

## Primitive 221

Chapter 221: The deeply moving sentiment that tears one's eyes.

The leader of the Donkey Tribe held a bowl of steaming hot meat soup, happily slurping it by the fire. The soup, seasoned with salt, was delicious, and he could never get enough of it.

Warm spread through his body as he drank the hot soup, deepening his affection for the pottery. Even though their tribe needed to tighten their belts this winter due to the exchange for pottery, he felt it was entirely worth it.

After finishing the soup and meat, he handed the bowl to another tribe member eagerly waiting for it. The Donkey Tribe had few pottery bowls, so they had to take turns using them.

Compared to the leader, the others had much less to eat. It was rare to find meat in their bowls; usually, each person would have one or two fruits cooked with the meager amount of meat available.

The joy of obtaining pottery made them want to cook anything edible in the pots. And indeed, it was a suitable method. Previously, one person couldn't feel full even after eating three fruits, but now, just one fruit was enough to satisfy.

The only downside was that they got hungry quickly and needed to relieve themselves frequently

Compared to previous years, the Flying Snake Tribe seemed rather desolate. The battle last year resulted in the loss of many adults in their tribe. Even though they had plundered some people from other tribes, it didn't entirely compensate for their losses.

Because the captives they obtained were mostly underage children and female primitives, to prevent rebellion, the adult males had to be killed and eaten

The second leader of the Snake Tribe sat in a corner, nibbling on some frozen fruits. He glanced over to where the Shaman and several other leaders had gathered not far away, unable to stop himself from salivating at the scent of meat emanating from there, especially the juicy piece of meat the Shaman was holding.

He used to be one of the daily meat-eaters in the past, but now, he could only silently nibble on fruits here.

All of this was because of that damned tribe!

He thought bitterly.

However, recalling the terrifying scene of that day filled him with fear.

He mumbled curses at the damned tribe while silently nibbling on fruits, all the while pondering how to regain his position as leader.

If only he could completely conquer that damned tribe

The world was vast, and countless things were happening every moment. Han Cheng wasn't a high and mighty god who ignored everything. He had his busy affairs to attend to. And even if he wanted to know, he didn't have the ability. After all, he was just a pseudo-god, lacking the power to know everything.

If he did have such great power, he wouldn't be so troubled by such trivial matters as charcoal.

Two of the three giants of the Green Sparrow Tribe had problems: the Divine Child had become obsessed with making charcoal and paid little attention to other matters, focusing solely on producing charcoal.

The Shaman was even more frightening; his time spent in the rabbit pen grew longer and longer each day.

Just the day before yesterday, the Shaman had dug a hole in a sunny spot and buried a rabbit.

Buried with it was the dried grass that the rabbit loved to eat.

Han Cheng knew about this incident; he had just returned from outside with a handful of black ash when he saw the Shaman doing this. Seeing the Shaman engaged in such activities, he couldn't help but feel a sense of sadness and worry. He deliberately stayed here to accompany the Shaman for a while longer because the rabbit that the Shaman buried was the one with dark circles around its eyes that he often petted.

The Shaman, an old primitive who prioritized eating above all else and cherished food exceptionally, decided not to eat the dead rabbit but to bury it instead, indicating the significance of this rabbit in his heart.

The death of this rabbit brought great pain to the Shaman.

Moreover, the Shaman carefully buried the rabbit with its favorite grass and a few freshly plucked small vegetables. He even meticulously smoothed the soil covering it, fearing that larger clumps of earth might crush the rabbit. This demonstrated the Shaman's reluctance to part with it.

Watching the Shaman earnestly carry out these actions without saying a word, Han Cheng could deeply understand and empathize with the Shaman's feelings.

Recalling his feelings when Fu Jiang went missing some time ago, the sentimental Han Cheng shed a sympathetic tear for this prematurely deceased rabbit with dark circles around its eyes and for the Shaman's deep affection.

In modern times, he had seen some elderly people who relied on their cats and dogs for companionship and emotional support.

Although the Shaman was primitive, he was also elderly. After spending a long time together, just like the elderly in modern times, he developed feelings for the things he raised, which was unsurprising.

However, what the Shaman did next puzzled Han Cheng.

After carefully burying the rabbit, the Shaman didn't stop there. Instead, he carefully poured half a jar of water with some ice chips over the grave.

After staring dumbfounded, Han Cheng quickly understood the Shaman's intentions.

Perhaps he did this out of concern that the rabbit would get thirsty, or maybe it was a unique mourning ritual within the Green Sparrow Tribe for the deceased.

Indeed, the death of this rabbit caused profound psychological trauma to the Shaman. After burying the rabbit with dark circles around its eyes, the Shaman, who used to run to the rabbit pen daily, no longer went there.

Instead, he often stayed at the burial site of the rabbit with dark circles around its eyes, lost in thought for a long time. He only left when it was time to eat; sometimes, he mutters quietly.

This deeply moved Han Cheng and worried him about the Shaman's well-being.

Who would have thought that even primitive people would have such deep feelings for the animals they raised?

Han Cheng, with some mud in his fingernails from outside the tribe, returned and saw the Shaman squatting motionless at the burial site of the rabbit with dark circles around its eyes, like a statue. His heart was deeply moved, and he sighed.

Indeed, there were passionate people everywhere.

After watching for a while, Han Cheng decided to go and comfort the deeply saddened, primitive old man. After all, once a rabbit dies, it cannot be returned to life. Being sad at this time was not helpful.

As Han Cheng approached, the Shaman spoke first before he could say the comforting words he had planned.

This brought a slight joy to Han Cheng's heart. He could console him correctly if he were willing to speak.

He looked at the Shaman with a smile, but before he could utter a few words, the smile on his face completely froze as if struck by lightning, both externally and internally fried.

Had he been blindly moved by emotions these past few days?

At this moment, Han Cheng, who knew the truth, almost shed tears.

"Shaman, why are you"

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Chapter 222: Dangerous Primitive Era

What's wrong? How dare you ask me what's wrong?

Looking at the old primitive man in front of him, who was known for his wisdom but now looked at him with concern and innocence, Han Cheng didn't know what to say or how to express his feelings.

This

The reversal was too significant, and the turn was too abrupt.

Caught off guard, even a seasoned driver like him was overturned

"It's it's nothing"

Han Cheng smiled forcedly, his expression somewhat stiff because he didn't know what to say.

"Then the rabbits?"

From the Divine Child's reaction, the shaman confirmed that his idea was not feasible. However, he still had some lingering doubts and wanted to confirm again because if this thing succeeded, it was too tempting.

After Han Cheng recovered, he felt a mix of crying and laughter. He didn't expect such a thing to happen to the shaman.

But he quickly stopped smiling because he sensed danger from what seemed like childish behavior.

In order to test if rabbits could be planted and harvested, the shaman buried his favorite black-eyed rabbit.

If this idea were applied to people

Han Cheng dared not think further, fearing that the shaman might come up with

planting him in spring and harvesting many Divine Child in autumn.

To avoid being suddenly treated as a seed by the benevolent shaman for the tribe while he was sleeping, Han Cheng did his best to prove the error of this matter and dispel the shaman's terrifying idea.

Otherwise, it would be too dangerous.

God knows how the shaman came up with this terrifying idea from burying wood.

Is it as imaginative as he got from "The Charcoal Seller's Father"?

"Shaman, you can't"

Han Cheng solemnly began to enlighten the shaman.

He explained the rules of growth to the shaman in a way he could understand, emphasizing that only plants that initially grew in the soil could be treated in this way and nothing else.

There would be no other result if animals were forcibly buried in the soil apart from death and decay.

The shaman listened to Han Cheng's words and, after careful consideration, also felt that this method was not feasible based on what he had seen and heard over the years.

He was not a stupid person. He had been stubbornly trying to solve this problem and had fallen into the wrong path because this idea was too tempting, and he wanted the tribe to develop rapidly.

After Han Cheng's explanation and contemplation, he finally abandoned this tempting but impractical idea.

However, it was inevitable that he felt a sense of loss because this not only marked the failure of his thoughts over the past period but also meant that the rabbit he often fondled had died in vain.

Han Cheng, who had lived two lives, naturally noticed the shaman's low spirits.

Elderly people couldn't afford to indulge in such low spirits too often, so Han Cheng's tone changed to begin empathizing with the shaman.

He first praised the shaman's wholehearted efforts for the tribe's development and then focused on the hope for the tribe to become more prosperous and vital, emphasizing the tribe's expansion plan based on salt.

Then he listed the fish cages, rabbit traps, and exchange of pottery in the Green Sparrow tribe, which could bring in a large amount of wild meat, as well as the large-scale animal husbandry of deer, chickens, and rabbits, the cultivation of rapeseed and millet, and the future expectations.

Combining reality with such a big picture, the sad shaman suddenly became excited because his dream was shattered.

Yes, with so many good things in his tribe, it was inevitable that the tribe would grow and become stronger in the current situation.

So why should he feel down because of that unrealistic idea?

Watching the shaman, who had become cheerful again, laughingly pick up a rabbit and put it back in the rabbit cage, Han Cheng, the great Divine Child, quietly wiping the sweat from his forehead.

