

Primitive 371

Chapter 371: Catching the Deer Herd quickly

Many trees, like the hemp lying in the grass by the riverbank of the Green Sparrow Tribe, have become bare.

The earth is covered in dry yellow.

Amongst this dryness, there are occasional hints of green, with some frost-resistant grasses definitely facing the wind and frost.

The fighters braving the wind and frost have not been defeated by the severe cold but rather by the rough, green-dyed tongues of the deer.

Deer Lord is a rather unrestrained deer who wants to take advantage of the last opportunity to lead the deer herd outside for a stroll. Otherwise, it will be difficult to come out again once the heavy snow falls.

And they don't want to freeze in the icy snow either.

Deer Lord lowered his head and took a few bites of grass, looking at the Fu Jiang and their five little fortunes mixed in with his subordinates. He shook his head, making a loud sound as he flicked his ears.

Perhaps due to their long time together, the Fu Jiang and Deer Lord, old opponents, had already developed a tacit understanding. Sensing something in the air, the Fu Jiang no longer dug holes to catch moles with her butts up but instead suddenly turned around and pounced on Deer Lord.

Deer Lord was already accustomed to the Fu Jiang' moves and, seeing this, calmly lowered his head and resisted the Fu Jiang with the branches and antlers on his head.

As the two played around, they didn't notice that someone was quietly observing them from a distance, through the withered grass, their eyes filled with excitement.

Of course, they were excited.

All animals, including humans, needed to take advantage of the final moments before the heavy snowfall to search for and store food.

The difference was that some animals chose to eat the food they found, fattening themselves up and relying on hibernation to withstand the long winter, while others, like humans, stored the food they found and consumed it bit by bit.

As a member of humanity, Cao Geng was naturally no exception.

Today, he and his three companions were searching for edible food nearby.

Winter had arrived, and everything was desolate. Many fruits that couldn't be stored had already disappeared. It wasn't easy to find abundant food in such a season.

Cao Geng and his three companions searched for a long time but found very little.

In such a mood, a miracle happened: a large group of deer appeared in their field of vision.

Cao Geng and a few companions widened their eyes in surprise, and after the shock came immense joy.

If they could bring back these deer to the tribe, they wouldn't have to worry about food for the entire winter.

Excitedly, Cao Geng looked at the deer herd and couldn't help but touch his hair with his hand, where there were still some ashes that the wind hadn't blown away.

When they left, the oldest elder in the tribe had sprinkled something on his head, saying that with this, they would receive the blessing of the sky god.

Cao Geng had never really believed in such things because the old man often did this, and they had never seen the sky god bless their tribe. Otherwise, why couldn't the tribe's population increase?

But that was all in the past. Today, Cao Geng truly believed the words of the old man. If it weren't for the blessing of the sky god, how could it be such a coincidence to encounter such a large group of deer just as the heavy snow was about to fall?

A tribe naturally wouldn't consist only of them; some people were scattered in groups of three or four to the south, beyond their sight.

The four of them were the ones furthest north from the group.

After the brief excitement, Cao Geng prepared to send someone to the south to inform the others in the tribe to come over.

With so many deer, the four of them couldn't catch too many by themselves.

Why not call the other people from the tribe over and harvest together?

However, before they could execute the plan, Cao Geng changed his mind again.

Because the herd of deer had already turned back and was not moving slowly.

They were quite far from the others, and by the time they called them over, the herd of deer would have already disappeared.

In this way, they wouldn't catch anything.

With their wooden spears and stones in hand, they followed the herd of deer for a while as if they had discovered something before the herd of deer finally stopped.

After resting in the grass for a while and preparing to make a move, Cao Geng made a discovery.

Wolves!

There were wolves in the deer herd!

And not just one!

No wonder the herd of deer had just run away; it turned out a wolf pack had spotted them.

When this group of wolves charged out and attacked the deer herd, Cao Geng and his companions didn't notice or think much about it.

Being fierce predators, wolves were not easy to deal with, especially in packs. So Cao Geng and his companions lay low again, tensing up and waiting for the wolf pack to attack the deer herd before they would scavenge.

However, what puzzled them was that the wolves mixed in with the deer herd didn't immediately attack the nearby deer. Instead, both sides seemed to coexist peacefully.

