

Primitive 361

Chapter 361: The Flying Snake Tribe encountered a monster

The warm autumn sun spread down, the autumn breeze gently brushed, and the water in the river swayed slightly, gently lapping against the riverbank. Water flowed into the crab holes, and snake burrows along the riverbank, emitting a murmuring sound akin to lulling a child to sleep.

On the riverbank, the small boat swayed gently with the water, and four members of the Fire Tribe, who were riding a boat for the first time, nervously grasped the boat rails, experiencing this unfamiliar sensation.

As the mooring rope was untied and the bamboo pole was propped against the shore, the boat was pushed off from the riverbank into the river, leaving behind a trail of fine fan-shaped ripples.

"%&&!"

Standing on the shore, the chief of the Fire Tribe watched intently as the four people from his tribe who were on the boat departed, loudly reminding them.

On the shore, many people seeing off the Fire Tribe members did not share the chief's worries. Some even felt envious of those few who were boarding the boat.

After all, they were going to that magical, dream-like tribe...

With Bai Xue, a member of the original Fire Tribe, preaching on the spot, most members felt curious and longing for the mysterious tribe she described.

So when the chief of the Fire Tribe announced that he would select a few people to accompany Han Cheng and the others to the tribe's dwelling place on the water, many people volunteered.

They overcame their fear of traveling with Bai Xue's presence and the allure of the magical things she described.

Considering the tribe's need to gather food, the chief of the Fire Tribe selected four people...

The paddles broke the surface of the water, and their handles rubbed against the upright wooden poles tied to the boat, making a creaking sound.

Watching the four Fire Tribe members on the boat, who seemed slightly restrained, Han Cheng smiled kindly.

As long as people came, it was fine.

Under gradual contact and temptation, he did not doubt that the Fire Tribe would follow the direction he had previously planned.

I wonder if the chief of the Fire Tribe also understands the principle of pairing men and women, working without getting tired. Among the four people from the Fire Tribe who came along were two men and two women.

After a while, Han Cheng instructed them to separate and disperse into two groups of two on two different boats.

It wasn't about implementing divisive tactics right away but rather letting them learn how to paddle. After all, when they returned from the Sparrow Tribe, they would need to row the boat themselves. Han Cheng couldn't specially send people to escort them back.

Moreover, after the trade in hemp was opened, the people of the Fire Tribe would inevitably have to deal with bamboo rafts and wooden boats frequently. Therefore, it was necessary to teach them how to row and paddle.

At first, the people of the Sparrow Tribe were somewhat dissatisfied with these four people rowing the boat in circles, but as they gradually became proficient, their dissatisfaction disappeared. After all, with these four people rowing, they could save a lot of effort.

The people of the Fire Tribe did not find rowing tiring. Having just come into contact with such things, they were quite cheerful about paddling.

Seeing this scene, Han Cheng felt somewhat regretful. If he had known, he would have asked for more free labor from the chief of the Fire Tribe...

Six small boats moved upstream like fish, exposing their backs.

They passed Mount Wangdong and arrived at the hemp field.

The leaves of the wild hemp had turned yellow, and even the low ones had shed.

Tie Tou, Third Senior Brother, and others held sickles and began to harvest the wild hemp.

Han Cheng and Bai Xue were also not idle, carrying stone sickles and joining in the harvest.

Stone and bone sickles were far less sharp than iron ones, and the hemp was already old, and the skin was quite tough. Therefore, those with less strength didn't harvest quickly with these tools.

After harvesting for a while, Han Cheng set aside the stone sickle and began pulling the hemp out by hand. The four members of the Fire Tribe followed the example of the Sparrow Tribe, doing this novel task they had never done before.

At this point, they also took baths and styled their hair like the people of the Sparrow Tribe. The men tied their hair up with a wooden stick while the women braided theirs into large hemp braids. If they didn't speak, they looked almost identical to the people of the Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng ignored the hemp seeds at the moment. Collecting them now would be too slow, so he planned to deal with them slowly after bringing the hemp back to the tribe. Although some seeds fell on the ground at the moment, they were very few.

The harvested hemp was placed in one place and then bundled up. In the late afternoon, when the sun was still high above the horizon, they began to transport these bundled hemp to the riverbank and load them onto bamboo rafts, much to the amazement of the Fire Tribe members.

"Splish, splash..."

Warm water poured from above, and Han Cheng wiped the water off his face, exhaling comfortably.

Harvesting and transporting wild hemp was not a very comfortable task. Fatigue was one thing, but the most uncomfortable aspect was the itching. After a day of working with hemp, the body would feel itchy all over, and it wouldn't stop until washed with water.

The next morning, Han Cheng and his group set out again to harvest wild hemp...

The sky was vast and high, and the increasingly playful autumn continued to tease everything growing on the earth. Even those whose faces were already red or had little faces turned yellow were not spared...

The chief of the Flying Snake Tribe led a group of more than thirty people, advancing in such weather.

They carried grass-woven backpacks on their backs and held crude weapons in their hands.

In a place not far from their tribe's cave, a familiar, early-ripe fruit with good storage qualities had already ripened. Today, the shaman had spoken, so he brought people over to pick it.

"Rumble!"

"Roar..."

"Hiss~!"

In the not-so-deep valley ahead, strange beast roars suddenly sounded.

The size of the beasts making the sounds seemed quite large.

The Flying Snake Tribe members who heard the movement suddenly became alert and panicked.

"¥ 5!"

The chief of the Flying Snake Tribe shouted, telling everyone not to panic, and then he carried his weapon and led the people cautiously closer to the valley ahead.

What was happening in the valley would be something the chief of the Flying Snake Tribe would never forget!

Seven or eight small mountain-like monsters were in the valley.

They had long fur on their bodies, sharp white bone clubs on their heads, and in the middle of the bone clubs, there was a python.

The python was terrifying. With his own eyes, he saw a tree as thick as his thigh being entwined and pulled up by the python!

Just like pulling up a tuft of grass so effortlessly.

In front of these small mountain-like monsters, there was another type of creature whose size was not as big as theirs but still not small.

This kind of creature also had long fur on its body, sharp horns on its head, and a somewhat heavy appearance.

There weren't many of these creatures, only two big and one small.

The roar came from the mouths of these two types of creatures.

Their roaring was because these two equally terrifying-looking creatures were fighting in an extremely fierce manner!

Chapter 362: Single horn creature

"Sss~!"

The leader, a monster much larger than the average creature, roared with red eyes, and the giant python between the two white bone clubs immediately entwined itself around the creature with a horn charging toward it.

With a swing of its massive head, the long white bone club pierced into the body of the creature charging towards it.

Dark red blood flowed out, staining the white bone club and wetting the ground.

"Plop, plop, plop..."

The mountain-like creature swung its head, and blood spurted with each movement.

"Boom!"

With its force, the creature, weighing at least a thousand pounds, was lifted and thrown away.

After tumbling on the ground for a while, it finally stopped.

The smaller horned creature was knocked down by the fallen giant pinned beneath it.

"Sss~!"

The call continued as the completely frenzied giant python-like creature, with legs as thick as trees, charged toward another horned creature...

As the call gradually faded away, the mountain-like creature walked away, its hoofprints gradually disappearing into the distance. The dust settled, revealing a valley in disarray.

The chief of the Flying Snake tribe struggled to climb out of the grass above the valley, gripping a wooden spear with trembling legs.

There was a puddle of water in the spot where he got up.

Under his orders, someone hurried back to inform the wisest shaman of the tribe of this terrifying news.

He stayed with others to guard the valley from above. After seeing the valley calm down, with no sign of the departing behemoths returning, he hesitated for a long time, gathered his courage, and ordered the other tribe members, who hadn't recovered from their shock, to take weapons and head into the valley.