This primitive tribe was indeed dangerous enough. If one wasn't careful, they could be planted as seeds

Primitive society was indeed dangerous. Just after Han Cheng's reflections, the person responsible for standing guard on the low wall shouted, "Someone's here! Someone's here!" and banged the gong.

The thatched grass on the back hill had already been harvested, and many tribe members were currently making hats for the low wall. When they heard the alarm, they didn't panic.

Eldest Senior Brother and the others quickly dropped their work and rushed to the front wall while Hei Wa quickly secured the tribe's gate from the inside.

The alarm was soon lifted because the visitors were from the Sheep Tribe.

The people from the Sheep Tribe brought a large number of furs, indicating they came to trade.

After some communication, the people from the Sheep Tribe left their weapons outside and brought the fur inside.

As expected, the Sheep Tribe was wealthy. Among the many furs they brought, there were primarily sheepskins!

Receiving visiting tribes for trade was generally the responsibility of the Eldest Senior Brother, the leader. Unless there were exceptional circumstances, Han Cheng usually wouldn't directly intervene. After all, how could he comfortably act as a behind-the-scenes manipulator like a big shot in open trading?

Han Cheng fantasized about positioning himself this way, having seen it too many times in his previous life.

This time, the leader of the Sheep Tribe didn't immediately go to exchange pottery with the Eldest Senior Brother. Instead, he first went to the deer pen and leaned in to see the deer inside.

This group of deer had certainly brought pride to the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The saying "wealth cannot be brought back to one's hometown like a night-blooming cereus" was not spoken by the Eldest Senior Brother, but he did have such intentions.

Seeing the people from nearby tribes continuously surprised by the wealth of their tribe, the feeling was beautiful.

When he heard that the leader of the Sheep Tribe wanted to see their deer herd first, Eldest Senior Brother readily agreed.

The herd had added a few more calves during this time, making it even larger.

While the leader of the Sheep Tribe looked at the deer in the pen, the Eldest Senior Brother watched the leader of the Sheep Tribe. Seeing the expression of astonishment on the leader's face, Eldest Senior Brother smiled modestly.



The leader of the Sheep Tribe's astonishment was genuine. It was not only because of the large group of deer but also because of how fat and healthy they looked.

As someone who had been raising sheep for quite some time, the leader of the Sheep Tribe knew very well how difficult it was to achieve this.

When he saw the three snow-white, significantly grown lambs mixed among the deer in the pen, the look of astonishment on his face became even stronger. The difference between the sheep raised in his tribe and those in the neighboring tribe was too vast

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Chapter 223: Kidnap the Divine Child? This is a dangerous idea

Why are the differences so significant between tribes?

Why is there such a big difference even though we both raise sheep?

The chief of the Sheep Tribe looked at the scene before him, feeling as if something had stabbed his heart.

He wanted to ask the chief of this tribe how they managed it, but then he remembered the last time he asked about their method of building fences, and he dismissed the thought, thinking it would be more reliable to see with his own eyes.

To avoid another conversation about "what kind of sheep to raise."

Green grass, wooden things for holding grass, pottery jars for water

The chief of the Sheep Tribe carefully noted down what he saw at the deer pen.

After waiting for a while and seeing that the people from the Sheep Tribe were still looking around as if they hadn't seen enough, the chief smiled faintly and started urging them on.

Accompanied by the chief, the people from the Sheep Tribe followed the chief to trade. However, as they walked, they couldn't help but keep looking at the hands of the Eldest Senior Brother and the other people from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

There was a purpose behind his actions.

Their tribe only raised a few sheep, and many people's hands were cracked from feeding them grass. Now, this tribe raised so many animals for grazing that their hands must be in terrible condition, right?

However, what he saw surprised him once again.

Because the hands of the people in this tribe, exposed to the elements, not only had no cracks, but they were also very fair.

That's right, fair.

It was completely different from the scene of misery he had imagined.

This discovery astonished him. Why was this happening?

Was it because their tribe didn't have shamans or Divine Child?

As he searched for answers, he quickly found the problem.

In this tribe, everyone's necks were adorned with a rope, with a strange object made of fur hanging from each end.

He saw these people put their hands into these strange objects when they had nothing to do and then take them out when they needed to work.

And they didn't have to worry about the strange objects falling off; it was pretty convenient.

The chief of the Sheep Tribe lifted a corner of the sheepskin he was wrapped in and quietly wrapped one hand inside. Immediately, he felt much warmer.

Then, he revealed an expression of realization and regret.

If his body was cold, he could wrap it in fur, so why couldn't he do the same for his hands?

He understood such a simple principle, so why hadn't he considered this solution?

This trip to the Green Sparrow Tribe had been very beneficial for the chief of the Sheep Tribe. It made him even more curious about this neighboring tribe, and he also had some unspoken aspirations.

Initially, he thought that as long as they had pottery and salt, they wouldn't interact much with this tribe.

However, after raising sheep, he brought people here again.

Now that the issue of raising sheep hadn't been entirely resolved, he had discovered more things to learn from this tribe.

In addition to the strange objects tied around their necks with ropes and the fur-made things used to warm their hands, there were also things made of fur that covered their heads, leaving only half of their faces and ears exposed, which enlightened him.

This, indeed, was a tribe full of novelty and ingenious ideas.

However, this tribe used to be no different from their tribe

The chief of the Sheep Tribe lamented with a sense of powerlessness and envy. Suddenly, he remembered what the chief of the Joyous Meeting tribe had expressed when he came here before, saying that the reason their tribe had undergone such a significant change was all because they had a Shaman.

If his tribe had a Divine Child, would they become as comfortable and wealthy as this neighboring tribe?

He thought this way but then shook his head to dismiss the idea because there was only one Divine Child, and he was already in this neighboring tribe, destined to have no connection with their tribe.

He withdrew his wandering thoughts and prepared to examine the pottery carefully, but a thought suddenly jumped into his mind.

What if he brought people to snatch the Divine Child back to his tribe?

"\$#^\$^#&!"

Seeing the chief of the Sheep Tribe staring at the pottery with a fascinated expression, the Eldest Senior Brother smiled faintly. The Divine Child was right; the pottery unique to their tribe was indeed attractive. They had seen it so many times, yet the chief of the Sheep Tribe still looked at it so seriously.

After waiting for a while and seeing that the chief of the Sheep Tribe was only focused on the pottery and not mentioning the sheepskin they brought or the trade, the Eldest Senior Brother took the initiative to remind him.

The Eldest Senior Brother didn't have much time to waste; he wanted to finish putting "hats" on all the fences before the snow started falling. This way, they wouldn't have much outdoor work to do after the heavy snowfall and could stay in the warm house. Even if they didn't go to bed, it would still be more comfortable than being outside.

Seeing the chief of the Sheep Tribe jump in surprise, almost sitting on the ground, the Eldest Senior Brother didn't think much of it. He thought that the chief of the Sheep Tribe was as timid as the three little lambs in the deer pen.

Whether it was because the chief of the Sheep Tribe thought the sheepskin, which couldn't be eaten, was not very valuable, this exchange, in the Eldest Senior Brother's view, still gave the Green Sparrow Tribe a great advantage.

Eight large sheepskins could only be exchanged for one pottery jar, a widespread item in the Green Sparrow Tribe, and five small sheepskins could only be exchanged for one pottery bowl.

The Green Sparrow Tribe only spent a minimal price to obtain many high-quality sheepskins.

After the transaction was completed, the chief of the Sheep Tribe hurriedly left with a smaller jar, a pottery jar, and four pottery bowls they had exchanged for.

The recent thoughts and the timely words of the Eldest Senior Brother made his heart still not completely calm down. He felt as if someone had discovered his thoughts, and he just wanted to leave this neighboring tribe as soon as possible.

He even forgot to pay his respects to the Divine Child who was standing far away and watching them.

This was probably what they called a guilty conscience

"Wait!"

Just as he was about to leave the tribe, the heart that the chief of the Sheep Tribe had just put down suddenly rose again. However, at this moment, a voice rang out from behind him.

He had already distinguished that this voice belonged to the chief of this tribe!

Feeling guilty, the chief of the Sheep Tribe, who had the impulse to run away with his tribe members, restrained himself and turned around slowly.

The Eldest Senior Brother couldn't read minds, so he naturally didn't know about the thoughts that had occurred to the chief of the Sheep Tribe earlier. If he did, he would use spears and other means to deal with the people of the Sheep Tribe rather than smiling and pouring two jars of salt into the small jar that the Sheep Tribe had just obtained, enthusiastically telling the chief of the Sheep Tribe that they could eat as much as they wanted and come back for more for free when they were done.

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Accompanied by the chief, the people from the Sheep Tribe followed the chief to trade. However, as they walked, they couldn't help but keep looking at the hands of the Eldest Senior Brother and the other people from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

There was a purpose behind his actions.

Their tribe only raised a few sheep, and many people's hands were cracked from feeding them grass. Now, this tribe raised so many animals for grazing that their hands must be in terrible condition, right?

However, what he saw surprised him once again.

Because the hands of the people in this tribe, exposed to the elements, not only had no cracks, but they were also very fair.

That's right, fair.

It was completely different from the scene of misery he had imagined.

This discovery astonished him. Why was this happening?