Scratching his head, Cao Geng couldn't understand the situation. Why weren't the wolves hungry? Even if the wolves weren't hungry, the deer herd should have fled in panic when they encountered the wolf pack. Why were they now ignoring the wolves?

After observing this strange situation for a while, the situation finally took a favorable turn.

The obvious leader of the wolves couldn't resist any longer and pounced on the deer.

But what puzzled them even more was that instead of running away as expected, the lead deer, which should have bolted, lowered its head to meet the wolf's attack.

And after fighting, the herbivorous deer stood firm against the wolf.

Moreover, while the two fought, the other wolves and deer did their business as if nothing had happened.

Since when were the wolves so weak? And since when were deer so fierce?

What on earth was happening?!

Cao Geng, who had always considered himself one of the sharpest minds in the tribe besides the elders, now felt like his brain wasn't enough.

The tribe where Cao Geng belonged was not any of the tribes familiar to the Green Sparrow Tribe but a new one.

If it had been one of the tribes that regularly interacted with the Green Sparrow Tribe, they wouldn't have been as surprised by such a sight.

After waiting for a while in astonishment and seeing that the wolves were still unable to gain the upper hand, Cao Geng intervened to help the wolves. They would kill the deer together and then divide the meat.

The enemy of my enemy is my friend, but this saying didn't quite apply here.

Even after Cao Geng had spoken a bunch of words that the wolves couldn't understand, expressing his stance, the wolf that had been bullied by the deer in the fight immediately got up and, along with five other wolves, stood up, bristled their fur, bared their teeth, and threatened them with aggressive growls.

Chapter 372: Wolf that does not attack deers, and Cao Geng's painful ass

The deer, clearly in a disadvantaged position and waiting to be slaughtered, didn't take the opportunity to run away. Instead, they watched them as if nothing was wrong.

What's even more outrageous is that the lead deer stood with the wolves, imitating the wolves by shaking their heads at them.

Cao Geng and his companions didn't dare to confront the six snarling wolves and stopped in their tracks.

While facing off with the wolves, they cursed them in their hearts.

By all accounts, shouldn't we be on the same side?

After a while of confrontation, Cao Geng and his companions slowly retreated while a few wolves stared at them menacingly.

Their retreat didn't mean they were giving up on the easily accessible food. They were preparing to attack from another direction.

However, after testing this strategy several times, they were always intercepted by a few stupid wolves.

Seeing the sky darkening, Cao Geng's last bit of patience was finally worn out. He shouted and, along with the others, hurled stones at the deer herd, preparing to scatter them and attack the herd from where the wolves couldn't protect them.

There were quite a few young deer in the herd; they could catch at least one or two.

With so many deer within reach, these wolves shouldn't have attacked Cao Geng and the others.

The thinking was one thing, but the reality was like a cold rain slapping him.

This was the realization Cao Geng gained from his bitter experience of lying on the ground battered and bruised.

He stood up, wincing in pain, and rearranged the scattered animal skins around him.

Thinking back on what had just happened, he felt the urge to take revenge on that lead deer with branches growing on its head.

Being bitten by a wolf wasn't surprising, but being knocked down by a deer that should have been prey, only to be hit on the butt by the branches growing on its head afterward? How ridiculous was that?

This couldn't entirely be blamed on the shameless deer; it used its antlers to target sensitive spots, just like it often did to Fu Jiang when they were sparring.

Now that it was targeting humans, it was only following suit.

Cao Geng and the other three people, who had suffered similar fates, found their weapons in the grass and helped each other up, limping away to the south. There was a somewhat melancholy sense of aging heroes about them.

No matter what, these deer couldn't be let off the hook. Whether it was for revenge or their bellies, the outcome wouldn't change!

When Cao Geng and the others met with the rest of the tribe, they made this decision with clenched teeth and bitterness.

Early the next morning, under the leadership of Cao Geng and a slightly recovered group, armed and eager, they headed toward the place where Cao Geng and the others had been tormented.

There, they searched for edible fruits to store for later and kept an eye on the deer herd, waiting for the opportunity to hunt and enjoy a hearty meal.

Neither the Deer Lord nor Fu Jiang could speak, so naturally, they couldn't explain what had happened today to Han Cheng.

Otherwise, Han Cheng wouldn't be here now, pondering over weaving textiles; he would be with the eldest senior brother and the others, dealing with those who dared to target their deer herd with extreme protectiveness.

