

Primitive 261

Chapter 261: Warm Wind Blows, Spring is here

The accumulated snow on the ground slowly melted, and the thick ice on the river was gradually thawing. At some point, the swollen river began to flow steadily downstream, occasionally accompanied by the sound of ice colliding.

The roots had turned green, and some impatient blades were already poking their tender yellow heads out of the soil, trembling in the lingering chill of the spring breeze.

Standing atop the walls of the Green Sparrow Tribe, one could see a layer of faint green over the surrounding expanse of yellow, a sign of the season where green willows seemed to contain smoke, and the grass looked closer yet out of reach.

In this somewhat chilly wind, the spring of the fourth year of the Green Sparrow had officially arrived.

Despite Han Cheng's anticipation and the preparations he had made throughout half the winter, his journey did not commence immediately.

Firstly, spring had just arrived, and because of the melting snow, the river had swelled significantly. It wasn't safe to travel by boat in such conditions.

Secondly, the temperature hadn't risen yet, neither in the air nor the river.

In this season, falling into the water could cost someone their life.

In other words, it wasn't the right time for a downstream journey.

Thirdly, and most importantly, Han Cheng was feeling somewhat hesitant.

As winter gave way to spring and the river began to thaw, his once eager desire to explore suddenly tinged with unease.

He didn't know what awaited him further afield.

On one hand, he longed for the civilized world beyond, but on the other hand, he felt apprehensive about it.

He didn't know what to do when he discovered the civilized world outside or how to handle his relationship with the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Should he leave the tribe behind and return to civilization alone, or should he return to the tribe's embrace? Or perhaps he should take the tribe's people with him?

These were things he had considered before but hadn't profoundly considered. As the weather warmed up, these thoughts weighed heavier on his mind with each passing day.

Ah, humanity.

Ah, Han Cheng.

Truly complex and indescribable.

Han Cheng procrastinated on the journey because these thoughts weighed on his mind, and there were unfavorable external conditions for travel.

Let's wait a little longer, until the weather warms up some more, until the silkworms are ready until the millet is sown.

By then, the water will be much warmer. Even if the canoe capsizes and one falls into the water, they can fight for their life. It wouldn't be like now, where falling in would freeze them stiff and likely cost them their life.

After making this decision, Han Cheng felt considerably relieved.

As he was thinking this, he suddenly heard faint crying behind him.

And it wasn't just one person crying.

Han Cheng was taken aback, confusion rising within him. He had been here for three years and hadn't seen many people in the tribe cry. What was happening today? Why were they suddenly crying?

And it wasn't just one person crying. Could it be?

These thoughts swirling in his mind made Han Cheng's heart uneasy. Suppressing his wandering thoughts, he turned to look into the courtyard. He didn't see anyone crying, but he could tell the direction of the sound it was from that row of houses!

He followed the ladder that had been inspected and tidied once, quickly descended the wall, and hurried towards the house.

Circling the house from a distance, he saw the scene unfold before him: several older children from the Green Sparrow Tribe, including Xing, Chen, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Li, had gathered under the eaves, their cries emanating from their mouths.

Seeing only them, given that their location wasn't the doorway or inside the house, Han Cheng's heart relaxed slightly.

"What's wrong?" Han Cheng asked aloud.

"Divine Child" They looked up upon hearing his voice, and upon seeing Han Cheng, Xing cried out with tears in her eyes.

Han Cheng shivered slightly. He always found it annoying when women cried; they wouldn't stop once they started, making him irritable.

Seeing Xing and the others tearfully looking at him, he felt somewhat overwhelmed.

Moreover, it wasn't just the girls crying; even the boys like Cheng were teary-eyed. What was going on?

After inquiring about the situation, Han Cheng soon understood the whole story.

The root of the problem lay in the empty wooden frame he was holding in his hands.

Originally used to hang wind chimes, the wooden frame couldn't withstand the warmer weather, and the wind chimes made of ice eventually melted.

Xing and the others especially liked the transparent and melodious wind chimes. Seeing them melt and break, they couldn't help but cry in sadness.

Even the boys like Cheng also liked these wind chimes. At first, they didn't cry, but later, influenced by Xing and the others, they shed tears, too.

"I put it in the water, but it still melted," Xiaomei said, choking back tears and unable to hold them back.

Han Cheng felt a headache coming on. This was indeed a complex problem. There were no refrigerators, and the tribe didn't have saltpeter. How could he magically produce ice?

Looking at these tearful and expectant faces, Han Cheng regretted bringing out the wind chimes in the first place.

Seeing Han Cheng pondering silently, Xing and the others knew that the wind chimes were beyond saving.

The warmer weather meant the ice and snow would melt. They understood this but couldn't bear to see such beautiful wind chimes disappear.

"Divine Child" Xing spoke up, indicating they didn't need the wind chimes anymore. But to their surprise, Han Cheng, who had been silent and contemplative, suddenly smiled and said he could fix the wind chimes.

This surprised and delighted them, and they were also curious about how Han Cheng would fix the wind chimes, especially since the ice had already melted.

Han Cheng naturally had a solution. He instructed the children to find some broken pottery pieces.

These were plentiful in the Green Sparrow Tribe, especially near the clay pits near the river.

After a while, the children picked up a small pile of pottery pieces.

Han Cheng then directed them to drill holes in the pottery pieces.

As soon as the children understood what Han Cheng was doing, their eyes lit up.

Yes, they had only thought of using ice to make wind chimes, but they forgot that other things could also be used!

Inspired by Han Cheng, Heiwa had already mastered a simple method of glazing pottery: brushing a layer of wood ash water onto the clay embryo, firing the pottery, and the surface would become very smooth.

The pieces the children brought were all shiny and glazed.

The ropes on the wooden frame were now adorned with pottery pieces of various sizes. When they collided with each other, they produced even more pleasing sounds.

Seeing the wind chimes gently swaying in the breeze, the children smiled individually, cheering around Han Cheng.

Han Cheng also smiled.

Chapter 262: Silkworms, planting trees, seedlings, and the arriving Donkey Tribe.

A gentle breeze blew, and the wind chimes under the eaves tinkled softly. The lazy spring sun bathed everything in warmth.

Han Cheng sat against the southern wall, holding a stick in his hand. He carefully examined it in front of his eyes, straining his eyes a bit, but he still couldn't see any patterns on the stick.

Han Cheng rubbed his slightly sore eyes and put the stick back into the clay pot by his feet.

The clay pot was dry, and some tender yellow leaves inside were this year's newly sprouted mulberry leaves.

He never forgot about the silkworms. Even with the current technological means, even if he managed to raise silkworms, turning the delicate silkworm silk into magnificent silk was almost impossible. However, Han Cheng never gave up the idea of raising silkworms.

The silkworms were still quite primitive, far from mature domestic silkworms, and there was still a long way to go. Since that was the case, he decided to start with a small-scale breeding.

Not for making silk but to cultivate silkworms that could produce larger and better cocoons.

Compared to the advancement of weaving technology, the evolution of silkworm cocoons was undoubtedly more difficult and required a long time of generation-by-generation cultivation.

When the weaving methods reached the point where they could use silk to weave silk, it would be too late to start cultivating domestic silkworms.

After waiting for a while and not seeing any silkworm larvae emerge from the silkworm seeds, Han Cheng placed the small clay pot on the windowsill and walked towards the courtyard outside.

Outside the Green Sparrow Tribe, it was a busy scene.

Led by the Eldest Senior Brother, they were using spades to dig something on the softened land after a winter.

They weren't plowing the land but digging holes.

The digging spots were on the east side of the Green Sparrow Tribe, on the open space bordering the forest, and near the small river some distance away from the Green Sparrow Tribe.

These pits were dug about every two meters.

Don't doubt why they dug so accurately because the Lame was measuring with a two-meter-long stick.

These pits stretched from the small river on the south side to the foot of the mountain two or three miles away.

There were two rows of such pits.

After someone dug the pit, the person behind them picked up a small sapling and put it in the dug pit. Following the previous demonstration of the Divine Child, they straightened the sapling while Liang next to them used a spade to tamp the soil piled up on the pit's edge and firmly packed it with their feet.

After doing this, they took the spade and the sapling and went to the next pit, then repeated the previous actions.

