

Primitive 341

Chapter 341: No need to wait

"Swish~!"

Lifting the bone shovel filled with husked grains high, the golden sand-like grains scattered in the air, falling in long streaks.

This was the subtlety of the threshing ground, called 'scattering in a line, not in a large area.'

The long streaks of grains dispersed in the air made it easier for the wind to blow away any impurities mixed within them. Moreover, after falling to the ground, the surface impurities could easily be swept away with a broom.

In the Green Sparrow Tribe, when it came to threshing, Qi Qiu, who often did it, was considered the best, but no one dared to claim the top spot.

However, as the supposed top expert looked at the grains being scattered and falling back down, he couldn't help but frown.

In the past, after scattering like this, the grains that fell wouldn't have any impurities, but now, there was a lot of bran mixed in.

It wasn't that his skills had deteriorated; it was just that the weather wasn't cooperating today. There was no hint of wind after only half of the threshing.

Setting down the bone shovel, he gently used a broom to sweep away the bran on top.

When it came to threshing, he had an almost stubborn mentality. He didn't want any impurities to appear in the grain heap.

After sweeping the bran aside, he felt a little relieved.

Looking at the motionless leaves, he became dejected again. He didn't know when the threshing would be completed...

Without wind, there was nothing the expert could do; he could only wait for the wind to come and start threshing.

However, they had to wait until the next day.

The weather wasn't perfect the next day; the sun hung in the sky, baking everything beneath it.

All the grains harvested by the Green Sparrow Tribe had been threshed, and the grain stalks were stacked at the edge of the ground.

Except for the last half pile of grain that hadn't been threshed, the rest had already been dried and stored in the house.

At this time, some people were busy bringing the grains drying in the courtyard back into the house, worried that it might rain today and ruin what they had worked so hard to harvest.

"Qi Qiu, don't wait any longer. Bring the grains back and wait for the right time to thresh again..."

Someone called out.

Qi Qiu looked at the sky and then at the pile of grains mixed with a lot of bran, feeling unwilling to wait any longer. After waiting for a while, he reluctantly agreed with reality.

He fetched a scoop with a polished animal hide cover and started loading the grains mixed with bran to carry back into the house.

This kind of scoop with an open mouth and handle was much more useful for carrying things than clay pots, except for carrying water.

Previously, these scoops couldn't carry small grains like seeds and grains because they would spill out from the gaps.

Later, Han Cheng solved this problem by using old animal hides that couldn't retain heat to cover the scoops.

"Qi Qiu, wait, use this."

Qi Qiu stopped when he saw the Divine Child holding a large, strange object coming towards him.

What Han Cheng held in his hand was a winnowing basket recently made by Lame.

The primary use of this object was to clean dirty grains, regardless of whether there was wind or not, and secondarily, it could be used to transport grains.

The primary materials used for the winnowing basket were flexible branches, ropes, and tree bark.

Han Cheng had seen winnowing baskets mostly made of unpeeled hemp in later generations.

Although Han Cheng had discovered traces of hemp before, he hadn't brought back a few plants, so he could only use rattan instead.

Making winnowing baskets with rattan was more difficult than using hemp stalks, but they were stronger.

At the large opening of the winnowing basket, it was wrapped in tough tree bark.

This part was often used for shoveling things and was prone to wear and tear, so wrapping it in tough bark could give it the maximum protection it needed.

Qi Qiu's eyes widened in rare surprise, squeezed by the excess fat on his face, as he looked at the winnowing basket in Han Cheng's hand, filled with curiosity.

"This strange thing can clean grains? How does it work? Do you shovel the grains like with the bone shovel and then toss them up? But this head is too big. How can it toss so much grain?"

The winnowing basket Han Cheng held wasn't small; its opening was over seventy centimeters wide, with a length of sixty centimeters front to back and a height of twenty-five centimeters.

This basket could hold more than twenty catties of grain when full, so it was impossible to toss it.

Seeing Qi Qiu's reaction, Han Cheng knew he didn't understand how to use it, so he didn't say much more. Instead, he walked to the pile of grains that hadn't been cleaned properly, bent down, and used the winnowing basket to shovel some.

Then, he walked to a place where it wouldn't cause any obstruction, held the winnowing basket in both hands and winnowed.

The grains inside the basket were lifted about ten centimeters high before falling back into the basket without stopping, only to be lifted again.

During this back-and-forth, dust, and bran were expelled from the mouth of the winnowing basket and fell to the ground.

As for the heavier grains, except for a few restless ones, the rest stayed well inside the basket.

Apart from being a bit dusty, there was nothing wrong with using a winnowing basket like this to clean grains.

With his eyes squeezed by the fat on his face, Qi Qiu widened them again, full of surprise.

"Divine Child, let me do it."

After pouring the cleaned grains into the animal-hide-lined scoop, Qi Qiu filled with excitement, rubbed his hands together and said to Han Cheng, full of anticipation.

This winnowing basket was originally intended for Qi Qiu's use, so Han Cheng didn't intend to spend too long on it. Seeing that Qi Qiu already understood how to use it, he handed it over and became a technical advisor.

Farming activities weren't tricky; watching was enough to learn, as long as one was willing to work hard and not be lazy.

The winnowing basket had just arrived in Qi Qiu's hands, and he was still unfamiliar with it. After winnowing it a few times, he became familiar with it. He even surpassed Han Cheng, who made the winnowing basket in the first place.

It wasn't that Han Cheng was too dumb, but he didn't use the winnowing basket much and didn't have the advantage in height and strength.

"Swish, swish, swish..."

The sound of grains colliding with the winnowing basket continued, and grains were continuously cleaned.

At this time, the weather was getting hotter and hotter, and the moon-like sun in the sky had disappeared, replaced by large patches of clouds.

A heavy rain was about to fall.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had already brought back all the dried grains, and now some were busy covering the grain stacks that had been threshed once with thatched grass and then pressing them down with stones.

At this time, wooden forks were used for threshing. Unlike rapeseed, not all grains would be beaten down in one go. It required a second or even third or fourth threshing.

The harvest would plummet, but it was always good as long as there was a harvest.

Humans didn't just feel the impending rain; other creatures also felt it. Deer, sheep, chickens, and others seemed a bit restless.

With his face full of fat shaking even more vigorously, Qi Qiu worked harder, winnowing continuously. Finally, just before the heavy rain fell, he cleaned out the last bit of dirty grain.

Carrying the winnowing basket and half of the scoop of grains, he ran back to the house, panting heavily, watching the bean-sized raindrops fall. Qi Qiu let out a sigh of relief, showing a relaxed and victorious expression.

Then his gaze fell on the winnowing basket in his hand. Without it, they wouldn't have been able to clean all these grains. Because until now, there hadn't been any wind outside.

Such a good thing was too rare; the tribe needed more of them.

He decided that when he had some free time later, he would ask the Divine Child and Lame for more guidance on making winnowing baskets.

Chapter 342: To fight against the heavens, to fight against the earth, and to fight against people.

The rain poured heavily, splashing up clouds of mist upon the ground.

On the eaves, water dripped down, forming beads resembling a pearl curtain.

Amidst the noise, there was also a sense of tranquil peace.

The misty water vapor floated into the house through the windows and doorway.

Han Cheng stood here quietly, watching the heavy rainfall.

It is said that most people sleep peacefully on rainy nights because, during the rain, many wild animals tend to hide away, no longer bothering or attacking humans. People can take advantage of this rare opportunity to completely relax their minds.

This subconscious feeling has been passed down from ancient times to the present.

Of course, the prerequisite for peaceful sleep is having a place that provides some shelter from the wind and rain.