Upon receiving the report, the shaman of the Flying Snake tribe hurried over with his people.

White bone clubs? A powerful giant python? Mountain-like creatures?

Horned behemoths...

He recalled the descriptions given by the tribespeople, memories from when he was still very young. It wasn't something he had seen with his own eyes but something he had heard from the elders.

They said that there was a tribe's settlement that such monstrous creatures had wiped out.

The descriptions sounded similar to what the tribespeople were describing.

The shaman of the Flying Snake tribe arrived at the valley...

The people of the Flying Snake tribe went from initial panic to joy.

For them, the two mountain-like creatures lying on the ground were a stroke of luck!

After trying to lift one and finding it too difficult, under the shaman's guidance, they began using stone knives and axes to peel off the tough, thick, hairy hides.

Then they divided the meat into pieces and packed them into woven grass baskets on their backs...

In the shaman's hands was something bone-like, heavier than an ordinary bone, constantly being examined.

It was the horn from the creature's head that had been dismembered.

"Roar..."

"¥!"

A not-too-loud roar suddenly rang out, frightening the person who was dividing the second creature into pieces. They retreated several steps. Someone quickly looked towards the valley's entrance, worried that another, more terrifying creature had returned.

"Roar..."

The intermittent roars continued, and the people of the Flying Snake tribe had already found the source of the sound. It was the fallen creature.

"¥!"

He, the shaman of the Flying Snake tribe, loudly addressed the people, pointing towards the fallen creature.

After a while, over a dozen people cautiously approached and moved the creature to the side.

Underneath it was a small ditch, and inside was a little creature.

It was the one making the cries.

The small creature also appeared injured, curling up in the pit and failing to stand up even after attempting twice. Surrounded by people holding spears, the little one looked very frightened and helpless.

"¥53!"

The Eldest Senior Brother of the Flying Snake tribe shouted and fiercely stabbed the injured small creature with a wooden spear.

Killing it would yield plenty of meat.

The creature's skin was thick, and the spear only removed some of its fur, causing minimal injury.

To display his bravery, the chief of the Flying Snake tribe spat in his hand, rubbed it together, and clenched the spear, preparing to aim for its eyes.

"34!"

The shaman intervened, stopped him, and ordered someone to pull the small creature out of the ditch...

The Flying Snake tribe, having had a bountiful harvest, had a rare feast today. Even the weakest among them had enough to eat.

However, tender liver was reserved for those with poor dental health, a specialty of the shaman.

The shaman, choking on the liver as he ate, had to drink several mouthfuls of water before finally recovering.

Having eaten and drunk their fill, he went to a corner of the cave where the injured small creature was.

He had someone fetch fruits, leaves, grass, stones, and a piece of meat and place them in front of the seemingly bewildered little creature. After waiting for a while, the small creature began to eat the grass, then the fruit.

Under the clear sky, the oil hemp field.

With many wild hemp trees gone, the hemp field looked much more spacious.

Bundles of wild hemp over a meter high were piled on six bamboo rafts. These bundles were tied to the rafts with ropes made from wild hemp bark to prevent them from rolling into the river.

Each raft had two people holding bamboo poles ready to push off.

"Let's go!"

Han Cheng shouted, and the Third Senior Brother shook the oar. The boat he was on was the first to leave the shore, heading upstream.

With six wooden boats and six bamboo rafts laden with hard-earned harvest, they formed a long dragon in the river, gradually rowing against the current toward their place of origin...

"¥!"

After several days of sailing, the boats separated from the main river and entered the Red River. Finally, on a misty afternoon, they arrived at the Green Sparrow tribe.

Seeing the many people pouring out, the towering walls, and the excited people from the four tribes, Han Cheng couldn't understand their words.

Amidst the joy of reunion, Han Cheng inquired about the situation in the tribe from the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother, relieved to hear that nothing had happened.

The shaman noticed the four extra people from the Fire Tribe and, assuming they were like Bai Xue, warmly welcomed them.

After unloading the hemp from the bamboo rafts, Han Cheng recounted their experiences in the Fire Tribe to the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother, explaining the purpose of the four people's arrival and his plans.

The shaman's enthusiasm waned after hearing that the four were only here to freeload. But upon hearing Han Cheng's plans, his smile returned.

Chapter 363: Retting hemp and Cold Dew

After unloading the wild hemp, Han Cheng made arrangements before the four people from the Fire Tribe.

Including not firing kilns and using bows and arrows as little as possible while these people were present.

Do not disclose confidential matters such as the method of salt production.

This was necessary.

The four members of the Fire Tribe, who had been completely stunned by everything before them, did not understand the meaning of what the enthusiastic, hospitable, and seemingly magical Divine Child had just said. If they understood, who knows what their mood would be like...

The iron bacteria, about half the size of four pottery jars, were carefully placed on the ground in the room and left to dry, much treasured by Hei Wa and his companions. These were valuable items that could be used to make iron tools.

While Hei Wa and his companions were doing these tasks, Han Cheng, along with the senior brother, several others, and the four members of the Fire Tribe, went downstream of the creek.

They blocked a ditch connecting the creek with a bone shovel, drained the water out, and then began digging and expanding it.

After the expansion, they opened the mouth and let the river water in before sealing the opening again.

While they were doing these things, the underage members of the tribe, as well as the elderly and the weak, were not idle. They plucked the hemp seeds from the wild hemp, stored them in pottery jars, and kept them as seeds for planting the next year.

Bundles of wild hemp with the seeds removed were thrown into the expanded pit and then covered with stones.

Retting hemp was an indispensable step in obtaining hemp fiber and weaving cloth.

Through retting, the microorganisms in the water would decompose the useless parts of the hemp bark, leaving behind the flexible fibers.

These fibers were what was truly needed for spinning yarn and weaving cloth.

Moreover, the bond between the hemp bark and the core became loose through retting, making it easier to peel.

But when it was time, the smell...

Thinking about it, Han Cheng couldn't help but wrinkle his nose.

It was not much better than a sewer and was too smelly!

While performing these tasks, Han Cheng occasionally asked Bai Xue to explain what was going on to the members of the Fire Tribe, making sure they remembered the procedure.

When it was time to transport the retted hemp, only the outer hemp bark stripped after retting was transported. To help the members of the Fire Tribe understand what was going on, Han Cheng took out a bundle that had been immersed in water for ten days and demonstrated the peeling process to them.

Ten days of retting was certainly not enough, and the hemp was taken out so quickly and peeled because the four members of the Fire Tribe were about to leave.

Han Cheng's plan for the Fire Tribe to weave cloth and transport it here would not be implemented this year because retting hemp alone took a long time.

Furthermore, they had not yet perfected the spinning yarn and weaving cloth processes themselves, so the instructions given to the four members of the Fire Tribe could only cover the retting process.

As for the next step of weaving cloth, they could only wait until next year when they returned.

Han Cheng was confident that they would be able to weave cloth by next year.

As for the fact that the four members of the Fire Tribe would not return the next year, Han Cheng was not worried because, among the people of the Fire Tribe, only they knew how to row a boat on the water.

Another reason was the allure of salt.

Once accustomed to eating salt, enduring a long period without it was truly unbearable.

First, there was the taste, and second, there was the effect on the body.

For those accustomed to robust health, they truly did not want to return to a state of physical depletion...

A small boat moored on the creek's bank contained two jars of salt, some salted fish, two stone sickles, and other items donated by the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Han Cheng walked up and shook hands with each member of the Fire Tribe, expressing his reluctance to see them go.

The rest of the Green Sparrow Tribe also came over to shake hands with them.

"When the leaves fall, we'll come back."

Bai Xue conveyed Han Cheng's meaning to the four people from the Fire Tribe.