Ru Hua carried a bucket of water from the river and walked to the newly planted sapling, where she put it down.

With one hand holding the rope on the jar and the other hand lifting the bottom of the jar, she slowly tilted it down, pouring the cool, bright water from the jar into the pit where the new sapling was planted.

Sometimes, after pouring out a jar of water, there would be one or two jumping little fish at the bottom.

If it were before, in the old tribe, Ru Hua would be very happy to hide the little fish in her hand secretly, find an opportunity where nobody could see, and put the little fish into her mouth, chewing nervously while sincerely marveling at her good luck today.

But now, she would never do such a thing again.

Three meals a day, each meal eaten to the full. After getting used to this kind of life, thinking back to the past, she couldn't help but wonder how she managed to survive and grow up.

Ru Hua watered the plants very carefully and conscientiously. Sometimes, when she saw a sapling leaning, she would stop and straighten it out.

Like everyone else in the tribe, she executed the tasks assigned by the Divine Child without any discount.

These saplings were not random trees but fruit trees brought by the tribe's people from the surrounding area in the past few days.

Only after Ru Hua made sure the saplings wouldn't lean anymore did she release her hand, showing great care towards these saplings.

While doing these tasks, scenes from a few days ago that the Divine Child had described involuntarily floated into her mind

The gentle wind blew, the branches swayed slightly, and the rich fragrance of fruit filled the entire courtyard with the wind.

The planted fruit trees had grown not far from the courtyard, and the branches were laden with fruit, bending them down.

There was no need to go far to pick fruit. One could easily obtain fruit just by walking out of the courtyard.

Just thinking about this scene made people intoxicated and fascinated.

At the same time, she wondered why they hadn't considered planting wild fruit trees near the tribe before.

Qi Qiu didn't participate in the tree-planting activity; he had other things to attend to.

Squatting at the edge of the rapeseed field, he was inserting many sticks about five centimeters long into the turned soil.

The sticks weren't completely inserted; one or two buds without leaves were exposed outside.

He was doing it very seriously, but he didn't quite understand the Divine Child's explanation that these sticks would grow into trees when the time came.

After watching for a while, Han Cheng pulled out a few sticks that Qi Qiu had inserted upside down and reinserted them.

He was trying to develop this area as a nursery, mainly planting mulberry branches and some fruit trees. Han Cheng didn't know whether these fruit trees would succeed.

The fruits at this time mainly were not as tasty as those in later generations.

Fruits with small pits and lots of flesh were considered heretical, while fruits with thick skin, little flesh, large pits, and a bad taste were mainstream.

Thinking about it, one could understand. After all, the fruits eaten in later generations had undergone countless generations and breeding techniques to finally become what they were, naturally much better than these primitive, pure wild ones now.

Han Cheng knew little about fruit tree cultivation. One method was grafting, and the other was selection, similar to cultivating rapeseed.

However, no matter what, this had to be explored and tried. With more exploration, the experience would gradually accumulate.

"Someone's here! Someone's here!"

The person standing on the low wall to the east shouted.

Before he shouted, the Eldest Senior Brother digging pits in the east with others had already noticed the visitors.

Because these people came from the forest to the east.

After a brief moment of tension, it quickly calmed down. The visitors were from the Donkey Tribe, not enemies.

Han Cheng was a little puzzled. It was just the beginning of spring; why were people from the Donkey Tribe here? Hadn't he given them enough salt before?

After confirming the visitors' identities, the Eldest Senior Brother asked the Third Senior Brother and others to put away their bows.

The Third Senior Brother and the others were very vigilant. They also brought bows and arrows when they came out to dig pits.

The leader of the Donkey Tribe looked at the curved wood carried by the people of this tribe behind their backs, puzzled.

Using such curved wood as a weapon, he didn't understand what this wealthy tribe was thinking. They even treated it so solemnly.

That curved wood was far less lethal than the wooden sticks with bone fragments held by other people in this tribe.

Chapter 263: The Suddenly Generous Donkey Tribe.

The leader of the Donkey Tribe was puzzled not only by this point but also by why this tribe used something that seemed to have even greater power than stone spears to dig the ground. He couldn't understand what was worth digging in this land.

Such weapons could be more beneficial for hunting. Yet, this tribe used them for digging, which was a waste.

As he thought about it, his gaze swept over the newly dug pits and the planted saplings of the Green Sparrow Tribe, and his confusion deepened.

He had never planted trees himself, but from what he saw, he could basically understand the intention of the Green Sparrow Tribe in doing this. However, understanding it only made him more puzzled.

Trees were everywhere around here. Why would this tribe still plant trees? What was the point?

Did they plan to chop them down for firewood when the time came?

Thinking this way, he shook his head slightly. How could it be convenient to chop down grown trees directly?

The leader of the Donkey Tribe thought for a while but still couldn't understand. In his opinion, the actions of the Green Sparrow Tribe were unnecessary and a waste of time.

Of course, he couldn't summarize it so succinctly, but that was the gist of his thoughts.

This was truly a tribe with too much food and nothing better to do.

This was the definition the leader of the Donkey Tribe gave to the Green Sparrow Tribe based on his observations during this visit.

However, just thinking about the precious pottery, delicious salt, and abundant food that this tribe possessed, the leader of the Donkey Tribe felt somewhat deflated and resentful.

Why did this tribe, which seemed idle, possess so many things they looked up to?

Thinking about it made him feel frustrated.

In such a mood, the leader of the Donkey Tribe completed negotiations with the Green Sparrow Tribe's elder.

Seeing the food and fur carried by the people of the Donkey Tribe, the Chief of the Green Sparrow Tribe temporarily ordered the cessation of digging and invited them to join the tribe.

Meanwhile, the Third Senior Brother and the archers hurried back to the tribe and climbed onto the low wall.

The process of entering the Green Sparrow Tribe was the same: all weapons were left outside before entry.

The people of the Donkey Tribe had visited the Green Sparrow Tribe several times before and were accustomed to its requirements. Upon arriving at the Green Sparrow Tribe's gate, they voluntarily left their weapons outside.

Perhaps they felt they wouldn't need so much fur in the winter. This time, the Donkey Tribe brought substantial fur compared to all their previous visits.

Despite the considerable value of the pottery in the Green Sparrow Tribe, the Donkey Tribe's exchange of pottery and some food still netted them a large jar, two clay pots, and twelve bowls.

They also requested two more jars of salt to take back as they departed.

Why did the Donkey Tribe suddenly become so generous?

After the people of the Donkey Tribe left with their newly acquired pottery and the free salt, Han Cheng looked at the pile of things they had left behind, feeling completely puzzled.

According to his previous estimation, among the surrounding tribes in contact with the Green Sparrow Tribe, the Donkey Tribe was the poorest.

Yet today, the Donkey Tribe's actions completely overturned his previous conclusions.

Could the people of the Donkey Tribe, like A-Q, have been involved in illicit dealings?

Han Cheng joked to himself but then shook his head.

The Donkey Tribe had few people, and in the middle of winter, it was impossible for them to steal so many things from other tribes and get away unscathed. After all, doing such things in the middle of winter meant leaving no way out for the tribes being robbed, and those tribes would fight back.

Just now, Han Cheng carefully observed the members of the Donkey Tribe who came to trade. Their numbers had not changed much compared to previous visits. Furthermore, they didn't bear any signs of injuries, and no members appeared conspicuously different from before. From this perspective, it could be reasonably ruled out that the people of the Donkey Tribe had engaged in raiding other tribes.

The surrounding tribes were all quite mysterious. The Green Tribe had millet, and the Sheep Tribe managed to procure many sheep. The Donkey Tribe, originally thought to be the poorest, suddenly became wealthy...

After thinking for a while with no results, Han Cheng decided not to dwell on this matter any longer. Whether these furs and food were possessed initially by the Donkey Tribe and only now brought out or obtained from elsewhere, they would ultimately belong to their tribe.

Coincidentally, their tribe's fur stock was dwindling due to heavy winter consumption, so the batch brought by the Donkey Tribe could fill the gap. Someone naturally began to transport these newly acquired skins without needing his orders.

Han Cheng stood there for a while, then remembered the matter of the silkworms and walked over to check.

As he approached, Fu Jiang, with her large belly, lay lazily in the sun, apparently nearing the time to give birth.