Was it because their tribe didn't have shamans or Divine Child?

As he searched for answers, he quickly found the problem.

In this tribe, everyone's necks were adorned with a rope, with a strange object made of fur hanging from each end.

He saw these people put their hands into these strange objects when they had nothing to do and then take them out when they needed to work.

And they didn't have to worry about the strange objects falling off; it was pretty convenient.

The chief of the Sheep Tribe lifted a corner of the sheepskin he was wrapped in and quietly wrapped one hand inside. Immediately, he felt much warmer.

Then, he revealed an expression of realization and regret.

If his body was cold, he could wrap it in fur, so why couldn't he do the same for his hands?

He understood such a simple principle, so why hadn't he considered this solution?

This trip to the Green Sparrow Tribe had been very beneficial for the chief of the Sheep Tribe. It made him even more curious about this neighboring tribe, and he also had some unspoken aspirations.

Initially, he thought that as long as they had pottery and salt, they wouldn't interact much with this tribe.

However, after raising sheep, he brought people here again.

Now that the issue of raising sheep hadn't been entirely resolved, he had discovered more things to learn from this tribe.

In addition to the strange objects tied around their necks with ropes and the fur-made things used to warm their hands, there were also things made of fur that covered their heads, leaving only half of their faces and ears exposed, which enlightened him.

This, indeed, was a tribe full of novelty and ingenious ideas.

However, this tribe used to be no different from their tribe

The chief of the Sheep Tribe lamented with a sense of powerlessness and envy. Suddenly, he remembered what the chief of the Joyous Meeting tribe had expressed when he came here before, saying that the reason their tribe had undergone such a significant change was all because they had a Shaman.

If his tribe had a Divine Child, would they become as comfortable and wealthy as this neighboring tribe?

He thought this way but then shook his head to dismiss the idea because there was only one Divine Child, and he was already in this neighboring tribe, destined to have no connection with their tribe.

He withdrew his wandering thoughts and prepared to examine the pottery carefully, but a thought suddenly jumped into his mind.

What if he brought people to snatch the Divine Child back to his tribe?

"\$#^\$^#&!"

Seeing the chief of the Sheep Tribe staring at the pottery with a fascinated expression, the Eldest Senior Brother smiled faintly. The Divine Child was right; the pottery unique to their tribe was indeed attractive. They had seen it so many times, yet the chief of the Sheep Tribe still looked at it so seriously.

After waiting for a while and seeing that the chief of the Sheep Tribe was only focused on the pottery and not mentioning the sheepskin they brought or the trade, the Eldest Senior Brother took the initiative to remind him.

The Eldest Senior Brother didn't have much time to waste; he wanted to finish putting "hats" on all the fences before the snow started falling. This way, they wouldn't have much outdoor work to do after the heavy snowfall and could stay in the warm house. Even if they didn't go to bed, it would still be more comfortable than being outside.

Seeing the chief of the Sheep Tribe jump in surprise, almost sitting on the ground, the Eldest Senior Brother didn't think much of it. He thought that the chief of the Sheep Tribe was as timid as the three little lambs in the deer pen.

Whether it was because the chief of the Sheep Tribe thought the sheepskin, which couldn't be eaten, was not very valuable, this exchange, in the Eldest Senior Brother's view, still gave the Green Sparrow Tribe a great advantage.

Eight large sheepskins could only be exchanged for one pottery jar, a widespread item in the Green Sparrow Tribe, and five small sheepskins could only be exchanged for one pottery bowl.



The Green Sparrow Tribe only spent a minimal price to obtain many high-quality sheepskins.

After the transaction was completed, the chief of the Sheep Tribe hurriedly left with a smaller jar, a pottery jar, and four pottery bowls they had exchanged for.

The recent thoughts and the timely words of the Eldest Senior Brother made his heart still not completely calm down. He felt as if someone had discovered his thoughts, and he just wanted to leave this neighboring tribe as soon as possible.

He even forgot to pay his respects to the Divine Child who was standing far away and watching them.

This was probably what they called a guilty conscience

"Wait!"

Just as he was about to leave the tribe, the heart that the chief of the Sheep Tribe had just put down suddenly rose again. However, at this moment, a voice rang out from behind him.

He had already distinguished that this voice belonged to the chief of this tribe!

Feeling guilty, the chief of the Sheep Tribe, who had the impulse to run away with his tribe members, restrained himself and turned around slowly.

The Eldest Senior Brother couldn't read minds, so he naturally didn't know about the thoughts that had occurred to the chief of the Sheep Tribe earlier. If he did, he would use spears and other means to deal with the people of the Sheep Tribe rather than smiling and pouring two jars of salt into the small jar that the Sheep Tribe had just obtained, enthusiastically telling the chief of the Sheep Tribe that they could eat as much as they wanted and come back for more for free when they were done.

Chapter 224: Didn't bring enough leather? You can put it on the tabs

The enthusiastic reception from the Eldest Senior Brother made the chief of the Sheep Tribe, who had been feeling guilty, suddenly calm down.

He stopped rushing to leave and instead looked at the primitive version of the Lei Feng hat the Eldest Senior Brother wore and the gloves with ropes hanging around his neck.

Then, he danced around and asked the Eldest Senior Brother if they could exchange these two items.

To show his sincerity, he took out a pottery bowl from the pile of pottery they had just obtained.

This bowl could be exchanged for five small sheepskins or two large ones.

The Eldest Senior Brother received instructions from the Divine Child a few days ago, saying that pottery was very durable. Once the tribes had exchanged it a few times and had inventory in their tribes, they would no longer use food to exchange for pottery.

To maintain this primitive trading system, exploit neighboring tribes, and lay the foundation for the slowly expanding salt policy, it was necessary to continually develop new things for these tribes to exchange, making them even poorer.

The chief of the Sheep Tribe focused on the gloves and hat worn by the Green Sparrow Tribe, in addition to their own need for protection due to their hands being cracked from raising sheep.

Frequently inserting and pulling out of hands into the gloves and occasionally adjusting the hat were related to this.

Han Cheng decided to promote leather gloves and hats to these visiting tribes this winter.

It was an excellent time to have gloves and a hat for warmth in such cold weather.

As for whether the people of these tribes would not exchange due to the price, this

This was non-existent because Han Cheng demanded things for exchange, not necessarily their life-saving food, but also a considerable amount of fur.

Although these tribes were unwilling to exchange food for gloves and hats, they were willing to exchange fur.

With the continuous development of the uses of fur, the demand for fur in the Green Sparrow Tribe was now very high.

Apart from anything else, just bedding alone required a lot of furs.

Developing two more items for trading was also beneficial to the Green Sparrow Tribe.

The chief of the Sheep Tribe thought he was very generous to exchange a pottery bowl for a hat and gloves. However, to his surprise, the person who had just spoken to them with a smile and had told them they could come for salt, shook his head.

Seeing him touch the hat on his head and the gloves hanging around his neck and then pointing at the pottery bowl while raising two fingers to himself, the chief of the Sheep Tribe felt extremely angry.

He felt they had been significantly taken advantage of by this exchange.

"!"

He danced around, bargaining with the Eldest Senior Brother.

But the Eldest Senior Brother, who was very generous with the salt, surprisingly became stingy regarding the leather hat and gloves. He stubbornly insisted on not budging from the price of one bowl for one hat or a pair of gloves.

After a round of bargaining with the chief of the Sheep Tribe, he became even more furious.

In his opinion, such hats and gloves didn't require too much fur, yet the people of this tribe wanted them to exchange two bowls that cost a lot of fur for them. This was simply unacceptable!

"\$%#\$\*^\$^^"

He growled to the Eldest Senior Brother, then turned around firmly with the pottery bowl in his hands, indicating that he would not exchange anymore.

The Eldest Senior Brother, now looking like a cunning merchant, was not in a hurry after the negotiation fell apart.

He stopped the chief of the Sheep Tribe, took off the hat he was wearing, and put it on the chief of the Sheep Tribe's head while it was still warm.

The Eldest Senior Brother was cautious, even tying the ropes underneath the "ear flaps" of the hat around the chief of the Sheep Tribe's chin.

His actions were gentle, not even showing such tenderness when dealing with his spouse.

At first, the chief of the Sheep Tribe was hesitant, but as the warmth spread, he soon stopped resisting.

Because his ears, which had been exposed to the cold air and were aching from the cold, were now firmly protected by the warm "ear flaps" of the hat pressed against his cheeks. It felt a bit cool initially, followed by a slightly itchy sensation, but overall, it was extremely comfortable.

So comfortable that the chief of the Sheep Tribe didn't want to take them off!

The Eldest Senior Brother then removed the gloves hanging around his neck and put them on the chief of the Sheep Tribe's neck, carefully covering his hands, which had many cracks from not washing them often and not wearing gloves for protection.

Once again, a warm sensation enveloped his hands, which were freezing and somewhat numb.

The chief of the Sheep Tribe's eyes lit up. He tried to flex his hands continuously, feeling that these fur-made items were very soft and did not hinder the movement of his hands much.

For a pair of hands that had not been warm since winter began, except when placed in his pants or hugged by his spouse, feeling warmth from this small fur-made item was a pleasant surprise.

