

Primitive 171

Chapter 171: Millet

Golden millet was placed into the black pottery bowls, making them even more enticing. The shaman, pounding grains in the clay basin nearby, took a bowl to examine closely and found it much more beautiful than before.

His anticipation for the deliciousness spoken of by the Divine Child grew stronger.

Han Cheng continuously pounded two pits of millet, and the sweat was already flowing.

After some thought, he called Lame, who was weaving circular wooden slats in the courtyard, and after demonstrating once, the task of pounding millet fell into the hands of Lame.

Lame always adhered to the Divine Child's instructions. Wielding two increasingly powerful arms, he gripped the wooden stick and pounded forcefully into the stone pit, imitating the Divine Child's actions.

Under the punishment, the husks of those grains couldn't hide the secretly stored grains.

With the addition of Lame, who now acted as the main force, Han Cheng suddenly became more relaxed.

He only needed to clean up the grains pounded by Lame. It was a meticulous and less strenuous task, although continuous blowing made him dizzy.

"Dong, dong, dong"

The caves of the Green Sparrow Tribe rang with somewhat muffled but rhythmic thuds. Some sleeping infants were disturbed by their sweet dreams. They squinted their eyes, kicking their feet, hands forming tight little fists, raising their heads with a slight tilt, mouths agape and toothless, crying loudly to vent their morning grumpiness.

A nearby primitive woman picked up one of the crying infants, offering her dark breast into the baby's mouth. The little one, crying incessantly, instantly quieted down, greedily consuming the nectar-like liquid.

After being fed, the baby, with full, gleaming eyes, refused to sleep. It wasn't clear what this little one saw or thought, but it smiled silently, revealing a toothless mouth.

Using a child's face to describe the weather in June was not wrong; it truly changed quickly.

In the gradually dimming cave, the shaman had already combed down the grains from a head of grain, and now he squatted there, cleaning the millet pounded by Han Cheng.

Lame continued pounding the millet tirelessly, wielding the wooden stick with two strong arms. With the physical labor involved, the previously concealed grains' husks were now brought out.

With Lame's contribution as the main force, Han Cheng suddenly felt much lighter.

He only needed to clean up the millet pounded by Lame, a more meticulous and less strenuous task. However, blowing continuously for a long time made him a bit dizzy.

"Dong, dong, dong"

The Green Sparrow Tribe's cave echoed with thuds that were somewhat dull but rhythmic. Some sleeping infants were awakened from their sweet dreams. Squinting their eyes, kicking their feet, hands forming tight little fists, and raising their heads with a slight tilt, mouths agape and toothless, they cried loudly, venting their morning grumpiness.

A primitive woman standing nearby went over, picked up the crying baby, and offered her dark breast into the baby's mouth. The crying infant instantly quieted down after being fed, greedily drinking the nectar-like liquid.

Having eaten their fill, the babies, with wide, gleaming eyes, refused to sleep. It wasn't clear what these little ones saw or thought, but they smiled silently, revealing their toothless mouths.

Using a child's face to describe the weather in June was not wrong; it truly changed quickly.

The light gradually dimmed in the cave, and the fire was lit. It dispelled the gradually thickening darkness. Although the evening had just fallen outside, inside the cave, it had already become somewhat dim.

This further strengthened Han Cheng's desire to move into the new house sooner.

The one in charge of starting the fire was Fire Two. After igniting the fire, he picked up the mutated hand-operated drill that had gained several more holes and placed it on the side with a bit of roughness and a strong, primitive flavor.

A fish, more than a foot long, was washed with clear water on both sides. Without using a stone knife, it was directly snapped into three or four sections and thrown into the new pot filled with more than half a basin of clean water.

On both sides of another pile of fire, a one-meter-long and forty-centimeter-high stone wall was built. Seven or eight thin sticks soaked in oil were arranged on each wall.

Each stick had something threaded onto it one or two animals of varying sizes, fish, or caught in yesterday night's traps.

A person in charge of roasting crouched beside it, occasionally flipping the sticks to ensure the food on them was heated more evenly.

For those roasted for a long time, the fat had turned red and dripped onto the charcoal below. There was a soft sizzling sound, and flames flickered briefly.

While observing the Divine Child busily carrying a pottery jar not far away, this person showed genuine admiration in his eyes.

In the past, roasting food required at least three people working simultaneously to get something edible barely.

Controlling the degree of roasting was difficult; it was easy to overcook, leading to food wastage and a compromised taste.

Since the Divine Child made a slight modification and constructed these two walls, all the problems were effortlessly solved.

On both walls, seven or eight skewers of food could be placed simultaneously without using hands. It made things much easier for the person in charge, requiring only occasional flipping.

What once required three people now seemed effortless for one person, and the roasted food turned out even more delicious than before.

Han Cheng was busy washing millet and was unaware that the person roasting meat was looking at him with extreme admiration. The feelings of respect in his heart were like the surging waters of a small river in front of the tribe during the rising summer, unstoppable

Some small, undisturbed husks of grains floated on the water's surface as slightly pale and somewhat turbid millet water flowed out.

After washing four or five times, this half basin of millet finally became clean.

The cleaned millet was placed into a clay pot, and a small amount of water was added about three centimeters above the millet.

Han Cheng had Fire Two light up another pile of fire, found a few commonly used stones, placed them separately around the fire, and put the pot containing millet and water on top. Then, he covered it with a lid.

Orange flames dispersed from the bottom of the pot, enveloping half of the clay pot.

Han Cheng stood by, personally adding firewood below, mastering the heat. Cooking dry rice was not easy to control; it could easily be burnt, wasting food and affecting the taste.

This time, he exerted all his strength to make the primitive people in the tribe cry from gluttony. Naturally, he had to handle it carefully.

White smoke emerged from below the pot lid, rising gently. The unique fragrance of food permeated the cave after the grains were cooked and boiled, drifting into people's noses.

Han Cheng, who hadn't eaten staple food for almost two years, smelled this long-lost aroma, and his eye sockets became moist.

The meal was not ready, and the primitive people were not crying from gluttony, but he shed tears first

After cooking, he picked up the cleaned, long-handled spoon, opened the lid, and reached into the clay pot, stirring carefully. The purpose was to move the millet at the bottom in contact with the pot, preventing it from heating for too long and turning mushy.

After all, they were using the primitive method of cooking with fire, not the electric rice cooker from the future that required no further attention after putting in rice and water.

Seeing that there was only a tiny layer of soup left in the pot after stirring several times, Han Cheng made the final stir. Then he covered the pot and removed the two burning pieces of firewood from below, placing them in the fire pit where the fish soup was simmering.

Using firewood to steam the rice the moment before it was taken out was crucial, as most dry rice tended to burn at this time.

At this point, they couldn't use high heat. Instead, they used a small fire or directly roasted it over the remaining charcoal.

Chapter 172: Bite of Green Sparrow Tribe

Han Cheng resisted the urge to lift the lid at this moment. He placed another piece of pottery, a piece resembling a flat-bottomed pan, on the fire.

After heating, he scooped out a few spoonfuls of animal fat that had solidified due to the gradually cooling weather and put it on top.

The white fat melted at a visible speed when it encountered the heated pottery. Han Cheng grabbed a handful of chopped wild onions and threw them into the slightly heated oil, stirring it twice. A strong onion fragrance immediately filled the cave.

Before the wild onions turned crispy, Han Cheng continuously stirred the prepared meat slices into the pot.

The combined fragrance of onions and meat filled the cave for a while.

This aroma was dominant, overshadowing the simmering fish soup and the smell of grilled meat.

"Gudong, gudong."

Some people couldn't help but swallow saliva.

Everyone in the cave couldn't resist glancing at the food the Shaman was stirring, their eyes filled with clear anticipation.