Like the poet Du Fu, who lived in a dilapidated thatched hut, constantly lamenting, "the raindrops are like hemp and never cease," it is impossible to sleep soundly while listening to the continuous rain leaking into pots and tubs inside the house.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were not particularly at ease today because they still had work to do.

When life improves, there are more things to worry about and more things to do because every acquisition is not obtained out of thin air; it requires corresponding labor.

Especially in this era when the Green Sparrow Tribe far surpasses surrounding tribes, and the division of labor is unclear, most of the things the Green Sparrow Tribe needs must be done by their own hands.

To want to focus solely on one type of work and then use the money earned to buy everything needed, like in later generations, belongs to the series of "within one's lifetime."

With a straw hat on his head and a raincoat draped over him, Han Cheng and about thirty similarly dressed people walked out of the house, into the rain curtain, grabbed a bone shovel from the tool shed, and headed towards the fields.

The farmland of the Green Sparrow Tribe had been newly cultivated in the past two years, and the drainage facilities were not yet perfect. Many fields were easily washed away in the face of such heavy rain.

Han Cheng and the others came out for this reason. Whenever they saw fields rapidly being damaged by accumulating rainwater, they used the bone shovels to plug the breaches and divert the water into the drainage ditches.

For newly cultivated fields, activities such as inspecting and digging drainage channels during rainy days must continue for at least three years. When both sides of the drainage ditch are covered with grass, and the soil at the ditch has hardened again and is no longer easily washed away by water, then the job can be considered done.

After being soaked by rainwater, the newly dug land became soft, and even walking barefoot on it felt cool and soft.

Walking on such soil barefoot was not feasible. Even wearing grass shoes would soon be torn off by the mud.

"Block it up over there."

"I'll take care of this."

In the vast curtain of rain, there were faint sounds. The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe who followed Han Cheng, each holding a bone shovel, gradually dispersed across the land, quickly blocking and diverting the water.

With a chill in the rain hitting their straw hats and raincoats, hitting their hands holding the bone shovels and the shovels themselves...

Like untamed horses flowing freely, the rainwater that had drastically altered the appearance of the newly cultivated fields was gradually restrained. Following the movements of the bone shovels, it flowed reluctantly along the path designed by humans and ultimately merged into the small river.

Fighting against the sky brings endless joy. Fighting against the earth and fighting against people brings endless joy.

Looking at the history of human development, we see that it is, step by step, fighting against the sky and the earth.

Without the sky and the earth, we use axes to open up the chaos and use our bodies to create a space sufficient for survival.

If the sky leaks, we will refine colorful stones to plug the leaks.

The ground was flooded, so people kept continuously digging channels to divert water into the sea...

To be born as a human being is such a proud and fortunate thing. How precise and lucky it is to be born!

After blocking up a breach, Han Cheng stood up. He took a moment to rest, watching everything happening amidst the vast curtain of rain, feeling a sense of emotion.

A big dream comprises small dreams, and the realization of dreams relies on step-by-step hard work. Daydreaming and idle talk will only lead to the ruin of nations and oneself.

Each scoop of inconspicuous soil dug up by these bone shovels is a small step toward the dream of the Green Sparrow Tribe...

A steed can't cover a thousand miles in one leap, and a horse can't drive ten chariots, but success lies in perseverance.

As long as one doesn't give up, day by day, under their leadership, this tribe and this land will surely blossom with dazzling colors.

Looking back at how they were when they first arrived, they have unconsciously changed a lot. The Green Sparrow Tribe has become a presence that surrounding tribes can only look up to, hasn't it?

In the heavy rain, Han Cheng, digging the channels, suddenly became full of ambition. He wondered if Shun, who emerged from the fields, had similar feelings when plowing the fields.

The heavy rain gradually stopped, the clouds in the sky slowly dissipated, and the water in the ditches flowed with a gurgling sound, gradually diminishing.

Watching the cultivated land that the rain hadn't severely damaged, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, covered in mud and wearing raincoats, couldn't help but cheer as they held their bone shovels.

In the face of nature, they were small but not powerless. Through their struggle, they could accomplish things that even nature couldn't thwart.

Han Cheng also joined in the cheers with the others, then shook off the mud from his feet and walked back to the tribe with everyone...

The people who stayed in the tribe were not idle either. Fire One, Fire Two, and Ruhua, whose belly had grown again, collected rainwater and boiled it in large barrels.

Han Cheng instructed this before leaving, saying that when they returned later, the people who went out should bathe in hot water.

This could reduce the possibility of getting sick from getting wet in the rain.

Knowing the significance of doing this, Fire One and the others took it very seriously.

They couldn't protect the fields like the men and strong women who braved the heavy rain, so they could only do their best to heat the water hot and let the tired people wash away their fatigue...

Inside the cave, the air was misty with water vapor.

The people who returned from building water conservancy facilities were washing themselves with hot water, feeling comfortable all over, and all the chills they had felt outside were driven away.

A few original members of the Green Sparrow Tribe, enjoying the comfortable bath, squinted their eyes contentedly.

Taking a hot bath was so comfortable. Why didn't they know about it before?

Thinking back to the years when they rarely bathed, they felt itchy all over.

Han Cheng was also taking a bath, or more accurately, soaking in a bath.

He wasn't in the cave but in a room.

Firstly, there were too many people in the cave, and it was too crowded and not as comfortable as in the room.

Secondly, bathing in a "private room" offered pleasures the communal pool couldn't provide.

Han Cheng sat in the steamy bathtub, leaning against the tub's edge, already feeling comfortable being enveloped by the warm water. Moreover, Bai Xue, the little bride, was on the side, using her small hands to scrub his body.

Because she often worked, Bai Xue had calluses on her hands, not as soft as girls in later generations, but still making Han Cheng feel ticklish as she scrubbed him.

Due to the steam, Bai Xue's face seemed even whiter, and her braided hair trembled with her washing movements.

Watching the little bride scrubbing his body so diligently, Han Cheng felt even itchier in his heart. He reached out and held the hand that was wandering on his body...

Chapter 343: Bathing feels so good

"Brother Cheng?" Bai Xue asked in confusion, her big eyes filled with puzzlement, not understanding why Brother Cheng suddenly grabbed her hand.

How could she wash and scrub herself like this?

Han Cheng chuckled shamelessly, "Bai Xue, come and wash with me."

Bai Xue's already large eyes widened even more, looking completely bewildered. She didn't understand why Brother Cheng suddenly wanted her to bathe with him.

However, this warm water should be very comfortable to wash in, just...

Just...

She looked a bit hesitant, biting her lip here.

Han Cheng looked at Bai Xue's expression, surprised and puzzled. This little girl sleeps in a heated bed with him every day and has never seemed shy, so why is she acting so coy today? This is strange.

"The tub is too small, it won't fit."

Bai Xue said hesitantly.

Han Cheng sighed. So that's what she's worried about.

I knew it. How could this little white flower suddenly change her personality?

Knowing Bai Xue's dilemma, Han Cheng smirked. "It's okay. It can fit both of us. Let's see how much space is left."

To coax the young Bride into the water, Han Cheng deliberately curled up his body, pointing to the remaining space in the tub, and said to Bai Xue.

His voice carried some temptation, like a cat preparing to steal a fat fish.

Bai Xue looked seriously at the remaining space in the bathtub. She felt fitting herself in with Han Cheng shouldn't be a problem. After wiping her hands wet with water on her braided sheep's horns, she dried herself a bit, grabbed the sleeves of her animal skin clothes, and began to exert force to take them off.