Seeing their chief enjoying himself like this, the people of the Sheep Tribe couldn't help but become curious and hopeful. Was this thing really that good?

As it turned out, these two items were so good that even the chief of the Sheep Tribe didn't want to take them off.

After hesitating, he took off the hat, feeling a shiver from the cold air. His skin, which had just felt warm, now felt even colder, especially his ears, which had frostbite.

He put the hat back on and then brought two pottery bowls to the Eldest Senior Brother.

Pottery was already very common in the Green Sparrow Tribe, and they needed more fur. The Eldest Senior Brother pushed back the two bowls brought by the chief of the Sheep Tribe.

This puzzled the chief of the Sheep Tribe greatly.

They had argued so fiercely just now for the exchange, insisting on using two pottery bowls, so why didn't they want them now? Could it be that this guy suddenly had a conscience?

Of course, the Eldest Senior Brother didn't suddenly have a conscience. He pointed to the hat on the chief of the Sheep Tribe's head, then to the bowls he was holding, patted the sheepskin wrapped around him, and then raised one hand, extending all five fingers, indicating that one hat required five small sheepskins in exchange.

He then patted the sheepskin wrapped around him again, making an enormous gesture, and then held up two fingers, indicating that it could also be exchanged for two large sheepskins.

At the same time, he said some words to assist in communication.

The Eldest Senior Brother, who liked to use their tribe's less valuable items to exchange for many things from other tribes, now felt a bit troubled.

In their tribe, expressing the number of things was easy; they could say "one, two, three, four, five" directly taught by the Divine Child. But when trading with these tribes, they could only use fingers. When too many items and fingers weren't enough, they also needed to use small stones or tree branches, which was troublesome.

The chief of the Sheep Tribe couldn't understand the meaning of "five" and "two" in the Eldest Senior Brother's mouth, but he could understand the fingers the Eldest Senior Brother was holding up.

After understanding the Eldest Senior Brother's meaning, the chief of the Sheep Tribe seemed a bit discouraged because they had used all the sheepskins they brought this time to exchange for pottery. Now, the neighboring tribe's chief was asking for sheepskins to exchange for these things they called "hats" and "gloves," which they couldn't afford.

It seemed they could only wait until next time to exchange.

If it started snowing heavily, they might not be able to have these two items for the entire cold season.

This made him quite distressed.

After thinking for a while, he reluctantly took off the hat and gloves and handed them to the Eldest Senior Brother, expressing his intentions.

He initially thought that according to the personality of this tribal chief, he would take back the hat and gloves and exchange them on the spot. But he didn't expect the chief to smile and put the hat and gloves back on him. The chief then told him that he could take these two items back first and bring the sheepskins needed to exchange for these two items next time.

After some contemplation, the chief of the Sheep Tribe, who understood the Eldest Senior Brother's meaning, was both surprised and delighted.

He raised the hand with the glove and touched the hat on his head, then walked over to hug the Eldest Senior Brother forcefully, pressing his forehead against the Eldest Senior Brother's shoulder to express his joy and gratitude.

Then, he thumped his chest to reassure the Eldest Senior Brother that they would bring the fur and let the Eldest Senior Brother rest assured.

This kind of deferred payment behavior, which was very common in later generations, immediately had a good effect after being used in advance.

Because once the facade of increasing sales volume is stripped away, it still carries an implicit trust relationship. While most people in later generations are not very sensitive to this aspect of relationships, it is highly valued by simple and primitive people. This is also why the leader of the Sheep Tribe reacted the way he did after understanding the intentions of the Eldest Senior Brother.

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#### Chapter 225: Zhang Liang's Plan and the Ladder Over the Wall

The chief of the sheep tribe left with the exchanged pottery, feeling deeply touched. The other members of the sheep tribe looked at the chief, who was wearing a hat and gloves, feeling somewhat uncomfortable.

"#\$SE!"

On the way back, someone from the sheep tribe spoke up to the chief, feeling that they had been somewhat cheated in this trade. According to their estimation, the two items, when separated, didn't even amount to one large sheepskin, yet they had to exchange so many sheepskins for them.

The chief of the sheep tribe took off his hat and placed it on the head of the person who had spoken. Feeling this warmth, the person who had just voiced complaints immediately fell silent.

The hat went around the heads of everyone from the sheep tribe this time and finally returned to the chief's head. The two gloves followed suit.

After experiencing the benefits of these two items firsthand, the members of the sheep tribe looked at them with eager eyes, especially those who often suffered frostbite on their hands, faces, and ears while out in the cold, giving grass to the sheep.

If everyone had such a hat and gloves, how good would that be?

However, the thought of the high cost of these two items made them feel uneasy.

Having one or two of these items in their tribe was acceptable, but everyone couldn't have them, like in that wealthy tribe.

But

They wanted them!

Seeing the expressions of the tribe members, the chief of the sheep tribe already knew what they were thinking. He patted the hat on his head with the gloved hand and said to them in the tribe's language, "You will all have them!"

After hearing this, the people of the sheep tribe became delighted. However, two people who liked to think deeply felt a bit worried.



Today, they saw that in addition to the pottery used for feeding the sheep, they also needed some long pottery from the nearby tribe. They still didn't have these items in their tribe.

When it came time to exchange, they would need a lot of fur or food. Moreover, their tribe was still lacking some pottery bowls, and they couldn't afford to have one for each person.

If the chief used a large amount of fur to exchange for these hats and gloves, would there be enough fur left in their tribe when it came time to exchange for pottery?

One of them expressed his concerns to the chief, who smiled and patted him on the shoulder. Then he proposed his solution not to exchange, but to make their hats and gloves using fur, following the example of these two items.

The chief's words, like a ray of sunlight, dispelled the fog lingering in the minds of these people, making them all feel relieved and cheerful.

They cheered around the chief, deeply admiring his wisdom.

The chief of the sheep tribe also felt that he was indeed intelligent and able to come up with such a solution, and he accepted the praise of the tribe members with a clear conscience.

Upon careful reflection of this trip to the Green Sparrow tribe, the chief of the sheep tribe felt very satisfied. His original idea was to take advantage of the trading opportunity to observe how this tribe cultivated things carefully and to exchange for some pottery.

Now, both of these goals had been achieved, and on top of that, they had brought back two jars of delicious salt, a hat, and two gloves.

Furthermore, from now on, their tribe would also have many gloves and hats, so when the tribe members went out again, they wouldn't feel as cold as they do now

While the chief of the sheep tribe imagined this fantastic future, the Eldest Senior Brother and the shaman of the Green Sparrow tribe furrowed their brows slightly, showing signs of worry.

They also realized the severe issue of the hats and gloves being quickly learned from.

These items are the crystallization of the wisdom of the Divine Child, created by him and everyone else in the Green Sparrow tribe. They are unique to their tribe, and they do not want other tribes to learn how to make them.

Moreover, once these tribes learn how to make gloves and hats, they will no longer use fur to exchange with their tribe

As they encounter more and more things, their horizons are gradually expanding. With the influence, intentional or unintentional, of Han Cheng, a time traveler, the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother of the Green Sparrow tribe are now considering more and more things.

Of course, due to the limitations of their perspectives, misunderstandings still occur occasionally, such as the recent sudden idea from the shaman to start planting rabbits.

But regardless, they are growing at a much faster pace than before.

Not only them but also the surrounding tribes that frequently interact with the Green Sparrow tribe are showing signs of being influenced by Han Cheng.

The course of history has quietly accelerated with the appearance of this time traveler.

Han Cheng cleaned his hands with warm water, stained with black ash, and then dried them by the fire pit while listening to the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother expressing their concerns.

After listening to their words, Han Cheng was delighted. This showed that they were all thinking for the tribe and constantly brainstorming.

If this had happened when Han Cheng first arrived, they would not have thought of so many things as they do now.

Han Cheng already considered the concerns of the Eldest Senior Brother and the shaman. In his previous life, he had seen many pirated products, such as "Yue Li Yue" and "Zhong Hui Shi Hua," as well as those that could keep up with the updates of the genuine ones

With his extensive experience, how could he quickly release items like hats and gloves, which are extremely easy to imitate, without a corresponding countermeasure?

Han Cheng smiled at the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother and told them not to worry. He almost took out a feather fan and gently shook it, saying, "I have a way."

He picked up a large piece of animal hide from the bed and showed it to the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother.

The shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother carefully examined the animal hide.

It was a piece of sheepskin with fine fur, washed very clean, and felt very comfortable to touch. It would be excellent for covering oneself or making into hats and gloves.

However the Green Sparrow tribe had plenty of fur like this, and the sheep tribe had even more. What did the Divine Child mean by showing them this piece of fur? What was the connection with the method he had just mentioned?

The Eldest Senior Brother and the shaman felt like circles flashed before their eyes.

After looking carefully twice and confirming that there were no signs of defects, they looked at each other, and the Eldest Senior Brother asked the shaman about the purpose of showing them this piece of fur.

Seeing that they couldn't figure it out, Han Cheng no longer kept them guessing. He took the piece of fur outside and compared it with the piece just brought by the sheep tribe. The difference immediately became apparent.