Han Cheng now had the demeanor of a skilled chef, standing calmly in front of the pot, busy with the cooking.

Unfortunately, there were no iron pots, and he hadn't pursued further education in the New East. Otherwise, he could have lifted the hot iron pot a few times, making it look even more stylish.

Wild onions were discovered when they were being walked by the old deer in the spring. Han Cheng dug them out with their roots, planted them in the courtyard, and occasionally sprinkled wood ash and water.

For the tribe's only seasoning besides salt, Han Cheng was very attentive to wild onions.

Because the reproductive ability of wild onions was not strong enough, even now, there were only two rows of less than two meters, and they were growing sparsely.

Usually, Han Cheng was reluctant to eat them; even if he did, he wouldn't pull them up by the roots. Instead, he would cut them off from the base and cover them with some wood ash and topsoil, and in a few days, new shoots would emerge.

Well, they were wild onions, but he managed to eat them as garlic chives.

After wiping his somewhat damp eyes, he determined to make the primitive people drool, naturally wouldn't be stingy this time. He pinched off almost half a bunch of wild onions, which he usually only used when frying eggs.

The meat slices were already cooked, so they didn't need to be heated in the pot for too long. After stirring for a while, he added two handfuls of clean-washed green vegetables, carefully stir-fried. When the color of the vegetable leaves changed, he sprinkled some crushed salt, stirred it again, and then scooped it into the pottery that had been filled with clean-washed green vegetables earlier.

Green vegetables and slightly reddish meat piled up in the bowl, complementing each other, steam rising, and the fragrance spreading everywhere.

If it weren't for the fact that he wanted to make the primitive people drool and maintain his Shaman image, not wanting to appear so inexperienced, Han Cheng would have picked up the chopsticks and tasted it.

This flat-bottomed pottery couldn't be compared to the large iron pots of later generations. It couldn't fry too much at once. So, after swallowing a mouthful of saliva, Han Cheng repeated the previous actions, continuing to stir-fry.

As the dusk deepened, people working outside returned one after another, carrying tools.

"So fragrant?"

With a keen nose, Hei Wa was still far from the cave entrance and had already sniffed several times. Excitedly, he shouted and unconsciously quickened his pace, wanting to return to the cave early and see the delicious food.

"Really!"

After Hei Wa's reminder, the others finally noticed the distinctive aroma in the air.

After a day of hard work, they were all hungry by now. Upon smelling this fragrance, they felt even more ravenous.

Everyone quickened their pace, following the scent.

The closer they got to the cave, the more intense the enticing aroma became, making their appetites even more unbearable.

"Tools, put them back."

As they approached the cave entrance, the Eldest Senior Brother suddenly realized that everyone still had tools in their hands. Suppressing the torment of wanting to scratch their hearts, he spoke to everyone.

After this reminder, everyone realized they had been so focused on the smell that they had forgotten to put away their tools.

They quickly rushed towards the deer pen.

The deer pen was spacious enough, providing ample space for the deer living inside.

In contrast, the caves where the Green Sparrow tribe had lived for generations had become somewhat crowded due to the rapid increase in population and the accumulation of other things.

Han Cheng had people put tools like bone shovels and ladders in a corner of the deer pen to free up some space.

After quickly putting away the tools, they hurriedly walked towards the cave entrance, with some even jogging.

As they rushed there, they found it strange. Why was the food so fragrant today?

Could it be that the Divine Child made those eggs again?

Some had eaten Han Cheng's wild onion omelet before and still vividly remembered its intoxicating taste. Now, with a similar aroma, they couldn't help but salivate, their eyes gleaming.

Arriving at the cave entrance, the primitive women who were breastfeeding had already prepared water in basins on the west side of the ditch outside the cave. After hastily washing up, they hurriedly headed into the cave.

Afraid of being late and missing out on the food, they wanted to get in as quickly as possible.

Even though they understood that acquiring food needed to follow a certain order, the tempting aroma made them want to enter quickly. Even if they couldn't immediately eat, just looking at the food would bring peace of mind.

After entering the cave, their eyes quickly scanned the familiar fish soup and grilled meat cooking area, bypassing them, and then focused on the half-pot of distinctly different-looking food next to the Shaman. Their eyes were eager.

Seeing everyone's reactions, Han Cheng was very satisfied.

After secretly swallowing a mouthful of saliva, he explained the rules for tonight's meal to the eldest senior brother with a calm and composed demeanor. As usual, fish soup and grilled meat were unlimited, but this half-pot of vegetables couldn't be taken too much. They had to ensure that everyone could have some.

As the Eldest Senior Brother prepared to start serving the respected Shaman, the Divine Child suddenly lifted the lid of a nearby clay pot.

White steam dispersed, revealing a golden color inside the black clay pot. A fragrance different from the meat fragrance wafted out, tempting and appetizing. It caused people's appetites to surge uncontrollably.

Those who were close were momentarily stunned. They hadn't expected that, besides the tantalizing vegetable dish, the Divine Child had also prepared such a visually appealing, fragrant, and never-before-seen food.

Under Han Cheng's careful supervision, this large pot of millet rice appeared for the first time in the Green Sparrow tribe and was cooked well, showing no signs of being burnt.

Standing on the side, the Eldest Senior Brother looked at the Divine Child and then at the pot of millet rice. For a moment, he didn't know what to do. Faced with this unfamiliar food, he felt at a loss.

Chapter 173: Bite of Green Sparrow Tribe 2

Han Cheng saw the Eldest Senior Brother's dilemma, and already highly eager, he didn't hesitate either. He grabbed the wooden spatula, crafted from hardwood and resembling a future kitchen spatula, which had been used to flip the vegetables earlier. He reached into the pot, skillfully scooped up a steaming, golden piece of millet rice, and placed it in his designated bowl.

He then scooped up another piece and put it in Shaman's bowl, picked up chopsticks, and added two chopsticks' worth of vegetables to each bowl. Afterward, he poured some vegetable soup on the golden millet rice.

Then, holding the two bowls, he walked into the inner cave with seemingly unhurried but extremely rapid steps.

Whether the primitive people were enticed or not, he didn't care now; he was already too hungry.

Han Cheng didn't skimp on the millet rice he scooped into his bowl and Shaman's bowl. Although he only picked up two chopsticks' worth of vegetables, with his highly skilled use of chopsticks, anything he picked up made less adept people question their chopstick abilities.

Before the meal started, although he had said such things to the Eldest Senior Brother and the others as the rule maker, he stood beyond the three realms and five elements.

The others didn't think anything was wrong with what the Divine Child did. After all, the Divine Child brought everything they had now, and the Divine Child personally cooked these two kinds of food.

Even if the Divine Child ate both foods alone, they thought it was only natural.

Holding chopsticks and bowls, Han Cheng went into the inner cave. Only then did the Eldest Senior Brother start serving the food. He clumsily imitated Han Cheng, awkwardly taking an infrequently used wooden shovel and digging up a piece of unfamiliar food from the clay pot, then picked up a few chopsticks of vegetables and left.

The millet rice he scooped up was even larger than what Han Cheng had scooped, as his wife and child were the most

"Hoo! Hoo!"

Han Cheng urgently picked up a piece of millet rice and put it in his mouth, repeatedly exhaling hot air but reluctant to spit it out.

The familiar taste filled his mouth, making his heart surge uncontrollably.

Shaman's eyes were also bright. His dental health was not the best, and millet rice, this soft and sticky food, was the best for him. Additionally, this golden food was easy to chew and unexpectedly delicious. Shaman didn't remember the vegetables in his bowl until he finally thought about eating them after savoring three bites.

Chewing on the millet rice, Shaman occasionally glanced at the Divine Child, who was constantly digging and scraping his face buried in the bowl. A smile appeared on his face again.