The animal skin clothes, similar to a hoodie, were lifted with her movements, revealing inch by inch of skin from her navel upwards.

Because she hadn't seen the sun all summer, her skin looked relatively pale.

Han Cheng, with eager eyes, anticipated the revelation of the secrets hidden beneath as Bai Xue's animal skin top reached her chest. His carefully nurtured secret was about to be exposed. Still, Bai Xue stopped her movements, loosening her hands, and the loose animal skin clothes fell, covering up everything that had been revealed.

Han Cheng's eager expression instantly turned into disappointment.

When did this little Bride learn to tease people like this?

"What's wrong?"

Han Cheng endured his impatience and asked.

Bai Xue pointed to the bathtub with her small hand. "The water will come out."

Han Cheng looked at the water in the bathtub and couldn't help but pat his forehead. Sure enough, love can make people foolish.

With Bai Xue coming in like this, his room is bound to have a flood.

After coming to the primitive era, Han Cheng had long lost his shame. He came out of the bathtub naked, filled two cans of water from the tub, chuckled, took off Bai Xue's clothes in three or two moves, hugged her, and put her in the tub, then eagerly got in himself.

The warm water enveloped their bodies, and Han Cheng was almost ecstatic, holding a soft body in his arms.

No wonder people like to take a bath together. It turns out the feeling is so wonderful.

Somebody who had been single for many years and was still a virgin until he ran to the primitive era to bring back a little Bride couldn't help but feel sentimental...

Fighting against the heavens and the earth is enjoyable, especially against people.

As expected, it didn't disappoint. Fighting against the heavens and the earth was endlessly enjoyable, especially against people.

After taking a hot bath and washing together, Divine Child, lying comfortably on the heated bed, turned his head to look at Bai Xue, who was cuddling up to him with her cheeks flushed and thought to himself with satisfaction.

Although what he had just been fighting against was Bai Xue's little hands...

During the bath together, Han Cheng wandered around the edge several times but did not go further.

It's not that he didn't want to, but Bai Xue is still young, and until now, no relatives have visited. It's better to wait longer for this enjoyable yet embarrassing thing. Otherwise, it's not good for her body.

Han Cheng is not promiscuous, nor is he reckless. He can be impulsive sometimes, but most of the time, he can be bound by reason.

He treats Bai Xue not only with desire. After a long time, something similar to familial affection has already appeared.

Because he cherishes her, he doesn't want to cause her harm.

I used to hear people say that taking love further isn't the grave of marriage but somewhat familial affection. Han Cheng, who had never been in love, couldn't understand this statement.

Now, in this era, thinking about everything that has happened between him and his young Bride, it seems like he hasn't experienced the so-called love, but he can understand the correctness of this statement.

Bowing his head, he kissed the flushed cheeks of his young Bride. Han Cheng tightened his arms around Bai Xue a little more, closed his eyes, listened to the patter of rain outside the window, felt the breath of the young Bride in his arms, and, exhausted from labor, he soon fell asleep.

However, the energetic little Bai Xue didn't sleep. Quietly, she raised her hand and looked at it for a while, thinking about that magical thing that could be big or small, her eyes filled with curiosity.

After looking at it for a while, she quietly put her hand down, groped for something, and softly muttered in her tiny mouth, "Big, big..."

After a while, a mischievous smile appeared on the face of the young Bride, like a child who had just received a new toy, reluctant to let go...

As the night fell, dinner was ready in the tribe, and someone came to call Han Cheng to eat.

Han Cheng woke up from his dream, looking at Bai Xue, who had just woken up, and his old face couldn't help but turn red.

Because he remembered the absurd dream he had just had, and the main character wasn't Bai Xue...

In the following days, Han Cheng became somewhat helpless because inappropriate scenes kept appearing in his dreams. He sighed, realizing that he was still too inexperienced. What would happen after they consummate their marriage if this was the case?

This situation continued until one night when Han Cheng couldn't sleep, lying there for a long time without falling asleep, and could only finally fall asleep after being touched by a small hand sneaking over...

After the heavy rain, the sky did not clear up, and the rain continued for three days.

In light rain, most water will seep into the ground and not accumulate rapidly, turning into floods.

So, during these few days, only a few people carried bone spades to inspect the fields along the ridges, and the rest of the people were relatively idle compared to usual.

However, among these idle people, the first carpenter, Lame, was not included.

This is the pain of doing indoor work. When it rains outside, those doing outdoor work can take a break, but those indoors are not affected...

Chapter 344: Green Sparrow Tribe Beyond the Golden Age

Beyond the Golden Age

This year, the Green Sparrow Tribe has constructed twelve new houses, but they haven't all been occupied yet. Six of them remain empty.

Han Cheng didn't allocate the six vacant houses for families. Currently, four of them serve as granaries, storing various grains in large pots and small jars. Han Cheng realizes it's time to make more grain storage containers, especially considering that the production scale will expand next year, posing a potential storage challenge.

Han Cheng looks at the grains stored in the pots and spread out on the ground, contemplating. The so-called "Xue Zi" is a long strip woven from the hard skin of sorghum stalks. It's about thirty centimeters wide, and there are no specific requirements for length. This item is used explicitly for storing grains. When not used, it's rolled up and tied with a rope, taking up minimal space in the corner. When needed, the rolled-up "Xue Zi" is laid out on the ground, preferably on a dry surface, and then unrolled in a spiral to form a circle for storing grains. With enough "Xue Zi," it's not difficult to create a cylindrical storage space with a diameter of two to three meters and a height of two to three meters.

This is essentially a primitive granary. However, with technological advancement, rubber or alloy products have gradually replaced these hand-woven granaries. Han Cheng doesn't expect rubber or alloy grain containers; sorghum skin "Xue Zi" is fine. But even this seems like a luxury, considering he hasn't even found any sorghum yet.

Nevertheless, he can find alternatives; sorghum stalks and some tougher grasses can serve the purpose, although they aren't as effective as those made from sorghum skin. Han Cheng now deeply appreciates the importance of carpenters and weavers. He plans to select a few talented individuals from the tribe and teach them these skills to ensure the continuity of these techniques.

With skilled artisans, Han Cheng can delegate some responsibilities and focus on creating more advanced items. Currently, the items made by the tribe are already quite advanced. Two of the six vacant houses are used for storing miscellaneous items, and one serves as a "carpenter's room."

The carpenter, Lame, sits in this room on a small tree stump, holding a chisel in one hand and an axe in the other, diligently cutting a wooden board. Nearby lies a more complex structure—a plow—which Han Cheng explained in detail and which Lame has been working on for over a month.

The plow consists of a tall bucket for seed storage, three slightly forward-leaning, hollow wooden legs, and two wooden shafts extending forward. At the end of these shafts is a wide leather strip that connects them. At the back is a handle raised above the wooden bucket used to control the plow. This is the general structure of the plow.

The wooden board Lame is currently working on will be attached under the wooden bucket. The holes drilled into the wooden bucket aren't quite suitable for controlling the flow of seeds. After several unsuccessful experiments and modifications, Lame makes a new one.

Lame's axe skills are good, and he chops the surface of the wooden board quite smoothly. However, it lacks the flatness achieved by a plane. When Han Cheng gets some iron again, he'll make a plane so Lame can have a complete set of tools. It's not that Han Cheng is biased; it's just that carpenters are crucial for the Green Sparrow Tribe.

After hearing Han Cheng's explanation about the plane, Lame walks joyfully, his limp less noticeable. He thought using an axe and sawing with iron was good enough, but he didn't expect the Divine Child to know about this even more efficient tool. He works with more vigor afterward.