They were usually reluctant to kill these deer, so why would Han Cheng sit back and do nothing when unrelated people dared to target them?

The second day was still a fine day, albeit a bit colder.

After the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had eaten, the deers, having drunk some salt water, followed Deer Lord out of the tribe to continue grazing. Fu Jiang and the Five Little Fu Jiangs were also accompanying them.

Since Bai Xue's arrival, Fu Jiang's time mingling with the deer herd gradually increased.

The departure of the deer herd to graze was something the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had long been accustomed to. From the third spring of the Green Sparrow Tribe until now, nearly two years have passed without any hiccups.

No one paid too much attention to this. After the deer herd left, everyone continued to do what they should according to the divine child's arrangements.

In an empty room, Han Cheng was completely focused on studying the tools for weaving. In front of him were two rectangular wooden frames, one meter long and half a meter wide and the other ninety-five centimeters long and half a meter wide.

The longer wooden frame was placed on top, and the shorter one was placed below. One end of the shorter wooden frame was aligned with the longer one, while the other end was drilled with small holes and had many bamboo sticks, about five centimeters long and not much thicker than toothpicks, securely nailed to it.

The spacing between these bamboo sticks was very small, only about three millimeters, and some small grooves were carefully carved to increase friction.

Each bamboo stick was tied with a thin hemp thread, with the other end tied to this side of the wooden frame.

These vertically tied threads were stretched tightly and balanced with each other without intersecting.

The wooden frame above underwent the same process, with many threads tied using the same method.

However, the difference was that the other end of the wooden frame above didn't have those toothpick-like objects.

All the threads were tied to the wooden frame. Furthermore, the threads above and below were staggered and didn't overlap.

Han Cheng instructed the people of the tribe to spin these fine hemp threads into hemp fibers using spinning tops.

A finger-thick hemp rope was tied in the middle of the other end of the wooden frame above, which hung on a horizontal wooden piece standing there.

"Whoosh."

Sitting at this end, Han Cheng pulled the thick rope in his hand, and the other end of the large wooden frame rose with the rope tied to it.

The ropes on the large wooden frame and the small wooden frame below are separated, creating an angle between them.

Han Cheng used his foot to step on the rope to prevent it from falling, and then he passed a polished wooden stick, held in his other hand, through this angle.

The thin hemp thread wound around the wooden stick also passed through the angle and stayed inside.

Han Cheng used his hand to tightly wind the hemp thread horizontally through the angle, making it tighter with the other hemp threads.

Then he released the rope under his foot, and the large wooden frame that had been pulled up fell.

Because the hemp thread on the small wooden frame was tied to the upright bamboo sticks, after the large wooden frame fell completely, the rope tied to it also came down below the rope on the small wooden frame.

Between the two, an angle was formed once again.

Han Cheng once again passed the wooden stick used as a shuttle through the angle and pulled up the large wooden frame.

Between these up-and-down movements, these originally single threads were interwoven into fabric.

Chapter 373: "In Chang'an, under the moonlit sky, the sound of clothes being beaten resounds from ten thousand households."

Han Cheng's ability to work with his hands was not strong enough to create the Jenny machine that opened the door to the industrial era and the era of human cannibalism.

He only knew the names of things like the shuttle but had no idea what they looked like.

These seemingly sophisticated things and even the old-fashioned looms used by the older generation were beyond his capabilities.

When he was a child, Han Cheng heard from his family that there was an old object in Da Niang's miscellaneous pile, but he had only heard of it and had never seen it.

Now, thinking about it, Han Cheng regretted not digging it out and took a closer look back.

If he had done that, the first-generation looms in the tribe would not have been so rudimentary.

As the saying goes, you never know the value of something until you need it. Various life skills were also realized to be precious only after crossing over.

If only he had known...

Han Cheng shook his head and smiled bitterly. Where would there be so many "if only"?

If he had known he would cross over to this place, his great-grandson wouldn't have gone to find that suicidal foreign friend, nor would he have been tempted to touch those weird rock paintings...

Weaving was not a great job, especially for men who disliked repetitive and meticulous work.

Spinning yarn and weaving cloth were enough to give anyone a headache, including Han Cheng.

These fine linen threads were a headache to deal with.

