

Primitive 321

Chapter 321: Adding poison to meat

"Di... Divine Child."

Liang called out anxiously from the side, worried that the Poison Liang Grass might have also poisoned the shaman.

Thinking of the excruciating pain twisting in his stomach like a knife, Liang's face turned pale.

What distressed him the most wasn't the unbearable pain but the dung shovel Tie Tou had used. Now, he couldn't help but retch whenever Liang went to the toilet.

Han Cheng used two sticks to clamp the Poison Liang Grass, like picking vegetables and began to walk back.

He planned to take this grass back to let everyone in the tribe see it, so they wouldn't easily provoke such highly toxic plants in the future.

Those who cooked and prepared food needed to be extra careful. If they weren't careful and ended up with some of this stuff in their cooking pots, this grass might not be called Poison Liang Grass anymore; it might be renamed Extermination Grass, wiping out the entire Green Sparrow Tribe.

After confirming that everyone in the tribe remembered the appearance of this grass, Han Cheng had someone dig a hole to bury this highly toxic plant to prevent anyone else from being affected.

Liang's life had been saved, and the entire Green Sparrow Tribe breathed a sigh of relief.

Liang was also quite excited. First, he had identified a highly toxic plant that might reduce the harm to the tribe. Second, he learned another method to treat poisoned individuals. Although the method was a bit pungent, he was still very happy.

Han Cheng's ease didn't last long because he saw Second Senior Brother.

Compared to before, Second Senior Brother seemed even thinner, and his belly seemed to have grown larger.

He looked more dizzy and miserable.

When people are healthy, everything is fine. Once the body is ill, the real trouble begins.

Looking at Second Senior Brother now, it was hard to associate him with the person who used to throw stones a hundred meters away.

It was distressing to see him looking so emaciated.

Was Second Senior Brother going to die like this?

Han Cheng grabbed his hair in agony.

After doing this for a while, he stood up, went to where the Poison Liang Grass had been buried not long ago, and squatted down.

After hesitating, he found a stick and dug up the soil that had just been buried.

He picked out the Poison Liang Grass that had been mutilated.

"Divine Child..."

Not far away, Liang saw Han Cheng's actions, came over, and after seeing the situation, asked Han Cheng about it with some confusion.

Han Cheng didn't answer Liang's question. He threw the Poison Liang Grass back into the pit and buried it with soil again.

Liang scratched his head beside him, puzzled by the shaman's mysterious actions.

"Let's go, come with me."

"What are we doing...?"

"Get some Poison Liang Grass back."

...

There were seven or eight pieces of sliced meat in a glazed pottery bowl.

These meats were steamed to a mushy consistency in the steamer, and you didn't even need to chew when you put them in your mouth; they crumbled with a push of the tongue.

Some chopped green onions were also sprinkled on top, with salt added. Without deliberately smelling it, the rich aroma drilled straight into the nostrils, looking extremely enticing.

Liang, who usually loved to eat square-shaped meat the most, couldn't muster the slightest appetite when faced with this tempting bowl of square-shaped meat now.

Not only that, he even had the urge to keep his distance.

Just a moment ago, he saw the Divine Child put some liquid into this bowl of fragrant square-shaped meat and carefully stirred it with chopsticks.

The impression of this liquid was deep in his mind; it was the juice of the Poison Liang Grass that had nearly taken his life not long ago!

After eating this enticing bowl of square-shaped meat, his mouth felt comfortable, but whether he could survive afterward was another story.

Even he, the contemporary doctor, couldn't muster the courage to eat such meat.

Han Cheng carried the bowl to find the Second Senior Brother, accompanied by the Shaman, the Eldest Senior Brother, Shang, the Third Senior Brother, Liang, and others who knew the situation.

Among them, Liang, who was most afraid of square-shaped meat, was the most nervous and excited because the Divine Child had said before that this poisoned square-shaped meat wasn't meant to kill but to save.

This made Liang very curious and expectant, wanting to see how the Divine Child would use the juice that could poison people to save them.

The mood of Shaman and the others who knew the situation was similar to Liang's. On the one hand, they were worried that the Second Senior Brother might be poisoned to death. On the other

hand, they were hopeful that the Divine Child would work miracles and cure the Second Senior Brother's illness, preventing him from waiting for death.

Han Cheng appeared calm, but he didn't have much confidence. This kind of action was a desperate move in the face of illness.

His idea was simple: Parasites could have caused Second Senior Brother's illness, and the toxicity of the Poison Liang Grass was very strong. He wanted to try this method to see if he could kill the parasites in Second Senior Brother's stomach.

This was a risky move. First, it was uncertain whether there were parasites in his stomach, and second, even if there were, it was unknown if the Poison Liang Grass would work.

Thirdly, there was a concern that the Poison Liang Grass might directly poison Second Senior Brother.

Although he had carefully asked Liang about the amount, he had tasted that day and only mixed in one-third of the amount into the square-shaped meat, the possibility of Second Senior Brother being poisoned to death directly still existed.

Carrying the meat to Second Senior Brother, Han Cheng hesitated again.

Shaman stepped forward, took the bowl of square-shaped meat from Han Cheng's hand, gently picked up a piece with chopsticks, and brought it to Second Senior Brother's mouth.

The second Senior Brother was already a bit dizzy, and not very clear-headed.

"Eat it, and you'll be better," Shaman said.

Under Han Cheng's watchful gaze with clenched fists, the Second Senior Brother ate the entire bowl of square-shaped meat.

After finishing, he drank half a bowl of boiled water to relieve the greasiness.

Han Cheng, Shaman, Eldest Senior Brother, Liang, and others did nothing else but keep an eye on Second Senior Brother's condition.

After eating, Second Senior Brother appeared much more alert, looking as if he hadn't been sick before. He even spoke to Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

The shaman and the others were excited to see this.

Han Cheng's heart clenched secretly, hoping it wasn't just a temporary improvement.

After being clear-headed for a while, Second Senior Brother became dazed again.

In the wait of everyone, there was still no response.

In the afternoon, there was finally some movement. The second Senior Brother held his round belly, complaining of stomach pain.

If people didn't know the situation, they might think the second senior brother was about to give birth with all the commotion.

Tie Tou was already holding the dung scoop, ready to act at a moment's notice, waiting for the Divine Child's command to quickly demonstrate his astonishing skills.

Han Cheng carefully observed Second Senior Brother's condition, examining his complexion and body's reactions.

Seeing that he didn't react as strongly as Liang did when poisoned before and appeared to have more energy, Han Cheng clenched his fists with sweat in his palms, forcing himself not to mention gastric lavage.

It wasn't until near dusk that Second Senior Brother finally calmed down.

Estimating the time, Han Cheng figured it had been about two and a half hours.

But his calm didn't last long. Soon, there was a new commotion.

Chapter 322: Group Poisoning

The second senior brother lying there suddenly got up from the kang, startling everyone.

Just as they were about to ask what was going on, he dashed into the courtyard, bypassing everyone in a hurry.

At this moment, Han Cheng realized what was happening and couldn't help but smile.

Sure enough, when people were in a hurry, their hidden potential would be immediately triggered...

Looking at the thing before him, Han Cheng felt nervous and relieved.

He was nervous because of the large mass of worms but relieved because his guess made half-blindly and half-aimlessly, turned out to be correct.

The second senior brother didn't have a tumor in his stomach, something unimaginable in this era; instead, he had parasites.

The highly toxic Poison Liang Grass was effective against parasites!