He didn't expect that what initially tasted similar to ordinary grass seeds could turn into something so delicious!

The Divine Child was always so clever and wise, discovering good things from places ordinary people couldn't see.

The millet rice inside the pot had disappeared entirely, and the bowl with vegetables had nothing left, not even a drop of juice.

Tie Tou reluctantly scooped the last bit of millet rice mixed with vegetable soup into his mouth, savoring it carefully before reluctantly swallowing it.

Knowing nothing was left in the pot, he couldn't help but stand up and walk to the clay pot containing millet rice, imagining picking up some leftovers from the tribe members' teeth.

Looking at the empty clay pot again, Tie Tou then went to the large tub with fish soup, picked up a long-handled spoon, and began eating the fish soup.

Tie Tou's eating manners today were quite elegant. He ate the fish meat bit by bit and sipped the soup slowly.

Not only him, but the eating habits of most people in the tribe today were unusually calm.

After sipping the fish soup in his bowl, the Eldest Senior Brother slightly furrowed his brows, and a bitter smile appeared.

After savoring the delicious and unprecedented food, when they now drank the fish soup, they felt that the food, which used to be incredibly tasty, suddenly lacked some flavor.

This wasn't an exaggeration. Since Han Cheng introduced the fish cages to the Green Sparrow Tribe, fish had become a staple in their meals, occupying a prominent place.

Eating the same food day after day could naturally make the taste buds tired.

Moreover, they were already hungry, and the enticing aroma before reaching the cave aroused an intense curiosity and anticipation for the food inside.

Han Cheng specially stir-fried some vegetables that the Green Sparrow Tribe rarely ate, enhancing the flavor of the millet rice.

Combined with Han Cheng's instructions to the Eldest Senior Brother before the meal, explicitly stating not to touch the fish soup and grilled meat, and his impatient focus solely on the millet rice, it created a psychological suggestion among the Green Sparrow Tribe that this unfamiliar food must be delicious.

Even before they tasted the millet rice, there was already a preconceived notion that this food would be delicious.

Moreover, the steamed millet rice was only in a large clay pot, making it even more precious due to its scarcity.

Under these external influences, a seven-point flavor could be perceived as twelve!

Not to mention, the taste of the millet rice itself was not bad. For the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who had never tasted it before, there was a solid sensory impact.

"Divine Child"

Seeing Han Cheng coming out with an empty bowl, the Eldest Senior Brother put down his bowl and chopsticks and hurriedly approached, looking excited as he inquired about the millet rice.

He was eager to know where the Divine Child found this never-before-eaten food.

He already had some guesses but didn't dare to believe them.

He had tasted the grass seed-like thing brought by the leader of the Green Tribe, and it didn't taste good. Moreover, it looked very different from this golden and delicious food.

He found it difficult to connect that grass seed-like thing with the delightful food he had just eaten.

The others also anxiously looked at Han Cheng, wanting to learn the truth from him.

Lame, who was involved in the matter, and Fire Two, who witnessed the process, had not disclosed anything about the millet rice.

Seeing the tribe members' surprised and curious expressions about the new food made by the Divine Child, Lame, and Fire Two, who knew the truth, felt quite pleased.

Han Cheng, observing the reactions of the tribe members, smiled inwardly, thinking, "Dare to underestimate millet!"

He put down the rice bowl, turned around, and took out a bunch of grain spikes from the corner of the room where he had placed them. Holding them up, he showed the people that the food they had just eaten was made from these grain spikes.

Everyone was amazed, unaware that such an inconspicuous thing could create a delicious meal!

Those who knew the truth beforehand were even more delighted, feeling as if the discovery of the hidden culinary potential of millet was their achievement, adding to their glory.

With a handful of grain spikes in his hand, Han Cheng seized the opportunity to explain the matter of millet to the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe gradually became entranced, their expressions turning somewhat intoxicated, wholly immersed in the golden dream woven by the Divine Child using grain spikes

Chapter 174: The leader of the Green Tribe who pursues flavor.

The morning breeze gently brushed over the land, carrying a hint of chilliness. On the fireless ground, ashes were stirred slightly by the wind.

"Puchi."

A bone shovel fell, followed by a large foot covered in mud and ashes. Stepping on the bone shovel's head, a horizontal wooden stick protruding from the side, a forceful step plunged the sharpened bone shovel deep into the soil.

The bone shovel flipped as the large foot lifted, raising a damp chunk of soil. With the help of the wind, the ashes on the soil's surface escaped, while the rest was buried as the overturned soil settled back into the ground.

Eldest Senior Brother wiped the sweat off his forehead, spat into his palms, rubbed them together, and then gripped the bone shovel handle, which had already been polished to a smooth shine, continuing to turn the soil without relaxing for a moment.

He and everyone else also worked fervently, flipping the soil enthusiastically. Their passion now surpassed the energy they put into their nightly musical performances with their partners.

They were all motivated by the unforgettable meal of the day before yesterday, the delicious millet rice, and the enchanting scenes described by the Divine Child.

Even though the Divine Child mentioned that planting millet would have to wait until the next spring, and there was no rush in turning the soil, they still wanted to get the land ready as soon as possible. This way, when the time came, they could harvest plenty of millet, and the delicious millet rice would become a daily staple like fish and meat.

Oh, wait, not just that they also looked forward to fragrant, sticky, and warmly satisfying millet porridge.

Many even believed that the golden millet porridge was more enjoyable than the occasional addition of blanched wild vegetables and sprinkled salt on venison milk by the Divine Child.

People were like that, inevitably moving forward on their own.

Initially, the Green Sparrow Tribe's pursuit was merely ensuring two meals daily. Under the constraints of frugal living, they were not at risk of starving.

Later, with no worries about food, they naturally began to pay attention to the taste of their meals.

In this regard, one could say that they had far surpassed several nearby tribes.

Wait, that doesn't seem right. Other tribes also pursued flavors, like the Green Tribe leader fretting over the green leaves stuck in his hair.

Carrying a large pot devoid of its outer black ash and holding two ceramic jars, the Green Tribe group returned to the tribe, welcomed enthusiastically by those who stayed behind.

Each person carrying a container back held their heads high, resembling hunters who had caught abundant prey.

The leader of the Green Tribe was particularly proud, patting his chest vigorously to showcase his strength and capability.

If it weren't for him going, with only those not-so-good food items, anyone else wouldn't have been able to bring back these three ceramic jars!

Moreover, he received a promise from the Divine Child of the neighboring tribe that they could exchange items with fur and unused grass spikes from their tribe in the future.

Thinking about this, he couldn't suppress his joy.

For someone who loved taking advantage, there was nothing more pleasing than gaining such a huge advantage.

Food was precious in the tribe, and while he felt a bit reluctant to part with these ceramic jars, there was no such concern for furs. After years of hunting, the tribe had accumulated more than enough fur, even after everyone wrapped themselves in it.

As for those grass spikes with a bad taste, he was not interested at all.

Watching the tribe members crowding around the ceramic jars, occasionally reaching out to touch them with great curiosity, the leader of the Green Tribe became even happier.

After waiting a while, he opened his mouth and howled, waving his hands continuously and directing everyone to prepare food.

Even though it wasn't the usual time for meals, he couldn't wait to showcase the results of this exchange.

He wanted every person in the tribe to enjoy delicious food, making the tribe more submissive to him.

As he thought about this, he suddenly felt a bit proud.

Since the other tribe was unwilling to provide delicious soup, they would make it themselves. With this large pot, they could continuously enjoy that delicious food.

Recalling the scenes they witnessed in the prosperous tribe, the people of the Green Tribe gathered a few stones and placed them beside the fire pit.

Then, they sent someone to fetch water from a nearby spring, pouring it into the large pot. The two ceramic jars and the large pot were not cleaned on the way back.