Three days later, the weather finally cleared up. As soon as the ground dries, the Green Sparrow Tribe eagerly brings out the stored grains from their houses. These grains haven't been properly dried and are starting to heat up. It might even mold if it stays cloudy for a few more days.

The threshed grains are spread out on the ground, ready for a second beating. Watching these grains drying in the yard, Shaman and other Green Sparrow Tribe members can't stop smiling, occasionally picking up a handful and examining it closely. They've never seen so much grain before!

However, Han Cheng isn't as happy as Shaman and the others. It's not that he doesn't enjoy the joy of harvest; it's just that the grain yield is a bit low. He deliberately chose an area with strong growth to start harvesting and measured out one acre, resulting in less than one hundred catties of grain. This yield is too little for Han Cheng, who knows that a small household with only a few acres of land can easily produce over five hundred catties in modern times.

Calculating based on one hundred catties per acre, the Green Sparrow Tribe's thirty acres of land can only yield three thousand catties of grain. Assuming each person consumes one catty of grain daily, this grain would only last the tribe for thirty days. And that's not even accounting for seed retention.

After six months of hard work, the harvest is less than a month's worth of food, which is disappointing. However, Han Cheng shakes his head and smiles lightly. This is just the beginning. The total grain yield will increase when they plant grains on a larger scale next year. If the yield per acre is low, they can plant more acres. After all, they have plenty of land now.

Even if they practice extensive farming with low yields per acre, they can still increase the total production. Moreover, not everyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe relies solely on grains for food; they have other food sources. In reality, the living standards of the Green Sparrow Tribe are incomparable to modern times. Still, they seem to have surpassed the prosperity of feudal dynasties.

In the context of those times, prosperity meant having some spare grain, a few pieces of clothing, and enough food to eat. Indeed, this is a golden age.

Chapter 345: Different surprises over the same incident

The development and productivity of the Green Sparrow Tribe are not necessarily comparable to the feudal period but rather because of the small population of the tribe, making it easier to manage. With certain changes, they can achieve immediate results.

Feudal kingdoms, on the other hand, face various complex issues when their territory and population are vast. They have to deal with many problems, especially during natural disasters and times of conflict, where scenes of devastation, famine, and suffering are all too common.

From this perspective, the people of feudal kingdoms may not necessarily be happier than those of one's tribe. Otherwise, poets wouldn't fantasize about secluded paradises like the Peach Blossom Spring.

Of course, this doesn't apply to the privileged classes.

Indeed, whenever one thinks about it, there's always someone better off and worse off...

"Divine Child, we'll have millet for lunch..."

Shaman walked over with a handful of unhusked grains, looking delighted.

Han Cheng halted his thoughts, no longer dwelling on such matters. The prosperity or adversity of feudal kingdoms was distant and irrelevant to him and the Green Sparrow Tribe. Overthinking about it wouldn't change anything in his lifetime.

Just focus on taking each step steadily.

"When it's time to be happy, be happy; when it's time to celebrate, celebrate. Thinking too much and worrying too much will only drain the color out of life."

"Eat millet for lunch!"

Han Cheng stood up, took a deep breath, and looked at Shaman and the others with a big smile.

"I'll cook lunch myself!"

He added.

People initially happy about having millet for lunch became even more excited after hearing Han Cheng's words.

They had firsthand experience of Han Cheng's cooking skills.

Following Han Cheng's arrangements, someone began to bring out two jars of dried grains stored away, brought them to the courtyard, picked up a wooden stick, and began to pound the millet.

During this time, the stonemason had not been idle. Under Han Cheng's instructions, he struggled with a large stone, slowly chiseling a conical mortar.

This stone mortar was for pounding millet.

The original stone mortar used to crush apricot kernels in the cave was too small. It couldn't hold more than a few catties of grains at a time, and grains would splash out quickly if not careful. Using it to pound millet was not only inefficient but also inconvenient.

So, before they began harvesting the grains, Han Cheng had instructed the stonemason to carve a new mortar.

Others in the tribe hadn't thought about this, but Han Cheng couldn't overlook such details as the leader.

Now, this newly carved mortar was proving its worth.

It could hold up to two catties of unhusked millet at a time, and pounding it with a wooden stick resulted in less spillage, significantly improving efficiency.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

"Swish, swish, swish..."

The muscles on the Eldest Senior Brother's arms bulged as he lifted and dropped the wooden stick, squeezing the husks of the grains inside the stone mortar, revealing the golden kernels.

After pounding, the millet was poured out of the mortar into a winnowing basket. Someone carefully winnowed it, removing the husks leaving behind the golden millet.

Pounding millet was a novel task, and many people in the tribe were eager to do it, as evidenced by their eagerness to take turns.

Han Cheng watched this scene with a smile but remained silent.

Han Cheng deeply understood the difficulty of pounding millet; otherwise, it wouldn't have been used as punishment in the pre-Qin period.

The people in the tribe were only enthusiastic about it temporarily. Once the quantity of grains increased and pounding millet became a daily task, they wouldn't be as active and enthusiastic as they are today...

The enticing aroma wafted through the Green Sparrow Tribe on top of the golden millet, delicious meat, and vegetables piled high. Just looking at it and smelling it lifted one's spirits.

Those who had eaten millet before were somewhat better off. However, for those who had just joined from the original Bone Tribe, they couldn't express their feelings. They could only wolf down the food in their bowls, not saying a word, afraid of wasting time.

As the delicious food entered their mouths, everyone felt all the previous hardships were worth it.

Indeed, the hard work was challenging, but when you finally harvested the results, all the hard work turned into a satisfying smile.

While the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were contentedly enjoying their meal, the people of the Green Tribe were setting off with hearts full of joy.

What delighted both tribes was something that resembled dog tails.

The difference was that the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe tasted the deliciousness and saw hope for the tribe's prosperity.

On the other hand, the people of the Green Tribe were pleased with themselves for being able to exchange this unappetizing wild grass for pottery and some soft hats and gloves.

They had a reason to be pleased with themselves. After all, neighboring tribes only traded precious food and warm animal skins for goods while using wild grass that nobody else would eat.

"ㄹ ㄹ!"

The leader of the Green Tribe called out, leading the people carrying the wild grass away from the tribe towards the prosperous and generous Green Sparrow Tribe.

Based on past trading experiences, the wild grass they brought could not only provide each person in the tribe with a pottery bowl but also bring back a large cooking pot.

Thinking about the people of their tribe eating with pottery bowls, the leader of the Green Tribe couldn't help but feel ecstatic from the inside out, filled with energy, and eager to rush to the other tribe and exchange their pottery bowls.

Walking ahead, he reached out and touched the wild grass he was carrying on his shoulder, then looked back at the people from his tribe dressed similarly. His smile grew wider.

The people of that tribe certainly wouldn't expect them to bring so much wild grass.

When they saw them, they would be very surprised.

Thinking about this, the leader of the Green Tribe became even more eager for the arrival of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

As for the safety of their tribe, he wasn't too worried. This season was when food was relatively abundant, and generally, no one would attack other tribes.

The nearby tribes, especially the powerful Bone Tribe known for attacking others, had already been destroyed. Furthermore, the prosperous Green Sparrow Tribe had made a promise not to attack as long as their tribe didn't initiate aggression...

Even if a tribe did come to attack, he wasn't too worried because he had made arrangements near the cave entrance similar to the Green Sparrow Tribe's fortifications.

Chapter 346: Helping the Green Tribe

The birds in the forest chirped incessantly, and the remaining people of the Green Tribe would occasionally glance toward the tribe's entrance. Seeing those tree stumps still standing at the cave entrance, the unease caused by most people leaving the cave gradually dissipated.