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, including the shaman and the eldest senior brother, were shocked and puzzled. They couldn't understand why a seemingly healthy person would have so many worms in his stomach!

The weakened second senior brother, tortured by parasites and Poison Liang Grass, fell asleep without taking any more juice from the roots.

This substance was too toxic to be taken continuously. The possibility of continuous use was that the second senior brother and the parasites in his stomach would perish together!

Liang squatted there, scrutinizing the several Poison Liang Grass plants before him.

Excitement and realization shone in his eyes.

He couldn't believe that the poisonous medicine that had caused him so much suffering and nearly cost him his life could not only be used to kill but also to treat and save lives!

When used properly, it turned out that even poison could become medicine...

As he squatted there, excitedly contemplating, he vaguely felt he had grasped something.

While Liang was excitedly reflecting, Han Cheng, who had skipped a meal that evening, gathered the shaman and the eldest senior brother for a small meeting.

The core of the meeting was to provide everyone in the tribe with some juice from the Poison Liang Grass.

The worms in the second senior brother's stomach had shocked Han Cheng.

Before he arrived, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had been drinking untreated water, sometimes containing invisible insect eggs.

This proposal quickly gained unanimous agreement from the people.

Han Cheng, the shaman, and the eldest senior brother were all frightened by the second senior brother's ordeal and the terrifying worms.

How could there be life-threatening things in a person's stomach?

As for experiencing stomach pain after consuming Poison Liang Grass, enduring a moment of pain was better than living in constant fear.

Now, if the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't consume some Poison Liang Grass, they felt uncomfortable all over.

The next day, Han Cheng and Liang carefully extracted the juice from the roots of the Poison Liang Grass and added it to rice bowls.

They were cautious, giving adults less than they had given the second senior brother the day before and dividing the dosage for children into several levels based on their age.

This substance must be handled carefully, as it could be deadly if not properly administered.

Han Cheng and Bai Xue also consumed some.

So, on that day, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were all suffering from stomach pain.

The effect was evident, and another twenty-two people were found to have parasites in their stomachs.

However, it was far less terrifying than the second senior brother had experienced.

These twenty-two people would also need to consume Poison Liang Grass several times to eliminate the parasites in their stomachs.

After experiencing this parasite crisis, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe became even more severe and meticulous about drinking boiled water, avoiding cold food and raw meat, washing their hands frequently, and paying attention to hygiene.

After taking the poison Liang grass two more times, Second Senior Brother's condition improved. Although still relatively thin and weak, his spirits were much better than before, and he wasn't as dazed anymore.

With this improvement, Han Cheng finally felt relieved enough to focus on making hoes.

Without metal, bone, wood, and stone remained the primary materials for making hoes.

Compared to bone shovels, making bone hoes was more difficult. Although bone grinding and drilling were laborious tasks, with the skilled bone craftsmen of the original Bone Tribe, they could slowly be accomplished. However, the most significant issue was that the bone hoes were not sturdy.

"Crack..."

With a crisp sound, accompanied by the tremor of the hoe handle, the fracture was clearly audible.

Han Cheng smirked slightly, knowing without looking that the newly made bone hoe had failed again.

As he lifted his hand, the bone hoe handle came off quickly. However, the bone hoe head connected to the wooden handle remained stuck in the ground, broken from where it was drilled.

Han Cheng sighed. The bone was still not sturdy enough to withstand too much force. While it was okay for weeding, once used for digging, the bone hoe would easily break after a few attempts to pry it out of the soil.

Han Cheng wrinkled his nose. It seemed that this bone hoe could only be used for weeding in the future; it was impossible to dig.

When turning the soil, a modified hoe like a mattock or a three-toothed nail rake was more efficient and handy than a bone shovel.

The so-called mattock was similar to a hoe but heavier, narrower, and longer, with substantial weight.

Such a tool could quickly turn the soil.

The three-toothed nail rake was excellent for breaking new ground due to its low resistance and sharpness.

Let's not talk about the three-toothed nail rake; it could only be made of steel.

Wood could also be used to make it, but it would only be a temporary solution, good for a few digs before it broke, cleaner and more efficient than a bone shovel.

So, the only option left was the ax.

After several experiments, Han Cheng understood that bones could only be used to loosen soil but not for digging.

With limited resources, only stones remained as usable material.

Following the shape drawn by Han Cheng on the ground with branches, the first stonemason of the Green Sparrow Tribe, Mu Tou, spent three days painstakingly hammering a hard stone into a strip five centimeters wide, twenty centimeters long, and three centimeters thick.

Mu Tou was patient with these tasks. As long as he continued bit by bit, he would eventually get it done.

However, one problem puzzled him: drilling a hole in the upper part of this hammered stone to fit a wooden handle.

Drilling holes in stones had been done before, using another sharp, sturdy stone to carefully drill it persistently. After a long time, a hole could be made.

But all the holes drilled before were in relatively thin stone pieces. Thick stones like the current one had never been drilled before.

Moreover, Han Cheng had additional requirements: the hole not only had to be large but also should not compromise the overall solidity of the stone strip...

Chapter 323: Mu Tou drilling a hole in a stone

Mu Tou was a patient and stubborn person. Otherwise, he wouldn't have spent his days persevering with stones and still enjoying it.

Although the task assigned by the Divine Child was daunting, he didn't flinch. After sitting there for a while contemplating, he grabbed a stone and began hammering it according to the circles drawn by Han Cheng on the stone strip.

No matter what, you still have to take action; sitting there daydreaming won't conjure a hole out of a stone.

"Clack, clack, clack..."

With each strike, the stone emitted a slightly pungent smell accompanied by flying stone chips. Gradually, shallow pits began to appear on the stone.

Han Cheng halted his Mu Tou.

It wasn't that the woodwork wasn't meticulous enough, but the pits chiseled out by this method were conical, wider on the outside, and narrower on the inside.

Even if he managed to create a hole in the stone, it wouldn't be suitable for fitting a handle.

Because of the weight and volume of the stone's hole, the handle couldn't be too thin; it had to be at least two and a half centimeters in diameter.

With Han Cheng's current method, even if he managed to create a hole two and a half centimeters in diameter on the stone, it would almost reach the edge of the stone...

Such a handle, used for plowing the ground, was destined to be as fragile as a bone shovel, breaking off from the wooden handle after only a few uses...

The best solution was to use a drill bit to drill a hole, resulting in a generally thicker hole.

Drilling holes in stone required a metal drill bit...

Just this one issue was enough to leave Han Cheng helpless.

Why bother making a stone handle if he could make a metal drill bit?

Directly forging one from steel would be much better.

Would they only be able to dig the earth piece by piece with a bone shovel in the future?

Han Cheng frowned.

Then he smiled helplessly, realizing that he had gotten into a situation with drilling holes after coming here.

Last time, it was with wood, and this time, it was with stone; what a coincidence.

Mu Tou also furrowed his brow.

This person, who had always been patient, now felt very lost.

Because he was the chief stonemason of the Green Sparrow tribe, he couldn't meet the Divine Child's demands regarding drilling a suitable hole in the stone.

As the second senior brother's condition improved day by day and Shaman's mood relaxed, he once again had the mood to tease the Shaman's rabbit. Discovering Han Cheng's troubled state, he carried a rabbit he had trained obediently and approached, asking.

Han Cheng expressed his difficulties, and the Shaman felt very regretful after hearing them.