After filling the pot halfway, three people carried it to the stones around the fire pit.

Although this process was a bit laborious, the people of the Green Tribe did not feel it was difficult.

Once these preparations were done, it was time for the Green Tribe leader's performance.

He took the remaining meat they brought back and, using a stone knife, chopped and smashed it before throwing it into the large pot. To demonstrate his generosity, he intentionally cut the meat into large pieces.

Now, it was autumn, and the temperature wasn't too low. It took almost three nights and four days to return from the Green Sparrow Tribe, and the meat had developed some odor.

The people of the Green Tribe seemed not to mind, as they had eaten meat with a stronger smell before.

The water in the large pot had started to steam. The leader of the Green Tribe stood on the side, surveying the people around the large pot with anticipation. To show off his professionalism, he picked up a tree branch, broke it into a makeshift wooden stick, and mimicked the way the Green Sparrow Tribe cooked, inserting the unwashed stick directly into the large pot, stirring it occasionally to make it look authentic.

Although the Green Sparrow Tribe used sticks with specially made ceramic bowls underneath

The leader of the Green Tribe creatively solved the lid problem, first placing several sticks on the pot's edge, then covering them with yellowed large tree leaves that others had picked. It indeed looked somewhat like a pot lid.

When it came to the issue of ladles for serving soup, he only realized it right before the food was about to be ready, along with the realization about the bowls for eating.

He had only thought about the large pot and assumed they could do whatever they wanted, but now, even before the soup was ready, they encountered a series of problems. It seemed they would have to make another trip to that tribe.

The only burnt and blackened bowl of the Green Tribe was brought over.

After inspecting the layer of ash on the outside of the bowl, the leader of the Green Tribe finally decided not to use it directly for ladling soup. He found some dried grass, washed the bowl with water, and picked up the now relatively clean bowl. Facing the bubbling soup in the large pot, he ladled half a bowl, then eagerly brought it to his mouth.

All the people around the Green Tribe were salivating, eagerly watching. Those without bowls had to wait their turn.

!

Before he could even take a sip, the leader of the Green Tribe couldn't help but secretly praise his cooking skills.

As soon as a bit of hot soup was slurped in, his expression became one of enjoyment.

However, this enjoyment quickly disappeared. He furrowed his brows in confusion and took another small sip, and the confusion on his face intensified.

His unexpected reaction puzzled the people around him, who were eagerly swallowing saliva. They couldn't understand why the leader, who had already tasted delicious meat soup, would have such a reaction.

hyu!

Suddenly, the leader of the Green Tribe made a sound.

Chapter 175: The leader of the Green Tribe who pursues flavor 2

With the shout from the leader of the Green Tribe, a sturdy-looking male primitive immediately showed joy on his face and hurriedly stepped forward to take the ceramic bowl filled with meat soup from the leader's hand.

In the envious gazes of others, he brought the bowl to his lips and sipped.

He drank a bit too much in one go, and since the meat soup had just been scooped from the hot pot, he endured the scalding, twisting his face in discomfort but reluctant to spit it out. After enduring for a while, he couldn't take the temperature any longer and spat it out.

Waving his hands wildly in front of his mouth and simultaneously inhaling cool air, his tongue turned bright red, clearly scalded.

Somewhat annoyed, the leader of the Green Tribe snatched the bowl from the man's hand and handed it to another person, asking him to taste it.

This new individual hesitated upon seeing the man still sticking his tongue out. Faced with the steaming soup, he seemed a bit apprehensive. The Green Tribe leader, realizing that this person had not attended the joyful gathering earlier, snatched the large bowl back and gave it to someone who had been there.

This person dared not be negligent, so he approached with suspicion, took a sip, and found it fragrant and warm, feeling acceptable.

However

He suddenly realized something, took another sip to taste it carefully, and looked at the leader uncertainly.

The leader of the Green Tribe, unwilling to believe this, had other individuals who had attended the joyful gathering come forward to taste. The reactions were all the same.

Looking at the tribe members, who were puzzled and somewhat disheartened, the leader of the Green Tribe felt deeply hurt.

In utter confusion, he circled the large pot of meat soup, occasionally patting it, scratching his head, which had already lost many green leaves.

It shouldn't be like this. He had cooked with such seriousness, so why did the meat soup he made taste different from the one cooked in the ceramic bowl before? He had even switched to a larger ceramic vessel!

He carefully recalled the steps used by the nearby prosperous tribe when cooking, secretly recorded during the joyful gathering. He couldn't find any omissions.

This made him even more distressed. He didn't expect that even after bringing back the large pot used by that tribe, the taste was still far from matching theirs.

Unable to figure out where the problem was and looking at the hungry people around the large pot, the leader of the Green Tribe decided to first consume the meat soup and think about other matters later.

Without ladles with long handles, they had to use bowls to scoop the soup from the top first and then eat the meat, taking turns

Got it!

The leader of the Green Tribe suddenly had an epiphany after drinking a belly full of soup.

The other tribe used fish to cook the soup, while he used animal meat this time. Since they used different ingredients, the taste was vastly different. So, if he waited and switched to using fish

"Sizzle, sizzle."

The leader of the Green Tribe, who had consumed a belly full of fish soup but hadn't eaten much meat, sat on the ground with a troubled expression. He vigorously scratched his head, and green leaves fell off.

Looking at the ceramic pot, he wanted to ask how he should proceed for it to produce delicious soup.

"fsr"

A few days ago, while on the way to the Green Sparrow Tribe, encountering rising smoke, the leader of the Green Tribe was about to turn back when the person who had advised him against it approached, saying something to him.

The leader of the Green Tribe's confusion gradually disappeared. After thinking for a while, he led a hunting expedition, leaving behind the semi-grown children, the elderly, and those with injuries to collect a type of grass around the tribe.

The events in the Green Tribe were unknown to Han Cheng and the others from the Green Sparrow Tribe. They continued to follow their own pace, engaging in tasks specific to their tribe.

As flames rose and smoke slowly dispersed in the surroundings, there were few people observing the fire; most were diligently working on plowing the land not too far away.

Physically strong individuals used bone spades to dig the soil, while semi-grown children and slender women used wooden sticks tied with stones or directly carried a piece of wood to smash large soil chunks.

The process had its nuances. Han Cheng instructed them not to walk randomly in the fields. They were supposed to stand in one place, smash the large soil chunks before them, take a big step forward, and repeat the previous action.

This was done to minimize trampling on the newly turned soil. Freshly turned soil was moist and loose; stepping on it would compact the soil.

Although it couldn't match the original state before plowing, it appeared much firmer than the untouched areas around it.

To minimize the trampling of the newly turned soil, when Han Cheng instructed Lane to make the tools for smashing soil chunks, he considered not only the convenience of people holding the tools but also maximized the length of the wooden handles.

This way, people could stand in one place and smash more soil chunks.

The few acres of land grown rapeseed for a season had been turned over, and large chunks of soil had been broken.

Han Cheng held a ceramic bowl in one hand, and with the other hand, he grabbed the slippery dark brown rapeseed from inside and scattered it around while walking forward.

It rained the day before, making the land most suitable for planting rapeseed.

There was a person behind him holding a wooden rake. The person was Qi Qiu (meaning balloon in Chinese) and, while walking backward, continually extended and pulled back the rake, creating fine furrows, leaving behind a pattern resembling the marks a father might leave on his daughter's hair if he didn't know how to comb it properly.

The soil brought up by the rake covered the rapeseed that had fallen into the soil and also concealed the footprints left by Han Cheng and Qi Qiu.

The crafting technique for the ground rake was similar to the large rake used in the wheat fields before, but there were finer and denser teeth. Additionally, the length was half that of the teeth of the large rake, and the curvature wasn't as significant.