Han Cheng looked at her increasingly large belly and the few little things that had now become visible among her fur as she lay down, thinking there would soon be some little puppies in the tribe.

Thinking of this, Han Cheng couldn't help but feel happy.

What made him even happier was what happened next: many of the silkworm seeds on the mulberry sticks had hatched.

On the bottom of the basin, some nearly invisible things were lying on the small mulberry leaves. These seemingly motionless little black dots were the newly hatched silkworm larvae.

Previously, after waiting so long and not seeing any silkworms hatch from the eggs, Han Cheng had started to doubt whether the eggs were already bad. Now that he saw the small silkworms emerge, he finally relaxed.

Uncontrollable joy emanated from deep within him. Only he knew the immense significance represented by these tiny creatures at this moment.

Meanwhile, Shaman, who was peeking at the mother rabbit feeding her kittens at the edge of the rabbit pen, saw the Divine Child continuously giggling at the basin and came over to see what was happening.

After learning about the situation from Han Cheng, Shaman lay there blinking for a long time but saw nothing. His eyes were already a bit blurry.

Although he didn't see the tiny silkworms, a smile still appeared on Shaman's face. He had heard too much about silkworms from the Divine Child during this time. Although he still felt it was unnecessary as long as there was enough fur to use, he now attached more importance to silkworms.

By the afternoon, no more silkworm larvae crawled out. Han Cheng carefully counted them and found a total of thirty-three.

These little guys seemed motionless on the mulberry leaves, but if you looked again after a while, you would find they had already nibbled on the tender leaves.

As the sun was about to set, Han Cheng carried these silkworms back into the house.

To prevent these tiny creatures from escaping, Han Cheng deliberately found the best-glazed pottery in the tribe to contain them. The smooth interior of the pottery was not conducive to crawling and could effectively prevent them from climbing up.

Later, he thought it wasn't secure enough and found a piece of animal hide to cover the pottery.

After a while, he worried that the animal hide wouldn't be breathable and might suffocate these little creatures. After scratching his head and thinking for a while, he found some dry, large leaves to cover them.

After doing all this, Han Cheng smiled helplessly. He was too kind to these silkworms as if they were afraid to melt in his mouth or drop from his hands.

He raised them for a few days first, and when they grew bigger, he let Xing, Xiaomei, and Xiaoli take care of them.

When he woke up in the middle of the night, Han Cheng couldn't help but light a lamp from the heated bed to check on the silkworms.

Keeping them in his room was affecting his sleep.

Chapter 264: Fu Jiang Gives Birth

Three days had passed, yet the joy brought by the silkworms had not diminished much.

These tiny creatures grew very fast. In just three days, their size increased two or threefold compared to the beginning, as if they had been inflated.

As their size increased, so did their appetite.

Fortunately, there were only a few silkworms, and the leaves on those mulberry trees were enough for them to eat. Raising these silkworms did not impose much burden on the tribe.

However, where the mulberry trees grew was a bit far from the tribe, making it inconvenient to pick mulberry leaves.

It would be better when the mulberry saplings planted this year grew up. At that time, they could burn a large area of land near the tribe, plant these mulberry saplings, and in a few years, they would have a large mulberry forest.

Mulberry trees were excellent for making bows, wooden forks, or raising silkworms. In the age of men cultivating and women weaving, a mulberry field was a good legacy for future generations.

A few mulberry leaves were prepared for the silkworms. Han Cheng called out to the Third Senior Brother and asked him to bring two others and himself to pick some mulberry leaves.

Just as they were about to leave, Fu Jiang, who had yet to be found before, showed up.

Han Cheng thought it wanted to follow him, but as soon as he took a few steps, Fu Jiang grabbed his clothes with its teeth and pulled him back.

What was wrong with this guy today? Why wouldn't it let him go out?

Han Cheng wondered.

Han Cheng stood still, and Fu Jiang let go of his clothes, squatting there and looking at him.

Han Cheng pondered for a while in the place, then pretended to walk outside again. Fu Jiang came over and pulled him back.

After three or four times like this, Han Cheng gave up going out to pick mulberry leaves. Although he seemed calm, he was pretty nervous.

Sometimes, animals seemed to know when something big was about to happen, and they made unexpected moves. Han Cheng had heard such stories more than once.

The most memorable one was during the Three Kingdoms period when Wang Yun, Lu Bu, and others were preparing to kill Dong Zhuo. Dong Zhuo encountered many omens on his way, including a yellow dog blocking the road and crying.

For such things, it was impossible not to be affected.

Han Cheng also treated it with an attitude of believing it rather than not. After all, life was the most important thing.

Han Cheng carefully pondered for a while. He hadn't adopted any adopted sons, nor had he kept any pretty concubines. After coming here, he had been single-mindedly working for the development of the Green Sparrow tribe and hadn't done anything morally questionable. It didn't make sense for such signs to appear on him!

The trees had been planted, and Eldest Senior Brother and others, who were preparing the ground for planting millet, were called in by Han Cheng. The gate of the Green Sparrow tribe was also closed, and no one was outside.

The Shaman, Eldest Senior Brother, and others didn't understand what was happening and came over to ask why. Han Cheng couldn't tell them much about it, only saying that the tribe might encounter unfavorable things.

Seeing that the Divine Child was somewhat unnatural, the Eldest Senior Brother pounded his chest to reassure the Divine Child. Most of the others who knew about this also pounded their chests and howled to show no need to worry.

Han Cheng could understand their thoughts very well.

The Green Sparrow tribe raised its walls higher last year and set up many measures outside the walls. They even had long-range weapons like bows, stone-throwing weapons, and defensive measures like vine shields. They had been practicing systematically for over three months and felt that they had become powerful.

Many people were even looking forward to the return of the tribe that had once attacked them so that they could show off their skills.

Otherwise, it would be very uncomfortable to make so many preparations and not be able to use them.

It's like someone who has obtained a treasure and always wants to cut something.

Watching this group of people standing on the low wall, rubbing their hands in excitement, Han Cheng couldn't help but smile.

What did it matter if something terrible happened? Staying inside the walls, facing the Green Sparrow tribe curled up like hedgehogs, even if the surrounding tribes were added together, they wouldn't get anything good.

As for wild beasts and such, let's not even mention them.

Han Cheng thought to himself as he went to look for Fu Jiang, the cause of the commotion, but he couldn't find her.

After a while, he saw Fu Jiang coming from somewhere with a piece of torn leather in its mouth, dragging it into the house.

What was up with this guy today? Why was it acting so strangely?

Han Cheng became puzzled. Fu Jiang had never done such things before.

He didn't stop Fu Jiang's actions but followed behind, wanting to see what it was up to today.

Entering the house, he found that Fu Jiang had already dragged the torn leather into its nest.

Its nest was padded with hay and fur, quite comfortable, but now it was even messier and bulky with the addition of the torn leather that Fu Jiang had brought in.

After bringing in the torn leather, Fu Jiang became quiet, rearranged its nest, and lay down inside without coming out again.

Han Cheng's eyes lit up, and he slapped his forehead. He understood why Fu Jiang looked like this today. It wasn't an omen; it was about to give birth to pups!

He went out to tell Eldest Senior Brother and the others not to be so highly vigilant anymore, but they seemed somewhat disappointed.

Fitting quietly in its nest, Fu Jiang came out with Han Cheng and followed him outside. When Han Cheng returned to the house, it returned to its nest.

After about half an hour like this, Fu Jiang became restless, standing up from its nest occasionally, lying down again, and sometimes even walking to the edge of the nest.

It made some painful whining sounds.

During this time, Fu Jiang didn't let Han Cheng go out. Every time Han Cheng left the house, it would come out and pull him back.

When a mother beast gave birth to pups, it was the most dangerous time for her, and Han Cheng was Fu Jiang's closest person. Only Han Cheng's presence here to let it out would give it peace of mind.

Han Cheng knew that the puppies were about to be born. They mustn't have a difficult birth like Lord Deer's wife, or he really wouldn't have any good ideas.

He thought anxiously.

Han Cheng's anxiety was soon replaced by joy as he saw a tiny thing fall into the fur pile...

With the birth of the first slippery, rat-like puppy, the rest came much faster, so much so that Han Cheng miscounted the number of puppies.