The bone shovel, which could dig and turn the soil, was already handy, in his opinion. Still, the Divine Child's mentioned handle was even more suitable for turning soil, especially on harder ground.

Knowing that there was such a tool that would greatly benefit the tribe but not being able to produce it was truly regrettable for someone like the Shaman, who always schemed for the benefit of the tribe when he had nothing else to do.

But as for drilling holes in stone, he couldn't help at all. The smartest Divine Child and Mu Tou, who dealt with stone the most, were both at a loss, let alone him.

Did drilling holes in stone have to be done with a metal drill bit?

How were the holes on stone tools made long, long ago?

Han Cheng, who had been pondering how to get some steel, realized that he seemed to have fallen into a misconception.

Was it ever stated that drilling holes in stone had to be done with a metal drill bit?

If not with a metal drill bit, then what material and method should be used?

"I've got it!"

Han Cheng, who couldn't sleep at night while holding Bai Xue, suddenly exclaimed excitedly.

It wasn't that Bai Xue had arrived; it was that he had found a way to drill holes in the stone.

Bai Xue, sleeping soundly, was awakened by Han Cheng's shout, asking groggily what had happened.

Han Cheng smiled and hugged her closer, saying it was nothing and telling her to go back to sleep.

Bai Xue, being embraced by Han Cheng, felt very reassured and soon fell asleep again.

Han Cheng didn't sleep. He would have gone out to implement his plan if it weren't midnight.

Unable to sleep at night and holding a young bride in his arms, Han Cheng's hands were naturally not idle.

Han Cheng was deeply impressed by his wisdom and foresight.

After changing her name to Bai Xue, the places where the young bride should have gained flesh finally began to fill out.

Although it wasn't much and still tender, at least it wasn't flat.

With the famous verse "The little lotus just shows its sharp tip, and already a dragonfly lands on it" by Yang Wanli echoing in his mind, Han Cheng drifted into dreams.

After dreaming all night, he couldn't remember the plot; he only remembered Snow White's proud weapons.

Quietly lifting the fur covering him, Han Cheng looked at Bai Xue beside him, still immersed in his dream. Immediately, he was brought back to reality...

The entire Green Sparrow tribe was in an uproar because, just a while ago, they were intelligent, wise, kind, and a series of other adjectives; Divine Child suddenly announced loudly that he wanted to use wood to drill holes in the stone.

After confirming from the Divine Child that Mu Tou and Shi Tou were real individuals of their Green Sparrow tribe, the crowd immediately boiled over.

Drilling holes in wood with hard stone could still be accepted, but now the Divine Child had turned things around, using wood to drill holes in stone. This was genuinely unimaginable!

Some people, fearing their speculation was wrong, deliberately found wooden sticks to drill on the stone. After half a day, apart from their palms turning red from rubbing, they gained no harvest.

Some people replaced the drill bit with a pure wooden drill handle and began drilling on the stone, with the same result.

The stone remained intact, but the wooden drill handle was significantly worn down.

After these two experiments, people became even more curious and puzzled and found the Divine Child's wisdom even more unfathomable.

Amidst everyone's anticipation, the incredibly hyped Han, with a confident smile, came to the stone chiseled by Mu Tou.

In his hand, he carried a pouch made of animal skin.

All eyes were fixed firmly on this pouch, expecting their Divine Child to take out an awe-inspiring tool from it.

The pouch was opened, and under everyone's unwavering gaze, Han Cheng took out a tool from it.

After seeing this tool, the highly expectant crowd almost stumbled.

They looked at each other in disbelief.

This... isn't this a hand drill? Their people had already verified that it couldn't drill into the stone.

How did the Divine Child take it out?

This... this...

Was the Divine Child going to use a hand drill to drill holes?

Yes, Han Cheng indeed intended to use this tool in his hand to drill holes.

Suddenly wanting to show off a bit in the tribe, Han Cheng was very satisfied with the reaction of the crowd.

He squatted there, adjusted the hand drill behind him, and began work.

Chapter 324: Stone Flint and Shu Pi

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe stared wide-eyed, closely watching Han Cheng's every move, especially those who had personally pressed the drills against the stones, refusing even to blink.

They wanted to see how the Divine Child would manage to drill out the eyes from the stones, a method they had already tested and confirmed to be unfeasible.

On one side of the ground lay a groove previously carved by Mu Tou.

Han Cheng placed the well-adjusted hand-powered drill bit into this shallow groove.

Instead of drilling directly, he took a small handful of something from his pocket and placed it into the groove.

It was sand.

Han Cheng didn't possess the magical ability to turn stones into gold. Like the other tribesmen who had tried drilling with wooden sticks, he couldn't accomplish it either.

But adding some fine sand into the mix changed everything.

This idea wasn't something he came up with on the spot. When he was young, his family had two stone mills used to grind sesame oil to sell in nearby villages. He often played around those oil mills and heard about this method from the idle chatter of the older generation.

It was said that this method was used to drill holes into stone mills in the past.

Of course, Han Cheng didn't know whether they used hand-powered drills.

Even stone mills with about ten centimeters could be drilled through, let alone these thin stone strips only three centimeters thick.

This was also why Han Cheng dared to boast confidently even without conducting a half-real experiment.

"Chirp chirp~"

"Chirp chirp~"

With Han Cheng's up and down movements, the wooden drill began to rotate back and forth, squeezing the sand inside the stone groove and rubbing against the stone strip, emitting a slightly grating sound.

The river pebbles lose all their edges and become smooth due to the erosion of the river.

In addition to water, rivers also carry fine sediments, key elements.

Watching all of this, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe showed a sudden realization, not that they understood the principle behind it, but they had a similar revelation, "The Divine Child indeed doesn't rely solely on hand-powered drills."

Drilling through stone was much slower compared to drilling through wood.

They could finally see the effect after replacing the ground-up sand three times in a row.

The pit became a bit deeper, and the surrounding walls, initially uneven from Mu Tou's chiseling, appeared much smoother.

Mu Tou, squatting on the side, watched with shining eyes. The method the Divine Child had just devised progressed much faster than he had been using before!

When chiseling with stones, the speed is initially faster, but as the pit deepens, the speed decreases rapidly. Moreover, one must be constantly vigilant to avoid damaging the tool.

However, this method was different. The deeper the pit, the faster the drilling, and there was no need to worry about the stones below breaking apart. Plus, using a hand-powered drill was much more convenient than holding a stone to chisel.

Don't doubt why Mu Tou knows so much because the hand-powered drill is in his hands at this moment...

With these initial results, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe completely believed what Han Cheng had said about drilling holes in stones with wood.

The next day, the holes in the stone strips were thoroughly drilled through, forming very round holes.

A prepared wooden handle was inserted into the hole, and wooden wedges were tightly inserted around it, finally completing the pickaxe!

The angle between the wooden handle and the stone pickaxe was about seventy degrees, which was conducive to the leverage principle. This allowed the pickaxe to "catch" more soil and be more labor-saving.

After Han Cheng had personally demonstrated it, the pickaxe ended up in the hands of the Eldest Senior Brother.

"Splish!"

Under the crowd's gaze, the pickaxe lifted by the Eldest Senior Brother fell directly into the soil, penetrating more than ten centimeters deep.

The Eldest Senior Brother lifted the pickaxe's handle upwards, and the pickaxe embedded in the mud lifted a large chunk of soil.

With this action, it was almost equivalent to digging three times with a bone shovel!

Witnessing the usefulness of the pickaxe, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were very excited.

