highly interested in every new edible item.

Han Cheng carried a heavy bundle of millet ears and walked toward the cave.

He found an empty pottery basin, picked up an ear of millet, and began to separate the grains with his hands.

After watching Han Cheng for a while, the shaman joined in and began doing the same.

After separating half a basin of millet, Han Cheng cleaned the pit on the big stone used by the Green Sparrow Tribe to pound pa pa.' Then, he put some millet in it, found a suitable wooden stick

of appropriate length and thickness, held it in his hand, and placed the relatively round and larger end against the millet-filled pit. He swung it up and down, pounding the millet.

Since these guys found this thing unappetizing, he decided to process it well, cook it properly, and make these primitive people who had not seen much of the world crave it. He wondered if they would still dare to underestimate the grain revered as the king of the five grains!

Feeling neglected and wanting to give Millet a good name, Han Cheng thought to himself as he wielded the wooden stick up and down.

Han Cheng wasn't worried about saving seeds. Millet is harvested in autumn, and now there is still half an autumn, a winter, and half a spring before planting millet. It adds up to about half a year, and there's no hurry to plant.

Moreover, from the Green Tribe leader, he learned that there is still a lot of millet there. Judging by the leader's nature of taking advantage of others, after he said that he could exchange animal skins and millet for pottery, he would come again with more millet.

Eating some now wouldn't hurt.

It's been almost two years, and he has been eating grilled meat or meat soup and vegetables all day. He hasn't tasted a bite of the main grain of later generations. Han Cheng is eager to eat some after seeing millet.

Whether it's millet or rice, it's not easy to shell. Otherwise, in ancient times, pounding rice wouldn't be used as punishment.

Of course, what is said here about not being easy refers to the time before various machines appeared.

Han Cheng is now experiencing this difficulty. Pounding a millet pit made sweat appear on his forehead, and his hands were numb and sore from the impact.

However, he didn't feel it was too difficult when he saw the yellowish millet mixed with millet husks inside the pit.

He put down the stick, grabbed a handful from the pit, and blew it clean with his mouth.

The empty millet husks flew away, leaving half a handful of golden yellow millet in his hand.