This design aimed to prevent the ground rake from sinking too deeply and trapping too much soil. After all, the mud was not as light as the floating rapeseed stems. If it sank too deep, it would be challenging to pull up.

In the distance, smoke rose from where the Green Sparrow Tribe was again preparing to expand their farmland.

Those fields were being prepared to cultivate a new crop, millet, obtained by the Green Sparrow Tribe.

In the previous year, they had turned the fields over, dried and frozen them, and this year, they were doing it again to plant millet, which was much better than cultivating and planting fields directly.

At this time of the year, as in previous years, the Green Sparrow Tribe would be busy harvesting fruits and storing food in various ways, preparing for the upcoming cold winter.

However, this year, they were calm because, with the presence of fish traps, rabbit snares, and salt, they had already stored enough food.

The tribe, continually changing its lifestyle since Han Cheng arrived, was now heading towards an agricultural path.

Chapter 176: Rattan Shield

Noon arrived, and the people staying in the tribe to cook had prepared the meal. They came out and informed the person standing guard on the low wall on the west side. That person shouted, notifying the busy people in the fields not far away that it was time for the meal.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, holding large bowls, enjoyed the soup cooked with salt and felt very satisfied.

Although Han Cheng had only produced salt for a little over a year, it had already deeply ingrained itself in the essence of the Green Sparrow Tribe, much like a habit passed down through countless generations.

At this moment, if they were asked to eat meat soup without salt, most of them would find it difficult to swallow.

Salt was indeed a magical existence.

While eating, many people couldn't help but look up at the well-constructed houses. Under the eaves not only were numerous pieces of drying meat hanging under the eaves, but several bunches of grains were hanging on the walls.

They could never get enough of this kind of scenery.

The Eldest Senior Brother finished his meal quickly, placed the two chopsticks across the bowl, discarded the empty bowl, wiped his mouth, and was about to take a break.

After a short nap, he planned to continue clearing the uncultivated land and finish this area before nightfall.

Han Cheng stopped the Eldest Senior Brother and told him to wait, as there was something to show him.

The Eldest Senior Brother stopped as instructed, anxiously looking at the Divine Child. He couldn't help but wonder what extraordinary thing the Divine Child had come up with this time.

When Han Cheng spoke, he didn't intentionally lower his voice, and many people heard him. They hastened their eating, eager to witness what was going on.

Well, curiosity is innate.

On the side, Lame, who quickly finished his meal, was even faster. Since the thing the shaman was talking about came from his hands, he was more eager to see everyone's reaction.

When Han Cheng finished his meal, everyone else had also finished. Han Cheng rubbed his nose somewhat helplessly, smiled at the crowd, and gestured for them to follow as he walked towards the open space in the courtyard.

Facing the somewhat excited look from Han Cheng, Lame nodded and quickly limped to the three tiled houses. He came out again in no time, holding an oval-shaped wooden plank in his hands.

This wooden plank differed from the typical wooden planks used for building walls in the Green Sparrow Tribe. The weaving technique was much more complex, similar to the method used to weave latticework, but more intricate. The wooden plank was also sturdier.

The wooden plank was not large, about eighty centimeters long and fifty centimeters wide. It resembled the wooden sticks split from logs and the lids made from grass stems used in the tribe.

Looking at this familiar yet strange object, for a moment, no one could guess the Divine Child's intentions or what this odd-shaped wooden plank could be used for.

Building walls was not possible due to its small size.

It couldn't be used to cover the cooking pot either, as too many gaps allowed air to escape.

Han Cheng took the strange-looking wooden plank from Lame's hands, grasped the handle in the middle on the back of his hand, and lifted it.

The wooden handle had an arc shape with a span of about ten centimeters. The highest point was approximately five centimeters away from the wooden plank. Similar to the handle of a latticework, both ends were directly woven into the wooden plank.

With this woven handle, even if force were applied, lifting more than two hundred kilograms of stones inside, the handle wouldn't separate from the woven part. It was easy to imagine how sturdy the handle was in the middle of this peculiar-looking wooden plank.

Okay, I'm sure many people have already guessed what this thing is, so let's not keep it a secret.

Yes, it's a shield.

Although it looks strange and overly simple, it has everything a shield should have.

Han Cheng had been thinking about improving weapons for a long time. However, due to limited conditions, many things couldn't be produced. Besides, various tasks were complex, and he hadn't

figured out what kind of weapon to make, what materials to use, and how to manufacture it. So, the idea was put on hold.

After a long period of contemplation, the perfect opportunity finally arrived. Hence, this shield woven from vines came into existence.

Initially, Han Cheng didn't plan to create a shield; he wanted to make an offensive weapon. He had heard the phrase "the best defense is a good offense" somewhere and believed that offense was more stylish than defense.

This notion persisted until he saw the "bowl" of a primitive woman nursing a child. On this "bowl," there was a green mark, a trace left by the people of the Flying Snake Tribe who had attacked last winter.

When Han Cheng saw it, it had been about three months since the Flying Snake Tribe attack.

Three months had passed, and the bruises on the primitive woman's body had not completely disappeared, indicating that she had been seriously injured.

It was precisely this not-yet-healed bruise that made Han Cheng completely change his mind.

Taking up weapons to engage in battle, watching enemies fall one by one under one's people, indeed stirred the blood. However, where in this world could one gain advantages without suffering losses?

The last time the Green Sparrow Tribe took advantage of the wall, there were still injuries, not to mention chasing and fighting with weapons

Speaking of defensive weapons, Han Cheng's first thought was armor, not the kind worn by armored warriors, just something ordinary.

However, given the tribe's current level of expertise, creating such demanding items was impossible.

So, the next best thing was to make shields.

The materials currently available to the Green Sparrow Tribe were wood, stone, and clay.

Using stone to make shields was impossible. Clay could be fired into pottery, and given Hei Wa's current level, it was not impossible to create pottery shields, but they would be too heavy and fragile

Han Cheng's subsequent idea was to split some roughly similar wooden sticks in half and then lay them flat with the surfaces facing up. This would be the basic shape of a shield.

Then, on the back, he would draw three lines horizontallytop, middle, and bottom. Along these lines, he would create grooves, each two centimeters deep, with the upper part narrow and the lower part wide. Finally, a wooden strip, narrower at the bottom and wider at the top, would be inserted into these grooves from the edge. This way, the loose wooden pieces would be firmly connected.

He explained this idea step by step to Lame, and they tried to manufacture it together. But then they gave up.

This approach had too high demands for tools and techniques.

Thinking of the Nanman vine armor that Zhuge Liang had burned and seeing the ordinary wooden planks in his tribe, coupled with Lame's proficiency in weaving latticework, the vine shield was born

Chapter 177: Rattan Shield 2

Compared to shields synthesized from pure wooden boards, shields woven from vines are much lighter.

With Han Cheng's current strength, he could easily hold and raise the wooden shield's handle.

Of course, it was a lifted position with his arm curled, not fully extended.

The vine shield was too tall for Han Cheng. When he raised the wooden handle to chest height, he could only see the blurry figures of people through the gaps in the upper part of the vine shield.

Han Cheng handed the vine shield to Lame and instructed him to place it against the side wall of the house.

Then, he led the people to step back about fifteen meters from the vine shield. He had someone bring some stones similar to those used for hunting. Amid the puzzled looks of the onlookers, he told the Eldest Senior Brother to pick up a stone and smash it against the vine shield fiercely, just like when hunting, without holding back.

Everyone, including the Eldest Senior Brother, appeared puzzled. They didn't understand the purpose behind the chief's actions.

Why throw stones at a perfectly good wooden plank? Wouldn't this damage the wooden plank?

Holding a fist-sized stone, the Eldest Senior Brother looked at Han Cheng. After confirming the order from Han Cheng again, he no longer hesitated.