The four members of the Fire Tribe, almost moved to tears by the enthusiasm of the Green Sparrow Tribe, nodded vigorously, indicating that they would come back.

As the light boat left the shore, the figures of the people standing on the bank gradually became blurred by the sound of the water, turning into black dots and finally disappearing completely.

In their field of vision, only the earth-yellow wall connected to the mountain range remained.

The four members of the Fire Tribe looked at the precious items on the boat and recalled the experiences of the past ten days, feeling as if it had all been a dream.

It turned out that what the underage member of their tribe had said was true, and people could live like this...

At this moment, all four of them had the idea of returning to this aquatic tribe, living here permanently, and never leaving again, just like the underage member of their tribe who had been sick and then cured.

Come back when the leaves fall! With hemp bark.

They thought to themselves as they looked at the neatly bundled hemp bark on the boat.

As long as they and their people brought back such hemp bark, they could still exchange it for these precious items.

As they thought, they kept recalling the process of making hemp bark in their minds, afraid that they would forget some of the steps.

Ten days later, the four members of the Fire Tribe returned to their original location on a boat.

Returning with a large number of precious items, they were warmly welcomed and treated by the people as if they were brave warriors who had captured a large number of prey.

The four of them recounted everything they had seen and heard in the Green Sparrow Tribe to the people who crowded around them, eager to know whether Bai Xue's words were true. The people of the Fire Tribe were astonished when they heard it.

They had thought that what Bai Xue had said was already exaggerated enough, but they had not expected that everything was true, and the current situation of that tribe was even better than what Bai Xue had described!

With the return of the four individuals, the people of the Fire Tribe became even more eager for the mysterious aquatic tribe.

Even the leader of the Fire Tribe, who kept examining the hemp bark brought back by the four individuals, had the idea of seeing it for himself...

Some grass had turned yellow, while others had become even greener. These grasses and the leaves on the ground were now covered with a layer of cool dew.

It was already the time of Cold Dew, and next would be Frost Descent.

Standing outside the wall and looking out together with Han Cheng, Shi Tou recorded this feeling on the pottery tablet he carried. The tablet had thirty squares, each with a moon drawn inside. Corresponding to today's square, he recorded this sensation.

Under Han Cheng's guidance and inspiration, Shi Tou's gaze was no longer solely on the moon's changes. The daily changes in weather and corresponding plant changes were within his observation and recording range.

Calendars never existed in isolation; they should also have a series of extensions.

What Shi Tou was doing now was supplementing and expanding the calendar.

Many people in the tribe disapproved of Shi Tou's behavior, feeling that it did not contribute to obtaining food.

As a newcomer, Han Cheng understood the significance of Shi Tou's work and gave it affirmation and strong support.

Besides Cold Dew, another item was recorded in today's square on the pottery tablet...

Chapter 364: A Man, A Deer, and a Cart

"Yo yo..."

Deer Lord, whose face was tied with a rope, grumbled discontentedly in the seemingly spacious field.

As the commanding leader of the deer, sheep, and dog tribes, the mighty and invincible Deer Lord felt aggrieved to have fallen to this point.

He, the mighty leader, would now have to toil as a laborer, plowing and harrowing the land here.

Unfortunately, Deer Lord was a deer from ancient times and knew nothing of Han Yu, who wrote "A Song of the Horse."

In this world, animals were not allowed to become spirits. Otherwise, they would surely turn their heads and speak, uttering something like 'Only humiliated by the hands of slaves...' to the despicable bipeds who were leading them and laughing.

The soil was in perfect condition thanks to the autumn rain a few days ago. The rain made it easy to break up the clods of earth that had risen from the ground, making it the perfect time to sow rapeseed.

Deer Lord, who had been living in the Green Sparrow Tribe for so long, enjoying free food and lodging with someone serving him every day, naturally could not escape this fate. Now, those physically strong individuals were all harnessed up and, under the guidance of the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, were imitating the appearance of their leader, Deer Lord, plowing and sowing here.

Deer Lord was treated differently from ordinary deer because, while other deer pulled harrows, he pulled a plow.

A wide piece of leather was draped over Deer Lord's back at the end of the plow beam, covering half of it.

Underneath the leather, a rope was tied around Deer Lord's waist, passing through his belly. Together with the leather above, it tied Deer Lord around the waist.

In this way, as he moved, the plow behind him would move forward with him.

Unlike oxen, deer's necks were not as thick as oxen's, nor did they have the strength to bear thousands of pounds like oxen, so Han Cheng had to imitate donkeys and mules and place the weight on their backs.

Behind Deer Lord, a hobbling individual was supporting the plow.

The three plow legs, bound with triangular bones, parted the finely tilled soft soil, leaving three parallel lines on the ground no matter how they turned, with a spacing of twenty centimeters in the middle.

Inside the hopper, black rapeseeds leaked down from the bottom of the hopper and, about three centimeters from the hopper, split into three, each going down one of the hollow plow legs and falling into the furrows opened by the plow legs.

"Wait."

Lame suddenly spoke, and Han Cheng, leading Deer Lord forward, stopped as instructed.

It wasn't that Han Cheng enjoyed "helping with the plow," but Deer Lord would only work properly when led by Han Cheng. No one else could make it work properly.

"What's wrong?" Han Cheng asked.

"The eye of the hopper is blocked."

As he answered, Lame let go of the plow handle, bent down, and pulled out a wooden piece inserted into the blocked connection between the funnel and the three plow legs, making it clear again.

He quickly inserted the wooden piece back to its original position. Otherwise, if too many seeds were sown, it would become too dense over time.

While Lame was doing this, the individuals nearby were earnestly watching with their heads stretched out.

Lame was a carpenter, and sowing was not his responsibility. After teaching the individuals with the balloons and bottles, he no longer got involved in sowing.

After the adjustment, Han Cheng continued to lead Deer Lord forward, leaving shallow furrows on the smoothly harrowed land...

In the distance, the mountains were tinged with varying shades of yellow and red, while the nearby water flowed clear and calm. A few wisps of smoke rose slowly from the burning dry grass on the ground, where farmers were scattered, plowing and sowing...

There were no gunshots, wars, or much fighting, only a tranquil and enchanting scene of autumn farming...

The efficiency of the plow was unmatched by human labor.

Fifty mu could be plowed in a day with one deer, two people, and one plow.

This is still under the condition where both humans and deer are not very familiar with each other.

If the deer is trained well and people master the use of the plow, one person, one deer, and one plow can plow more than twenty mu in a day without the need for someone to lead the deer and help with the plow.

Controlling the deer's direction can be done in two ways, one directly and the other indirectly.

The direct method is to tie another rope around the deer's head, in addition to the leather rope fixed on the deer's waist, like tying shoelaces, passing through the deer's faceplate, and tying the ends of the rope behind the deer to the handle of the plow, within reach of the person supporting the plow.

Pull the left rope when a left turn is needed; pull the right rope when a right turn is needed.

Because the rope is tied to the deer's head, a strong pull will cause it to turn around.

The so-called voice control is a method based on this: When pulling the deer to the left, shout "da da," when going right, shout "lie," when urging the deer to move forward, shout "ha," and when stopping it, shout "two."

After doing this repeatedly, the deer will develop a conditioned reflex. Instead of needing to pull the rope, just shouting a command will let them know what to do and how to cooperate with humans in farming.

Such commands are not only for deer; when the time comes to find oxen and horses, they will also be trained similarly.

This year, fifty mu of rapeseed were planted, mainly for eating. The rapeseed was used to feed deer, rabbits, and chickens, and it was mixed with chicken feed.

Han Cheng has not yet tried using rapeseed for oil extraction. On the one hand, he has too many other things to worry about, and on the other hand, so far, just animal-fat oil is enough to eat.