He initially counted four, but when Fu Jiang stopped giving birth, and he recounted, he was pleasantly surprised to find that there was one more!

The newly made mother, Fu Jiang, appeared somewhat alert yet carried a unique serenity. She lay in the dog nest, with five blind puppies crowding together, fighting for milk and occasionally making grunting sounds.

Han Cheng went over and picked up one of the nursing wolf cubs, chubby and fluffy, adorable.

Feeling the delicious thing disappear in its mouth, it made some whining protest sounds in its throat, and its body made small, futile struggles, trying to break free from this devil's grasp and return to the safe embrace.

Fu Jiang appeared somewhat nervous as it stood up, grabbed one of the puppies that refused to let go of the nipple, and took a tumble.

It opened its mouth, gently bit the puppy's neck, took it from Han Cheng's hand and put it back in the nest.

Strangely enough, the puppy, struggling in Han Cheng's arms, was exceptionally quiet when carried by Fu Jiang like this.

It was sleeping with its eyes closed.

Chapter 265: Five Little Blessings and the Deer of the Ploughed Land

The instinct of blessing to protect its cubs still exists. Except for Han Cheng, who raised her, Fu Jiang does not allow anyone else to go to the dog's den to take her wolf cubs.

However, because it hasn't spent as much time with wolves as it has with humans and has long considered the Green Sparrow Tribe its own group, it has become familiar with the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe. So, when others approach the dog's den, it just shows its teeth and doesn't attack.

Furry little animals are the most lovable, especially for the girls in the tribe, who are captivated by these furry little creatures.

Although they don't care much about silkworm farming, they are exceptionally fond of these wolf cubs.

These people who don't usually come to Han Cheng's house now want to hang around here when they have nothing to do.

Squatting on the side and watching the wolf cubs suckle, their hearts are melting.

These primitive girls, who couldn't resist the impulse to "trap the god" half a month ago and told their thoughts to the Eldest Senior Brother and the shaman, have now completely forgotten about trapping the Divine Child and giving birth to monkeys for him. Their hearts are now wholly devoted to these meaty little dog cubs.

If they watch for a long time, they will beg the Divine Child to bring out these little dog cubs for them to touch, hug, and lift high.

Because in the entire tribe, only the Divine Child can bring the puppies out of the dog's den.

Han Cheng looked at these underage girls who were wholeheartedly devoted to the little wolf cubs, recalling what the shaman had said to him half a month ago, and couldn't help but wipe away a cold sweat.

Who knows how these guys suddenly started thinking about trapping him again?

Why are people like Xing, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Li so eager?

Is it because the Divine Child's face became more charming after being struck by lightning?

As a certain Divine Child wiped away his sweat while shamelessly thinking like this.

The matter of "trapping the Divine Child" was naturally firmly rejected by Han Cheng with righteous words. The reason was very justified: he was still not grown up and was not suitable for doing things that were not suitable for children...

With the sudden occurrence of twin sisters and then living a life of kidney pain, Han Cheng had fantasized about it a lot in his previous life, but now...

Looking at Xiao Mei and Xiao Li, who were not much thinner than Xing, Han Cheng still found it difficult to open his heart.

Is this the difference between ideal and reality?

Han Cheng thought helplessly while sniffing.

Speaking of which, it's a bit bitter. Whether in this life or the previous one, marriage matters are full of twists and turns for him.

This matter was temporarily put aside. As he grew up, he would choose whether to bow to reality or remain a lifelong bachelor and cultivate unparalleled hand speed.

Thinking so bitterly, Han Cheng was very supportive of the behavior of Xing, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Li, who were wholeheartedly devoted to the little wolf cubs. In this way, they wouldn't be thinking all day about how to "trap the Divine Child"...

The five little dog cubs already have their names: Da Fu, Er Fu, San Fu, Si Fu, and Xiao Fu.

Han Cheng did not give these names, but Xing, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Li this group of girls.

They felt that the cubs born under the blessing must have the character "Fu" in their names, and they also knew from the Divine Child that the character "Fu" means blessings.

Han Cheng looked at these people who were full of expectations looking at him and finally resisted the urge to cough and agreed to these names.

But his face couldn't help but twitch a little. Five Little blessings, indeed.

After thinking about it, he realized this was also good. Apart from being easy to remember, aside from the pun with Five Little Fu, the implication of "Five Blessings Arriving" is also good.

The weather was getting warmer daily, and the grass changed from tender yellow to deep green, completing the transformation from fresh meat to old bacon.

Many wildflowers also began to bloom, including many purple joy flowers.

This year, the joy flowers were blooming white because no joy festivals were held between the nearby tribes.

However, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe still had things to do.

The large patch of rapeseed to the west, nourished by spring sunlight, was lush green, and its growth was quite satisfactory. By now, it had started to bud universally.

In a little while, it would blossom.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were not busy with these already established rapeseed fields but with the open space next to the rapeseed fields.

These empty spaces, covering more than twenty mu, stretched from the foot of the mountain in the north almost to the riverbank.

Most of these lands were opened up after planting rapeseed last year.

The area near the river was newly opened after spring this year.

With the weather warming up, the planting of millet, which Han Cheng attached great importance to, was also on the agenda.

Millet is planted in spring and harvested in autumn. He roughly knew the timing but wasn't sure when the most suitable time was to plant millet. Therefore, he divided the millet into four batches and planted them, with about ten days between each batch.

The first batch of millet is currently being planted.

The Deer Lord appeared somewhat impatient and aggrieved, occasionally shaking its head.

This was not because it was restless again and wanted to engage in some indescribable activities with its harem but because it still had ropes on its back and head that made it extremely uncomfortable.

It was indeed quite aggrieved. On such a sunny day with a gentle breeze, when it took its tribe to the wilderness to bask in the sun and eat a few mouthfuls of lush green grass, some heartless two-legged creatures were now leading it, walking on land with hardly any grass.

The old deer wouldn't feel so aggrieved and uncomfortable if it were just that. The key was that while walking on this land with hardly any grass, there were broad things made of leather on its back.

On both sides of these leather things, there were ropes connected, and at the end of the ropes was a half-meter-long crossbar, with two ropes tied to this crossbar.

Behind the crossbar, there was another piece of rope with a wooden hook tied to the end. Behind the hook was something almost two meters long.

This thing was very similar to the ladder of the Green Sparrow Tribe, except that it was not made of whole round logs but of those split in half from the middle.

And the spacing between those crossbars was much smaller.

Yes, this thing was a rake used for breaking up soil.

But it was a bit different from the rake in the future.

The teeth of the rake in the future were made of iron, while the teeth of the rake made by Han Cheng were made of sharpened and curved hardwood sticks.

The spacing between adjacent teeth on the same row was twenty centimeters. Considering that hardwood sticks were not as sturdy as iron and that the strength of deer was not comparable to that

of cattle, horses, donkeys, and mules, the teeth didn't protrude much downward. This way, the soil would be shallowly tilled, and the resistance when pulling it up wouldn't be too excellent.

On this makeshift rake, there was also a handle placed, and the handle was filled with soil inside so that the teeth of the rake could be pressed into the soil.

Han Cheng long ago planned to use deer as beasts of burden. As the cultivated land area of the Green Sparrow Tribe increased, the labor intensity would also continuously expand, so using animal power was necessary.

Without cattle and horses, they had to make do with what they had and use deer instead.

Although the strength of deer was not as good as that of cattle, horses, and donkeys, it still had many advantages compared to humans. For example, the ongoing tilling of the land.

The instinct of blessing to protect its cubs still exists. Except for Han Cheng, who raised her, Fu Jiang does not allow anyone else to go to the dog's den to take her wolf cubs.

However, because it hasn't spent as much time with wolves as it has with humans and has long considered the Green Sparrow Tribe its own group, it has become familiar with the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe. So, when others approach the dog's den, it just shows its teeth and doesn't attack.

Furry little animals are the most lovable, especially for the girls in the tribe, who are captivated by these furry little creatures.

Although they don't care much about silkworm farming, they are exceptionally fond of these wolf cubs.

These people who don't usually come to Han Cheng's house now want to hang around here when they have nothing to do.

Squatting on the side and watching the wolf cubs suckle, their hearts are melting.