He took a half-step forward with his left leg, raised his right arm, and then cleanly let it fall. The stone in his hand had already flown out, followed by a loud sound.

The vine shield against the wall vibrated. The stone that had been smashed into it flew high into the air, landing more than two meters away before rolling three or four meters before gradually stopping.

Han Cheng rushed over to inspect the vine shield.

Seeing the Divine Child so anxious to check the "injuries" of the vine shield, the Eldest Senior Brother was even more puzzled. He scratched his head, covered in unkempt hair, and went over to watch along with everyone else.

On the vine shield, there were small white marks on the vines that were hit by the stone. The impact from the Eldest Senior Brother's stone had caused damage to two vines, and some wood fibers were raised at the injury sites.

However, it was only superficial and had no impact on the vine shield.

Satisfied, Han Cheng nodded, then propped up the slightly crooked vine shield against the wall.

Leading the crowd back to their previous position, he didn't let the Eldest Senior Brother take action this time. Instead, he asked the Second Senior Brother, the best at throwing, to do it.

The Second Senior Brother's momentum was much greater. When a stone hit the vine shield, it directly bounced it off the ground, causing it to fall.

Worried about the freshly made vine shield being unable to withstand the Second Senior Brother's violent blow, Han Cheng hurried over to flip it over. Upon inspection, there was no further harm besides the additional damage to the surface.

This made Han Cheng unable to resist praising Lame.

Originally, relatively soft vine branches, after being woven together, became so resilient. Indeed, unity is strength, just like a bunch of chopsticks held together.

Looking at the smiling chief, the onlookers became even more puzzled. The perfectly good wooden plank had been smashed into its current state with stones. Shouldn't he be upset? Why did the Divine Child seem even happier?

On the side, the shaman, who had rushed over upon hearing the news, showed a thoughtful expression in his eyes. It seemed like he had sensed some of the Divine Child's intentions but was not too certain.

Seeing the vine shield's resilience confirmed, Han Cheng explained its purpose to everyone.

The shaman's eyes revealed a knowing look and a hint of excitement. He finally guessed the Divine Child's intention.

The Eldest Senior Brother also showed a sudden realization. Thinking about the scene when he and the Second Senior Brother threw stones at the vine shield, he felt that the vine shield could indeed be used to block attacks, reducing the risk of injury.

A stone that was supposed to fall on oneself, or the sharp claws of a large beast, ended up being blocked by the vine shield in hand, preventing oneself from getting injured or even killed.

Thinking of it this way, the significance of the vine shield immediately became profound.

As Han Cheng explained, everyone gradually understood the purpose of the vine shield and realized its great significance.

Looking at the shield woven from these vines, their eyes became eager. Their gaze towards the Divine Child became even more respectful. Even Lame, who used to live at the bottom of the tribe, showed an excited expression, his face turning slightly red. It strengthened his determination to follow the Divine Child and contribute to the tribe.

The Eldest Senior Brother held the vine shield, testing its coverage from different angles. Although his movements seemed clumsy, they also had a certain style.

Others also approached one after another to experience this freshly made weapon.

The shaman smiled as he watched on the side, knowing he had something new to record. Once he understood the specific methods from the Divine Child and Lame, he began making notes.

The records didn't just include the method of making the vine shield; they also depicted its shape. The significance and purpose of the vine shield were essential details.

Excitement filled the air as the people discussed and marveled at the vine shield. Han Cheng spoke up again.

He asked the Eldest Senior Brother, who was already familiar with the shield, to hold the vine shield in front of him. Then, he instructed Shang, holding a spear with a sharpened stone tip, to attack the vine shield. He wanted to see the effectiveness of the vine shield in practical combat against a more sharp and fierce stone spear.

Of course, before starting, he gave special instructions. He asked Shang, who was in charge of the attack, to probe gradually, increasing the force slowly and not to start with full strength immediately. Otherwise, if any accidents during the test resulted in injuries, it would be a significant loss.

The Eldest Senior Brother, holding the vine shield, and Shang, wielding the stone-tipped spear, took their positions. The people around them dispersed a bit, giving them enough space.

The Eldest Senior Brother tightly gripped the handle behind the vine shield with both hands, stood with his feet apart, his body tense, and the muscles on his arms tightened even more.

He looked a bit nervous. Although he had previously tested the vine shield with stones and knew it was quite resilient, the vine shield was against the wall at that time. Now, the vine shield's back was facing him, and the stone spear was much sharper than a stone.

Under such circumstances, feeling a bit nervous was normal.

"Thud!"

A not-too-loud sound echoed as the stone spear collided with the vine shield. The resilient vine shield suffered little damage.

The Eldest Senior Brother, holding his breath, felt somewhat relieved.

Han Cheng signaled to Shang to increase the force. After seeing that the Eldest Senior Brother was prepared and nodding, Shang, holding the stone-tipped spear, took a deep breath and thrust it towards the vine shield protecting him!

Chapter 178: The Second Senior Brother is like Cao Cao, planting in ditches and ridges.

"Boom!"

A significantly louder sound echoed as the Eldest Senior Brother holding the rattan shield leaned backward, taking a small step back. His arm pressed against the shield, felt a bit sore.

Even though the impact was felt, the Eldest Senior Brother was pleased. If it weren't for the rattan shield, he might have sustained serious injuries from the force of the spear.

Upon examining the rattan shield, they noticed a broken thinner vine where the spear had pierced through. It seemed the spear tip had managed to penetrate.

However, the Eldest Senior Brother remained unharmed because the other tightly packed vines prevented the spear from going through completely. The tightly woven structure of the rattan shield made it resilient, as even a pierced section was supported by adjacent vines.

Struggling, Shang pulled the spear out of the shield. The Eldest Senior Brother raised the rattan shield to show Han Cheng and the others.

Afterward, he handed the shield to the second Eldest Senior Brother, who proudly thumped his chest with clenched fists, indicating his physical strength and that he hadn't been injured.

The excitement spread among the onlookers. They had witnessed the resilience of the rattan shield and developed a newfound appreciation for this wooden creation.

Before the rattan shield, when faced with an attack, their only options were to confront it head-on, escape, or pray for divine protection. Now, with the rattan shield crafted by the Divine Child, they felt empowered to defend themselves actively.

Imagine the satisfaction of blocking a fatal blow with the rattan shield, swiftly counterattacking, and turning the tide of the battle. It was indeed a remarkable feeling.

Han Cheng was also delighted. The practical test proved that his concept for the rattan shield was excellent. The durability issue could be further addressed with some adjustments, such as using thicker vines or creating a double-layered shield.

The excitement lingered, and everyone, under the leadership of the Eldest Senior Brother, picked up their tools and left the courtyard to head west for some farming.

Meanwhile, Han Cheng stayed back as the shaman discussed improving the rattan shield with him and Lame. They considered using thicker vines or creating a double-layered design.

As they observed Lame implementing their ideas, Han Cheng couldn't help but think of the rattan-armored soldiers from the Three Kingdoms era, particularly the Nanman tribe. Perhaps soaking the rattan shields in oil, even animal fat or vegetable oil if tung oil wasn't available, could enhance their durability.

Although the tribe's current rapeseed output was insufficient for oil extraction, Han Cheng wasn't too worried about someone using fire as Zhuge Liang did, burning all the tribe's rattan shields to ashes. At this point, with low productivity and limited creativity, starting a fire was an arduous task, making it highly unlikely for anyone to burn the rattan shields.

Moreover, rattan shields were different from rattan armor. Rattan armor, once worn, was challenging to remove, making it difficult to escape when caught on fire. In contrast, a rattan shield only required letting go of the handle to be free. This aspect was similar to the "small bouncer" used in farming. When faced with a plowing issue, one could release the handles, and all would be well. If it were a four-wheeled tractor, things would be much more complicated.