These tree stumps formed a semicircle around the entrance of the Green Tribe's cave. Although it was somewhat inconvenient to come and go compared to before, no one complained because it served as a protective barrier for them.

The destruction of the powerful Bone Tribe made the people of the Green Tribe realize the importance of fortifications even more deeply.

Upon their return, the leader of the Green Tribe and others began to try to figure out how to build fortifications to protect their cave. However, without suitable tools and difficult-to-dig soil, and although plenty of stones were nearby, it was impossible to build a wall with just these resources.

The common sentiment among the people of the Green Tribe was: "How did that tribe manage to dig up so much soil and find so many stones?"

Furthermore, the people of the Green Tribe had to spend their days running around for food, so after trying for some time, they gave up on building the wall.

In the end, they used tree stumps instead.

The "wall" made of tree stumps was only a little over a meter high and no more than thirty meters long. Yet, it took the people of the Green Tribe more than three months of effort to build it...

Although it was rudimentary, compared to having no cover when leaving the cave, it still made the people of the Green Tribe feel secure and confident.

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

The person standing on the wall shouted, and the wooden clappers sounded.

After the raids from the Flying Snake Tribe in the second year of the Green Sparrow Tribe, and the Bone Tribe this year, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe became even more cautious and wary of newcomers.

The Flying Snake Tribe was already evil, but the Bone Tribe, although not evil before, would still attack their tribe.

This incident made the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe understand the truth: sometimes, even friendly tribes can become hostile.

Seeing the tribespeople quickly taking action, Han Cheng momentarily instructed someone to cover the stone mortar used for pounding millet with something. He also had the millet pounded in the sieve and carried back into the room.

At the same time, he picked up a broom and swept the millet husks on the ground to a less noticeable place, covering them with dry straw.

After carefully inspecting the surroundings and ensuring that no traces were left, he smiled and turned his gaze to the people who had already arrived at the wall and outside the gate.

As expected, the visitors this time should be from the Green Tribe.

The Green Tribe was not too far from their tribe, and the climate was similar.

The grains in their tribe were already ripe for harvest, and it was likely the same for the Green Tribe.

Based on the Green Tribe leader's tendency to be fond of small advantages, it was highly possible that after harvesting their grains, they would come to their tribe to exchange goods.

The main reason why the Green Tribe did not value millet was that they didn't know how to consume it after husking.

Once the people of the Green Tribe discovered the correct way to consume grains, along with the cultivated fields around their tribe, the Green Tribe would undoubtedly develop towards agriculture.

Agriculture was immensely significant for a tribe, and as someone from the future, Han Cheng understood this better than anyone in this era.

Nomadic and hunting-fishing lifestyles cannot sustain a race's continuous growth and development or lead to the development of a world-leading civilization. The only way to achieve this is through agriculture, which can feed a sufficient population and bring people together in settled communities.

Without food, who would sleep soundly?

In his plan, the Green Tribe would eventually integrate into the Sparrow Tribe. To facilitate this integration, the Green Tribe needed to remain impoverished and backward.

The absorption and assimilation of lower civilizations by higher ones is far easier than the reverse.

On a small scale, Han Cheng had to resort to these measures to grow and prosper the Green Sparrow Tribe, while on a grander scale, it was about rescuing the Green Tribe from dire straits.

Not allowing them to return to the days of uncertainty, where they wouldn't know where their next meal would come from...

It's a bit shameless.

Han Cheng thought to himself as he touched his face.

But it feels good somehow...

The Eldest Senior Brother on the wall shouted towards Han Cheng. As Han Cheng had anticipated, the visitors were indeed from the Green Tribe.

"¥ 2!"

The leader of the Green Tribe looked up at the tall, impassable wall with envy.

At the same time, a deep sense of admiration was rising within him.

Only those who had tried it themselves knew how difficult it was to build such a wall.

It was simply beyond human capacity.

He touched the wild grass on his shoulder, and the sense of loss in his heart regained confidence.

He wanted to encourage himself because there was too much disappointment just now.

As the leader of the Green Tribe approached the edge of the wall, he vigorously patted the wild grass on his shoulder, loudly boasting to Han Cheng and the others of the Green Sparrow Tribe, and clamoring to exchange all the Sparrow Tribe pottery.

The Eldest Senior Brother, who understood the leader of the Green Tribe's intention, was somewhat astonished.

He looked back at the large amount of grain drying in the yard and then at the unthreshed grain carried on the shoulders of the Green Tribe and others, which couldn't even match half an acre of

their own tribe's land. He really couldn't understand where the courage of the leader of the Green Tribe came from.

After the initial surprise, the Eldest Senior Brother smiled.

Some people who understood the leader of the Green Tribe's intentions also laughed along.

The rest of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who were unaware of what was happening, couldn't help but laugh when they learned the reason from those who understood the leader of the Green Tribe.

The leader and people of the Green Tribe, seeing the people laughing without explaining why they were allowed in, found it inexplicable.

What were these guys doing? What happened that was so funny?

Why were they laughing so contagiously?

"ㄤ!"

Unable to bear this strange atmosphere, the leader of the Green Tribe asked loudly for the reason.

Seeing the leader of the Green Tribe's serious appearance, the Eldest Senior Brother and others on the wall burst into laughter again.

It took a while for the laughter to subside. Then, they ordered the gate of the tribe to be opened, allowing the very cooperative Green Tribe to enter, having already conscientiously placed their weapons aside.

What a tribe of lunatics!

The leader of the Green Tribe didn't know the term "lunatic," but if he did, he would have handed it to the Sparrow Tribe without hesitation.

"Hiss~!"

The leader of the Bone Tribe, who was inexplicably puzzled by the strange behavior of the people of the Sparrow Tribe, stopped abruptly after entering the gate, stood still for a long time, and took a deep breath...

Chapter 347: Standardize measurements

The scorching sun descended beyond the mountains, painting the sky with red clouds, while birds chirped joyfully for reasons unknown.

As the heat dissipated, a chill crept in.

The leader of the Green Tribe walked with a somewhat vacant expression, carrying some pottery on his back.

Not only him, but the others accompanying him also wore similar expressions.

Before they arrived, they had imagined countless times what it would be like to walk back with pottery exchanged for wild grass seeds.

Surely, there would be laughter and joy all the way.

However, now that they had successfully exchanged wild grass seeds for pottery, there was no laughter as they had imagined.

The reason for this drastic change was what they saw in that tribe.

Recalling the scene, the leader of the Green Tribe felt a strong sense of unease, his mind dizzy, as if he were dreaming.

It wasn't that he couldn't bear it, but the scene was just too unbelievable!

Wild grass seeds everywhere!

Who knows how many more wild grass seeds they had than they did?

No wonder they laughed after hearing what he said.

Seeing this scene, the leader of the Green Tribe also laughed, but it was a bitter laugh, and his face felt a bit feverish.

Did this tribe receive blessings from the gods?

They always seemed to have countless astonishing things, and every visit left people amazed.

And it seemed like they could obtain whatever they wanted, and in such vast quantities...

After thinking for a while and seeing the dusk gradually descending, the leader of the Green Tribe decided to stop and rest in this open area.

Someone produced a fire starter and struggled to make a fire.

They used the fire to cook food and keep warm.

The leader of the Green Tribe drank water from a pottery bowl, feeling somewhat calmer.

This bowl was obtained from that tribe today, along with a large jar and other bowls.

The outcome was almost exactly as he had anticipated, even more so as they ended up with an extra bowl.

At first, he found it unbelievable, much like when he learned that the tribe suddenly had many wild grass seeds.