So, the use of rapeseed for oil extraction has been postponed, and there are signs of further delay.

After planting rapeseed, Han Cheng also planted the 'Big Cabbage' and 'High-Quality Rapeseed,' which he had cultivated for two years.

The appearance of the plow significantly increased the efficiency of planting. After planting these lands in three days, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe set off with baskets on their backs towards the orchard.

It was time to gather and store the fruits.

Many hands make light work. With everyone's efforts, piles of fruits appeared in the tribe and quickly increased.

Tonight's meal in the Green Sparrow Tribe was strange. There were no roasted meats as usual, nor was there steaming fish soup. There was only a large pile of fruits stacked together.

Han Cheng was a bit puzzled, not understanding what the Eldest Senior Brother in charge of preparing food meant.

He was puzzled, but the other tribe members were not, especially those from the Bone Tribe who had joined just this year. They felt it was only natural.

Food was always so precious to primitive people. Even in the affluent Green Sparrow Tribe, people still hesitated to waste.

These fruits were all damaged, bruised, or had ruptured.

Such fruits were not durable for storage. If not eaten in time, they would quickly spoil.

Understanding the reason, Han Cheng couldn't help but give a thumbs up to the Eldest Eldest Senior Brother. Eating the perishables first and saving the good ones was a suitable method that could reduce food waste.

However, after praising him, Han Cheng immediately asked the Eldest Eldest Senior Brother to take out some meat and let people add water to the pottery jars, preparing to start boiling soup.

The weather had already cooled down, and at this time, unlike in summer, not eating some hot soup or just relying on these cold fruits to satisfy hunger wouldn't do. First, it wouldn't be filling enough, and second, it could easily upset the stomach.

In this era where catching a cold and fever could be thrown into the fire and burned to death, no illness could be underestimated.

"Divine Child..."

The Eldest Senior Brother seemed a little anxious. With this arrangement, these fruits would be wasted.

Han Cheng smiled and waved his hand to reassure him, indicating he didn't need to worry.

Chapter 365: Canned food, and a Virgin Boy's Pee

Can these damaged fruits be preserved?

The shaman, the Eldest Senior Brother, and others who understood Han Cheng's intentions couldn't help but widen their eyes. They looked at the large pile of fruits on the ground, then at Han Cheng, who seemed confident, and then innocently touched their own heads.

Could it be that the Divine Child planned to preserve these fruits like the salted fish before by sprinkling salt on them and drying them outside?

Salting the fruits... the taste...

Many people from the Green Sparrow Tribe who had eaten like this couldn't help but lick their lips.

Or perhaps these fruits need to be boiled in water and dried before storing? Like drying wild vegetables before?

They couldn't think of a good solution.

Following the instructions, the Eldest Senior Brother took out some fish, meat, and vegetables to make soup. He knew there must be a solution since the shaman said so, and he wouldn't just watch these fruits go bad.

After dinner, Han Cheng saw that everyone wasn't sleepy, so he started instructing them to find as many empty jars in the tribe as possible and clean them with water.

The next day, the Eldest Senior Brother and others, the strong ones, continued to pick fruits, while the underage and weak ones stayed in the tribe. According to Han Cheng's instructions, they used only an iron knife and many bone knives to peel the damaged fruits.

Since the integration of the Bone Tribe into the Green Sparrow Tribe, bone knives have not been in short supply. Most people in this tribe are quite skilled at making bone tools.

The peeled fruits were placed in large pottery basins filled with clean water. After washing, they were sorted and placed in clean wooden baskets for later use.

Two large pottery jars were burning, with fire underneath. Two people were tending to the flames. About half a jar of water was inside the jar, emitting hot steam.

"Splash!"

A basket of peach-like fruits was poured into the water-filled jar, covered with a lid, and simmered. (There are early-maturing May peaches and late-ripening stubborn peaches.)

A fragrance different from fresh fruits soon spread.

After simmering for a while, Han Cheng scooped out some to taste. It was sour and sweet, and the taste was pretty good.

Seeing that they were almost cooked, Han Cheng instructed someone to scoop them out of the jar and put them in a large bowl prepared in advance to cool.

After cooling, when tasted again, the flavor was even better than when hot.

The people who worked here each tasted a small bowl, and everyone praised it.

Han Cheng didn't add too much water to enhance the flavor of the fruits, so these waters contained a high sugar content. If accidentally splashed onto the hands, they would become sticky after a while.

This rich flavor of sourness and sweetness was incomparable to eating fresh fruits.

This flavor conquered everyone who tasted it for the first time.

Bai Xue drank a little water carefully and then comfortably closed her eyes.

Reluctant to drink too much at once, she took a long time to finish a small bowl of simmered fruit juice.

The reactions of others who received the fruit juice were not much different from Bai Xue's; they all treasured it exceptionally, even more than children in later generations would treasure candies.

Looking at Han Cheng, their bright eyes were full of admiration.

To think that these damaged fruits could be turned into something so delicious! It was even better than good fruits!

After tasting this flavor for the first time, they all wanted to simmer all the fruits in this way.

The shaman watched carefully from the side, preparing to record this method again. He didn't let the Shi Tou do it this time but planned to do it himself.

No, that's not right.

As the shaman came to his senses from the taste of this delicious flavor different from salt, he remembered something.

After Han Cheng's operation, these fruits tasted even better than before, but the problem of long-term storage still hadn't been solved. This...

As he was about to inquire, Han Cheng instructed people to mix the cooled fruit flesh with the juice and fill the jars that had been washed clean the previous night.

After filling them, they used large leaves from trees growing near their tribe, which were broad and somewhat oily, to seal the mouths of the jars. They then applied a layer of well-mixed mud outside and had people carry them to the cave's depths in the house for storage.

What Han Cheng did was the primitive and simple version of canning.

Canned food, this delicious thing, was a weapon against damaged fruits.

When he was a child, many families would bring a jar of canned fruits during the New Year. In those days, this thing was simply the favorite of children.

"Ding ding dong, ding ding dong..."

There was no "jingle bell."

Large-scale shedding of leaves, white frost descended, dyeing purple the originally bright red leaves.

The air became cold, and white mist spewed from everyone's mouths and noses.

But such coldness couldn't stop the enthusiasm of the Green Sparrow Tribe for forging.

Bright red iron was taken out of the furnace and placed on a thick stone slab for forging. Axes that had been prepared long ago quickly descended, smashing hard onto the red-hot iron block, practicing the widely circulated saying "strike while the iron is hot."

After two days of forging, the largest piece of iron finally took shape.

"Sizzle~!"

The red-hot iron was put into water. In the somewhat harsh sound, white steam rose, accompanied by an unpleasant smell.

Of course, this smell wasn't pleasant because the water used for quenching wasn't ordinary water but pure child urine!

Han Cheng couldn't remember where he had seen this method, but he vaguely remembered that it was said that iron tools made this way performed better than those made with ordinary water.

For Han Cheng, who was trying to improve iron tools, such a method naturally couldn't be overlooked.

Any human urine would do, but Han Cheng deliberately raised the bar by using child urine. After all, in many places, child urine was said to be extraordinary...

The iron smelted; this time, it weighed more than four catties but less than five catties.

Some wanted to make knives, some wanted to make hammers, some wanted needles, and some wanted iron arrowheads...

Compared to the huge demand, these irons remained scarce.

The first iron tool forged this time was nothing like everyone had hoped for. It wasn't a hammer, iron knife, iron needles or arrowheads, but an iron rod.

To be precise, it was a rather pointed iron rod at one end.

This iron rod wasn't light; it weighed one and a half catties!

Nearly a third of the iron that had been so laboriously obtained this time was used for it!