The Divine Child had described the golden dream of millet to them more than once, and they were deeply fascinated by it.

Now, with the pickaxe as a tool for turning the soil, they had more confidence in planting tempting grains around the tribe...

Starting things is always tricky, but with the first successful manufacturing of the pickaxe, expanding production became much easier.

Three people who were skilled in making bone tools were selected from among the people of the original Bone Tribe to join Mu Tou in chiseling stones.

They chiseled stone strips about five units wide, three units thick, and twenty units long.

Several people were also assigned to use specially made hand-powered drills to drill holes in the stones and sharpen one end.

To do a good job, one must first sharpen one's tools. Allocating manpower and manufacturing tools conducive to cultivation was necessary to carry out large-scale land cultivation.

While the Green Sparrow Tribe was bustling with single-minded efforts to seek development and pursue a better life, things were happening in places unseen.

"Splash!"

The sound of breaking water echoed as a rudimentary fish cage woven from tree branches burst out of the water, tilting onto the grassy bank. A half-jumping, half-falling fish escaped from the cage, eager to return to the water to enjoy the legendary aquatic bliss.

"Slap!"

Two large hands suddenly appeared, catching the fish and slamming it hard onto the ground. It struggled for a moment before lying still, unable to return to the water, its eyes wide open in death.

A primitive man, wearing animal skins and leaves, picked up the fish that could no longer enjoy the water's embrace. He threaded a twig through its gills and strung it with three or four other fish.

After finishing this task, he tossed the rudimentary fish cage back into the water and began to wait.

Not far behind him, there was a pile of slowly extinguishing fires with some fish bones beside it.

The primitive man stood there for a while, watching the fish cage sinking into the riverbed, then squatted down and used his hands to scoop up water to wash his face.

This was a habit he had developed in the tribe that had given him countless beautiful memories.

The cool river water washed away the dust from his face. Through the slightly rippling reflection, one could see his appearance. Although his beard and hair had grown, he was still recognizable.

This man was none other than Shu Pi, who had been expelled from the Green Sparrow Tribe and was believed to be long dead.

Having washed his face, Shu Pi squatted by the river, gazing at his reflection in the water, and began to recall his experiences during this period.

At first, he thought he was going to die. Homeless, he lingered in the Green Sparrow Tribe for a while before finally leaving that dreamlike tribe people longed for. He didn't know where to go, wandering until he eventually returned to his original tribe.

Chapter 325: The Wandering Shu Pi and the Innocent Primitive Woman

Shu Pi didn't return to the cave because a pack of leopards had taken over the cave they used to inhabit. Shu Pi didn't have time to think about whether the scent of the unburned bodies of the tribe members attracted them. He was already too weak from hunger. He bypassed the cave and went to the riverside, using broken branches to spearfish to eat. That was his most urgent need.

Exhaustion and hunger greatly diminished his agility and strength, and despite his efforts, he couldn't catch any fish for a long time.

He remembered the contraptions the tribe used for fishing and threw away the stick in his hand, gathering some branches instead.

In the tribe that had driven him out, he had never made what they called a fish trap; he had only observed it closely.

Now, he struggled to recall the appearance of that fish trap, clumsily weaving branches together.

After a long while, he finally created something barely resembling a fish trap.

With no Shu Pi left, he tied this crude fish trap with grass rope and exerted all his strength to throw it into the river...

"Splash!"

A fish trap was pulled out several notches higher than before, this time containing two fish...

He tied the fish trap around his waist, which he regarded as a treasure, and tied together eight large and small fish with sticks, forming a circle, which he hung diagonally over his shoulder.

He held an extremely rudimentary bow in one hand and a spear made of a tree branch in the other then left the area.

He didn't know where he was or where he was going.

He had already left his original tribe, unable to defeat the pack of leopards and reclaim his former cave. He had no choice but to leave.

Whether it was the blessing of a motherless child or some other reason, he encountered danger several times on this journey but narrowly escaped each time, surviving until now.

He needed to find a cave to sleep in.

This thought arose after he fell from a tree once again.

This gave direction to his aimless wandering.

He had to find a female primitive human to spend the night with.

This was another desire that emerged as he rubbed against something raised high.

An overstuffed, stimulated bachelor is exceptionally terrifying.

He ate one of the lovey-dovey birds, and its beautiful feathers were tied to the back of wooden arrows. He tied the other bird to its two legs with grass rope, hanging diagonally over his shoulder as the next meal.

A cave was found!

A female primitive human was also found!

Hidden in the thicket, looking at the female primitive human fishing by the small river and then at a cave not far away, his mood was beautiful and nervous.

He didn't act recklessly but waited quietly for a while here. After confirming that most of the people in this tribe had gone out hunting, he stood up from the thicket. He walked towards the female primitive human, gradually moving away from the others and towards himself, fishing along the river.

The female primitive human was fishing earnestly, and it wasn't until the Shu Pi was almost beside her that she noticed the unexpected visitor.

Perhaps startled by this unexpected stranger, the female primitive human widened her eyes and mouth but didn't shout.

Even though this female primitive human was dirty, the Shu Pi could still see that she was either a young adult or about to become one.

If she were an experienced female primitive human, she would have either shouted out or already turned and run away, not standing still like this.

The female primitive human finally reacted and was about to shout when the Shu Pi had already taken down the colorful bird on his shoulder and handed it to her.

The voice that the female primitive was about to make disappear, and her already large eyes widened even further.

She looked at the beautiful big bird, then glanced at the Shu Pi holding the bird in front of her. After a while, she looked at the Shu Pi with a somewhat incredulous expression, pointing at the bird, then at herself.

The Shu Pi nodded earnestly.

The female primitive immediately smiled and reached out to take the colorful big bird from Shu Pi's hand.

But the bird didn't reach her hand as the Shu Pi moved away.

The female primitive stood there dumbfounded, looking at the unfamiliar man in front of her with a mixture of confusion and wariness.

Didn't he just say he was going to give her the bird? Why did he change his mind now?

In her hesitation, the Shu Pi once again offered the colorful big bird from its hand.

But this time, it used only one hand, while the other empty hand also reached out, pressing against the female primitive's exposed chest.

Her attention was completely absorbed by the colorful big bird, ignoring the Shu Pi's actions.

The bird was large enough to feed at least two people.

If she could bring this big bird back to the tribe, she could get some bird meat when it was time to eat. Normally, she rarely got to eat meat; the good food was always eaten by those stronger than her.

But if she could bring this bird back, it would be different. As the one who obtained the food, she could get some meat from this bird.

The delicious taste of meat filled the heart of this inexperienced female primitive.

Holding tightly to the colorful big bird, she was led by the unfamiliar male primitive who gave her the bird to a small grove not far away...

Satisfied, the Shu Pi rubbed its fingers together, sniffing them under its nose, revealing a lewd expression similar to that of an old stag.

Reaching out to fiddle with a dejected figure hiding behind the trees, he secretly watched the female primitive walking in a somewhat strange posture while holding the big bird.

By the riverbank, several other female primitives who were fishing, upon seeing the almost adult female primitive holding the colorful big bird, couldn't help but exclaim in surprise.

It wasn't easy to catch such a bird, and now, this person in the tribe who hadn't even fully grown up had caught such a big bird. How could they not be amazed?

Everyone couldn't help but marvel at the good fortune of this underage person.

In the evening, the news of the almost adult female primitive capturing a big bird caused a stir throughout the entire tribe.