After seeing so many wild grass seeds drying on the ground and coming to his senses from the shock, the leader of the Green Tribe thought he would return empty-handed this time.

After all, the tribe already had so many wild grass seeds. Why would they trade precious pottery with them?

Even if they were willing to trade, the pottery they could obtain would be greatly reduced.

He had a deep understanding of the cunning of that tribe's leader.

When the leader of the Green Tribe proposed exchanging the wild grass seeds for pottery, as he had expected, the leader of that tribe only brought out a few bowls, not even a larger pottery jar.

The leader of the Green Tribe felt angry, as well as disappointed.

The tribe had put a lot of effort into gathering these wild grass seeds and even missed out on two days of hunting opportunities.

Before they came, including himself, everyone was excited and eagerly anticipating each person having their pottery bowl, but now...

The leader of the Green Tribe took another sip of water, looked at the pottery bowls and large jar before him, and sighed.

A figure appeared in his mind, the person from that tribe known as the Divine Child.

The tribe leader had clearly expressed his unwillingness to trade and seemed to imply that they should carry the wild grass seeds back with them.

Under the eaves, one must lower one's head.

Faced with such a situation, even if unwilling, the leader of the Green Tribe had to accept it reluctantly.

Because if he disagreed, they wouldn't even be able to bring back a single pottery bowl.

They could only return to the tribe carrying the undesirable wild grass seeds.

At this moment, the Divine Child of that tribe appeared, intervening to stop the tribe leader's actions and offering the pottery they had anticipated exchanging...

He had previously thought this so-called Divine Child was foolish, but now he had completely changed his mind.

For the underage person known as the Divine Child, he felt genuine admiration.

And it wasn't just him who witnessed this; the other members of the Green Tribe who witnessed it also felt admiration for the Divine Child of that tribe.

Upon careful consideration, if the positions were reversed, they would never be able to act to the same extent...

Of course, this was a play prearranged by Han Cheng and the Eldest Senior Brother.

Since it was a play, there needed to be antagonists and protagonists. Without antagonists, how could the protagonists' noble image be highlighted?

And how could the Green Tribe feel the great favor bestowed upon them by the Green Sparrow Tribe?

Recalling the various performances of the Green Tribe leader, the three giants of the Sparrow Tribe gathered together, revealing a smile of successful deceit.

Han Cheng, the mastermind, smiled the most cunning and sly among them.

The Green Sparrow Tribe's external policy was a combination of benevolence and authority.

The main purpose of doing this was to facilitate the future integration of these tribes...

The second batch of grain was also harvested, and this time, they obtained a total of one hundred and ninety-eight pounds of grain.

Don't doubt why Han Cheng knew this precisely because he had already made a scale.

It was a simple construction, and anyone who had seen a scale in modern times could make one with some effort.

The difficulty in making a scale wasn't in these constructions but rather in accurately depicting the scale on the rod.

Han Cheng put in a lot of effort to find the correct position for the scale of this balance.

After much thought, he adopted a method similar to when he made the ruler.

First, he found a relatively neat stone, estimated to weigh about the same as a pound, and used it as a standard.

Then, he tied this stone with a rope and hung it on the scale's hook. Holding the rope on the scale, he lifted the stone off the ground with one hand.

With the other hand, he moved the rope of the weight hanging on the balance arm.

After moving the weight to parallel the balance arm, he used an iron knife to carve a mark at this position, marking it as one pound.

Then, using this one-pound standard, he weighed out many small bags of sand, each containing one pound.

By hanging these bags on the scale's hook together with the original stone used as the standard, he could then obtain markings for two pounds, three pounds, four pounds, and so on.

After the scale was made, the stone used as the standard was solemnly preserved with the ten-centimeter wooden stick used as the 'standard.'

As long as these two standards were preserved, his measurements and weights would remain accurate.

It was essential to establish standards for weight, length, and other daily accessible items.

Chapter 348: Missing half a pound at the critical moment

Scales are helpful, such as accurately knowing how many pounds of grain per acre.

For example, accurately tracking the changes in Bai Xue's weight.

And now, for weighing newborn babies.

Hei Wa is a father again.

This guy has been with Zhuang for almost three years, yet their passion is still burning strong.

Han Cheng doesn't know where they get so much energy and passion.

Even though Han Cheng has told Hei Wa more than once that young people should be restrained to avoid tears in the future, their passion hasn't diminished much.

The more diligent the sowing, the higher the seed germination rate. Just as the first child of Hei Wa's family had just started to walk unsteadily, the second one was already born.

For this child, Zhuang suffered a lot, even more than giving birth to the first child. Painful screams filled the entire tribe.

Han Cheng even thought about going in to deliver the baby himself.

In the face of life, gender differences and all those things had to take a back seat.

And Zhuang had already been seen through by Han Cheng...

Just as Han Cheng was getting ready to roll up his sleeves and wash his hands to go over, the room was filled with the loud crying of the newborn baby.

Then Hei Wa's voice of joy rang out.

Han Cheng and some other people waiting outside entered the room.

"Wow!"

Seeing the newborn baby, who was not yet very clean, Han Cheng couldn't help but be surprised.

It wasn't because the little guy had two birdies but because his head was big enough.

He looked noticeably fatter than the average baby.

No wonder Zhuang struggled so hard during the second delivery!

Thinking like this, Hei Wa was already busy looking for a scale to weigh the newborn baby.

Weighing newborn babies had become popular in the tribe since Han Cheng made the scale.

Before the scale was made, the people in the tribe were very concerned about the size of newborn babies.

Experience told them that the bigger the newborn baby, the stronger and more likely it is to survive.

Before the scale, they could only rely on size for comparison, but they couldn't determine which baby was bigger and by how much.

Now that there was a scale, everything changed. People could accurately know the weight of newborn babies.

As a result, there were several babies in the tribe named Five and a Half Pounds, Six Pounds, and so on.

Giving birth to a chubby baby made Zhuang, the mother, and Hei Wa, the second-time father, extremely happy.

The two-month-old child of Liang's partner reached six pounds and seven ounces, making him the heaviest baby born in the Green Sparrow Tribe since they had the scale.

Whenever they heard Liang calling their baby six pounds and seven ounces, Tie Tou felt uncomfortable.

Because his first child was bigger than Liang's child, but because there was no scale, Liang's six pounds and seven ounces became the standard.

Now that Zhuang had given birth to such a chubby baby, it would be strange if he didn't rush to find a scale.

The scale was brought over, and after the crying baby was wrapped in a one-pound animal fur blanket, it was hung on the scale hook.

The rope on the scale hammer passed over eight pounds, and the scale beam was still high, indicating that the baby hanging in front weighed more than seven pounds.

Hei Wa's face was filled with joy as he moved the hammer backward until the scale beam balanced at nine pounds and eight ounces.

This child weighs eight pounds and eight taels, excluding one pound of skin.

Seeing the result, Han Cheng on the side couldn't help but widen his eyes in astonishment.

Hei Wa and Zhuang are something!

Hei Wa's mental arithmetic ability was not strong enough. Subtracting one pound from nine pounds and eight ounces equals eight pounds and eight ounces, and it took him a while to figure it out.

Just as he was about to joyfully announce this good news to everyone, the previously stable scale suddenly began to droop slowly.

At the same time, a crystal-clear stream of water spurted out from between the newborn baby's legs, reaching a shameful distance of two meters that made all the adults in the room blush...

Hei Wa widened his eyes, looking at the continuous stream of water spraying from his son's legs, then glanced at the slowly drooping scale beam, his face dumbfounded.

"Plop!"