Seeing this newly forged iron tool, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe looked at each other. They didn't understand why he chose to make such an extremely useless iron rod out of so many things the shaman could forge.

Was he planning to mount this iron rod on a wooden spear for hunting?

As they looked at this somewhat inexplicable iron rod, everyone began to speculate in their minds.

Chapter 366: Stone Weapons will not be regulated

Han Cheng set aside the iron rod, which was over fifteen centimeters long and about two centimeters in diameter and pointed at one end. Instead of immediately explaining the purpose of these items to everyone, he walked back to the furnace to watch Hei Wa and the second senior brother, who was working on the second iron tool that was nearing completion.

Forging iron was labor-intensive; otherwise, why would they say it required a rigid body?

In the Green Sparrow Tribe, Hei Wa, who specialized in pottery, was not particularly strong, and although he had some talent for forging iron, he still had some shortcomings.

Moreover, prolonged ironwork would make his fingers and arms stiff and less agile than before. This slight change might not be a problem for others, but for Hei Wa, it was different. After all, the more sophisticated the pottery, the higher the requirements for craftsmanship. Hei Wa's development in this area would be affected if his fingers were not agile.

So, after the preliminary development of ironworking techniques, Han Cheng called the second senior brother to come and forge iron. He also had Hei Wa and the two "technical elders" assist him.

The second senior brother's belly had shrunk significantly, and he seemed more energetic. However, his belly had shrunk too quickly, leaving some wrinkled skin.

But at this moment, compared to before, he appeared stronger, ranking first in strength in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Handing the iron forging task to the second senior brother was the best choice.

"Ding ding dong..."

The second senior brother held the axe with one arm and swung it with force, equivalent to two strikes from Hei Wa.

"Alright, use a little less force and strike down here."

Seeing that it was almost done, Han Cheng instructed the second senior brother to change his approach.

After this busy period, the second iron tool was also completed, using a considerable amount of materials, weighing one catty.

Han Cheng called over Lame, who chopped a wooden handle with an iron axe and fitted it onto the iron lump, creating an iron hammer.

Han Cheng lifted the iron hammer and struck a stone with it, causing the stone to crack open. The iron hammer was much more effective than the axe.

Amidst the crowd's admiration, Han Cheng stood up with a hammer in one hand and an iron rod in the other.

No one spoke anymore, eagerly watching Han Cheng holding the two iron tools, waiting for the Divine Child to announce their purpose.

Everyone hoped that the iron tools they produced would be related to their expertise.

This was because previously manufactured iron tools, especially the chisel and saw, had almost become exclusive to Lame's use.

Although the Green Sparrow Tribe still operated under common ownership, the surplus of goods gradually increased with the enrichment of the means of production, and people began to have different thoughts.

However, these thoughts were only a budding idea, and they still adhered to the joint ownership they were accustomed to.

The desire for the iron tools they produced to be related to their expertise embodied this budding idea.

The development of all things in the world seemed to follow specific rules, no matter how unpredictable they might be.

Like people scattered worldwide with different origins, they would eventually transition from standard to private ownership.

At some point in the future, perhaps they will transition from private ownership to joint ownership.

The transition from common ownership to private ownership and then back to common ownership was not a repetition of the past but a spiral-like ascent. In this process, productivity would experience significant development...

In the gaze of the crowd's anticipation, Han Cheng walked up to the wooden figure standing on the outermost periphery, holding up the hammer and iron rod, and smiled as he explained their purpose to everyone.

This iron rod was an iron chisel that worked in conjunction with the hammer. Of course, it wasn't used to make thunder like the Thunderous God's rod but to chisel stones.

Using more than half of the iron collected this time to manufacture these two items was a decision made by Han Cheng after careful consideration.

Stones and wood are the most common and widely used materials found in many places. Handy instruments are necessary to turn these ubiquitous materials into suitable and useful tools. Otherwise, relying solely on primitive stone and bone tools won't lead to significant advancements.

That's why we saw the emergence of tools like axes, saws, chisels, and now, hammers and iron chisels. Hammers and iron chisels are the most essential tools for shaping stones. With these two items, woodworking skills are bound to advance, producing better stone tools.

There are already large stone tools that require wood to make. Otherwise, Han Cheng wouldn't have rushed to create these two items. One such tool is the stone rolling mill used for threshing grain and the stone flail (not sure if the word is correct).

As the area of grain cultivation gradually increases, the traditional method of using sticks or wooden forks to beat grain from the stalks can no longer keep up. This method is not only inefficient but also exhausting. Without a change, threshing alone will become a huge burden when the grain planting area reaches several hundred acres next year.

Moreover, grain harvested and threshed in the field during irregular weather, particularly when it's not sunny, may get spoiled if not done properly.

Combining harvesters and threshing machines is something Han Cheng could only dream of, but in reality, the solution he could provide was something ancient yet highly effective: stone rolling mills and stone flails.

When it's time to sun-dry the grains in the field, harnessing a group of deer to pull the stone rolling mill and stone flail in circles on the threshing floor, all people need to do is lead them. Not only is it effortless, but it's also efficient.

While grazing in the wilderness, the deer lord suddenly shuddered, its fur bristling. It lifted its head, stopped grazing, and looked around warily, prepared to bolt at the first sign of trouble. However, the surroundings remained as calm as ever, and even its companions, the lucky ones and the Five Little Fu Jiangs mingling among the herd, didn't react unusually. After waiting a while, the deer Lord lowered its head and grazed...

Inside the Green Sparrow Tribe, Han Cheng explained the importance of the hammer and iron chisel in forging stone tools in simple terms, using the stone rolling mill as an example. This helped everyone understand his reasoning for creating these tools.

When Mu Tou received the hammer and iron chisel from Han Cheng, he appeared dazed and somewhat skeptical. He had never dreamed that the Divine Child would spend so much iron to create these two items, especially for making stone tools.

Mu Tou was a relatively quiet and unassuming person, not particularly confident. That's why he stood on the outskirts while everyone else crowded around to watch the newly forged iron tools and discuss their uses. In his opinion, whether it was the iron needles desired by the women, the iron knives desired by the cooks, the iron arrowheads desired by Third Senior Brother, or the iron tips

desired by Shang, which could be mounted on wooden spears to replace stone and bone, they were all of great significance to the tribe. They could all contribute to the tribe's development.

As for his expertise in making stone tools, he didn't overthink about it. Because the new iron tools were harder and sharper than stones, far surpassing what stones could offer. From the desire for iron axes, knives, and hoes expressed by people, he could sense the decline of what he was good at.

Stone tools would be replaced, and just like him, the person skilled in making stone tools would become even more obscure.

At that moment, the Divine Child suddenly appeared with precious iron-made tools, telling him they were for making stone tools. He told him that stone tools still had a very, very bright future, and their importance to the tribe would not diminish with the appearance of iron tools; on the contrary, it would significantly increase.

How could he not be excited? How could he not be stunned?

Unlike Shaman, like the second senior brother, like Lane, this person who didn't speak much also had a strong sense of belonging to the tribe and a determination to do his best for the tribe.

Chapter 367: Personal Belongings

"Divine Child..."

Mu Tou held the two precious and significant iron tools, not knowing what to say for a moment, only able to murmur the Divine Child's title.

Han Cheng raised his arm and gave Mu Tou's shoulder an awkward pat, smiling as he said, "Just keep up the good work."

Mu Tou nodded vigorously.

Shang's expression was complex as he watched the two iron tools in Mu Tou's hands, feeling a mix of envy, resentment, and dissatisfaction. Perhaps due to his experiences, he placed great importance on weapons and the like.