These primitive girls, who couldn't resist the impulse to "trap the god" half a month ago and told their thoughts to the Eldest Senior Brother and the shaman, have now completely forgotten about trapping the Divine Child and giving birth to monkeys for him. Their hearts are now wholly devoted to these meaty little dog cubs.

If they watch for a long time, they will beg the Divine Child to bring out these little dog cubs for them to touch, hug, and lift high.

Because in the entire tribe, only the Divine Child can bring the puppies out of the dog's den.

Han Cheng looked at these underage girls who were wholeheartedly devoted to the little wolf cubs, recalling what the shaman had said to him half a month ago, and couldn't help but wipe away a cold sweat.

Who knows how these guys suddenly started thinking about trapping him again?

Why are people like Xing, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Li so eager?

Is it because the Divine Child's face became more charming after being struck by lightning?

As a certain Divine Child wiped away his sweat while shamelessly thinking like this.

The matter of "trapping the Divine Child" was naturally firmly rejected by Han Cheng with righteous words. The reason was very justified: he was still not grown up and was not suitable for doing things that were not suitable for children...

With the sudden occurrence of twin sisters and then living a life of kidney pain, Han Cheng had fantasized about it a lot in his previous life, but now...

Looking at Xiao Mei and Xiao Li, who were not much thinner than Xing, Han Cheng still found it difficult to open his heart.

Is this the difference between ideal and reality?

Han Cheng thought helplessly while sniffing.

Speaking of which, it's a bit bitter. Whether in this life or the previous one, marriage matters are full of twists and turns for him.

This matter was temporarily put aside. As he grew up, he would choose whether to bow to reality or remain a lifelong bachelor and cultivate unparalleled hand speed.

Thinking so bitterly, Han Cheng was very supportive of the behavior of Xing, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Li, who were wholeheartedly devoted to the little wolf cubs. In this way, they wouldn't be thinking all day about how to "trap the Divine Child"...

The five little dog cubs already have their names: Da Fu, Er Fu, San Fu, Si Fu, and Xiao Fu.

Han Cheng did not give these names, but Xing, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Li this group of girls.

They felt that the cubs born under the blessing must have the character "Fu" in their names, and they also knew from the Divine Child that the character "Fu" means blessings.

Han Cheng looked at these people who were full of expectations looking at him and finally resisted the urge to cough and agreed to these names.

But his face couldn't help but twitch a little. Five Little blessings, indeed.

After thinking about it, he realized this was also good. Apart from being easy to remember, aside from the pun with Five Little Fu, the implication of "Five Blessings Arriving" is also good.

The weather was getting warmer daily, and the grass changed from tender yellow to deep green, completing the transformation from fresh meat to old bacon.

Many wildflowers also began to bloom, including many purple joy flowers.

This year, the joy flowers were blooming white because no joy festivals were held between the nearby tribes.

However, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe still had things to do.

The large patch of rapeseed to the west, nourished by spring sunlight, was lush green, and its growth was quite satisfactory. By now, it had started to bud universally.

In a little while, it would blossom.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were not busy with these already established rapeseed fields but with the open space next to the rapeseed fields.

These empty spaces, covering more than twenty mu, stretched from the foot of the mountain in the north almost to the riverbank.

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Chapter 266: Shi Tou teaches the Deer to speak

In front of Lord Deer hung a bunch of delicious rapeseed, and Lord Deer stretched out his neck and tongue, wanting to eat it, and quickened his pace.

However, no matter how fast it walked, the bunch of rapeseed kept swaying in front of its eyes, out of reach.

"Yo-yo."

Lord Deer grumbled discontentedly, protesting against the heartlessness and unkindness of the bipedal creatures.

How could they bully a deer like this?

Han Cheng held the rope tied to Lord Deer's face, walking forward with Lord Deer, and grinned mischievously.

He thought to himself. I can control this guy.

At the beginning of today, Lord Deer was very resistant to tilling the land, so it resorted to using all its energy to pull Han Cheng, who was holding the rope, around the ground.

It was quite a joyful experience for Han Cheng.

Under Han Cheng's anger, he tied a bunch of fresh green rapeseed to a stick with a rope and tied the other end to Lord Deer's antler so that the rapeseed hung in front of Lord Deer's eyes.

The effect was surprisingly good.

Just as primitive people generally had little resistance to salt, Lord Deer also had little resistance to rapeseed.

With such delicious food right before it, why wouldn't it eat it?

So Lord Deer began its journey of chasing after delicacies, embarking on an irreversible path.

Not only did Lord Deer enjoy such treatment, but two other strong deer in the deer herd were treated the same way.

With Lord Deer setting an example, their resistance was much lower.

As the rake teeth scraped the ground, the clumps of soil became much smaller.

The expansion and contraction of winter had softened these clumps of soil, and now, after a couple of passes, they became finely crushed.

The troublesome part was that after spring this year, the newly cultivated land required at least twice as much effort to break up the large clumps of soil there.

Eldest Senior Brother and the others held wooden sticks to knock down the soil clumps that the rake couldn't reach. They watched the deer pull the rake in the field, their faces filled with smiles.

Farming activities were never easy, and breaking up so many clumps of soil required a lot of effort.

Now, this task fell on the deer, and they were naturally happy, especially since these deer could break up the soil much faster than all of them combined.

It turned out that besides eating meat, these deer had such a great use.

They thought to themselves.

It turned out that besides ox, as the Divine Child had said, deer could also do it.

Shi Tou's way of thinking always seemed unique. After discovering that deer could work the land, his heart pounded nonstop.

He went to where fur was stored, secretly took out the deer hide, took a deep breath, and put it on.

With an expectant look and extreme nervousness on his face, his eyes were wide open, afraid of missing anything.

However, after a while like this, there was no change around him, and he was still standing on the ground, not taking off.

Feeling disappointed, Shi Tou remembered something and suddenly showed a happy expression.

He went to the leather storage and stole a deer hide. Then, taking a deep breath, he put the hide over his shoulders.

He was excited and nervous.

He waited for a while but nothing happened. He was still standing there and did not fly.

He was slightly disappointed and remembered something. His expression changed.

He put the deer hide away, then ran like the wind.

After a while, he returned with two wooden baskets and a carrying pole.

He put the deer hide back on, then used the carrying pole to hook up the two wooden baskets and put them on his shoulders.

Because he was too short, the baskets barely left the ground, looking awkward.

Shi Tou, however, paid no attention to these things. He earnestly carried the load, his eyes wide with nervousness and anticipation, hoping for something magical to happen...

As Shi Tou looked at the deer hide and the carrying pole, his face was filled with confusion and despair.

When the Cowherd pursued the Weaver Girl, he was dressed like this, so why couldn't he fly like them?

Feeling this agony, his eyes suddenly lit up, and he dashed out.

Before long, he returned with two children wearing animal skin clothes, still unsteady on their feet.

This time, he was careful. He had found a boy and a girl.

He placed each child in a basket, and as he placed them inside, he earnestly told them that he would take them to see the sky.

It's unclear if the children understood Shi Tou's words, but they found it amusing, laughing and making baby sounds with drool dripping down their chins.

Shi Tou wrapped the rope around the basket twice and, somewhat trembling, lifted the two children, looking up at the sky with anticipation...

In the following days, Shi Tou's behavior became somewhat peculiar. Ever since the incident where he fought with the young deer over milk, pinned down by the deer, and was discovered by the Divine Child, he had become unusually diligent in visiting the deer enclosure.

At first, Han Cheng thought Shi Tou couldn't resist the temptation of that long, soft, and fragrant juice-filled thing.

But later, he found out that Shi Tou's most common activity was squatting down, hugging the neck of a lying deer, and whispering to it.

He usually did this when there were few people around the deer enclosure. If someone approached, he would fall silent.

Upon noticing this, Han Cheng thought Shi Tou wanted to cultivate a good relationship with the deer, do some psychological work, and avoid getting kicked by the deer when milking.

But gradually, he realized it seemed different from his thought.

So, he became curious.

After another instance of Shi Tou entering the deer enclosure, Han Cheng sneaked to the edge of the enclosure, holding his straw shoes in one hand and crouching quietly, listening at the wall.

At first, Shi Tou's voice was too low for Han Cheng to hear clearly. But after a while, perhaps forgetting himself, Shi Tou's voice gradually became louder.