This female primitive, who had never received such treatment before, squatted by the fire eating delicious bird meat, her mind involuntarily picturing the male primitive who had given her the colorful big bird.

The weather was fine, and many adult males and strong females from the tribe went out hunting again, while the few women who often fished continued to fish by the riverbank.

The fishing skills of the almost adult female primitive were not very good. After a long time, she hadn't caught a single fish, so she began to walk upstream of the river...

Chapter 326: The Lucky Shu Pi

Shu Pi had been waiting in the bushes for quite some time, feeling full after eating, and he couldn't help but think of that primitive female human.

After waiting a while, the female primitive human finally started walking towards him. Shu Pi, feeling much bolder than before, emerged from the bushes before the female primitive human reached him, holding five or six fish of various sizes and smiling at her. When the female primitive human arrived, Shu Pi handed her the string of fish directly. Without him needing to pull it, she walked towards the small grove herself, and Shu Pi chuckled lightly as he followed behind her.

When the female primitive human returned with the fish, it inevitably caused a minor commotion once again. The best angler had only caught four fish so far, but this novice female primitive human had managed to catch six. Are there more fish upstream? With doubt and anticipation, they headed upstream and found it similar to downstream.

Shu Pi's mood wasn't bad at all. This time, he had caught three rabbits and a string of fish. After eating one rabbit himself, he hung the other one up high. Considering it had been two or three days since he had seen the female primitive human, he carried the fish and rabbits back to where she usually stayed.

The underage female primitive human felt slightly disappointed because the person who often brought her plenty of food hadn't appeared for several days. She missed the taste of bird meat and grilled fish, which were much tastier than wild vegetables. As she thought about this, after skewering some fish for a while, she habitually looked towards the small grove, and to her pleasant surprise, she saw the man appearing again, with fish and rabbits in his hands! She happily ran over with her fish spear made of sticks...

Underneath the river, a female primitive human who had been spearing fish had been paying attention to the movements of the underage female primitive human. When she saw her running towards the small grove, she followed suit. Regarding the consecutive strokes of good luck for this underage female primitive human, she had always been somewhat skeptical. The female primitive human widened her eyes, looking very surprised at the scene before her. The underage female primitive human from her tribe was lying on the ground, her animal skins gone. In front of her were a rabbit and several fish, and behind her was a strange male rapidly moving... This incident made her very angry because this underage person was her offspring! The sudden turn of events also made the underage person panic, bewildered, and unsure of what to do.

After another female arrived, Shu Pi calmed down. He stood up, picked up the string of fish from the bewildered underage person on the ground, and hung it around the neck of the new female primitive human... The female primitive, who was considerably older, lay on the ground, looking at the slightly shaking five or six fish before her, feeling that today's catch was quite good... Watching the female primitive who occasionally looked back here as she left the grove with the fish and rabbits she was carrying, Shu Pi smiled again...

Food could be obtained behind the small grove upstream of the river, becoming a secret among the five female primitive humans responsible for spearing fish along the riverbank in the tribe. While the adult male members and others had left the tribe to hunt, these five women continued to spearfish by the river. However, unlike before, they didn't spearfish directly but went behind the small grove first. Shu Pi returned many games today: seven or eight fish strung together, a rabbit, and a colorful big bird.

Looking at the five female primitive humans standing in front of him, he didn't hesitate much and handed the colorful big bird to the recently matured female primitive human who was closest to him. He then gave the rabbit to the second most familiar female primitive human and the fish to another female primitive human with large buttocks. The three who received food stayed behind, while the two who didn't were envious as they watched the three but still went to the riverbank to spearfish...

The tribe didn't have much success in hunting today, and according to past experiences, many would go hungry in such situations. However, the leader and others weren't too worried this time because, recently, those responsible for fishing in the tribe had caught much more than before. Sometimes, not only did they bring back more fish but also some small game.

Back at the cave, the tribe leader looked at the fish, rabbits, and colorful big bird laid out there and couldn't help but smile broadly. These people didn't disappoint him; they caught a lot of food. He reached out and patted the shoulders of these women vigorously, loudly praising their capabilities...

Those who often walk by the river will inevitably get wet shoes. Walking on the night road frequently, one is bound to encounter ghosts.

In the tribe, a man had injured his foot during yesterday's hunt and couldn't sprint for a short time. Under the leader's arrangement, he was allowed to rest in the cave. After resting for a while, he couldn't stay still and found a fish spear in the cave. Limping, he left the tribe and headed towards the river. Despite the injury, he could still spearfish. However, what puzzled him was that he didn't see the figures of the several women who had gone out with fish spears not long ago.

With doubts, he followed the river upstream. After walking for a while, three women came out of the small grove, looking very panicked when they saw the male primitive not far away. The male primitive instinctively felt something good had happened and hurried towards the small grove. He saw a figure disappearing into the woods.

In the small grove, two female primitives were still hurriedly wrapping animal skins around themselves. Shu Pi ran for a while before stopping, panting heavily. Being discovered, he probably couldn't continue like this in the future, and he couldn't stay around this tribe anymore.

Shu Pi squatted on a tree, with excess food hanging on the branches he had collected. It had been a while since he had been to that tribe. Humans are social animals, and living alone is uncomfortable. He looked at the surplus food hanging there, reached down, and grabbed a handful, feeling very uncomfortable. After hesitating back and forth for a while, he finally carried the food and climbed down the tree with his bow and arrow, heading towards the enticing woods. The wilderness life during this period had made Shu Pi very cautious. He didn't rush out but hid here to observe for a while. After confirming that the people of this tribe had gone out hunting again, he began to make sounds to attract the attention of the several women still spearfishing by the river. When he saw them looking over, Shu Pi raised the food he was carrying high. He brought plenty of food this time, and after some time without much interaction, he decided to keep all these female primitives today.

Chapter 327: Third, Fifth, and Ninth Tier is exemplary

Shu Pi was caught.

He held up the food, watching the five primitive women running towards him at full speed, his happy little tongue trembling.

He could experience that excellent taste again!

Smiling, he hung the food on the bodies of the primitive women.

Unexpectedly, after accepting his food, these primitive women didn't strip off their animal skins and lie down on the ground as usual but suddenly reached out and pinned him to the ground.

Shu Pi would run far away if time could turn back and never provoke these unfamiliar primitive women again.

As time passed, the people from this tribe should be returning soon. To Shu Pi's horror, these five women, whom he was familiar with, firmly held him down.

No matter how hard he struggled or pleaded, they refused to let go, holding him even tighter than when they sat on him in the small forest before.

In Shu Pi's extreme nervousness, the returning people from the tribe arrived...

"¥ 55!"

Amidst the furious roar of the tribal leader and others, Shu Pi, covered in injuries, threw the rudimentary fish trap he had woven into the river.

"¥ 4!"

Watching the fish leaping on the grass in front of them, everyone in the tribe was stunned.

The tribal leader picked up the rudimentary fish trap, holding it and loudly praising it...

"Twang!"

With the vibration of the bowstring twisted from the inner fibers of the Shu Pi and the fluttering feathers of the wooden arrow, a bird with wings spread out, about a dozen meters away, squealed in protest and fell silent on the ground...

"5q!"

Once again, the surrounding onlookers exclaimed in amazement.

Shu Pi, holding his bow, looked somewhat smug.

"¥ 4!"

The tribal leader snatched the bow from his hand, held it with awe and excitement, and examined it carefully.