Now that there was iron, stronger and sharper than stone or bone, he naturally associated it with weaponry. If this sturdy and sharp iron could be mounted on wooden spears to replace stone or bone spearheads, wouldn't that increase their power?

Iron spears would greatly enhance their combat effectiveness, whether for hunting or defense. If they were to encounter the evil tribes that had ravaged their own in the past, having iron spears would surely lead to victory.

With such thoughts in mind, Shang was the most fervent in searching for iron deposits within the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Seeing the newly forged iron chisel, he was overjoyed because, in his view, it was similar to the bone or stone spearheads attached to wooden shafts. Therefore, he assumed that these new tools were meant for him.

However, the greater the hope, the greater the disappointment. After spending so much iron to create these tools, they were used to smash stones... How could he calm down after this?

Previously, they made tools, and now they are still making tools. There were no weapons...

... Wasn't it enough to thresh grain using wooden forks? Wasn't that how the tribe had been doing it for the past two years? The grain had been brought into the houses, so why make some unknown-looking stone rolling mill?

"... Threshing grain with wooden forks isn't tiring. We don't need stone rolling mills..."

Even the calmest person can feel impulsive at times. After holding back for so long, Shang finally couldn't help but speak up.

Han Cheng stopped in his tracks, looking at Shang's somewhat anxious face with a hint of dissatisfaction. He sighed softly to himself.

Sharing adversity is easy; sharing prosperity is hard.

When everyone was equally impoverished and worried about their next meal, it was easy to work together. Firstly, because everyone was in the same boat, there was no room for comparison, and secondly, sticking together made survival easier.

However, once the hard times passed and life became more prosperous, it became less easy to work together harmoniously.

There would always be those who felt they were contributing more but receiving less, leading to a sense of injustice and resentment.

Moving from the most primitive form of communal ownership to private ownership was progress in history. However, as surplus wealth increased, desires for self-interest, personal gain, and power that had been suppressed began to grow and eventually surfaced.

This was an irreversible trend in historical development; there would be a loss for every gain.

This was also the reason for Han Cheng's sigh.

To wear the crown, one must bear its weight.

What he desired, the harmony and unity they currently enjoyed, would one day be shattered by the increasing wealth and material possessions.

The downfall of humanity, the cause of mass death, would not be natural disasters but rather...

When nature ceased to be humanity's adversary, more powerful individuals would turn their strife towards their kind.

However, in the face of all this, they were not powerless.

Through establishing systems, strengthening ideological education, and developing etiquette, one can guide and utilize these inherent aspects in people's minds.

Thinking like this, Han Cheng smiled, feeling that he might have been thinking too far ahead and worrying unnecessarily.

The transition from public to private ownership is not immediate but a gradual, long-term process.

The Green Sparrow Tribe still has a long way to go to reach that point.

With its existence and the adoption of appropriate methods, the Green Sparrow Tribe may not necessarily find itself in the chaotic situation it imagines.

"Isn't threshing tiring?" Han Cheng looked at Shang, who had stopped talking and asked.

Threshing is usually handled by a few people, and others don't get involved much. Shang doesn't have much experience with it.

In his view, threshing doesn't require much effort; it's just a matter of continuous beating. How tiring could it be?

However, he didn't say anything because he felt what he was doing today seemed somewhat inappropriate, but with the iron weapons...

Without Shang saying anything, Han Cheng could understand his thoughts.

Having lofty aspirations but little skill, magnifying one's own suffering while belittling others' efforts, and always feeling that others can succeed easily are perhaps innate human nature traits.

He didn't dwell on this matter any longer, instead looking up at the sun in the sky.

Despite the low temperature, the weather was fine.

Pointing to the pile of threshed grain stalks, Han Cheng smiled and said to Shang, "Let's go thresh some more. What we did before wasn't thorough enough, so let's do it again today."

Seeing the smile on the leader's face and his lack of anger, Shang felt relieved.

He was genuinely worried about upsetting the leader.

Shang set off with his pitchfork. To make him understand the tiring nature of threshing, Han Cheng instructed others to help spread the grain, leaving Shang to handle the threshing independently.

Carrying the pitchfork, Shang lifted some of the lighter grain stalks, feeling the weight of the pitchfork and smiling.

This thing was too light, nowhere near as heavy as moving stones. Even when facing stone-breaking, he never felt afraid. How could such light-grain stalks daunt him?

The leader had indeed made a fuss over nothing this time.

"Whoosh, thud..."

The pitchfork whirled through the air, making a swooshing sound as it struck the spread-out grain stalks, appearing effortless.

Han Cheng stood by the iron furnace and watched Shang threshing the grain stalks in the distance with a smile on his face.

Light burdens can travel far. Many things seem easy at first glance, but you realize their difficulty once you do them repeatedly.

"Let's continue forging," Han Cheng said to the second senior brother, smiling as he looked at Shang, who had already removed his shirt.

Since Shang had some different thoughts, it was best to let him endure this threshing task for now.

"Huff, puff..."

Shang wiped his sweat and panted heavily.

At this moment, he no longer had the same energy as before. His strong arms had become somewhat sore, and there was a slight tremble when he lifted the pitchfork.

Why was it so tiring?

Looking at the remaining grain stalks yet to be threshed, he couldn't help but think this way.

This task shouldn't be this tiring. It's even more exhausting than moving stones.

After resting for a while, he lifted the much heavier pitchfork again and resumed threshing the remaining grain stalks...

Chapter 368: Iron Spear

"How's it going?"

Han Cheng walked over from the iron forge and asked with a smile, looking at Shang, who was sitting by the pile of barley stalks panting heavily.

Shang quickly stood up when he saw it was the Divine Child, but he didn't get up in one go. He tried three times before managing to prop himself up with the wooden fork.

"Divine Child, I was wrong..."

Shang willingly admitted his mistake.

Today, he hadn't even finished a third of the barley stalks laid out for drying. And this wasn't even the first batch of barley; if it were, it would have been even more exhausting.

What seemed like an easy task turned out to be so tiring. Perhaps the Divine Child's idea of making "stone rollers" and using deer instead of people to thresh the grains was necessary.

Otherwise...

Thinking of the vast stretches of land around the tribe they had cleared and imagining the scene of endlessly threshing barley with wooden forks, Shang couldn't help but shudder.

This was too exhausting.

But what about the weapons he had yearned for...?

His expression dimmed at the thought of it.

Let's wait a bit longer. Let's wait until we find the iron bacteria, then...

Seeing Shang's sincere remorse, Han Cheng patted him on the shoulder and brought his hand from behind to the front.

"Hey, take a look at this."

Han Cheng raised his right hand, revealing an iron piece before Shang. It was over ten centimeters long, two centimeters wide, and about three to four millimeters thick. Near the base, there was a three-centimeter-long crossbar.

A perfectly circular spearhead would be too heavy and wasteful of iron, not to mention less effective. What Han Cheng held in his hand, which he called a "halberd" based on his memory, was made from this consideration.

His immature drawing skills, combined with Second Senior Brother's amateur ironworking and the idea of saving iron, resulted in something that didn't quite look like a halberd.

But this thing was more practical than an iron spearhead. After sharpening the edges, it could easily pierce through prey's bodies. Meanwhile, the crossbar could help prevent the halberd from being inserted too deeply and becoming difficult to pull out.

Han Cheng had also considered making some weapons. The vine shields led by the eldest Senior brother and the slingshot team led by the second senior brother didn't need iron. Or even if they did, the increase in power wouldn't be significant.

To maximize combat effectiveness with the least amount of iron, the spear and archery teams led by Shang and Third Senior Brother mattered.

Even if Shang hadn't spoken up, Han Cheng would have made some accordingly. But before he could finish, Shang had already started talking.

So, Han Cheng naturally teased him a bit.