Han Cheng would have given up long ago and wouldn't have waited until now if it weren't for his strong desire to have clothes.

Han Cheng stood up, and Bai Xue now occupied the place where he had just been sitting.

After a long period of teaching and instilling perversion like "raising silkworms to spin silk and weave underwear" or "retting hemp to spin yarn and weave underwear," Bai Xue Mei's obsession with cloth was deeper than Han Cheng's.

Since Han Cheng started trying to manipulate the "loom," she had been watching attentively, taking everything seriously and memorizing it meticulously.

People with dreams and hopes always have so much enthusiasm. The little child bride did everything by herself without much instruction from Han Cheng.

Before Han Cheng could weave much, Bai Xue carefully asked him if she could try.

Han Cheng, who was already impatient with weaving, naturally agreed.

Bai Xue sat where Han Cheng had been, looking a little cautious and unfamiliar as she imitated Han Cheng's actions, pulling the rope with one hand and holding the shuttle with the other, shuttling back and forth.

Before long, she became proficient, and her woven cloth, each strand tightly woven, far surpassed what Han Cheng had produced.

Watching the earnest weaving of the little child bride, Han Cheng couldn't help but sniffle. Why did the gap between people have to be so big?

It seemed that talent was indeed something inherent. For example, Bai Xue, whose "hidden talent" was stimulated by the loom...

Clang, clang, the sound echoed now and then as the fine linen thread was continuously woven.

The fine threads were individually inconspicuous, but after a long period of repetitive actions, they formed half a meter wide, temporarily undetermined linen cloth.

Han Cheng didn't plan to bother with the loom anymore. He could just get the ball rolling. Subsequent improvements in spinning technology and loom modification were the responsibility of people who regularly engaged in weaving.

Practice makes perfect. After a long period of contact, someone will always discover the shortcomings and make improvements.

With enough time for accumulation, advancement will naturally occur.

Just like Hei Wa discovered, using a potter's wheel could produce pottery of better quality.

No matter how hard they tried, the cloth they initially spun always bore the rough marks of primitiveness.

For example, the hemp thread was too coarse, and the distance between the warp threads was too large.

However, no matter what, the cloth that Han Cheng had longed for so much finally appeared, solidifying his desire.

Looking at this somewhat stiff linen cloth, with numerous small holes visible even without holding it up to the light, Han Cheng was all smiles.

As Bai Xue came down from weaving, she looked at the cloth, then at the delighted Han Cheng, feeling joyful.

Shaman took the cloth and examined it carefully.

Without the softness of tanned fur or the thickness of hides, Shaman looked somewhat puzzled and scratched his head with a hint of disappointment.

Was this the highly anticipated cloth from the Divine Child?

Was this something that required so much effort to produce?

Wouldn't clothes made from such cloth be ineffective?

Imagining what it would be like to wear clothes made from such hole-ridden cloth, Shaman couldn't help but shiver.

Of course, it wasn't because he thought clothes resembling see-through outfits couldn't be worn outside, but rather because they would be too cold to wear.

How could clothes made from such fabric compare to those made from fur regarding warmth and comfort?

Similar doubts arose in others who saw the cloth.

After understanding their thoughts, Han Cheng held the cloth in his hand, smiling.

Compared to fur, the advantages of linen were ventilation and thinness.

While these advantages might seem like drawbacks in the current season, people would truly appreciate them when the weather warmed up.

Especially during the late spring, early summer, and mid-autumn, wearing fur coats made people sweat, and going without clothes made them cold.

After Han Cheng explained the advantages of linen clothes and the seasons for wearing them, the hesitant crowd felt enlightened.

Yes, why had they only considered wearing them in winter?

Linen clothes would be comfortable in hot weather, wouldn't they?

After being awakened by Han Cheng's words, Shaman and the others looked at the linen cloth, which had previously seemed light, with changed attitudes.

Indeed, linen was a good thing.

Of course, there were a few who disagreed. In their opinion, who would wear clothes in the scorching summer? At most, they would wrap a piece of fur or a leaf around their waist. Making clothes from linen seemed unnecessary.

Han Cheng didn't know their thoughts; even if he did, he would smile faintly.

There would always be different opinions about the same thing—some liked it, some hated it. Controversy was inevitable, especially for something new like linen cloth.