Shu Pi didn't die. He lay on the hay and animal skins, looking at the cave above his head, blackened by smoke. One of his hands unconsciously stroked the soft chest of a primitive person lying beside him.

He had a tribe again, but the people in this tribe were not as numerous as those in his previous tribe.

They were far from the dreamlike Green Sparrow tribe.

However, no matter what, he had a tribe again, a cave to live in.

And he even had a spouse.

This spouse was the young primitive woman who had often taken food from him before she reached adulthood.

As he lay there, memories of everything he had seen in that tribe flashed.

He hadn't lived in the Green Sparrow tribe for long, but everything there was most vivid in his memory.

In the past, he had merely reminisced about the dreamlike life there, but now, his memories had acquired some other purposes.

The fish trap and bow and arrow he learned from that tribe saved his life and helped him establish himself here. This made him, who had tasted success, feel eager.

To die and still be able to produce that precious pottery... Wouldn't my status in the tribe be even higher?

When the time comes, not only can I sleep with the woman who became my spouse, but I can also give to more...

The people of the Green Sparrow tribe, where all this happened, were unaware. If it weren't for being occasionally used as negative examples in propaganda, they probably would have forgotten about the person named Shu Pi long ago.

They had their affairs to attend to, without much time to think about the person who had been exiled from the tribe and likely eaten by wild beasts long ago.

For the people of the Green Sparrow tribe, today was a day worth celebrating because the new houses they began constructing this year could finally be officially occupied.

Living in the newly constructed houses, the people of the original Bone tribe appeared particularly joyful.

They felt more comfortable living in houses they had built with their own hands.

In the newly built houses, not only the people of the original Bone tribe would live. Han Cheng naturally wouldn't overlook such a glaring loophole.

The integration of the tribes wasn't achieved overnight; it required starting from small matters and considering every aspect.

After the new houses were built, Han Cheng gathered the people of the tribe and, for very official reasons, reassigned the housing.

The old hands of the Green Sparrow tribe and the people of the original Bone tribe were mixed.

The ratio between old hands and newcomers was roughly two to one in each house.

Issues concerning the residents of the entire house being only from the original Bone tribe wouldn't arise.

It wasn't just housing; Han Cheng deliberately mixed the two groups even in daily labor.

The results were very significant. By now, there wasn't much difference between the two tribes anymore.

Whether it was lifestyle habits or clothing.

Of course, the people of the original Bone tribe weren't fluent in Mandarin.

Han Cheng believed that what appeared to be very crude stone sickles were popular in the tribe and received unanimous praise from all the settlers.

Now, the Green Sparrow tribe had a total of thirty-one stone sickles.

There were only five bone spades.

The scarcity was because these bone spades, which were used for weeding and loosening soil, were now unnecessary.

They would be useful once the new season's millet was planted next year, but there was no hurry to make them now.

Han Cheng stood on the tall wall, looking towards the west of the tribe. A group of people was digging there, almost reaching the edge of the western forest, two or three miles away from the tribe.

From the wall to the forest's edge, such a large area, less than a tenth of the land remained undeveloped!

Han Cheng led a group of people with disabilities yesterday and roughly measured it. The land for planting rapeseed and millet was included. The cultivated land of the Green Sparrow tribe now exceeds two hundred mu (133,333 square meters)!

It's only the beginning of July in the lunar calendar. Based on this progress, it's not a problem for the Green Sparrow tribe to have six hundred mu (400,000 square meters) of cultivated land before winter.

The potential and energy of people are enormous. Once their enthusiasm is mobilized, they can achieve astonishing feats.

Leaving aside other matters, just reclaiming land is enough to marvel at.

During the reclamation of Nanni Bay, some people from the Three-Five-Nine Battalion could reclaim ten mu (6666.666 square meters) of land in a single day, which is over five thousand square meters!

Such speed is naturally beyond the capabilities of the Green Sparrow tribe, which only has bone spades and stone sickles. However, on average, each person can reclaim about three mu (2,000 square meters) of land daily, which is still quite effortless.

The Green Sparrow tribe currently has eighty-five adults (thirty-one from the Bone tribe minus the Bone tribe leader and Shu Pi, plus two from the Qinghua and Qingcao tribes).

Excluding those engaged in other tasks, allocating thirty people for land reclamation is not a problem.

Now that the newly built houses are finished, many hands can be freed up for land reclamation, making the process even faster.

Chapter 328: Got Cuck by Deer Lord?

Of course, reclaiming farmland doesn't just mean turning over the soil and removing some weeds and miscellaneous trees on the surface.

Another point that requires special attention is soil erosion.

The solution is to build ridges and construct drainage channels.

This not only dramatically reduces soil erosion but also effectively solves the problem of waterlogging in the fields.

Millet is a relatively drought-resistant crop, unlike rice, which can withstand being submerged in water for long periods. Therefore, it's essential to pay attention to field drainage.

Farming is a complex activity that involves many tasks. Sometimes, neglecting one aspect can lead to significant losses.

And even when everything is done correctly, success still depends on the weather.

However, compared to hunting, farming is much more stable.

Han Cheng allocated ten of the twenty people involved in building houses to dig drainage ditches in the reclaimed areas according to the terrain.

They don't understand these tasks and need Han Cheng's hands-on teaching first.

Currently, only a rough excavation of drainage ditches can be done. The rest will have to wait until after the rain and then be refined based on the traces left by the water.

Five of the other ten people joined the ranks of cultivating farmland, while the remaining five wielded stone axes to chop trees at the end of the fields to the west of the wall.

Saying they are chopping trees is not entirely accurate; they are stripping bark from them.

It takes quite a long time for a large tree to die and dry out, even up to a year or two.

It will take even longer if they encounter trees like the millennium-old poplars.

It's precisely because of this consideration that Han Cheng started to deal with these trees while plenty of land was still available for cultivation.

Next year, the Green Sparrow tribe needs to expand the millet planting area and plant large areas of wild hemp, which requires considerable land.

What Han Cheng is doing now is preparing for the next step of cultivating farmland.

As the saying goes, "If you don't plan, you'll suffer."

As the leader of the Green Sparrow tribe, Han Cheng has invested a lot of effort into its development.

Of course, compared to other laborers in the tribe, his work is much easier.

Once things are set in motion and running smoothly, he will assume the role of an overseer.

In grander terms, it's about ensuring that everyone in the Green Sparrow tribe can become talented and valuable individuals for the tribe.

In more straightforward terms, it's about him wanting to slack off quietly.

It's great to spend time leisurely. Han Cheng used to find leisure boring, but now, with Bai Xue as his little wife, life has become much more enjoyable.

There's nothing more enjoyable than training a little wife.

The weather is extremely hot in July. The scorching sun seems to want to ignite everything with its fiery passion.

Even indoors, it's not cool. A slight movement results in sticky sweat all over.

When Han Cheng isn't paying attention, Bai Xue quickly tears open the fur covering her upper body and blows air into the collar.

The wind accelerates the evaporation of moisture, which takes away heat, making Bai Xue feel instantly cooler.

Bai Xue looks through the window lattice at the other female primitive people in the tribe, such as Xing, Xiaomei, Xiaoli, and others, who are bare-chested, showing off their chest muscles, and feel envious.

Why can they be bare-chested while she has to endure the discomfort of wearing this fur in the scorching heat?

This is a question that any man in later generations could quickly answer.

It's like how many people are unwilling to let their wives wear super short skirts or shorts, but they hope that other people's wives will wear even less and show even more skin.