"...On the other side of the mountain, there's a lake, and several women are bathing. Go and take their animal skin clothes... That person will be your spouse..."

Listening from outside, Han Cheng looked puzzled. Why was Shi Tou telling the deer the story of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl?

And why this part where the old cow teaches the Cowherd to be lecherous?

Filled with doubt, Han Cheng listened for a while longer, only to hear Shi Tou repeat the same story over and over. His confusion deepened.

Could this guy be experiencing teenage infatuation at such a young age?

Are you trying to have a romantic encounter like the Cowherd, picking a sturdy female primitive human to spend the night with?

"Oh, little deer, when will you learn to speak? I've been teaching you for so long, but you still don't understand. Why are you so stupid..."

Inside the deer enclosure, Shi Tou's frustrated muttering could be heard.

Chapter 267: Bugs Bunny

"Yo yo..."

Perhaps feeling annoyed that someone was calling them dumb for not being able to master a foreign language taught by someone else, the little deer made a "yo yo" sound.

"Don't call like that."

Shi Tou's voice sounded somewhat impatient and severe.

"Say it with me—'Shi Tou.'"

"Yo yo."

"Shi Tou."

"Yo yo."

Shi Tou's ridiculous actions dumbfounded Han Cheng.

This was even more excessive than what he had done himself. Initially, he taught Fu Jiang some language skills that a dog must master, but now Shi Tou treats deer as anything but deer.

Compared to teaching Fu Jiang to speak, teaching the deer to do fieldwork was the real challenge!

Suppressing his laughter, Han Cheng left without disturbing Shi Tou, who was preparing to spread Mandarin to all tribes.

After the country's founding, demons and monsters were not allowed to become spirits, but now, who knows which dynasty it was? Maybe Shi Tou could really teach one or two oddities to speak.

Han Cheng found this amusing.

It wasn't until several months later that Han Cheng learned the true intention behind Shi Tou teaching the deer to speak and repeatedly telling them the story of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl.

By then, he had returned in a canoe from outside.

"Divine Child..."

On the third afternoon after Han Cheng's return, Shi Tou came to find him, tears streaming down his face as soon as he opened his mouth.

Han Cheng was greatly alarmed. What had happened to this child while he was away? Why did he look so miserable?

"What's wrong? Who bullied you?"

Han Cheng asked as he approached.

He cared a lot about this intelligent and studious kid.

"The little deer..."

Shi Tou said pitifully.

What? Could it be that the little deer directly drank deer milk and then got beaten up by the deer?

Han Cheng thought to himself, but he heard Shi Tou continue, "It can't speak. I've been teaching it for so long, but it still can't speak."

As Shi Tou talked about this, he became even more miserable. He had never cried before, but tears were streaming down his face.

Han Cheng didn't know whether to laugh or cry. So, this was what it was about. That would be terrifying if the little deer learned to speak because of you.

If that were the case, I would find a tall cliff to jump off and see if I could find the Exorcism Sword Manual, the Sunflower Scripture, or the Nine Yang Divine Art.

As Han Cheng was about to comfort Shi Tou, what Shi Tou said next instantly made Han Cheng's eyes widen, and he almost spat out his tea.

"The little deer can't speak, and if I wear its skin, I can't ascend to heaven..."

He wanted to ascend to heaven, side by side with the sun!

Of course, these were all stories for later.

Now, let's refocus our attention to the downstream of the river of time and continue to look at this land covered by spring.

The Deer Lord was still being lured forward by the rapeseed that always managed to eat it, while Fu Jiang led the fluffy, ball-like Five Little Blessings out of the tribe and walked in the spring fields.

With their short legs, the Five Little Blessings curiously surveyed this novel world, rolling around on the ground like a few fluffy balls.

The lighter-colored Xiao Fu stood there, tilting its head to look at a cluster of bright red flowers, looking dumbfounded.

After watching for a while, it awkwardly opened its toothed mouth and clumsily bit the flower, but suddenly, a bird flew out of the nearby bushes and flapped its wings toward the sky.

The Xiao Fu was startled and tumbled over, panicking and calling out. Then, stumbled towards its mother, running with its short legs.

About a quarter of the fields had been harrowed twice, and the soil had become loose, with few large clods.

Han Cheng stopped harrowing and began to sow the already threshed grain into the ground using a pottery basin.

Bugs Bunny, whom Han Cheng intended to train as an expert in agriculture, joined him in this task.

Bugs Bunny was a native of the Green Sparrow Tribe. His peculiar name was partly due to his fondness for eating rabbit meat and wearing clothes made of rabbit fur and partly due to Han Cheng's mischievous sense of humor.

"The gaps between the seeds should be smaller; don't sow too much at once..."

"Sow more evenly, see where it hasn't been sown, then sow a little more..."

In the moist and loose fields, Han Cheng's instructions to Bugs Bunny could be heard occasionally.

When developing under impoverished conditions, various talents needed to be cultivated, especially in fundamental agricultural planting, which was not to be underestimated.

After sowing the seeds, Deer Lord and several other deer could walk through the fields with a harrow to smooth them out.

The soil brought up by the harrow would cover the grains that had fallen into the ground.

Although it couldn't cover them all, covering most of them was still achievable.

The weather was favorable, and just after the first batch of grains was sown, a precious spring rain began to fall.

As if explicitly watering these hopeful grains, the rain stopped, and the clouds cleared the next day.

During this time, people from the Green Tribe, the Sheep Tribe, and the Bone Tribe also came one after another. They mostly came to get salt for free, and few brought things to exchange for pottery, which Han Cheng had anticipated beforehand and didn't find strange.

The leader of the Green Tribe left the Green Sparrow Tribe with two jars of free salt, leading his people away.

Looking at the land devoid of trees or grass, he was doubtful.

He didn't understand why this prosperous and generous tribe would do such a strange thing—why would they cut down trees and turn over the land?

Wasn't this tiring? How could it compare to hunting?

When he thought of hunting, he couldn't help but think of the larger deer he had just seen in this wealthy tribe. They looked so tempting.

Deer were fast and not easy to catch, and the Green Tribe hadn't eaten deer meat since a long time ago.

Roasted deer meat sprinkled with salt would surely be even more delicious.

The leader of the Green Tribe licked his lips involuntarily.

Suddenly, a brilliant idea appeared in his mind.

Deer were hard to catch, but this tribe had many of them. When the fruits were ripe, the wild grass around his tribe would also mature.

When the time came, he could bring some wild grass over and exchange it for a deer from this tribe.

After all, this tribe liked wild grass so much, and their leader was so generous or rather foolish...

With a heart full of joy, the leader of the Green Tribe withdrew his gaze from the prosperous tribe to the west and headed back towards his tribe, secretly sighing for his cleverness.

With such a clever and capable leader in his tribe, it was no wonder they lived so comfortably.

With this thought in mind, the leader of the Green Tribe felt content for a long time to come.

Chapter 268: Preparing to set sail

In the hopeful anticipation of the Green Tribe's leader, the first batch of millet planted by the Green Sparrow Tribe had already sprouted, and the second batch of millet was also planted today.

The tiny millet seedlings were tender and green, similar to some common grasses seen in later generations, such as dogtail grass.

However, when they grew up, the differences between them could be discerned.

Millet could produce food that could fill one's stomach, while the previously disregarded wild grasses, thought to be no worse than millet, only yielded a few unappreciated grass seeds.

Even though it was the same half a year, the difference in harvest was quite significant.

The people of the Donkey Tribe had come again. This was their third visit since the beginning of spring, two more times than the other tribes.

Moreover, unlike the other tribes, who usually only wanted salt and rarely brought food or fur to exchange for pottery, the people of the Donkey Tribe always brought a large amount of fur and plenty of food whenever they came.

These furs and food would be exchanged for pottery and returned by them.

Han Cheng calculated that so far, the people of the Donkey Tribe had taken the most pottery from the Green Sparrow Tribe compared to the surrounding tribes.

Even the Bone Tribe, which could rival the Green Sparrow Tribe in numbers, and the wealthiest Sheep Tribe were surpassed.

Had he been mistaken from the beginning? Was the Donkey Tribe not only the poorest but also the richest among the surrounding tribes?

Were they a hidden wealthy family?