To have nearly unanimous agreement among all members was already quite rare.

Han Cheng rubbed the linen cloth against his body; it was somewhat rough, and the lint was a bit prickly.

It wasn't a good material for making close-fitting garments.

When it came to comfort, pure cotton cloth was the best for close-fitting clothes—it was not only soft but also far superior in sweat absorption and breathability compared to other fabrics.

However, until now, there was no sign of cotton. The matter of cotton cloth would have to wait.

Putting this newly made linen cloth over the fire to quickly burn off the small, prickly lint and then beating it well with a wooden mallet would suffice. At the very least, it would be more comfortable than hides.

The wooden mallet was the "Chang'an has a moon, with ten thousand households pounding clothes" mentioned earlier.

Han Cheng no longer had the time or inclination to research with Bai Xue how to make comfortable, close-fitting garments from linen cloth.

Because Tie Tou hurried over to tell him that the deer herd had not returned yet!

And now, it was already getting dark!

Chapter 374: Forty-Six?

"What's going on?" Han Cheng asked, furrowing his brow slightly and appearing anxious and worried.

"I don't know, they usually come back by now..." Tie Tou also seemed worried.

Besides Han Cheng, Tie Tou, the professional grass cutter and deer feeder, was closest to the deer.

Han Cheng put down the cloth and approached the gate with Tie Tou.

Shaman, Eldest Senior Brother, and the others from the Green Sparrow Tribe had also received the news, and everyone gathered at the gate.

The spacious deer pen, which was already large, seemed even emptier now due to the absence of the deer, spreading a sense of worry and anxiety throughout the Green Sparrow Tribe.

"When did the deer leave?" Han Cheng inquired.

"The same as usual," Tie Tou replied.

Han Cheng felt somewhat anxious.

Since the deer entered the Green Sparrow Tribe, they had only returned late twice—once after the spring of the third year of the Green Sparrow Tribe and once now.

It was winter now. Neither humans nor animals were as restless as they were in spring. Even if the stag was in high spirits, it shouldn't have been at this time, nor should it have lasted so long.

At this time, unlike in spring, animals should be migrating or hibernating, and the remaining ones would be seizing the last opportunity to gather winter supplies.

Whether it was the fierce beasts not uncommon in this era or the primitive humans not much simpler than wild beasts, the deer, which only ate grass, were just prey when confronted with them. No matter how they transformed, they would never become hunters.

"What about Fu Jiang?" Han Cheng asked again.

"They haven't come back together," Tie Tou replied.

Han Cheng's heart clenched again.

Fu Jiang, the stag, and the others were creatures he had come into contact with shortly after arriving here. To say there were no feelings involved would be a lie.

Moreover, with the development of agriculture in the Green Sparrow Tribe, the role of the deer has become increasingly important. Now that they hadn't returned, this...

Thinking like this, Han Cheng's heart settled slightly.

Fu Jiang was no longer alone; five Fu Jiang juniors were about the same size as her. Even if they encountered danger, they were not without the ability to fight.

Furthermore, even if they were defeated, considering the number of deer and Fu Jiang, not one should be missing.

Now that none had returned, things shouldn't be as bad as imagined.

Han Cheng comforted himself like this in his heart.

"Shaman, I'll go out and take a look..."

"Yes, go and take a look..."

Amidst the flickering firelight and the chilling atmosphere, Shang, Third Senior Brother, and others spoke up.

Everyone in the tribe highly valued the increasing number of deer herds, and their absence stirred everyone's hearts.

"We can't go..." Before Han Cheng could answer, Eldest Senior Brother was the first to express his opinion.

His reason was that the night was too dangerous, and safety came first.

"Divine Child..." Everyone turned their gaze to Han Cheng, waiting for him to decide.

Han Cheng fell silent for a moment.

To go out or not to go out was indeed a dilemma.

"Woo, woo, woo..."

"Yo, yo, yo..."

He didn't hesitate for long. Before he could decide, familiar calls came from the darkness outside the walls.

There were dogs and deer.

The oppressive atmosphere was suddenly shattered, and everyone felt relieved.

As the gate opened, the first to arrive was Fu Jiang, the fellow who spent all day with the deer herd, followed by five little Fu Jiangs. They bounded around Han Cheng, wagging their tails enthusiastically.

