

Primitive 36

Chapter 36: Han Cheng tastes hundreds of herbs

Han Cheng is now exercising every day. Regardless of the era, having a healthy body is essential, especially in primitive times.

One can withstand wind, frost, rain, and snow and combat diseases only with a good physique.

A healthy body enables better combat against wild beasts, survival in difficult circumstances, and the gradual growth of the tribe for better survival.

His so-called fitness routine involves doing sit-ups, push-ups, and squats.

Of course, there's also running.

He practices long-distance running to build endurance and sprints of 100 meters to develop explosive power.

Running is a crucial survival skill in primitive times and equally important in battles.

So, Han Cheng takes his training very seriously.

Climbing trees is also a crucial skill. It not only exercises the body but also comes in handy for picking fruits, exploring bird nests, and, most importantly, escaping danger.

For instance, when facing a pack of wolves or other formidable creatures in the primitive wilderness, climbing a tree is a vital escape.

As for swimming,

He'd rather not.

Not only because the water is too cold but also because the river's fish are too aggressive.

The fish nowadays are far from gentle like the fish in the future. Moreover, some of them have sharp teeth. If he were to dive into the river, there's a risk of being bitten in sensitive areas, eliminating any chance of self-amusement in the future.

When it comes to exercise, the happiest ones are the children. Not because they enjoy exercising but because training with the divine child easily brings a sense of achievement.

While Han Cheng proudly climbs to a height of more than one meter on a tree with a diameter of about twenty centimeters, a few guys immediately come to the trees around the divine child. Each of them chooses a tree with a diameter exceeding fifty centimeters, using their hands and feet to climb up. In no time, they disappear into the trees.

This makes Han Cheng, who can only see their buttocks, particularly annoyed.

Damn it, climbing trees without wearing underwear.

Still climbing so fast and so high, are you happy now? You won't be happy if you grind off your little bird.

In a depressed mood, Han Cheng can only vent his dissatisfaction in his heart.

As for underwear, Han Cheng wore it and had it made long ago.

The feeling of emptiness and freedom between his legs is too wonderful, making him dare not try too much.

Even if the underwear made of animal skins is uncomfortable, he endures it.

Of course, to avoid affecting the vigorous growth of his little bird below, he takes it off every night, letting it breathe freely in the air after being confined for a long time.

The underwear made of animal skins is indeed uncomfortable. This makes Han Cheng miss the things he wore in his previous life. The four pairs for ten dollars would be better than these airtight animal skin ones.

Han Cheng's desire for fabric has never been so high, but he can only continue to long for it under the current conditions, much like his longing for salt.

The children in the tribe have a high enthusiasm for surpassing and teasing the divine child in sports. Even if the divine child assigns a rare character to those who caused trouble the day before and requires them to learn how to read and write it, these children are still happy to do so.

For them, the slight pain and the joy of seeing the divine child's vexed expression are not worth mentioning.

Han Cheng is not annoyed by the actions of these children who appear to be the same age or older. He knows that they are just playing around with him.

This is their way of expressing a good relationship with him. These children greatly respect him.

He also likes this harmonious way of getting along.

Moreover, these things are beneficial for boosting his fighting spirit.

After all, he is a time-traveler and the divine child in the tribe. It's not good to always be treated like this by these little rascals.

Under the influence of these thoughts, Han Cheng exercises more vigorously, and his progress becomes more and more evident.

However, the lack of salt for supplementation is affecting him constantly.

Because he did not have enough salt, his endurance was insufficient, and he often needed a long rest after exercising for a while.

The others in the tribe have long been accustomed to this state, but Han Cheng, who has experienced the modern world, cannot get used to it.

Unfortunately, he still can't find any trace of salt.

In addition to teaching, exercising, and making pottery, Han Cheng also explores the forest near the cave, trying to find some wild vegetables that he can eat. After all, only eating meat is not sustainable.

The Shaman has a way to supplement vitamins, which the tribe often chew, called "papa."

It is a fruit that grows on a tree called "papa."

Oval-shaped, not large, with some small fuzz on top, green when unripe, and turning brown when ripe.

It's relatively hard, somewhat like wood.

When eating, they first smash it open by hitting it on the stone pit Shaman uses to crush meat for making meat soup. It's then divided into several pieces.

Each person takes a piece and chews it in their mouth.

Han Cheng has tried this thing, and the taste is really strange. Even though he has eaten it more than ten times, he still can't stand the taste.

When he asked Shaman, Shaman couldn't explain why they needed to chew on this thing every few days. It's a tradition passed down from the past, and Shaman has been doing it since he was young.

This is the wisdom of life.

Shaman doesn't know the significance of chewing this thing, but it solves the problem of lacking vitamins due to a diet mainly consisting of meat.

Unable to tolerate the taste of this thing, Han Cheng feels it is necessary to find some wild vegetables.

Firstly, to eliminate the strange taste of "papa," and secondly, to increase the variety of food for the tribe and broaden their sources.

Because of the presence of the Senior brothers, there are not many wild animals around the tribe, and it is relatively safe compared to other places.

Han Cheng has tasted nearly ten kinds of grass but has not found any that taste good.

Of course, given that the ancient sage Shen Nong poisoned himself by tasting a hundred herbs, Han Cheng is very cautious in carrying out this great cause.

Firstly, the objects he tasted were those with insect holes or those that had been gnawed by something else. Secondly, he didn't taste much. He just took a little to savor, then spit it out. After that, he drank a few sips of water from the pottery he carried with him, rinsed his mouth, and repeated this process five times before stopping.

Under his cautious operation, unless he tastes arsenic like Pan Jinlian gave to Wu Dalang, there should be no problem.