The scale hammer fell to the ground, and the unbalanced scale beam soared high. At this moment, Hei Wa's chubby little son was still peeing.

By the time he finished urinating and picked up the scale hammer to weigh again, only nine pounds and three ounces remained, meaning this little guy peed out more than half a pound, leaving only eight pounds and three ounces!

"You little rascal!"

Unable to accept this result, Hei Wa, in frustration, slapped the innocent baby sucking on his fingers in the swaddling clothes.

"Hahaha..."

All the people watching around couldn't help but laugh.

From then on, Hei Wa's second child was named Half a Pound.

Whenever someone called him that way, Hei Wa pat Half a Pound with a frustrated expression.

Looking resentfully at him, he'd say, "You just can't hold it in..."

The third batch of grains was also threshed, yielding only fifty-one pounds.

While Han Cheng and the others threshed the grains, Eldest Senior Brother and the others also wielded stone sickles and bone spades, turning over the harvested grain and rapeseed fields.

After drying for a while, they would be ready to plant rapeseed.

These fields had all been turned over at least once, and there were few grass roots, tree roots, or small stones, so it didn't take too much time.

While Eldest Senior Brother and the others were doing this, Han Cheng was not idle either. He led some logistics specialists to prepare and store food that could be stored for a long time.

At the same time, he conducted a comprehensive inspection of the original four canoes and the two newly made ones.

The oars and cables of the canoes were also carefully inspected.

These were all things related to life safety so they couldn't be checked too carefully.

In addition, stone sickles, bone sickles, ropes, and other items were also prepared and inspected.

Autumn winds had begun, leaves were falling, and it was time to go downstream to harvest hemp and fulfill the promise to the Fire Tribe.

By now, the grains had been harvested and stored in the house, and the rapeseed fields had been turned over. It was not yet time to harvest the fruits, so it was a leisure period.

When they returned from downstream with the hemp, they could plant the rapeseed and harvest the fruits.

Looking at the empty deer pen and the several canoes moored by the riverbank, Tie Tou seemed somewhat preoccupied.

The deer herd had gone out to graze; according to experience, they should have gone out with the other grass-cutters.

But now, he was in the tribe.

The others who usually went grass-cutting with him were also in the tribe.

Looking at the stacked haystacks, which were not yet tall, and thinking about the significantly expanded deer and rabbit herds, Tie Tou hesitated for a while before finally heading towards Han Cheng, who was directing people to load things onto the canoes.

Chapter 349: Men who catch horses is strong and brave

"Get ready quickly; we should also leave."

Han Cheng appeared somewhat cheerful as he said to Tie Tou, who had come to his side.

After speaking, he continued to direct people to move things onto the wooden boat. After a while, he found Tie Tou hadn't left as instructed but was standing in place, looking hesitant.

Han Cheng couldn't help but feel a bit strange. What was going on with this guy today?

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

"Divine Child, I don't want to go..." Tie Tou gathered his courage and finally blurted out the words he had held back for days.

Doesn't want to go?

Tie Tou's sudden response took away Han Cheng.

How could this guy suddenly not want to go?

Could it be because of Ru Hua?

For most young couples and middle-aged couples, long separation periods were hard to bear.

As one of the pairs in the Green Sparrow Tribe whose passion burned second only to Hei Wa and Zhuang, it wasn't surprising that Tie Tou had such thoughts.

It's just that Ru Hua's belly was already quite big. Even if he stayed in the tribe, there were many things he couldn't accomplish.

If someone else were saying this, after considering it, Han Cheng would basically agree, but Tie Tou was a bit different.

The primary purpose of this downstream journey was to harvest wild hemp, and Tie Tou and a few other experts in harvesting things were naturally indispensable.

"What? Can't bear to leave Ru Hua?" Han Cheng asked with a smile.

As one of the two people whom Han Cheng had kicked for singing too loudly at night, Tie Tou's face rarely blushed when Han Cheng asked him about this kind of thing face to face.

"It's not Ru Hua." He hurriedly explained.

"It's the deer."

Han Cheng widened his eyes and looked at Tie Tou with extreme surprise.

It was rumored that Chang Yuchun, the founding hero of the Ming Dynasty, was exceptionally talented. Whenever he went on a march or into battle, fierce women would accompany him in the military camp.

While others would conserve their strength before battle, Chang Yuchun wouldn't be comfortable without a few rounds.

What was even more infuriating was that after sharpening his blade before battle, he would be more than twice as fierce as those who carefully conserved their strength!

Chang Yuchun's fierceness didn't just stop there. If there were no women, even mares could...

Tie Tou now couldn't bear to leave the deer, could it be... cough cough cough...

Han Cheng suddenly coughed violently.

"Yo yo..."

Talk of the devil.

The proud deer lord led the herd back from outside, its horned head held high, its four long legs moving gracefully, stepping out with an uninhibited gait.

The cough that Han Cheng had just managed to suppress resurfaced with the appearance of the deer lord.

This guy, why did it look like he was wearing an apology on his head...

Tie Tou looked at Han Cheng with a puzzled and worried expression, not knowing how he suddenly turned into this appearance.

"There are more deer now and not enough grass. I want to cut grass for the deer..." Tie Tou added, Seeing that the Divine Child's cough had eased.

So that was it.

Han Cheng suppressed his cough and lightly patted his head. What was he thinking about all day long?

Living in a safe place at night, not having to go out to find grass even in the dangerous winter because of the existence of the Green Sparrow Tribe and the vigorous and hardworking deer lord, the deer herd grew rapidly indeed.

With more deer, the consumption of hay would increase in the winter. Tie Tou's worry was not unreasonable.

Han Cheng was very pleased that Tie Tou could consider these things. Only when more people spontaneously consider the tribe can it become more prosperous and developed.

However good the idea was, Tie Tou still had to go on this journey to harvest hemp, and it wasn't just him; the few people who regularly cut grass couldn't escape either.

Just as Tie Tou smiled happily at Han Cheng's praise, his smile froze when he heard Han Cheng's words behind him.

Looking at Han Cheng, his mind was full of incomprehension.

Since the Divine Child knew there wasn't enough fodder for the winter, why wouldn't he let him stay in the tribe to cut grass?

Was he planning to hunt deer on a large scale after winter?

"Where's the fodder?" Han Cheng smiled and pointed to the stacks of stalks.

The current grains had small ears, but the stalks were flourishing. Thirty acres of stalks were piled up there, forming a large heap.

After being threshed three times, these initially quite hard stalks had softened. Combined with the fact that they hadn't been rained on, they were just right as fodder for feeding deer.

Thirty acres of stalks were more than Tie Tou and the others could cut in a month.

With these stalks, plus the grass they had cut and dried earlier, they had enough for winter.

After the scale of grain cultivation increased the following year, Tie Tou and the others wouldn't need to cut grass all day long anymore. Just the hundreds of acres of stalks would be enough to feed the tribe's livestock.

When feeding, they would just mix some chopped green grass with the similarly chopped stalks.

After hearing Han Cheng's words, Tie Tou suddenly showed an enlightened expression.

Influenced by the fact that rapeseed stalks were used for fuel, he thought these threshed grains would be treated the same way. Now that Han Cheng had enlightened him, he suddenly felt clear-minded.

After a moment of joy, he ran to the stacks of stalks, pulled down some stalks, carried them to the deer pen, and placed them in the clay trough.

The deer, accustomed to being kept, came over, sniffed with their noses, and began to eat.

The three nearly adult sheep also came over and took a mouthful.

Their goat beards moved up and down.

After a long time together, several sheep had completely integrated into the deer herd.