In comparison, the piece brought by the sheep tribe could only be discarded. It was dirty but also had a strong smell. Most importantly, the fur was stiff, unlike the soft one in Han Cheng's hand.

The shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother suddenly realized.

The three of them looked at each other and smiled. They could be as cunning and sly as they wanted

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Now, both of these goals had been achieved, and on top of that, they had brought back two jars of delicious salt, a hat, and two gloves.

Furthermore, from now on, their tribe would also have many gloves and hats, so when the tribe members went out again, they wouldn't feel as cold as they do now

While the chief of the sheep tribe imagined this fantastic future, the Eldest Senior Brother and the shaman of the Green Sparrow tribe furrowed their brows slightly, showing signs of worry.

They also realized the severe issue of the hats and gloves being quickly learned from.

These items are the crystallization of the wisdom of the Divine Child, created by him and everyone else in the Green Sparrow tribe. They are unique to their tribe, and they do not want other tribes to learn how to make them.

Moreover, once these tribes learn how to make gloves and hats, they will no longer use fur to exchange with their tribe

As they encounter more and more things, their horizons are gradually expanding. With the influence, intentional or unintentional, of Han Cheng, a time traveler, the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother of the Green Sparrow tribe are now considering more and more things.

Of course, due to the limitations of their perspectives, misunderstandings still occur occasionally, such as the recent sudden idea from the shaman to start planting rabbits.

But regardless, they are growing at a much faster pace than before.

Not only them but also the surrounding tribes that frequently interact with the Green Sparrow tribe are showing signs of being influenced by Han Cheng.

The course of history has quietly accelerated with the appearance of this time traveler.

Han Cheng cleaned his hands with warm water, stained with black ash, and then dried them by the fire pit while listening to the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother expressing their concerns.

After listening to their words, Han Cheng was delighted. This showed that they were all thinking for the tribe and constantly brainstorming.

If this had happened when Han Cheng first arrived, they would not have thought of so many things as they do now.

Han Cheng already considered the concerns of the Eldest Senior Brother and the shaman. In his previous life, he had seen many pirated products, such as "Yue Li Yue" and "Zhong Hui Shi Hua," as well as those that could keep up with the updates of the genuine ones

With his extensive experience, how could he quickly release items like hats and gloves, which are extremely easy to imitate, without a corresponding countermeasure?

Han Cheng smiled at the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother and told them not to worry. He almost took out a feather fan and gently shook it, saying, "I have a way."

He picked up a large piece of animal hide from the bed and showed it to the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother.

The shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother carefully examined the animal hide.

It was a piece of sheepskin with fine fur, washed very clean, and felt very comfortable to touch. It would be excellent for covering oneself or making into hats and gloves.

However the Green Sparrow tribe had plenty of fur like this, and the sheep tribe had even more. What did the Divine Child mean by showing them this piece of fur? What was the connection with the method he had just mentioned?

The Eldest Senior Brother and the shaman felt like circles flashed before their eyes.

After looking carefully twice and confirming that there were no signs of defects, they looked at each other, and the Eldest Senior Brother asked the shaman about the purpose of showing them this piece of fur.

Seeing that they couldn't figure it out, Han Cheng no longer kept them guessing. He took the piece of fur outside and compared it with the piece just brought by the sheep tribe. The difference immediately became apparent.

In comparison, the piece brought by the sheep tribe could only be discarded. It was dirty but also had a strong smell. Most importantly, the fur was stiff, unlike the soft one in Han Cheng's hand.

The shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother suddenly realized.

The three of them looked at each other and smiled. They could be as cunning and sly as they wanted

Chapter 226: The suffering Sheep Tribe and the distressed Han Cheng

Han Cheng guessed right. The leader of the Sheep Tribe and the people of the tribe were indeed distressed.

On the journey back to the Green Sparrow Tribe with the hats and gloves, cutting the leather was already quite difficult for them.

Using stone and bone knives alternately, they struggled for a long time before finally splitting a piece of leather in half.

The split leather looked miserable. The part where it was cut, had many hairs falling out.

Then, they had to make holes along the edges of the leather and find sturdy grass to thread through

After much effort, they finally made one glove eight days later.

Looking at the extremely ugly glove they had made, the leader of the Sheep Tribe and the others couldn't help but laugh.

This glove made by them was passed around among them non-stop.

However, when they looked at the two gloves they had exchanged from the Green Sparrow Tribe, their joy couldn't help but falter.

The difference between the two was simply too great

Encouraging the others, the leader of the Sheep Tribe said they would be able to make gloves as good as those from the Green Sparrow Tribe, and then

And now he was sitting among a pile of gloves, lost in thought.

Some of these gloves were already quite similar to the ones brought back from the Green Sparrow Tribe in appearance (which was also somewhat related to them feeling the Green Sparrow Tribe's gloves in the dark). Still, as soon as you touched them, you could immediately feel the vast difference between them.

The gloves exchanged from the Green Sparrow Tribe were soft and smooth, allowing for flexibility, while the ones they made were tough and prone to shedding.

Because of their hardness, they quickly aggravated the cracks or frostbite on their hands, which was even more uncomfortable than not wearing gloves at all.

The leader of the Sheep Tribe scratched his head vigorously, unable to understand why there was such a big difference between the two.

They could slowly solve problems like splitting the leather, making holes, and threading grass, but how to make the stiff leather soft was a baffling problem.

How did that tribe manage to do it?

This was already the umpteenth time he had asked himself this question.

As two people from the tribe ran over to report that another sheep had died, the leader of the Sheep Tribe, who had become accustomed to such news, waved them away to skin the emaciated sheep.

When he had just left the Green Sparrow Tribe, he thought he had learned a lot and could significantly improve the life of his tribe.

However, as he began to implement one thing after another, he realized that what he knew didn't make much difference to the current situation of his tribe. Instead, it brought about a lot of additional troubles.

At least in previous years, when the weather turned cold, they could stay in their caves without going out, but not this year

He thought he knew everything, but when he returned, he found that things were completely different from what he had imagined

How did that tribe manage to do it?!

The leader of the Sheep Tribe once again asked himself this question, and with his question, the panic-inducing thought that he had suppressed earlier suddenly resurfaced, making his heart pound

To enjoy civilization, one must first endure the pain brought by civilization. What the Sheep Tribe is experiencing now is necessary for civilization.

It's just that they don't know if their path will deviate

Eldest Senior Brother's dream of quickly putting hats on all the fences would have to be postponed again.

Shortly after the people of the Sheep Tribe left and Han Cheng and Shaman discussed the method of pirating the fence, another tribe arrived.

This tribe was the distinctive Donkey Tribe.

Compared to the Sheep Tribe, who carried large bundles of fur, the Donkey Tribe appeared much more relaxed.

They didn't bring anything else besides twelve pieces of leather, food for their journey, and an empty pottery jar.

They exchanged these twelve pieces of leather for a large pottery jar, and with this jar and the one they brought, they took away two jars of salt from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Eldest Senior Brother was prepared to sell their hats and gloves to the people of the Donkey Tribe using the same approach he used with the Sheep Tribe, but Han Cheng stopped him.

"Divine Child, why not give them"

Watching the Donkey Tribe depart with the salt, Eldest Senior Brother asked Han Cheng, somewhat puzzled.

He was puzzled because the Divine Child had agreed to it before, so why did he suddenly change his mind?

Among the nearby tribes, the Donkey Tribe was the poorest, which Han Cheng had concluded before.

Seeing how they only brought back twelve pieces of leather after traveling such a long and cold journey to exchange, their poverty was even more severe than Han Cheng had imagined.

For tribes like the Donkey Tribe, they could be drained just with pottery, let alone hats and gloves, to avoid overcommitting resources.

Han Cheng, who treated the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe exceptionally well, was quite stingy when it came to people not belonging to their tribe.

Even occasional generosity was calculated.

As a nobody in his past life, Han Cheng might not have survived beyond three episodes in another world, but in the primitive era, he didn't have to worry too much. In terms of cunning schemes, Han Cheng was confident he could outsmart the people of this era by a large margin.

From this perspective, throwing him into primitive society wasn't necessarily bad.

Perhaps even the heavens were a little disgusted with this guy bullying primitive people, so when it came to the charcoal he desperately wanted to produce, they gave him enough hardships.

Looking at the almost wholly burnt firewood before him and the remaining charcoal, Han Cheng felt like crying without tears.

The sense of superiority he had felt from intellectually and experientially overwhelming primitive people was utterly shattered.

Han Cheng also felt pressed down and rubbed against the ground.

After failing multiple times to burn charcoal using the clay oven built by Hei Wa, Han Cheng seriously summarized his experience and logically shifted the blame to the clay oven.

The implication was that it wasn't his method that didn't work but that the clay oven used for firing ceramics wasn't suitable for burning charcoal.

This bluntly shifted blame left Hei Wa, who was following along, dumbfounded.

After listening to the Divine Child's detailed analysis of the uneven heating of the clay oven leading to the repeated failure to burn charcoal, Hei Wa, who had been successfully brainwashed by the Divine Child, enthusiastically adopted a new method to burn charcoal.

This method was the same as Han Cheng used to fire ceramics: piling up the firewood for charcoal and then covering it with a thick layer of mud outside.