Han Cheng chuckled at these thoughts.

Later, he couldn't help but envision the Second Senior Brother, who had a sweet tooth, devouring a rattan shield soaked in fat. It reminded him of the scene from the movie "Shaolin Soccer" where an Eldest Senior Brother demonstrated floating on water by nibbling on an egg.

Han Cheng halted these wandering thoughts by shaking his head with a wry smile.

The Second Senior Brother, who had broken a bone shovel too vigorously, returned with a new one after noticing the Divine Child shaking his head and laughing, suddenly feeling his nose itching.

After letting out a loud sneeze, he hastily paid respects to the Divine Child, who seemed surprised and likely scared by the sneeze, before quickly leaving to avoid causing any more trouble.

Observing the Second Senior Brother hurrying away with a new shovel, Han Cheng couldn't help but sniff, wondering if this guy belonged to Cao Cao's faction. Such skillful lightness in movement? Or was it due to a shared understanding with him? Ugh!

After thinking for a while, Han Cheng put aside the idea of oil-soaking the rattan shields. Depending on the yield, he would decide after the rapeseed matured the following year.

Once he confirmed that Lame understood his intentions, Han Cheng stayed longer and returned to the cave. In no time, he left with two small earthenware jars, each marked with a character: "" (white) and "" (oil).

Inside the jars were carefully cultivated rapeseeds, ready to be planted now. Han Cheng had left a sizable section of the rapeseed field, meticulously prepared with nutrient-rich soil and finely plowed by the "ground-lovin' Qi Qiu, specifically for growing these two rapeseeds.

First, he planted the "" (white) rapeseeds.

Unlike the previous broadcast seeding method, Han Cheng created furrows this time.

He used a rope with two sticks attached at both ends to ensure straight furrows. After inserting one flat-headed stick into the ground, he walked backward along the line, creating a shallow trench. The distance between the trenches is about twenty centimeters.

Once three furrows were opened, the task of furrowing was handed over to the Qi Qiu.

Han Cheng picked up the earthenware jar labeled "" and, pinching the seeds between his fingers, sowed them along the furrows.

After planting four to five furrows of "" rapeseeds, he retrieved the rake at the field's edge. Flipping it upside down and pulling it back and forth, the loose soil covered the furrows, leaving a smooth surface.

The planting method for the specifically selected rapeseeds was the same as for "" rapeseeds, but the distance between adjacent furrows was reduced to ten centimeters.

The specially selected rapeseed field was connected, separated by a forty-centimeter-wide gap, forming ridges in due course.

This meticulous sowing required a considerable effort. It was only when evening approached that all the seeds were planted.

"Someone! Someone!"

The next morning, Han Cheng was awakened by the sudden shouts and the rhythmic sound of wooden clappers.

Chapter 179: What walls?

The sudden commotion shattered the tranquility of the early morning near the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng had a heavy workload the previous day, slept deeply, and woke up late. The noise startled him, and his still-drowsy mind immediately became alert upon realizing something had happened.

Who would visit so early in the morning? Which tribe was so active?

Thinking like this, he got out of bed and ran barefoot outside. At the cave entrance, he saw that the tribe's gate was tightly closed, with over half of the people already climbing the low wall, armed.

After confirming that there wouldn't be an immediate threat, he turned back, hurriedly wrapped a fur around himself, which served as clothing, and then ventured out again.

The tribe's children remained in the cave, displaying a bit of nervousness, unlike the previous winter when the Flying Snake Tribe attacked, causing many children to cry. However, after a recent similar incident, they seemed more composed, having experienced something similar not long ago.

People on the wall weren't overly excited. The Eldest Senior Brother spoke loudly in the Green Sparrow tribal language but was too far away to hear clearly.

Observing this scene, Han Cheng was almost certain that the visitors were not from a hostile tribe.

It seemed they came for trade with the tribe, but he wondered which tribe was so proactive.

While thinking like this, the image of the Green Tribe, with green grass decorating their hair, floated into his mind.

If the leader of that tribe received his message, perhaps they would return to trade again, considering the leader's tendency to take advantage of opportunities. They might hastily gather their things and return for another exchange, just like the previous time.

Han Cheng didn't advance further but stood in the courtyard with Shaman. They surveyed the tall walls around and the tribe members above, armed and ready for action, feeling quite secure.

After a short wait, the Eldest Senior Brother, conversing with the visitors near the gate, set down his weapon, descended the ladder, and hurried toward Han Cheng and Shaman.

As expected, the visitors were here for trade, but not from the Green Tribe; it was the Sheep Tribe.

From the Eldest Senior Brother, Han Cheng learned that the Sheep Tribe had brought considerable food.

Han Cheng always had a favorable impression of tribes coming for trade because it meant the tribe could acquire more goods. He hoped the Sheep Tribe could bring surprises like the Green Tribe.

As the Eldest Senior Brother prepared to open the gate, Han Cheng stopped him to give instructions about bargaining. He emphasized not to undersell the unique products of the tribe.

The Eldest Senior Brother nodded vigorously, indicating that he understood everything. With a smile, he turned to open the gate.

Han Cheng and Shaman didn't return; they stayed to see what the Sheep Tribe had brought.

The Eldest Senior Brother was proficient in the procedure of admitting outsiders. Climbing the ladder, he observed the Sheep Tribe people, ensuring they put down all weapons. After confirming no one carried weapons, he allowed the gate to be opened, welcoming the Sheep Tribe inside.

The people from the Sheep Tribe marveled at the grand sight before them, even more magnificent than what they had seen before. They couldn't fathom how this neighboring prosperous tribe accomplished what seemed impossible to them.

Amid the shock of the Sheep Tribe's leader, he repeatedly asked questions through words and gestures.

The Eldest Senior Brother regarded everything created by the Divine Child with great importance. He believed it was exclusive to their tribe. Even though Han Cheng had specifically instructed him on this matter earlier, he wouldn't reveal these details to the Sheep Tribe leader.

Facing the inquiries from the Sheep Tribe leader, the Eldest Senior Brother had already prepared a strategy feigning ignorance.

The specific dialogue went like this:

Sheep Tribe Leader: "#@S?"

Eldest Senior Brother: "What wall?"

Sheep Tribe Leader: "#@S?"

Eldest Senior Brother: "What wall?"

Sheep Tribe Leader: "#@S?"

Eldest Senior Brother: "What wall?"

Sheep Tribe Leader: "#P@"

While the people of the Sheep Tribe stared in disbelief at the dramatic changes in the Green Sparrow Tribe, Han Cheng, watching from a distance, also widened his eyes.

What did he just witness?!

Sheep!

There are so many sheep!

Where did this tribe get so many sheep?!

Could it be that there are time travelers in their tribe, too?

Han Cheng was left dumbfounded by the sight, his thoughts in disarray.

Revealing such a naive expression wasn't entirely his fault. The unexpected and astonishing things brought by the Sheep Tribe were truly beyond his imagination.

The Sheep Tribe had fifteen members, each covered in sheepskin, with a sheep slung over their shoulders. Some sheep were large, some small, and three were bound with vines, occasionally kicking their hooves, seemingly not completely lifeless.

Apart from these sheep, the Sheep Tribe hadn't brought other food items for exchange.

This situation indicated that the Sheep Tribe had a considerable number of sheep!

Han Cheng never expected that among the nearby tribes, there hid such a wealthy one.

Could the Sheep Tribe have already entered an era of animal husbandry, raising a large flock of sheep?

This seemed to be the only explanation for what he was seeing.

The interactions between nearby tribes were generally limited to biennial celebrations. Apart from these occasions and occasional encounters during hunting, their understanding of each other's tribes was not extensive, despite some individuals having deep conversations.