Watching the Donkey Tribe people leave a pile of goods behind and walk eastward with many pieces of exchanged pottery, Han Cheng couldn't help but feel puzzled.

Today, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe did not busy themselves in the fields, but instead, armed with some tools and weapons, went to the salt mountain.

Providing free salt to several tribes, the salt stored by their tribe was quickly depleted.

Every time the people of the Donkey Tribe came and went, they took away a lot of salt. This time, they brought three jars directly, which made Han Cheng strongly suspect that these guys were treating salt as their staple food.

Clang, clang, clang...

Swoosh swoosh...

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were already familiar with salt boiling. After arriving at the salt mountain, some smashed the salt rocks, filtered them, and boiled them over the fire.

By now, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe no longer carried salt rocks back to boil, as it was too cumbersome.

Instead, they brought their tools directly to the salt mountain to boil.

Bringing back finished salt products was much easier than carrying salt rocks.

The actual salt boiling place was not at Salt Mountain but near a spring not far from it.

It was here that Han Cheng and the others had previously lured the deer and filled the clay pots with water and salt.

Initially, this spring was not very abundant, and it was not enough for salt boiling.

But such a problem clearly couldn't trouble Han Cheng.

When he led Eldest Senior Brother and the others to dig the spring deeper by half a meter and dug a reservoir more than half a meter deep and five square meters in size not far away, there was no longer a water shortage for salt boiling.

Near this spring, a clearing was opened, with three fires burning. Each fire had a large pot for boiling salt placed on top.

As the water evaporated, the salt dissolved and condensed at the pot's bottom...

Water was the source of all things. In the mountains and forests, where there was water, there were generally more birds, beasts, and other creatures. Many footprints were left behind on the edges of the reservoirs and springs.

However, today, the birds, beasts, and other creatures that came for water were destined to return disappointed because a group of domineering monkeys had occupied this area's water source.

These monkeys not only walked on two legs but could also make various strange things, especially those red, pulsating things that terrified the birds and beasts the most.

Boiling salt directly on the salt mountain was very efficient. In just five days, the Green Sparrow Tribe made up for the deficit and gained eight more jars of salt than before.

With this salt, they could sustain themselves for quite some time.

When Han Cheng and the others left, the people remaining in the tribe could stop worrying about salt.

The weather was getting warmer day by day. By the time the last batch of millet was planted, the rapeseed field had already fully grown, reaching nearly half a meter in height. Some impatient ones had even blossomed with a hint of golden yellow.

Many things in the world were bound to happen. Avoiding them blindly wasn't a wise approach. Apart from making one's heart anxious, the rewards in other aspects would generally not be significant.

Having no other reasons left, Han Cheng finally had to embark on his first significant journey in this world.

Clang, clang, clang...

This wasn't the sound of the gong announcing someone's arrival at the tribe but Lane making the final spare oar with stone knives, chisels, and wooden sticks.

Making oars was necessary. Otherwise, how would they move forward? They couldn't rely solely on waves, could they?

Although Han Cheng was sometimes a bit reserved, his skill level was insufficient to ride the waves. Therefore, he had to make oars obediently.

The Green Sparrow Tribe's four single boats were already in the water, now parked at the ample temporary pier by the riverbank in front of the tribe.

Ropes were tied to large wooden stakes nailed to the shore. Several single boats were squeezed together, rhythmically floating up and down in a small area with the waves, which was quite rhythmic.

The Eldest Senior Brother, Shang, and the Third Senior Brother held oars with leather ropes under their arms, pulling the ropes and pulling the single boats to the shore. As the boats swayed back and forth, they came onto the boats.

After continuous practice and familiarity over the past ten days, facing this level of rocking and floating, Eldest Senior Brother and the others were already able to face it calmly, without trembling legs as before.

There was no longer worry about "the boat sinking after getting on board."

On both sides of the bow of the single boat, there was a tree stick about twenty centimeters higher than the boat. There was a tree branch on each of the four sticks on each boat.

After stepping onto the single boat, Eldest Senior Brother skillfully hung the oar he held in his arms on the tree branch.

Then, he accepted the bottles and jars handed over from the shore.

These were the things they had prepared in advance for this journey.

Among them, the most prepared was food. In addition to the jars placed at the beginning, there were also many salted fish and meat.

There were also pottery jars for cooking rice and boiling water, as well as bowls for eating.

Weapons such as bows and arrows, vine shields, slings, spears, and javelins were naturally not forgotten.

These items were placed separately. On each of the four single boats, there were some. This was to avoid losing all supplies in case one boat encountered unforeseen circumstances, causing them to fall into trouble, or even be wiped out.

Chapter 269: Dog jumping into the river

"Be careful... Be careful... Come back on time..."

Like sheep sleeping on fluffy clouds, they remained still in the air for a long time, too lazy to move.

The wind, not chilly, gently blew, swaying the disheveled hair of the people.

In this lazy and leisurely time, a sense of parting permeated the air by the small river of the Green Sparrow Tribe, enveloping these people dressed in animal skins.

There were no willow branches to bid farewell, no low and melodious flute sounds, and no one writing farewell poems with ink and brush.

But the melancholy of parting indeed spread here.

The shaman repeatedly gave instructions that had been said many times before while Fire One and Fire Two, two people older than the shaman, wiped their tearful eyes.

Xiao Mei, Xiao Li, and a few others had red eyes.

With the blessing of the Five Little Blessings, the Fu Jiang stood on the shore, anxiously pacing around.

Even Deer Lord, who had been tempted by Han Cheng with rapeseed and had done a lot of harrowing, now stretched its long face toward them.

Only the teenage boy Shi Tou, who didn't know the taste of sorrow, looked eagerly at the Divine Child, hoping the Divine Child would allow him to board the boat and see the world outside together.

"Take care of the tribe. We'll be back."

Han Cheng spoke to the people on the shore.

"We will be back by the end of the month."

The mooring ropes were untied, and the unbound boat, under the influence of both oars and water, left the riverbank one by one, moving away from the crowd and heading downstream.

"Woo, woo, woo..."

The Fu Jiang on the departing boat opened its mouth and called out anxiously, clearly worried.

"Go back!"

Han Cheng shouted at it.

"Plop!"

Seeing Han Cheng getting farther and farther away, Fu Jiang jumped into the water and swam towards him.

"Go back!"

Han Cheng shouted at the Fu Jiang.

It was only late spring, and although the water wouldn't freeze anyone, it was still quite cold.

But how could Fu Jiang listen to Han Cheng? It just kept swimming along with the water.

This silly dog!

"Go back!"

Han Cheng sniffled and shouted at the Fu Jiang, struggling in the water, only showing its head and swimming towards him.

"Wail, wail..."

"Wail, wail..."

Several little puppies on the shore cried out urgently and helplessly, two even trying to enter the water, whimpering continuously on the side.

After swimming for a while, the Fu Jiang finally turned its head and swam towards the shore.

Climbing ashore, it shook off the water from its body, whimpering as it ran towards the place where the little puppies were, and after meeting them, it led them along the riverbank downstream.

Occasionally whimpering.

"Go back! I'll be back soon!"

Han Cheng shouted at the dog, which was so reluctant to part.

If only he had tied it up earlier.

The Fu Jiang led the Five Little Blessings along the river for a long time until there was a river fork ahead, which blocked their path and then stopped.

It squatted there, looking at the place where the boat had disappeared for a long time, whimpering from time to time until the sun set in the west before heading towards the direction of the tribe with the Five Little Blessings.

Under the sunlight, it looked very lonely and desolate, like a lone wolf abandoned by the group...

The once lively Green Sparrow Tribe became deserted with the departure of Han Cheng and the others.

The people's hearts also felt empty, as if they had lost something significant.

Even Second Brother, who used to have a good appetite, now found his meals less appetizing.

With Han Cheng and Eldest Senior Brother gone, the shaman, who used to spend most of his time watching and petting rabbits in the rabbit pen, now hardly visited the rabbits anymore.

He focused more on the tribe, paying attention to any movements within it.

He had to personally oversee and manage inserting the gate, arranging personnel on guard duty, and other such matters every day.

The two indispensable figures of the Green Sparrow Tribe had left, and he had to shoulder the remaining responsibilities.

Perhaps he didn't think about it explicitly but acted accordingly.