Seeing them jumping around lively, it was clear that nothing serious had happened.

While Fu Jiang and his gang circled Han Cheng, the Deer Lord also entered.

It rubbed its big face against Han Cheng's body, then silently walked towards the deer pen, followed by a group of swaggering little brothers.

After confirming that all the deer had returned, the gate was shut from the inside.

Han Cheng and the others went to the deer pen, lit a fire, and counted the number of deer to see if they had any injuries.

As the fire flickered and Han Cheng spoke, several deer inside the pen seemed uneasy and retreated to the corners.

Han Cheng furrowed his brows slightly. It seemed the deer had indeed suffered some attack; otherwise, they wouldn't have been so panicked in the presence of familiar people like themselves.

"One, two, three..." Han Cheng calmly began counting the deer.

"Forty-six?" Han Cheng exclaimed in surprise.

"Divine Child, are some missing?" someone nearby asked urgently.

Han Cheng shook his head, not speaking. According to this result, not only were there no missing deer in his tribe but there were more.

Thinking like this, Han Cheng inwardly criticized his arithmetic skills, which seemed to worsen. He couldn't even count properly anymore.

Counting all the big and small deer, including Fu Jiang and the three sheep mingling with the deer herd, there should be forty-one. So where did the forty-six come from?

Still forty-six?

Han Cheng widened his eyes.

What was going on? How did so many more deer suddenly appear?

"Shaman, there are forty-six deer."

Even after counting four times and still getting forty-six, Han Cheng, who was somewhat incredulous, called Shi Tou, the best at arithmetic in the tribe, to count.

The result was still forty-six!

What on earth was going on?

Not only was Han Cheng puzzled, but also the other tribe members who knew the reason.

Considering today's situation, many of them had mentally prepared for a reduction in the deer herd.

But now the result was that not only were there no fewer deer, but there were also five more!

This result was truly unbelievable.

Could it be that five deers gave birth today?

So not only did the deer herd return late, but there were also five more deer?

As Han Cheng thought like this, his gaze wandered among the deer herd, but he didn't see any fawns that looked like they were just born today.

Was it them?

Han Cheng's gaze fell on several deer that seemed somewhat out of place and less calm than the others.

Counting them, there were exactly five.

"Did you lure them here?"

Surprised and delighted, Han Cheng approached the deer lord resting on the ground, turned its head, and asked.

In response to Han Cheng's question, the deer lord only snorted arrogantly.

"Hahaha..."

Han Cheng couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Just like humans, social animals also had the habit of sticking together.

In his future life, Han Cheng remembered when another flock enticed away several pigeons he raised. But he never expected the Deer Lord to lure five adult deer back here.

"What a skill!"

After confirming that all five deer were female, Han Cheng patted the stag's head and praised it with a thumbs up.

Chapter 375: No Food? We will Eat You

The incident of the Deer Lord luring back five adult does quickly spread throughout the Sparrow Tribe.

People came to see the five deer, who appeared shy and uneasy.

The atmosphere changed from worry and anxiety at dusk to excitement and joy.

Even if they didn't eat meat, five deer could still be useful for plowing fields.

People cheered for the Deer Lord's skill.

Having experienced grand events, the Deer Lord remained calm and composed in the face of the flattery from many bipeds, calmly ruminating to itself...

That night, Han Cheng issued an order.

Starting the next day, the deer herd would no longer be released to roam freely but kept inside the deer pen and fed.

The weather was getting colder, and the first snowfall could happen anytime soon. Also, it was time for feeding. Moreover, the outdoors at this time was relatively dangerous compared to before, and it was too risky for the deer herd to roam freely.

Secondly, the five deer lured by the Deer Lord hadn't fully integrated into the deer herd yet. If they were let out again at this time, they might regret their impulsive decision and leave the herd to go elsewhere.

Once inside the Sparrow Tribe's deer pen, they belonged to the Sparrow Tribe. Han Cheng couldn't give them a chance to reconsider.

By spending the winter in the deer pen, eating and sleeping together with the Deer Lord and the others, with saltwater and baby greens to eat, these five deer would be firmly anchored in their newfound home after spring arrived.

Han Cheng didn't know that his decision caused great trouble to a tribe he had never met.