To address the problem of uneven heating fully, Han Cheng directly opened twelve fire holes under the pile of firewood after applying the mud.

Then, after giving the order, he let the people nearby light the fire together.

After the wood in the pile, sealed with mud, was burned through from the top, showing that even the wood in the middle was burning, Han Cheng, with the demeanor of a great general, gave the order to plug up all twelve fire holes and the ventilation hole on top with everyone's help at the fastest speed.

Han Cheng carefully considered this method. In his plan, such operations should not have many mistakes.

Because he had already calculated beforehand, he appeared calm and unhurried in his actions.

As a prominent figure in the Green Sparrow Tribe, Han Cheng's actions were bound to attract attention.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe knew about the Divine Child's repeated failures in charcoal burning, despite his all-knowing and all-powerful image. Seeing the Divine Child's confident demeanor yesterday and his return to his usual calm and composed self, they knew he would succeed this time. Furthermore, with the "hats" already in place on the fences, they all came to support the Divine Child.

They wanted to share the joy of success with the Divine Child and witness the miracle together.

And then

And then, as they watched the unexpected scene before them, everyone looked at each other in astonishment.

Even though Han Cheng had long trained his poker face, he couldn't help but feel a little flushed under the current circumstances.

What the hell was going on here?

Chapter 227: Chang Er should die



The cold moonlight sprinkled down, making the tree branches, stripped of their leaves, appear even colder in the moonlit night.

In a row of houses, the orange firelight was blocked by the animal hide covering the windows, casting a reddish glow on the hide but not letting any light through.

Occasionally, vague figures were reflected on the hide, indicating someone was moving inside the room.

Although the dense fur blocked the firelight, it couldn't muffle the sounds. Laughter and chatter occasionally drifted out from the row of connected houses, adding a touch of liveliness and warmth to the peaceful yet cold night.

On top of the low wall, three people were on guard duty. Wrapped in thick fur, wearing gloves and hats, they paced within a small area, occasionally stomping their feet to ward off the cold.

In the courtyard, two people and a dog squatted side by side in the moonlight, their breath visible in the cold air as they looked up at the sparkling starry sky together.

If these two people were excluded, it would be a real-life version of "Dogs Looking at the Stars."

Wrapped in thick fur, these two people appeared like fluffy balls as they squatted there. One was Shi Tou, who harbored dreams of flying and was preparing to achieve his dreams through unconventional means. The other was Han Cheng, who, after today's failed attempt at firing charcoal, was feeling stimulated and wanted some quiet time.

After gazing for a while, Shi Tou lowered his head and withdrew his hands from the warm gloves. He picked up a piece of tile that had been polished and was more suitable for writing, carefully moved the clay tablet, which was standing vertically, flat in front of him, then leaned over and began to sketch on it using the tile, illuminated by the moonlight.

It was a gradually rounding circle, similar to the half-moon hanging in the sky.

In front of this circle were five rows of circles of different shapes.

At the tenth position in front of this circle was an "x," not just one, but three in a row. This was the solution that Shi Tou obtained after failing to see the moon for three consecutive days and not knowing how to record it when he came to ask the Divine Child.

Shi Tou was a "questioning" youth, with even more questions than the "questioning" elder, Shaman. He would often ask the Divine Child about things he didn't understand.

When it came to writing and recording things, Shi Tou had once asked the Divine Child why they wrote from left to right horizontally instead of vertically from top to bottom or from right to left.

Of course, Han Cheng wouldn't tell Shi Tou that it was a habit he had developed since childhood, nor would he say anything like "writing vertically nods frequently while reading, indicating agreement with the words of the sages; writing horizontally shakes the head frequently while reading, indicating disrespect for the sages."

Han Cheng's solution was simple: he asked Shi Tou to write two versions of "The Tadpole Looks for Its Mother" on the clay tablet, one horizontally and one vertically, and then try to read them.

After reading both versions a few times, which were inevitably influenced by Han Cheng, Shi Tou felt more comfortable reading from left to right horizontally and stopped asking this question.

Han Cheng looked at the precious clay tablet in Shi Tou's hands, which already had more than forty irregular circles sketched on it.

He nodded slightly. After a while longer of sketching, he could start guiding Shi Tou to summarize the patterns.

Once the moon's waxing and waning pattern was summarized, a lunar calendar could be preliminarily established.

With the general framework in place, terms like "big month," "small month," and "leap month" could gradually be added, and adjustments could be made according to actual circumstances.

With him as the time traveler and Shi Tou as the next shaman, whom he had brought into the field of "astronomy," they could always come up with a calendar system that was more suitable for their place.

Shi Tou meticulously depicted the imperfect circle, carefully comparing it to the bright moon in the sky and making some adjustments before finally stopping his movements.

He carefully stored the tile-turned "pen" in the side pocket of his makeshift clothes, then carefully stood the clay tablet upright before continuing to gaze up at the moon that made all the stars in the sky pale in comparison.

"Divine Child, are there trees on the moon? Do tribes also live there?" Shi Tou finally voiced the thoughts in his mind after gazing for a while.

This was what he had discovered about the moon during this period and the beautiful yearning it had sparked within him.

At this moment, no worries were clouding his mind, no flashy distractions, and no heavy academic burdens to strain his eyes, so he could see the shadows on the bright moon more clearly.

As someone from the future, Han Cheng knew that there was nothing on the moon except desolation, but when he saw Shi Tou's eyes filled with longing and anticipation, he resisted the urge to shatter this cold reality.

Sometimes, a beautiful and well-intentioned lie was more needed than a discouraging reality.

Han Cheng nodded.

With anticipation and anxiety in his heart, Shi Tou looked at Han Cheng, and his face suddenly lit up with a smile.

However, his smile quickly froze because Han Cheng shook his head again after nodding.

Seeing Shi Tou's bewilderment and disappointment, Han Cheng smiled and said, "There are trees up there, and people too, but no tribes."

The rigid smile returned to Shi Tou's face.

He looked at Han Cheng with hope-filled eyes, hoping the Divine Child would explain a little more.

Han Cheng pointed to the bright moon and said, "See, there's a big cassia tree up there, and under the cassia tree, there's a rabbit making medicine."

Shi Tou listened, his eyes widening. He carefully looked at the bright moon, and after hearing Han Cheng's words, he seemed to see a big tree and a rabbit moving on top.

He didn't understand what Han Cheng meant by "making medicine," so he automatically interpreted it as some activity.

But as he continued to look, another question arose: Why was there a rabbit up there? What was it doing "making medicine"?

Looking up at the moon, Shi Tou began to ask Han Cheng with extreme anticipation, his body trembling slightly, unsure if it was from excitement or cold.

Han Cheng secretly apologized to Hou Yi and Chang'e, knowing he was about to make them suffer like Vega.

Then he thought momentarily and decided to tell Shi Tou the primitive version of Chang'e flying to the moon and Hou Yi shooting the sun.

Seeing Shi Tou staring at him dumbfounded, unable to say a word, Han Cheng's gloomy mood from his consecutive failed attempts at charcoal burning improved significantly.

"Chang'e should die!" A voice of anger suddenly came from nearby, making Han Cheng jump in shock.

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"Chang'e should die!" A voice of anger suddenly came from nearby, making Han Cheng jump in shock.

Chapter 228: From Chang'e Flying to the Moon to Archery

Caught up in the joy of fooling primitive people, Han Cheng was suddenly startled by an angry voice.

Not only he but even the nearby Shi Tou and the somewhat lazy dog, Fu Jiang, had the same reaction.

After the startle, Han Cheng had already recognized the voice's owner.

Turning his head, sure enough, not far away stood the Eldest Senior Brother, the tribe's leader.

The Eldest Senior Brother had come out to use the bathroom earlier, and seeing the Divine Child and Shi Tou here looking at the moon, freezing and shivering, he wanted to come over to tell them and Shi Tou to go back to sleep to avoid being frozen.

As a result, after walking in, he heard the Divine Child telling a story to Shi Tou.

The Eldest Senior Brother slowed down his pace and listened attentively.

At first, he thought that the Divine Child was telling the story of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl, but after listening for a while, he realized this was a completely new story.

And it was a story that was no less moving and imaginative than the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl.

The Eldest Senior Brother couldn't help but be completely absorbed in this magical story.

He completely forgot about coming to call the Divine Child and Shi Tou to go back to the house, just standing here quietly listening, forgetting even the ubiquitous cold.

As the story unfolded, his chest began to rise and fall continuously, and the amplitude of the rise and fall became larger and larger.

When the story ended, he couldn't bear it anymore and finally shouted out angrily, his voice filled with anger.

Seeing the Divine Child startled by him just now, he finally came to his senses from the infuriating story.

The fierce and majestic appearance from just now disappeared in an instant, replaced by a kind of embarrassment.

Han Cheng carefully recalled the shout from the Eldest Senior Brother just now, feeling quite strange, and called the Eldest Senior Brother over to ask why he said Chang'e deserved to die.

Because he had scared the Divine Child just now, the Eldest Senior Brother didn't dare to speak too loudly now, but his words were inevitably filled with anger as he spoke.

"Chang'e stole the elixir and ate it. She deserves to die!"