However, unlike the men in later generations who sneak glances at their wives with peripheral vision when walking together, Han Cheng, the Divine Child, seems much more brazen. "Brazen" might even be an understatement.

Men's psychology is sometimes strange. If people like Xing, Xiaomei, and Xiaoli were to be intimate with Han Cheng, he would undoubtedly protect their chastity to the death.

But he never tires of sneaking a glance at them when they're free.

Could this be the main reason for the invention of bras?

Hearing Han Cheng's footsteps at the door, Bai Xue quickly released her hand from the collar she held and tugged at her clothes, trying to flatten them out as much as possible to hide any traces.

From Bai Xue's little movements and expressions, Han knew precisely what she had done. This girl couldn't lie.

Han Cheng put down what he was holding and came to Bai Xue with a smile. In Bai Xue's nervous mood, he reached out and pulled open her collar.

With a shameless grin, Han cheekily blew two cool breaths onto the sweaty little bumps inside.

Then, he closed the door, drew the curtains, and, to Bai Xue's astonished expression, stripped her of her upper garment.

Looking at the snowy-white Bai Xue, Han rubbed his hands together and grinned mischievously.

Licking his lips, he approached Bai Xue and then...

Carefully dressed her in the garment he had brought in earlier.

Feeling the coolness on her body, Bai Xue let out a cheerful cry.

Seeing the joyful Bai Xue, Han smiled.

The garment Bai Xue was wearing was made by Han from large leaves of trees.

These leaves are pretty sturdy and make decent clothing to cover up.

The condition is that one shouldn't engage in any strenuous activity, or they might easily break.

Half an hour later, Han realized he was wrong. Another condition for wearing this kind of clothing: don't go into the deer pen!

When Han Cheng went to milk the deer, Bai Xue followed along.

The old Deer Lord became even more shameless, perhaps feeling uneasy seeing Han milking his wife for no apparent reason and eating her milk. So, he turned his attention to Bai Xue.

Without paying attention, Bai Xue's leaf garment was grabbed and eaten by the Deer Lord.

Eating is one thing, but this shameless creature even took advantage of the situation to lick Bai Xue with its tongue.

Hearing the commotion, Han turned his head, his eyes widening instantly, and then he became furious.

This old thief!

Is this Father's feast?

Damn it! Worried about having a green light on his head, he started raising a little wife.

But unexpectedly, after all the precautions, he was outsmarted by a deer?!

Han let go of the deer's wife and milk jug, lifted his leg, and kicked the deer's leg a few times.

But this guy didn't care at all, just shaking its skin a bit as if nothing had happened, like a deer.

It even disdainfully snorted at Han Cheng a couple of times.

It's unclear whether it disdains Han's stinginess or his little wife.

After all, Bai Xue is far inferior in scale compared to its wife.

Chapter 329: Copper, Iron... the biggest hurdle

Fire prevention, theft prevention, and Pervert deer prevention!

This is the lesson learned by Han Cheng, who risked being "greened" from his own experience!

Suffered a loss!

A big loss!

He only dared to lay a Han Cheng on that damn deer's wife, yet this shameless creature dared to use its mouth directly!

Han Cheng looked at the fat weapon of the deer master's wife, licked his lips, and ultimately couldn't bring himself to do it, resorting to the deer's ways.

Ultimately, he is no match for the ruthless Shitou.

Harvest hemp, weave cloth, make clothes!

Harvest hemp, weave cloth, make clothes!

Harvest hemp, weave cloth, make clothes!

This is the roar of a certain Divine Child, who, having felt ashamed, now rises with courage from deep within his heart.

Bai Xue looked very aggrieved, appearing pitiful.

It's not because that damn lecherous deer frivolously treated her, nor because Han Cheng blamed her for it, but because of food.

As the sun set, the heat gradually dissipated, and coolness rose, once again spreading fragrance throughout the Green Sparrow Tribe.

People dispersed in the courtyard to have dinner, the most heartwarming time of the day.

However, Bai Xue didn't feel particularly heartwarming at this moment.

Brother Cheng wouldn't let her eat more because she had only eaten one bowl of rice.

Xiaomei and Xiaoli could eat three bowls each, and she used to be able to eat three bowls, too, but now she could only manage one, not even half full.

How can she grow up if she doesn't eat enough? How can she surpass Xiaomei and Xiaoli...

Seeing his little wife looking pitifully at him, Han Cheng couldn't help but snifle.

Primitive people always burst out with strong enthusiasm for food, and the most obvious result is—gaining weight.

In the past few months, Bai Xue no longer looked as skinny as before and had gained a lot of weight.

A while ago, she looked just right, neither thin nor fat, perfectly proportioned.

But perfection is always effortless to pass by. As Han Cheng nodded silently to himself, the flesh on Bai Xue's body grew incessantly.

When Han Cheng came to his senses, he found that his little wife was already overweight.

If measures weren't taken, it wouldn't be long before she caught up with Xiaomei and Xiaoli.

Weight loss and controlling diet are the top priority.

In later years, Han Cheng had gone through a period of weight loss, insisting on running and playing basketball daily.

With increased physical activity, his appetite improved. However, believing that exercise alone could lead to weight loss, Han Cheng didn't control his diet.

As a result, after a while, instead of losing weight, he gained three more pounds.

What a painful experience it was.

Weight loss requires a combination of exercise and diet control, an experience Han Cheng learned from his later years.

"Sigh!"

Han Cheng sighed, unable to bear Bai Xue's pitiful appearance, and finally relented, allowing her to eat another half bowl, but no more meat. She had to eat more vegetables.

Watching Bai Xue happily running towards the big pot of rice, Han Cheng couldn't help but rub his head.

He felt lost. If he were an emperor, the harem would definitely be in chaos.

After resting for a while after dinner, Han Cheng glanced at Bai Xue, and she obediently got up and walked to the wall to fetch something.

After putting it on, she began to sway her waist.

Yes, this exercise equipment is a hula hoop.

Made with long, smooth branches as the core, wrapped around with soft fur, it doesn't hurt the body when rotating.

After spinning the hula hoop for a while, Bai Xue followed the exercises Han Cheng had taught her, such as bending down and stretching, to train her flexibility.

Firstly, it helps to relax the muscles and bones.

Secondly, hehehe...

These are some of Han Cheng's more personal thoughts...

On such days, the empty space west of the wall was cleared entirely, and the eldest brother and others began moving to the wall's east side.

The eastern side of the open space is also not small. Apart from the planted fruit trees, there is still plenty of vacant land.

Expanding further to the east, reclaiming two to three hundred acres of land would be easy.

While training his little wife, Han Cheng was not idle either. He made the stone-made hoe, but there was no sign of the wooden plow.

For him, the inventor of this primitive seed drill, it is a must.

This three-legged plow pulled by livestock is essential for intensive farming and improving farming efficiency!

The idea is complete, but the reality is different. Many things cannot be accomplished with enthusiasm alone; after all, the world is material and not subject to human will.

After finding the wood with holes in the middle suitable for making plow legs and having the woodworker and two bone craftsmen from the Bone Tribe sharpen them, Han Cheng still had to abandon the plow, which was very tempting temporarily.

Compared to bone shovels, bone spades, and stone plows, which require a higher degree of precision, the plow cannot be created with the current tools.

Sigh!

Lying in the shade, watching the dappled light filtering through the leaves, Han Cheng couldn't help but sigh deeply.

Copper and iron, these metals commonly seen in later years, have always been a tight constraint on their tribe.