Even the silly dog, Fu Jiang, who used to run around crazily, had changed its temperament, appearing much quieter. Its most common activity now was to sit with the Five Little Blessings at the gate of the Green Sparrow Tribe, gazing downstream towards the small river...

The river water gurgled under the boat, and the oars rubbed against the wooden poles, making a creaking sound.

Eldest Senior Brother crossed his hands, each holding an oar, and paddled the water, one after the other. The oars went into the water and then came out, creating ripples and splashes.

When the oars emerged from the water, a string of glistening water droplets fell along the oars into the water.

Sometimes, he moved both oars simultaneously; sometimes, he only used one to control and adjust the direction of the canoe to avoid hitting the riverbank.

They were going with the flow at this time, so only one person needed to paddle with two oars; the other two oars were stowed away in the cabin.

The fluffy white clouds drifted lazily, and the green on both sides gradually receded. The familiar tribe, familiar people, familiar walls, and the silly dog chasing the boat far away gradually disappeared, wholly blending into the continuous green on both sides.

The other people on the boat were also a bit reluctant and anxious. After all, this journey was different from before.

In the past, when they went out hunting, they would usually return to the tribe the same day, but this time it would take a long time.

As the setting sun cast its afterglow, the river surface, which had doubled or tripled in width, shimmered.

Han Cheng estimated the distance; they were probably more than fifty miles away from the tribe.

After traveling forward for about half an hour, this river merged into a larger one. Looking back in the direction they came from, it looked like a bloody sunset spread across the water, a sea of red.

Han Cheng gave this river a name: Red River.

Shortly after merging into the larger river, Han Cheng instructed the Eldest Senior Brother and the others to paddle the boat towards the southern bank, where a shallow sandbar was perfect for resting.

In such circumstances, he had no intention of sailing at night, as that would be reckless behavior.

The splashing sound of oars hitting the water and the conversations among the people startled several gulls and herons.

Unfortunately, some of them, who hadn't had time to fly away, were shot through the body by an arrow tipped with bone before they could react, and after fluttering a few times, they lay still.

Third Senior Brother grinned with a wooden bow, and the others cheered. They hadn't had much success in the past catching these flying birds.

The people pulled the boat ashore, trampling down a patch of weeds.

The hand-crank drill used for making fire was brought out, and with a sizzling sound, sparks flashed.

Chapter 270: Bamboo forest and bamboo shoots

Tonight, for the newly named Egret River area by Han Cheng, it was destined to be extraordinary.

Not only were two long-legged egrets roasted and eaten but also a group of people was reclaiming the previously desolate mudflats.

From being deserted and uninhabited, it now had the aura of human activity.

Under the flickering firelight, accompanied by rushing water, several fish traps that hadn't been submerged for long were pulled out, revealing a few lively fish.

Han Cheng and his group brought along the fish traps.

"Give a man a fish, and you feed him for a day; teach a man to fish, and you feed him for a lifetime," Han Cheng remembered this profound ancient saying very well. So, besides bringing along plenty of salted fish, he also brought several fish traps.

They would be traveling along the river all the way, so with these fish traps, they wouldn't starve to death.

However, the fish here were not as easy to catch as those in front of the Green Sparrow Tribe. Bait was necessary in the fish traps to lure them in.

The fish from the traps were taken out. Tie Tou was kind-hearted and couldn't bear to see the fish suffer. After each fish received two blows to the head, they stopped struggling.

The traps baited with fresh bait were placed back into the water. When away from home, they should eat as little of their own provisions as possible to avoid famine if they are unable to catch food.

These fish traps, which were made half a year ago, were quite different from those Han Cheng had made initially.

These fish traps were woven from rattan. They formed hollow cylindrical shapes, with one end closed and the other topped with a conical funnel woven from rattan, securely connected with rattan strips.

Such fish traps were simple and easy to make and more sturdy and durable than the ones Han Cheng originally made with ropes.

So, all the fish traps of the Green Sparrow Tribe have been updated and replaced with this type of fish trap.

As the flames danced and the aroma of food wafted out, the gradually darkening night sky became deep, filled with countless stars.

The eighteen people who came along had a relatively simple meal.

Two unlucky egrets, along with the newly caught fish and the salted fish brought along, were cooked into soup and a jar of food similar to pork jelly.

This was cooked before departure, with meat boiled as much as possible, chopped, and added to the pot with water. After boiling to a soft consistency, it was poured into jars and left to cool, solidifying into a jelly-like substance like cold jelly.

With added salt, this salted food was very resistant to storage and tasted good.

After dinner, the fire was extinguished, and at Han Cheng's command, everyone returned to the boat.

They pushed the single wooden boat into the water for a distance, then, about ten meters away from the riverbank, they secured it with the two poles they brought along.

Tonight, they would sleep on the single wooden boat.

Although they were riding a single wooden boat, the space inside it was not small—nearly two meters wide.

This was mainly because the trees where they lived were so thick.

With Han Cheng and nineteen other people spread out among these four small boats to sleep, although it was a bit crowded, they could still sleep.

Han Cheng had tested all of this before departure.

He had no intention of spending the night in a completely unfamiliar land.

Otherwise, it would be too unfair if they were eaten by something in the middle of the night.

Starting tomorrow, they would need to inspect the situation on both sides of the river more closely.

The main goal was to see if any plants were missing from the Green Sparrow Tribe and, preferably, to find some essential minerals.

Although the primary purpose of this trip was to confirm whether this was indeed a primitive human reserve, these tasks still needed to be done.

Whether they stay or leave, these things are essential to the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Covered in fur, watching the starry sky, listening to the occasional sound of river water lapping against the boat, Han Cheng's mind was filled with thoughts, and he didn't know when he fell asleep.

The next day, they woke up and pulled out the fish traps that had been in the water all night, yielding a total harvest.

Fresh fish, along with several birds shot secretly by the Third Senior Brother and two others using bows and arrows, became the breakfast for the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

After eating, they put the fish traps back into the water, armed themselves, and proceeded cautiously towards the riverbank farther away from the water.

Along the way, they occasionally made noise by tapping with their spears or sticks.

Disturbing the grass might not only snakes but also other things.

The grass was over half a meter high on the ground along the way, and years of flooding had left behind lots of dry grass and debris.

Han Cheng walked while observing, occasionally jotting down notes on the bark he held in his hand with a charcoal pencil.

The view here was much broader than where the Green Sparrow Tribe lived, with a flat overall terrain, and the mountains on this side were far from the riverbank.

It would be suitable for cultivation.

Thinking like this, Han Cheng couldn't help but smile. He truly inherited the excellent racial talent of the Chinese nation. Whenever he saw land, he wanted to plant something.

Climbing a not-too-high hill close to the riverbank, Han Cheng looked around, surrounded by lush vitality and a wild atmosphere.

After observing for a while, a green area about a mile away caught Han Cheng's attention.

This is...

This is bamboo?!

"Let's go, check it out."

Suppressing the joy in his heart, Han Cheng said to his senior brothers.

After a not-so-easy walk, a bamboo forest appeared more clearly in front of them.

With its jade-like slender figure and equally slender leaves, it made a 'rustling' sound in the wind.

There were few weeds and other trees in the forest, only a pile of yellowed bamboo leaves accumulated over many years, interspersed with sporadic shoots that hadn't grown much yet.

Looking at the bamboo forest, Han Cheng couldn't help but smile.

This was a treasure trove from top to bottom! With these, the Green Sparrow Tribe would have another excellent material for making things in the future.

Just in terms of weaving, bamboo had many advantages that rattan couldn't compare to.

For example, bamboo could be woven throughout the year, while rattan had a certain time limit. Moreover, bamboo was far more malleable than rattan.

But what excited Han Cheng the most wasn't the bamboo itself, but those shoots that hadn't yet grown. These things were absolutely delicious.

During the season when rapeseed flowers bloomed, some impatient shoots had already sprouted, and there were even more shoots waiting to emerge from underground.

"Dig!"

Excitedly, Han Cheng said to his senior brothers.

His senior brothers, who were already good eaters, were now showing signs of developing into gourmet enthusiasts under Han Cheng's influence. After learning from Han Cheng about the deliciousness of bamboo shoots, there was no need for Han Cheng to do much persuasion. They eagerly took up their spades and started digging.

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