The Eldest Senior Brother only knew that the Sheep Tribe had a lot of sheepskins, and he didn't pay much attention to it. He thought the Sheep Tribe had more sheep in their vicinity or possessed some unique method of capturing sheep.

It wasn't until this trade, when the people of the Sheep Tribe suddenly brought so many sheep, that he finally realized the unusual nature of the situation.

Without Han Cheng's instructions, the Eldest Senior Brother began to inquire. However, just like how he refused to disclose information about building walls, houses, and fishing to the Sheep Tribe leader, the leader of the Sheep Tribe was unwilling to reveal how they caught so many sheep.

As a result, communication couldn't proceed smoothly.

After recovering from the initial surprise, Han Cheng walked over, thought for a moment, and began to inspect the sheep brought by the Sheep Tribe. He circled, occasionally patting the sheep as if checking their condition.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe had a deep impression of the young Divine Child from the neighboring tribe, knowing his status in the Green Sparrow Tribe. Therefore, he didn't stop him and allowed him to examine the prey they brought.

After inspecting them individually, Han Cheng clapped his hands, now covered in sheep's wool. He calmed down, realizing that he had overthought things before. The Sheep Tribe had not developed animal husbandry.

The main reason was the fifteen sheep they brought.

These sheep could be divided into three categories. Among them were eight immature sheep, five dead and three alive.

There were six adults, all dead, and one adult ram, also dead.

Chapter 180: Taking Advantage

Han Cheng determined that there was no basis for the Sheep Tribe to have engaged in animal husbandry, evidenced by the sheep they brought. For animal husbandry to be sustainable, attention must be given to offspring and females, as they are the foundation for its development.

The sheep brought by the Sheep Tribe consisted mostly of immature lambs and ewes, with only one adult ram. Han Cheng concluded that the Sheep Tribe had not established large-scale animal husbandry.

The wounds on the sheep further supported his judgment. The wounds varied in size and location, appearing inflicted during hunting. Domesticated sheep would be much easier to kill, and such injuries would not be present.

After ruling out animal husbandry, Han Cheng became even more puzzled. How could they bring fifteen sheep for exchange? It made him wonder how many sheep the Sheep Tribe still had in their tribe.

Could it be that the people of the Sheep Tribe lived among the flock of sheep?

As he pondered, the leader of the Sheep Tribe observed the nearby tribe's Divine Child, silently examining the prey they brought. The leader's initially confident heart began to waver.

After contemplating, Han Cheng shook his head with a sly smile. Surviving in this era required some wisdom, and there was no reason why his tribe could easily obtain a large quantity of fish while the Sheep Tribe couldn't have many sheep.

Moreover

His gaze shifted to the three live sheep trapped nearby.

He had already sneakily observed them before. These three lambs, two ewes and one ram, seemed to have minor injuries and could survive. As long as these three lambs could reproduce without issues, it was sure that the Green Sparrow Tribe would have a flock of sheep in the future!

Han Cheng nodded to the Eldest Senior Brother, indicating everything was fine. He then smiled and nodded to the leader of the Sheep Tribe as a form of greeting.

Regardless of whether the leader of the Sheep Tribe understood his intentions, Han Cheng left directly.

When verbal communication faced obstacles, body language became crucial. Some gestures, such as a smile, might lead to misunderstandings, but many were universally understood.

Seeing the child-like Divine Child deep in thought, the leader of the Sheep Tribe, after a brief contemplation, smiled back, calming down his initially anxious heart.

The two leaders and the Eldest Senior Brother stopped asking about each other's tribe's secrets and went straight to the point of trade, discussing the matter.

Indeed, the leader of the Sheep Tribe showed significant interest in the large pot that could cook enough soup for many people in the Green Sparrow Tribe. At the beginning of the discussion, he made it clear to the Eldest Senior Brother that they wanted the big pot.

Leading the Sheep Tribe leader toward the area near the cave, the Eldest Senior Brother pointed to various pottery items that Han Cheng had specifically instructed Hei Wa to produce for trading with neighboring tribes.

The latest ones had been out of the kiln for at least two to three months and were finally being put to use.

There were four big pots of different sizes, nearly twenty jars, and six large stacks of bowls classified into three sizes: large, medium, and small.

These items were all placed upside down to prevent rainwater and other things from falling into the containers.

The Eldest Senior Brother directed someone to start turning over these pottery items, and the initially hesitant leader of the Sheep Tribe instantly became delighted upon seeing these familiar items.

The people from other Sheep Tribes who brought sheep were also amazed when they saw the numerous pottery items. These items, which were only one per household in their tribe, were unexpectedly abundant in this neighboring tribe!

With such thoughts, they looked at the sheep lying at their feet, and their shocked hearts calmed down a bit. Their tribe had many sheep, and this neighboring tribe did not have as much.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe circled the four big pots, touching this one, patting that one, and appearing reluctant to give up any of them.

After observing for a while, he turned to the sheep left by his people. Four adult ewes were placed in front of one big pot. Then, patting the edge of one big pot with grandeur, he signaled to the Eldest Senior Brother that he wanted all four big pots.

Having experienced several trades, the Eldest Senior Brother, a primitive person accustomed to worldly matters, was not angry after understanding the leader of the Sheep Tribe's intentions. He moved the other three sheep in front of the remaining big pots to the side.

Throughout this process, he maintained a smiling face, showing no hesitation regarding action.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe, who initially appeared grand, suddenly lost his air of magnanimity. His facial expression twitched involuntarily.

"%3SD@"

While dragging a sheep towards the other big pot, he said something to the Eldest Senior Brother.

A transaction with a very primitive style was about to begin.

After a considerable amount of bargaining, the trade was finally concluded. The leader of the Sheep Tribe exchanged six adult ewes for two big pots from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

He exchanged the ram for three large-sized pottery jars, and with two lambs, he obtained one pottery jar. The remaining six lambs were exchanged for twenty-one bowls, with three dead lambs traded at one for three bowls and three living lambs at a rate of one for four bowls.

During the exchange, Han Cheng instructed the Eldest Senior Brother to give one extra bowl to emphasize the value of life. This was meant to encourage the Sheep Tribe to bring more live animals in future trades.

While acquiring these items, the leader of the Sheep Tribe always followed the principle of choosing the larger ones, be it pots, jars, or bowls.

Seeing the three lively lambs, Han Cheng had someone bring a pair of chopsticks and hand them to the leader. Imagining how they would scoop things out of the soup, Han Cheng felt a bit uncomfortable.

It seemed that during the previous trade, the leader of the Sheep Tribe was not treated lightly by the Eldest Senior Brother. Upon seeing Han Cheng offering him chopsticks, he hastily waved his hands to decline, indicating they had nothing to exchange.

It was only after learning from the translating Eldest Senior Brother that these were complimentary that he accepted them with some hesitation. He placed them in one of the pottery jars, glancing at Han Cheng and the Eldest Senior Brother occasionally, worried that they might suddenly raise the price.

After completing the trade, the people from the Sheep Tribe did not linger for long. They left with the equally weighty pottery items they had exchanged.

The Eldest Senior Brother appeared somewhat unhappy as they departed, deliberately showing it. Earlier, Han Cheng had instructed him not to appear too pleased after a trade.

This made the traders believe they had gained an advantage, encouraging them to return for future trades.

The Eldest Senior Brother's performance made the leader of the Sheep Tribe happy. Seeing the leader display a satisfied expression, he silently praised Han Cheng for his insight while also presenting a more displeased appearance.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe, who had initially felt a bit unhappy, suddenly became more cheerful when he observed the displeased expression of the neighboring tribe's leader. Thinking about the many pottery items taken away by his tribe, he could understand the Eldest Senior Brother's mood. After all, they only brought a small number of sheep, yet they exchanged for almost half of the pottery items. It seemed they had taken a significant advantage in this trade after careful consideration.