This was the answer given by the Eldest Senior Brother.

Han Cheng found this different view from the Eldest Senior Brother quite strange. He had only heard praises for Chang'e in the past, but here he heard a different voice.

Following the Eldest Senior Brother's thoughts, Chang'e's behavior was improper.

"Divine Child, was the jade rabbit pounding medicine to treat Chang'e's injury? Did Hou Yi shoot Chang'e with an arrow?"

Shi Tou, who had previously asked what "pounding medicine" meant, spoke up.

Han Cheng hadn't thought about it this way before, but now that Shi Tou mentioned it, it was pretty reasonable to use the jade rabbit-pounding medicine to explain. After all, the story of Hou Yi shooting the sun had been interspersed before.

Discovering that the immortality elixir shared by the two was consumed by Chang'e alone, it was also reasonable for Hou Yi to shoot Chang'e with an arrow.

But how did such a good story turn sour?

Han Cheng clicked his tongue, looking helpless.

Someone came out of the room, asking what had happened.

These people had been alerted by the Eldest Senior Brother's shout just now.

Everyone immediately became excited after hearing that the Divine Child had just told another story.

The Divine Child's stories were their favorite.

They were still talking about the story of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl that had been told before, and now, hearing that the Divine Child was telling another story, how could they not be happy?

Those who hadn't heard the story felt an itch in their hearts, a feeling more uncomfortable than having a bowl of steaming hot delicious meat soup right in front of them but unable to eat it.

Han Cheng looked at the group of people with eager eyes staring at him, sniffed, and then called everyone back to the house to listen to the story. After all, it was too cold in the courtyard.

The crowd cheered, seeming happier than catching a big game animal.

The three guards understood from the crowd cheers what the Divine Child and others would do, feeling jealous to the extreme, wishing they could run to the house now to enjoy the story.

But they still had to stand guard, enduring the torment as if their hearts were being scratched.

"Divine Child, what is a bow and arrow?!"

The third Senior brother looked at Han Cheng expectantly.

The others also remained silent, staring at their Divine Child, wanting his answer.

The sun hung so high in the sky that people could only look up, but Hou Yi could use a bow and arrow to shoot it down, which made them unimaginable!

After not daring to imagine, they also had the idea that if the tribe had such a weapon, how powerful it would be.

This is a weapon that can even shoot down the sun!

With such a weapon, they would not fear any danger, and their tribe would become the most powerful tribe in the area!

When the time comes, leaving some people to guard the tribe with bows and arrows, the rest can go out to find cattle, an animal they had never seen before but had longed for.

Looking at the bright eyes of the people in the tribe, Han Cheng wondered if he had brought out the bow and arrow too late.

He had indeed considered the bow and arrow, but he had not brought it out for a reason.

Firstly, the Green Sparrow Tribe could obtain enough food without going out to hunt, and secondly, the Green Sparrow Tribe had been busy with things like walls and houses, rarely going out to hunt, so there was rarely a need for bows and arrows. Moreover, making bows and arrows with a long enough range was difficult, so they had never been made.

Seeing the unusually bright eyes of the tribe looking at him, even the Shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother were no exception; Han Cheng thought for a moment and then began to explain to everyone what a bow and arrow was.

"Can can we make it"

When Third Senior Brother asked this question, his throat was a little dry, and his heart was pounding.

The others also held their breath, all looking at their Divine Child.

After seeing Han Cheng nod, the people crowded in the three rooms cheered again.

Some impatient ones were already thinking about asking the Divine Child to make the bow and arrow.

Limping and sitting on the edge of the heated bed, Lame looked at Han Cheng with shining eyes because he realized he would follow the Divine Child to make that unimaginably powerful weapon.

Such a powerful weapon, coming from his own hands; just thinking about it made Lame tremble with excitement.

It was already evening, and it was dark all around, so of course, they couldn't make bows and arrows at this time; they could only wait until tomorrow.

Third Senior Brother and the others immediately assured the Divine Child that he didn't need to worry about it. They could light a massive fire to illuminate the surroundings, and the Divine Child could safely make the bows and arrows.

After thinking about it, Han Cheng still shook his head. He rejected the group of people deeply stimulated by the mighty power of bows and arrows in the story, saying that they should go to sleep and discuss making bows and arrows tomorrow.

Chapter 229: Bound to disappoint bow and arrow

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe once again found themselves sleepless, with some reminiscing about the stories told by the Divine Child, deeply immersed in their thoughts.

More were pondering the mighty weapon- the bow and arrowable to shoot down the sun from the sky, which was unimaginable!

Thoughts of the Divine Child crafting such a weapon tomorrow filled their hearts with excitement, continuously imagining what the bow and arrow might look like.



Would such a powerful weapon be too big to handle?

Their aesthetic viewpoint remained pure, admiring things that were big and round.

You could tell this from the word "" (beauty).

A big sheep was beautiful; a big sheep was delicious to eat and very filling. This feeling was good. The concept of beauty slowly developed from this most basic and intuitive feeling.

Many couldn't sleep, completely distracted by thoughts of the shaman, while Shi Tou, who had been entirely led astray by Han Cheng, was also tossing and turning, unable to sleep.

But what he was thinking about was different from most people. It wasn't the powerful bow and arrow but that kind of miraculous elixir that could make people fly to the sky after consuming it.

Where could he find such a powerful tribe Shaman like the Queen Mother of the West?

Thinking about this matter, he was full of conflict.

Yet amid the conflict, there was also an unbearable excitement because he had once again received a way to fly from the shaman, namely the Queen Mother and her elixir.

Unlike adults who had much greater life pressures, Xiao Mei, Xiao Li, and Cheng hadn't been hungry since the Divine Child arrived. In addition to some girls' natural tendencies, what they considered most was not the bow and arrow that excited the adults but Chang'e, who lived alone on the moon with a rabbit and occasionally danced.

Dancing, they hadn't had this concept before. Only after the night they moved into their new home when the Divine Child led everyone in a dance around the fire, did they realize what dancing was. Dancing turned out to be such a fun thing.

So, in their minds, there automatically appeared a vision of a tall woman, taller than a strong man, wrapped in fur, holding a rabbit, and dancing on the moon.

As for what kind of dance the dance that the Divine Child had taught them.

Thinking like this, Xing suddenly shook her head, feeling sorry for Chang'e. She danced alone, without the company of fire. How could she be as happy as their tribe when dancing together?

Han Cheng naturally wouldn't know the bizarre thoughts of the people in the tribe. Lying on the warm, heated bed, he had already pulled his mind out of the stories of Chang'e flying to the moon and Hou Yi shooting down the sun, which were familiar to him.

Lying on the warm, heated bed, he still thought about how to make charcoal.

This was indeed a troublesome matter.

Damn it, next time, I'll start the fire from the top!

After carefully recalling the continuous failures in charcoal burning over the past few days, Han Cheng, who felt increasingly confused, also became restless.

After thinking for a while, he became agitated, thinking this was ridiculous. Why was he sometimes still as impatient as a child?

After a self-deprecating moment, he decided not to think about it anymore. Instead, he focused on the bow and arrow since everyone awaited it.

He lay like this for a while, but eventually, he didn't think about the bow and arrow anymore. That unintentional thought kept rotating in his mind, becoming increasingly entrenched.

To Han Cheng's surprise, he wanted to get up and try burning another kiln.

After so many attempts at burning charcoal, he had never tried starting the fire from the top, so it wouldn't take too much firewood to burn another kiln.

After all the previous failures, burning one more kiln wouldn't hurt.

With this decision made, Han Cheng's chaotic mind gradually calmed down, drowsiness washed over him, and soon he drifted into dreams.

Early the following day, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were already up, determined even by the warmth of the heated bed.

" Divine Child!"

After waiting a while, they called out to Han Cheng with excitement and anticipation as he emerged from his room.

After a moment of slight surprise, Han Cheng smiled. These people were enthusiastic about the bow and arrow, much more than himself, the shaman who was only thinking about burning charcoal.

However

However, they were destined to be disappointed because even the most advanced bow and arrow couldn't shoot down the sun, let alone rockets from later generations.

If only he had told them the legend of Hou Yi shooting down the sun after making the bow and arrow, then they wouldn't have such a significant psychological gap after seeing the bow and arrow he made.

Han Cheng thought helplessly like this, asking everyone to wait for him.

After solving his biological issues and a simple wash, he began crafting bows and arrows amidst the crowd's anticipation.

With a group of people, they searched around the tribe and found a kind of tree that was more flexible in texture. Pointing at a tree branch about the thickness of a baby's arm, without him having to do anything, the people who couldn't sleep because they were thinking about bows and arrows immediately pounced on it fiercely.

They didn't chop down the branch but directly began to work on the tree with a diameter of over thirty centimeters.

Last night, they had imagined the bow and arrow. Although they couldn't imagine the specific appearance of the bow and arrow, one thing was everyone's consensus: it had to be big!

No one would believe it wasn't big if something could bring down the sun.

So they directly ignored the tree branch, thinking that the Divine Child was referring to this tree

Han Cheng looked at the few people continuously wielding their stone axes and being fierce as if they were going to cut down this big tree and couldn't help but stare in amazement.

How big of a bow were these guys trying to make?