They spent every day mingling in the deer herd, following the lead of the deer lord, grazing together, and returning together.

Han Cheng was skeptical that they might already consider themselves deer.

The deer lord was now outrageously powerful, transforming into the leader of the two major races.

Or, to be precise, the leader of the three major races.

Fujiang also liked leading his five silly children to mingle with the deer herd when he had nothing to do.

Seeing that the deer were indeed eating these stalks, Tie Tou's worries disappeared completely.

Without Han Cheng needing to say anything, he prepared all the sickles, ropes, and other things himself.

As night fell, fires were lit in the Green Sparrow Tribe, and the aroma of food wafted back and forth in the tribe, creating a lively scene.

With all preparations made, they were going to set sail tomorrow. This was Han Cheng and his group's last night in the tribe. The somewhat negligent witch specifically prepared a sumptuous dinner to bid Han Cheng and his group farewell.

After dinner, Han Cheng chatted with the Shaman, the Eldest Senior brother, and others who stayed behind in the tribe for a while before returning to his room to rest.

Pushing open the door, illuminated by the moonlight outside, he reached the edge of the heated bed, took off his clothes, and lay down, leaning over to look at the already sleeping Bai Xue. Han Cheng bent down and kissed her softly.

She was so tender.

Just as he was about to lie down, Bai Xue suddenly opened her eyes. Before Han Cheng could react, the little snow leopard-like Bai Xue hugged him tightly.

Chapter 350: The man who was hit by a carp

Han Cheng was caught off guard by the sudden move of his little bride.

Then he reacted.

He was about to leave tomorrow; parting was imminent. Could it be that this little bride suddenly had an epiphany and wanted to...

Heh heh heh...

Han Cheng smirked for a moment.

"Brother Cheng, I want to go too."

Bai Xue's words slightly disappointed Han Cheng. This little girl was still too young to make demands.

Wasn't the normal procedure supposed to be this and that... and then making demands?

How could she be so unreasonable?

"Stay in the tribe. Wait for me to come back. I'll bring you delicious food when it's time..."

Han Cheng comforted her aloud as if coaxing an inexperienced child.

Han Cheng didn't want to take Bai Xue with him this time. One reason was that Bai Xue was too young and unsafe outside the tribe, and another was that they were going back to Bai Xue's original tribe.

He was worried that Bai Xue might not return to the tribe and thus lose the wife he had finally found.

Although he knew the likelihood of this happening was small, he was still uneasy.

"...I want to follow Brother Cheng..."

Bai Xue shook her head vigorously as she hugged Han Cheng.

"Who will feed those silkworms when you leave? They will starve to death."

Han Cheng, feeling helpless, had to resort to his trump card.

Sure enough, as soon as he mentioned the silkworms, Bai Xue became less firm and hesitated.

Seeing her reaction, Han Cheng knew he had a way.

He inwardly chuckled. How could he, with his abilities, not persuade a little girl like her?

"Let Xing, Xiaomei, and Xiaoli feed them first..."

Bai Xue's voice rang out with a hint of surprise at finding a solution.

Han Cheng conceded defeat. His face, which had just shown a hint of pride, turned sour.

"Alright, you win. You can come with me tomorrow."

Unable to resist the persistent pleading of the little bride, Han Cheng finally conceded.

Bai Xue joyfully hugged Han Cheng's neck, calling him "Brother Cheng."

Bringing Bai Xue along would be beneficial. It would be more convincing when he tell the Fire Tribe about Chaihu. Besides, after spending time with the little girl for nearly a month, he found himself missing her.

There was no need to worry about whether the little bribe would abandon him. If such a thing happened, he could bring her back.

Han Cheng held the little bribe in his arms, shamelessly thinking so.

The sun hadn't risen yet, and the sky was still somewhat dark when a faint mist enveloped the small riverbank already crowded with people.

Some were on boats. Some were on the shore.

Although it wasn't the first time they had parted, the emotions of parting still spread along the riverbank like the faint mist shrouding the area.

"Let's go back, guard the tribe well, and wait for us to return with the goods."

Han Cheng said to the Shaman, Senior brothers, and others who were reluctant to leave the shore.

"Set sail!"

Farewell words were always endless, and the emotions of parting always made people feel melancholy.

Under the constant reminders of the Shaman, Han Cheng nodded vigorously. After a while, he gave the command to depart.

The anchors on the shore were lifted, and the boatmen pushed off with their poles. The small boat left the riverbank, drifting downstream, gradually getting farther away.

When only a few dark dots were left on the shore bidding farewell, even the most optimistic person couldn't help but feel a little sad.

Han Cheng felt much more relaxed this time compared to the last time; after all, everything he faced last time was unknown.

The unknown always leaves people feeling lost and fearful.

In such emotions, the oars cut through the river, flowing downstream. The deep green mountains on both sides and the towering trees receded continuously.

Occasionally, a small gray bird called "Jiaolian" flew in the sky, constantly calling out "Jiaolian, Jiaolian," circling towards the distant blue sky as if trying to penetrate the clouds.

Only when only a small black shadow remained did it suddenly fall silent, fold its wings, and plummet like an arrow into the grass, disappearing without a trace.

The high sky, white clouds, and the flowing water under the boat carried an indescribable sense of autumn... Han Cheng lay in the small boat, squinting at the sky, experiencing the wonderful feeling of lying down and watching the unmoving clouds, unable to describe the beauty of the clouds and myself.

"Splash!"

A red-tailed carp, startled by the oars or brushed by the wooden boat, leaped out of the water and splashed onto Han Cheng's face, which was caught off guard and exuding charm.

The shock in his heart was quickly replaced by the surprise of the lively fish falling from the sky.

This beautiful carp with whiskers and a red body was put into a fish cage and moved along with the boat.

Bai Xue leaned over the side of the boat, continuously watching this beautiful fish she had never seen before.

Han Cheng wiped the fish scales from his face with water, laughing happily.

This was a good omen. Just as they set sail, they were hit by a good luck carp, so this journey was bound to be smooth.

The leader of the sheep tribe, who lived downstream and hunted on the hill not too far from the river bank, once again saw the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe flowing downstream.

He looked at the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe with surprise and puzzlement. Apart from wondering why the people of this tribe were so far away from their tribe, no other thoughts arose.

The fate of the Bone Tribe and its leader had completely killed his idea of seizing the position of the shaman when the opportunity arose.

Six small boats continued downstream, much slower compared to the spring journey.

It wasn't because the river was flowing slower or the boatmen were slacking off, but because the wooden boats would occasionally stop.

People would get off the boats and collect some things from the water's edge using bone tools, putting them into the pottery jars they carried.

These things they collected were iron bacteria.

The usefulness of iron tools had left a deep impression on everyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

They collected iron bacteria without Han Cheng's instructions with enthusiasm and fervor.

However, the iron bacteria around the Green Sparrow Tribe's small rivers and streams had been almost depleted during the last casting of the four iron tools. This distressed the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who were eager to produce more iron tools.

This time, except for the initial stretch of water, the rest of the journey was through waters where iron bacteria had not been collected before. For those who were obsessed with iron tools, it would be strange if they didn't stop collecting these iron bacteria.

Han Cheng was naturally very willing to do this. After all, there were still many places in the tribe where iron could be used.

Iron bacteria smelted produced iron and forged iron tools. Although mass production was not possible, fortunately, the Green Sparrow Tribe was not very large.

If they used this method to slowly make some iron tools and search for iron or copper mines, maybe they would find them by the time they needed them.

Better to be prepared than to have nothing when the time comes.

The donkey searches for a horse, which is better than searching for a horse barefoot.