"Iron weapons?!"

Shang, feeling dejected, exclaimed in surprise and disbelief when he saw the iron halberd Han Cheng had brought out. Normally steady, he was now filled with excitement and incredulity.

"Take it, go sharpen it. After it's sharp, put it on the spear shaft."

Han Cheng handed Shang the slightly misshapen iron halberd and smiled as he spoke.

"Divine Child..."

Shang held the iron halberd in his hand, looking at Han Cheng with a dazed expression, not knowing what to say.

Han Cheng smiled and patted his shoulder, saying, "Alright, go on. Hurry up and sharpen it. Let's see how powerful it is when it's mounted."

"Mm."

Shang nodded vigorously with slightly reddened eyes and ran towards the whetstone, holding the iron halberd as if it weighed a thousand jin.

From afar, Han Cheng smiled as he watched Shang squatting there, vigorously sharpening the iron halberd.

Giving a little punishment and a sweet reward proved to be a simple yet effective method.

Next to the whetstone, not only Shang but also Third Senior Brother was there, fervently and cautiously sharpening iron arrowheads. There was a total of five such arrowheads.

In addition, Ruhua, who had recently given birth, was also grinding iron needles there.

Compared to other large items, Han Cheng was generous with iron needles, directly making ten of them. However, due to his limited skills, the iron needles he produced were the equivalent of five in modern times. Moreover, their surfaces were not smooth, so they needed to be gradually smoothed using the whetstone before use.

But these were already enough to make everyone happy. The women squatted there, grinding, chattering excitedly.

Apart from these, Han Cheng used the remaining iron to create an iron blade for a plane and a knife specifically for cooking.

All the iron bacteria obtained on this trip were used up.

The iron blade for the plane was ten centimeters long, four centimeters wide, and half a centimeter thick. One end was sharpened on the whetstone, then mounted on a wooden piece thirty centimeters long and ten centimeters wide.

The bottom of the wood was chopped flat with an axe, and a hole five centimeters long and four centimeters wide was chiseled slightly behind the middle. The sharpened iron blade was then diagonally inserted into this hole so that its surface was leveled with the wood underneath. When pushed back and forth, it could scrape off any uneven parts of the wooden board.

Behind the wooden trough, a horizontal hole was drilled, into which a horizontal wooden stick was inserted. This made it convenient to grip and push the plane back and forth.

"Sss... sss..."

Wood shavings of the original color rolled out from the mouth of the plane, fell to the ground, and emitted the unique fragrance of wood.

Han Cheng put away the plane, looked at the smooth wooden board below, and couldn't help but admire it. Making the wooden board so smooth and neat was something he hadn't dared to imagine before. However, now, such things appeared so easily under his hands.

He looked at the smooth wooden board and then at the plane in his hand. Although he had used such tools several times, he still felt somewhat unreal.

This was iron. This was the iron that they had once looked down upon...

"Thud!"

As the bowstring rang out, a feathered arrow shot out fiercely and nailed itself firmly onto the target, its feathers swaying slightly.

"Pierced through! Pierced through!"

After someone ran over to see the result, they exclaimed excitedly.

This was a target deliberately thickened, yet a single arrow penetrated it. The power of this iron arrowhead was truly astonishing!

"Pfft!"

Shang forcefully thrust the iron halberd in his hand, its sharp tip easily piercing through the straw-stuffed dummy.

Fantasizing that this was the evil tribe that had once abducted members of his tribe, a grim expression appeared on Shang's face.

If any tribe dared to invade their tribe again, he would stab them to death with this iron halberd!

In the courtyard bathed in sunlight, away from the wind, a dozen women from the Green Sparrow Tribe made clothes, gloves, and other winter necessities. Holding iron needles, they pierced the tanned hides treated with alum. The sharp iron needles were much more effective than the bone needles used before.

The appearance of iron tools brought joy to the entire Green Sparrow Tribe.

Chapter 369: Sheep's Migration

The sky was overcast, with fine rain drizzling down and the wind blowing forcefully, lifting the animal hides and skewing the raindrops, carrying the chill of late autumn.

On such a day, hunting outside was not suitable, a fact well understood by many primitive people.

However, the chief of the Sheep Tribe went against the norm. He shouted in the cave, and the people inside, armed with various crude weapons, responded to his call. They cheerfully followed their leader out of the cave and into the dreary rain and wind.

It seemed that they were not facing uncomfortable weather but rather exciting food.

Inside the blocked cave, the children and the weak reminisced about past glory days, eagerly awaiting the tribe's return.

When the tribe returned, they would usher in a year of abundant harvest.

At a place near the lower reaches of the Red River, which Han Cheng and his group had passed by more than once, the chief of the Sheep Tribe, along with the people of the tribe, braved the drizzling autumn rain and cold wind, waiting here, gazing at the north bank of the Red River.

The dim sky hindered their vision, preventing them from seeing farther.

Seeing the calm opposite bank, the chief and the people of the Sheep Tribe appeared somewhat anxious.

It wasn't just them; several scattered beasts were along this line.

The saber-toothed tiger yawned, lazily swinging its long teeth, ignoring its cousin, the scimitar-toothed tiger, and the striped tiger with a 'king' pattern on its head.

The leopard, usually fond of staying in trees, also descended to the ground, swaying its tail as it walked in a small area.

Several bears licked their paws lazily.

Several groups of wolves, large and small, squatted here, quietly frolicking under the leadership of the alpha wolf...

Many beasts guarded this place, living together peacefully, which felt eerie.

This scene continued, carrying a sense of calm before the storm.

Suddenly, the striped tiger on the ground stood up, the bear licking its paws raised its head, the leopard lowered its tail, and the playful wolf pack stopped their actions. All the beasts looked towards the opposite bank of the river.

Seeing these beasts' reactions, the chief of the Sheep Tribe and the people of the tribe became alert.

After waiting for a long time, what they had been waiting for was finally coming!

The chief of the Sheep Tribe looked towards the north bank of the river, where it was still calm, but he knew that something was about to come.

Sure enough, after waiting a short while, a wide white line appeared in the dim sky on the north bank, looking very conspicuous.

This white line rapidly approached here, like waves rolling in from the distant sea, gradually increasing.

Slowly, its true appearance was revealed.

Sheep!

Endless sheep!

They ran from the horizon like a flood spreading over the earth, unstoppable and boundless.

"Splash!"

The rushing flock of sheep faced the wide Red River and the predators waiting on the opposite bank without hesitation, and they leaped directly into the river.

In an instant, the Red River turned into a white river.

Normally timid animals now displayed courage and moved forward boldly.

They leaped into the river one after another, jostling each other as they swam toward the waiting predators on the opposite bank.

"Rumble."

As the sheep swam across the Red River and reached the shore, they shook off the water from their bodies, preparing to step onto land and continue running. However, a giant mouth with extraordinary teeth reached out, biting its neck and pushing it to the ground, where its long teeth easily pierced its throat.

"¥!"

The chief of the Sheep Tribe shouted excitedly, continuously thrusting his bone spear outward. Several tough vines had been erected where they were stationed. Some sheep leaped over these man-made obstacles, while others stumbled over them.

At this moment, the people of the Sheep Tribe became particularly excited and agile.

They cooperated, continuously stabbing and capturing the fallen sheep.

Because they divided labor and cooperation, they, who didn't seem to have the advantage, ended up with the most harvest among all the predators.

However, the captured sheep were always in the minority. More sheep crossed the river and continued running forward in a vast procession.

Even the fiercest predators dared not charge into the middle of their marching procession.

They could only lurk on both sides of their advancing queue, waiting for opportunities.

South of the river, many predators were waiting along the route, relying on this flock of sheep to survive the winter.