Moreover, cutting down such a big tree would take a long time. He was still thinking about quickly making the bow and arrow and then experimenting with his stubborn charcoal-burning idea. He couldn't afford to waste time like this.

He hurriedly called out to the Eldest Senior Brother and Third Senior Brother, pointing again at the tree branch above, indicating that they only needed to cut it down, not the whole tree.

Everyone was surprised. They looked at the small tree branch and then at the Divine Child, wearing expressions of confusion. Could something like this make a bow and arrow to shoot down the sun?

Han Cheng understood what these guys were thinking and couldn't help but cry and laugh. "Chop down this big tree to make weapons. Who among you can handle it?"

Upon hearing Han Cheng's words, the crowd couldn't help but feel embarrassed. They had only considered making it big but had forgotten about this point.

The tree branch with the thickness of a baby's arm was cut down. Han Cheng, accompanied by the restless crowd, returned to the tribe and began making the first bow and arrow in the history of the Green Sparrow Tribe, destined to disappoint.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe once again found themselves sleepless, with some reminiscing about the stories told by the Divine Child, deeply immersed in their thoughts.

More were pondering the mighty weapon- the bow and arrowable to shoot down the sun from the sky, which was unimaginable!

Thoughts of the Divine Child crafting such a weapon tomorrow filled their hearts with excitement, continuously imagining what the bow and arrow might look like.

Would such a powerful weapon be too big to handle?

Their aesthetic viewpoint remained pure, admiring things that were big and round.

You could tell this from the word "" (beauty).

A big sheep was beautiful; a big sheep was delicious to eat and very filling. This feeling was good. The concept of beauty slowly developed from this most basic and intuitive feeling.

Many couldn't sleep, completely distracted by thoughts of the shaman, while Shi Tou, who had been entirely led astray by Han Cheng, was also tossing and turning, unable to sleep.

But what he was thinking about was different from most people. It wasn't the powerful bow and arrow but that kind of miraculous elixir that could make people fly to the sky after consuming it.

Where could he find such a powerful tribe Shaman like the Queen Mother of the West?

Thinking about this matter, he was full of conflict.

Yet amid the conflict, there was also an unbearable excitement because he had once again received a way to fly from the shaman, namely the Queen Mother and her elixir.

Unlike adults who had much greater life pressures, Xiao Mei, Xiao Li, and Cheng hadn't been hungry since the Divine Child arrived. In addition to some girls' natural tendencies, what they considered most was not the bow and arrow that excited the adults but Chang'e, who lived alone on the moon with a rabbit and occasionally danced.

Dancing, they hadn't had this concept before. Only after the night they moved into their new home when the Divine Child led everyone in a dance around the fire, did they realize what dancing was. Dancing turned out to be such a fun thing.

So, in their minds, there automatically appeared a vision of a tall woman, taller than a strong man, wrapped in fur, holding a rabbit, and dancing on the moon.

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#### Chapter 230: Archery's greatest insult

The bow and arrow are not unfamiliar to people in later generations. They are ubiquitous in both film and martial arts novels.

Before the emergence of firearms, the bow and arrow had always been the most convenient and effective long-range weapon.

As time went on, many different types of bows also appeared.

From horn bows, steel bows, and composite bows to Scottish longbows there were indeed quite a few types.

However, these bows and arrows, with their diverse styles and names left in the annals of history due to their respective advantages, had little to do with Han Cheng and the current Green Sparrow Tribe.

Because Han Cheng couldn't make any of these bows, this was limited by the harsh conditions and his limited knowledge of bow-making.

What he could do now was only to enlarge the most straightforward kind of bow he used to play with in his childhood.

The straight tree branch chosen by Han Cheng had already been stripped bare.

After comparing his height with his Eldest Senior Brother's, Han Cheng made a mark about twenty centimeters lower than his Eldest Senior Brother's height. Then he instructed Lame to cut it off from there carefully.

He then used a stone knife to carve notches on both ends of the branch, which would be used to hang the bowstring.

After carving the notches, Han Cheng had his Eldest Senior Brother press the branch against the ground and push down forcefully.

The branch was bent into a crescent shape by his Eldest Senior Brother, and Han Cheng took the opportunity to tie the rope that had been brought over earlier to both ends of the bent stick.

After tightening the rope, Han Cheng let his Eldest Senior Brother release his grip. The rope, which had been loose before, immediately tightened.

This bow was too big for Han Cheng. When he picked it up with his hand and pulled it, he could only pull it a little.

The bow was heavy, and its elasticity was not good.

The people watching on the sidelines couldn't help but exchange glances when they saw this bow and arrow, which was far from what they had imagined.

Did Hou Yi use this thing to shoot down the sun?

Even Second Senior Brother, who was the best at throwing things the farthest and most accurately, couldn't throw this thing too far, could he?

"Divine Child, this"

Someone couldn't help but ask the doubts in their hearts. Han Cheng smiled and said that it wasn't finished yet.

He took some chicken feathers from Tie Tou while picking up some small straight branches that had just been cut from the tree branch and put them into the fire, sharpening one end as much as possible on a stone.

At this time, Tie Tou also brought over some wild chicken feathers.

Han Cheng took them, aligned them, placed them on the wood, and used a stone knife to cut them off with effort.

Then, he picked up two pieces, aligned them, and tied them at the end of the arrow shaft with a thin rope. This simple arrow was then completed.

Han Cheng wanted to let his Eldest Senior Brother or other adults shoot with the bow and arrow, but they had never touched these things before and didn't know how to use them. So, shooting the first arrow fell on Han Cheng, the Divine Child.

The bow and arrow were not much shorter than Han Cheng. He held the bow in his right hand, struggled to lift it, and held the arrow in his other hand. He placed the groove carved on the top end of the arrow shaft onto the bowstring and pulled it with all his might.

In front of him, there were no longer any people. The crowd had left ample space for the Divine Child to perform.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe all focused on the Divine Child, who looked very awkward holding a large bow.

Although the bow and arrow made by the Divine Child were far from what they had imagined, the story they heard last night about Hou Yi shooting down the sun made them not dare to underestimate the bow and arrow in the Divine Child's hands.

Some timid people suddenly became afraid.

They were worried that the sun in the sky would fall after the Divine Child shot this arrow.

There was only one sun in the sky. If the Divine Child shot it down, what would they do in the future?

Thinking about the days without the sun, which would forever be shrouded in darkness, they couldn't help but feel fear and even wanted to speak out, not allowing the Divine Child to shoot this arrow.

"Twang!"

With the sound of the bowstring, the feathered arrow attached to the bow flew out.

Everyone widened their eyes. Some timid ones had already raised their heads to look at the sky, afraid that the sun, which was so scared that their little faces turned pale, would fall.

After looking for a while, seeing that the sun was still hanging in the sky without any signs of falling, Cheng sighed a sigh of relief but couldn't help feeling disappointed.

Relieved, she then noticed that it was hushed around her. She thought that perhaps the Divine Child had done something earth-shattering with this arrow. She quickly leaned over to look. After seeing the situation there clearly, she was also stunned!

Just like the others, she was strangely quiet.

Following her gaze, the arrow was quietly lying there about five or six meters in front of the shaman.

Whether it was due to exerting too much force, the weather was too cold, or some other reason, the Divine Child's face and neck appeared slightly red.

Han Cheng put down the bow, looked at the petrified crowd, and then at the disobedient arrow. He sniffed and cursed softly to himself, "Damn it."

He looked a bit embarrassed.

The power of the bow and arrow completely exceeded the people's expectations of the Green Sparrow Tribe. Not only could it not shoot down the sun, but it couldn't even reach as far as throwing something with its hands

Han Cheng called over the still dumbfounded Eldest Senior Brother, who hadn't recovered from the immense power of the bow and arrow and asked him to pick up the arrow several meters away, imitating what he had just done to shoot the arrow.

After Han Cheng's demonstration, which could be called a humiliation in the history of archery, the Eldest Senior Brother and others also learned how to use the bow and arrow.

With Han Cheng's technical guidance on the side, the Eldest Senior Brother's second attempt at shooting the arrow went smoothly.

He pulled the bowstring forcefully at Han Cheng's signal, then loosened his grip on the arrow. With a swoosh' sound, the arrow was gone when they looked again.

Cheng instinctively looked four or five meters in front of the Eldest Senior Brother, but this time it was empty.

"It's over there!"

Someone exclaimed in surprise.

Cheng hurriedly followed everyone's gaze and saw someone holding the arrow far away, raising it high above the crowd.

The distance was about thirty meters, which was still far from being able to shoot down the sun, but it was still helpful.

At least many people in the tribe couldn't throw something this far.



Han Cheng had someone set up a tree stump thirty meters away and had the adults in the tribe take turns shooting arrows at the stump, wanting to see if there were any naturally talented archers among them who were better than the Divine Child.

The Eldest Senior Brother missed all three arrows, and the Second Senior brother's aim was even worse. He missed and hit the rabbit enclosure.

Similarly, Shang's three arrows also missed the stump.

This made Han Cheng sigh inwardly and then smile. He realized that his idea was too idealistic. It wasn't easy to find a natural archer. With only so many people in their tribe, the probability of such talent was small

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