Copper and iron are unavoidable obstacles to further development and manufacturing of more precise and practical tools.

But where can he get these metals?

Iron smelting?

Copper smelting?

Charcoal is available, and they can somewhat manage to make clay furnaces, but the key is that there is no ore now.

When Han Cheng had nothing to do, he would go out with the eldest brother and others. Within a radius of more than ten miles around the Green Sparrow Tribe, there was no trace of them.

Although there was some discontent in his heart, he could still accept it. After all, the range of movement available now is too small. The fact that there is a salt mountain near the Green Sparrow Tribe is something to be thankful for.

If they could find copper and iron, it would truly be fortunate.

Understanding is one thing, but the frustration in his heart hasn't diminished much. After all, the plow is an extremely important component of his large-scale farming plan for the coming year.

Now that they haven't even started implementing it formally and they're already facing such a problem, it's headache-inducing.

Now that the problem is here, if they want to manufacture usable plows, they must have usable metal tools.

To have metal tools, they need usable metal.

To have metal, they must have metal ore...

After going around in circles, everything returns to the original point.

Why did the damn heavens send him here butt-naked? Couldn't they have given him at least a backpack, if not a trenching tool? Inside it, besides some food, there were also two knives...

Han Cheng chuckled bitterly, no longer dwelling on these impossible scenarios. With this time and effort, going out and exploring is better. That way, the chances of finding copper and iron ore are higher.

Chapter 330: Catching Loaches

How to dispel worries? Only with delicious food!

During this period, Han Cheng, thinking about metal ores so much that his head was spinning, decided to soothe his injured soul with a hearty meal.

He made this decision partly because he was feeling a bit down and partly because, while the group responsible for digging drainage ditches kept digging all the way to the riverbank, they spotted some loaches.

Upon hearing the news, Han Cheng decided he wanted to catch some loaches to eat.

Upon hearing the master's request, the person in charge of using fish traps to catch fish, along with the others digging the water channels, felt quite hesitant. This was because loaches were extremely slippery and difficult to catch. Sometimes, they could be caught by chance while fishing, but they would still slip out of the gaps in the fish traps. (The gaps between the fish traps of the Green Sparrow Tribe were relatively large, aiming to catch fewer small fish.)

Loaches were too slippery to catch?

After hearing what everyone said, Han Cheng chuckled. It seemed like he had to do it himself.

Before he could act, Lame patted his chest, saying he had a way and was guaranteed to catch loaches for the master.

Han Cheng was quite curious about what idea Lame had come up with.

Loaches spent most of their time hiding in the mud, making them difficult to catch. With Lame's confidence, could it be that he used conditioner?

Lame's method was simple: weaving a finer fish trap with thinner branches.

This way, once the loaches entered the fish trap, they could not escape.

After hearing this, Han Cheng shook his head. It was a method, but its efficiency would not be too high.

Because loaches, unlike fish, didn't like swimming in the water. It was not easy to get them into the fish trap.

Seeing his method rejected by the Divine Child, Lame scratched his head.

If this method didn't work, then he really couldn't think of a better one.

Should he use a bone shovel to dig by the river? That would be more trouble than using fish traps.

In his puzzlement, Han Cheng brought stone knives, bone knives, and the bamboo pole he had cut in the bamboo forest before, which he would use as a pole.

He used the stone knife and bone knife to split two sections of bamboo and carefully made some bamboo splints a few millimeters thick.

Making bamboo splints wasn't easy without sharp metal tools. Although Han Cheng was cautious, he couldn't make very thin and uniform bamboo splints.

Fortunately, he didn't need to weave anything, and the carved bamboo splints needed to be cut into extremely short pieces so they could be used reluctantly.

After making them, he brought some tree branches thinner than his fingers, flattened one end, drilled a small hole, and then threaded one of the previously cut bamboo splints, about two centimeters long, through it and secured it in place.

Lame looked at these half-meter-long sticks, unable to figure out how to use them to catch loaches.

In his opinion, this thing was not as reliable as his suggestion to reweave the fish trap.

But Han Cheng didn't share Lame's concerns. He knew best in his heart whether or not this thing was reliable.

Looking at the hundred or so of these things that had been made, and with the sun already leaning westward, according to the calculation from his past life, it was probably around five o'clock. The sun would set in about two hours, so Han Cheng stopped working.

Although some things were left, catching one or two bowls of loaches should not be a problem.

Han Cheng, with the bone shovel, Bai Xue, carrying the "cards," and some other spectators headed towards the small river.

Did they have to use a bone shovel to dig?

Watching the master calmly walk out with a bone shovel, Lame scratched his head in place before following along.

After arriving at the small river, Han Cheng started digging, not for loaches but earthworms.

The riverbank was damp, and after years of accumulation, it had decomposed grass, leaves, and other materials, making the soil fertile, which earthworms liked to inhabit.

Sure enough, in no time, many earthworms were dug up.

Primitive people were much braver than people from later generations and had no fear of various insects. Under Han Cheng's orders, Bai Xue and the others pinched the cool, sticky earthworms from the soil and placed them in a cracked pottery bowl.

Then, following Han Cheng's demonstration, they cut the earthworms into small pieces.

Han Cheng vaguely remembered that when an earthworm was cut in half, it wouldn't die and could turn into two. However, these earthworms dug up didn't have this opportunity because they were threaded onto the bamboo splints once they were cut.

Bai Xue pinched the bamboo splint threaded onto a small stick with her fingers and joined the two ends together. Due to its excellent flexibility, the bamboo splint didn't break. Then, she threaded the cut earthworm pieces onto it.

After releasing her hand, the bamboo splint, constrained by the earthworms, arched but didn't open up.

Because most of the "cards" had been threaded, Han Cheng picked up some of the finished ones and inserted them into the mud in the shallow water along the riverbank. They were inserted about ten centimeters deep, with one inserted every half meter.

The cards inserted into the water weren't very conspicuous. Without careful observation, they could easily be overlooked.

Time was tight today, so they hurriedly made the cards. Later, they could tie feathers to the tops of the cards so that when it was time to collect them, they could easily see where the cards were and avoid losing them.

Looking at the line of cards extending along the riverbank, a smile appeared on Han Cheng's face.

"Big Brother Cheng, are we going back now?"

Bai Xue looked at the cards in the river and asked with confusion.

The others also looked at Han Cheng with puzzlement.

Han Cheng reached out and twiddled Bai Xue's braids, smiling and nodding. "Let's go back to eat. We'll harvest a lot of loaches tomorrow morning."

Following Han Cheng, everyone walked back, occasionally looking back at the riverbank. They couldn't figure out how these simple sticks could catch the slippery loaches.

But Lame, who was walking behind, showed a thoughtful expression.

"Another one!"

The sun had not yet risen, and on the grass, with dewdrops and a light mist gently enveloping the riverbank, Bai Xue's cheerful voice rang out with surprise.

She was holding a card that had just been pulled out of the muddy water by the riverbank. At the bottom of the card hung a loach.

The usually slippery loach had become extremely docile now.

Its mucous couldn't save it from misfortune anymore because the stretched bamboo splint firmly held its mouth open, making it unable to escape.

"There's another one here!"

Xing also shouted happily. All the usually elusive loaches were now obediently caught, making them overjoyed.

For a moment, the riverbank was full of the joy of the harvest.

Watching this scene, Han Cheng also smiled, feeling as if he had returned to his childhood days of catching loaches under harvested rice fields...

" Brother Cheng, what's that?"