This spectacle continued until evening before finally ending. The satiated predators, moving lazily, left contentedly.

The busy people of the Sheep Tribe, who hadn't felt tired until now, also left with a full harvest, heading towards their home.

A feast soon unfolded in the Sheep Tribe, and everyone indulged in eating.

The chief of the Sheep Tribe alone held a roasted leg of mutton full of meat, tearing into it with gusto, feeling triumphant.

It seemed that the heavens favored their tribe alone!

He thought proudly, but suddenly, the image of a tribe with high walls, which had risen rapidly in recent years, flashed in his mind.

Compared to their tribe, they seemed more like the one favored by the heavens, having become a towering existence in just a few years.

The sudden emergence of the Green Sparrow Tribe made the chief of the Sheep Tribe feel uncomfortable as if he had eaten a mouse.

He took a fierce bite of the oily roasted leg of mutton, using it to vent his frustration...

While enjoying the feast bestowed upon them by heaven, the Sparrow Tribe, which made the chief of the Sheep Tribe feel uncomfortable, also had a "feast" of its own.

However, the taste of this "feast" was somewhat strong, enough to make one nauseous.

"Splash!"

The murky water was broken, and a wooden stick with a hook emerged, dragging a bundle of hemp emitting a "charming" smell ashore.

The soaked hemp was placed on the bank, and someone came over to drag it to a flat area, where it was untied, and immediately, hands reached out to divide it.

Almost all the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe mobilized, and under the call of the great Divine Child, they all started peeling the hemp, which had an unusually strong smell.

Fire One sat on a stone with a tree stick nailed before her.

In her hand was a piece of hemp with one end peeled, and in the other hand was a hemp stick, which she brought to the wooden stick in front of her. With a pull of her hands, the soaked hemp peeled off the hemp stick.

Fire One, an old primitive person, devised this simple and efficient method, which Han Cheng and the others applauded.

Chapter 370: Peeling hemp and love songs competition

"Water gently curves, like your big eyes. Like the round shape before you, the moon in the water calls out. Fish swimming past the moon in the water is like my hand caressing you..."

Alongside the small river of the Sparrow Tribe, where the smell of hemp peeling and washing was strong, there arose a tuneless singing.

Rather than calling it singing, it was more like roaring.

However, the people peeling hemp on the shore were enjoying themselves.

As soon as this nonsensical song ended, someone immediately followed up with another verse: "Black hemp skin is your garment, white hemp stick is your body, I peel off the hemp skin..."

Peeling wet hemp in this season was not pleasant. The most unbearable aspect was not the pungent smell but the cold hands.

After all, staying here for a long time would dull one's sense of smell, making them less sensitive to the odor, akin to the story of the fishmonger who becomes accustomed to the stench of fish.

But they couldn't wear gloves to solve the problem of cold hands while working.

So after doing this kind of work for a while, people's moods became somewhat low.

To boost everyone's morale and spirits, Han Cheng resorted to singing.

He didn't sing modern songs but improvised ones, using many metaphors, much like the poems in the Book of Songs.

Of course, Han Cheng's metaphors were all very serious and used as examples to inspire everyone.

This novel approach immediately received unanimous praise.

Inspired by Han Cheng, people improvised songs using similar metaphorical styles and "sang" them.

Compared to Han Cheng's seriousness and subtlety, the metaphors created by the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were much more direct and explosive.

The two songs they just sang were created by themselves.

Art comes from life, especially primitive and rustic art, which are closely related to life.

The earliest poetry was created from various life situations.

Confucius compiled the Book of Songs, leaving behind three hundred poems passed down through the ages. Among them are famous verses like "Guan guan ju jiu, zai he zhi zhou..." which is a fantasy of the single life, indicating how large the scale of deletion was.

The initial songs of the Sparrow Tribe, with more direct elements, were still acceptable.

As the tribe continues to develop and expand, talented individuals may emerge who, based on this foundation, innovate and create more beautiful and subtle poems.

Originally, the arduous task of peeling hemp now unexpectedly left many people with watery eyes, and two fellows had even sneaked into the nearby bushes. They didn't come out for a while, which was something Han Cheng hadn't anticipated.

Perhaps this program could be preserved and developed into an annual hemp-peeling serenade festival.

When the tribe becomes large enough and the population plentiful, it could evolve into a festival where mature men and women use love songs to find spouses.

Peeling hemp, entertainment, and settling marital matters would all proceed smoothly.

Watching Hei Wa and his wife, picking leaves off each other's hair, Han Cheng envisioned this in his mind.

Following Han Cheng's previous demonstration, the peeled hemp was bundled neatly, one bunch at a time.

Then, someone washed these hemp skins to the riverbank with river water, rinsing off some of the foul-smelling mud and removing impurities that hadn't completely rotted off the fibers. Then, they laid them out to dry on the grassy area by the small river, ready to take them back to the tribe when they returned.

The Shaman twisted some of the hemp, which had only fibers left, into a rope and compared it with a rope made of the same thickness of grass, finding that the rope twisted from hemp was stronger.

He nodded in satisfaction. Regardless of what the Divine Child said about hemp cloth and the clothes made from it, just the fact that ropes twisted from hemp were stronger than those from grass was enough for the tribe to invest so much effort into it.

Piles of stripped hemp stalks endured the sun and cold wind torture here. Their clothes had been ruthlessly taken away by the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, just like how the Cowherd took away the clothes of the Weaver Girl when she was bathing in the lake.

The difference was that the Cowherd's misbehavior was to get the Weaver Girl to bear him children, while the people of the Sparrow Tribe simply wanted "clothes" made of hemp. After these hemp stalks were dried, they would be used as firewood and burned.

Han Cheng didn't follow his senior brothers and others' suggestions to open and drain the hemp-soaking pits directly, as this would pollute the river.

The Sparrow Tribe still relied on this river for food; if too much sewage were poured into it, it would drive away all the fish. Then what would they eat?

So, after all the hemp was peeled, upon Han Cheng's suggestion, the people of the Sparrow Tribe began to carry the water from the soaking pits to a field not far away that had been cleared for cultivation, using it to fertilize the fields.

The water from the hemp pits soaked many things, making it quite "strong" for use as irrigation water.

The sludge from the hemp pits was also not left behind. It was dug out and spread on the fields. This stuff was even better for fertilizing the fields than the water from the hemp pits.

After this series of operations, the adverse effects of hemp soaking on the small river were minimized.

Cleaning up the hemp pits sounded the horn for the Sparrow Tribe to fertilize the land, kicking off the event.

After this, they transported the fertilizer soaked in the pits for nearly a year to the fields. The soil dug up from where fish were buried after frequent fishing was also dug up and transported to the fields.

Early winter was a good time to fertilize the fields.

First, people had more free time, and second, fertilizing the fields at this time was beneficial because it mixed the fertilizer with the soil, making it perfect for plowing and planting in the spring of the next year.

The agreement between Han Cheng and Wu was not forgotten. Ten acres of land were enclosed, and nothing was applied to them, not even the ashes of burned branches and fallen leaves.

Many people in the Sparrow Tribe were interested in this comparison.

Since they started farming, they had always heard the shaman say that fertilizing the land was good for it and could increase yields. However, they didn't know how much it could increase or how the effect compared to unfertilized land. They didn't have a clear concept of it.

The suggestion to enclose ten acres of land came from Han Cheng.

These ten acres included slopes, flat land, and land near the river, encompassing all types of land owned by the Sparrow Tribe.

This way, the results would be more convincing, and there would be no later doubts that the difference in yield was due to different terrains.

As the Green Sparrow Tribe was actively fertilizing the land, expecting a bumper harvest next year and witnessing the importance of fertilization, a crisis was also looming over the deer grazing far away from the tribe.