Fu Jiang, along with the five Xiao Fuses and the Deer Lord, the rogue deer who liked to butt them with its antlers, had tormented Cao Geng and his men. They were injured all over their bodies. Despite their anger, they were determined to kill the damn Deer Lord and devour it piece by piece.

They will knock off those hated antlers and sharpen them into sharp tools to open up the bellies of those stupid wolves.

Despite feeling awkward walking, they, along with other tribe members, roamed this area all day and gradually expanded their search range. However, despite days passing, they had not seen any trace of those damned deer.

It was as if their appearance was meant to leave them covered in injuries.

Cao Geng and his men were unwilling to give up. This search and waiting continued until the first snow fell.

With heavy snowfall, it meant that the outside world was completely unsuitable for human activity.

Even though they were resentful, Cao Geng and his men had to reluctantly retreat in such weather, returning to the caves to endure this unbearable winter and giving up on killing deer for revenge and meat.

Misfortune never comes singly.

This classic saying, summarized by later generations, was quickly understood by the Cao Geng and his men.

The food they collected and stored decreased because of their confrontation with the deer during this period.

Although they weren't idle while searching and waiting for the deer, the food they obtained was never as much as when they were focused solely on searching.

An old man in the tribe who often sprinkled some ashes on their heads when they went out noticed this change and warned the tribe about it.

But Cao Geng and his men were blinded by their humiliation at the hands of the Deer Lord and were eager to kill the damn deer.

The others were also excited by the description of the number of deer the Cao Geng gave.

Working together, taking down a few wolves that didn't eat deer wasn't a problem. Killing those wolves and some deer for food to survive the winter wasn't a problem either.

The meat was much tastier than the other icy fruits and hard-to-swallow grass seeds. Who wouldn't want to eat it?

So, after hearing the Tribe's chief warning, they reassured him instead of taking it seriously, promising they would catch enough deer before the heavy snowfall. They vowed to give the old man the best deer liver to eat, ensuring that the tribe's winter would be better than ever.

However, the deer never appeared again.

As the weather grew colder and the snowfall seemed imminent, the old man spoke up again, urging everyone to stop their actions. He suggested using this last opportunity to gather more seeds, dried fruits, and other provisions.

Yet, her proposal was rejected once again.

By this point, Cao Geng and his men were starting to panic a bit. They rejected the old man because even if they stopped searching for deer and focused on collecting and storing food like before, food would still be scarce this winter.

Compared to that, continuing to search for the deer herd seemed more profitable.

As long as they found that herd, their tribe's predicament would instantly resolve!

Life is essentially a gamble. Some people gamble with confidence, while others rely entirely on luck.

Some win, while others lose.

Cao Geng and his men undoubtedly lost this time.

In previous winters, the tribe would only implement food rationing after heavy snow had fallen for a long time. However, this year was different. As soon as the heavy snow fell, food rationing began.

Hunger spread throughout the tribe, affecting every person's heart.

Hunger made people irrational. Starving people would do anything.

The once relatively united tribe had now become divided.

Cao Geng and the four others became targets of the tribe's blame and attacks.

People complained, saying that they wouldn't be suffering like this if it weren't for them. Why was this winter so miserable?

After enduring such complaints for some time, the sentiment turned into a proposal: if the stored food ran out and the winter hadn't passed, they would eat Cao Geng and his men.

After all, they were the ones who had caused the tribe's current situation...

The weather cleared, and the pale sun scattered its bleak light over the snowy landscape, casting a cold and oppressive atmosphere like an icy cave.

But no matter what, there were no dark clouds in the sky. The sun hung above, giving some psychological comfort regardless of the temperature.

Underneath an oak tree, several people wrapped in fur coats struggled to push aside the thick layer of snow on the ground with wooden sticks.

Then, they carefully examined the exposed ground, hoping to find one or two overlooked acorns.

These people were Cao Geng and his men, the ones planned by the tribe to be killed and eaten after the food ran out.

To avoid being eaten, they would search for food in the thick snow as long as the heavy snow stopped and the weather cleared.

Just as they joyfully picked up a snow-covered acorn and placed it in Cao Geng's fur-wrapped bundle, they heard their companion's shout.

Chapter 376: Cao Geng was discovered by Flying Snakes Tribe

Cao Geng lifted his face, chapped by the cold wind, and wiped away the frozen snot with hands that looked equally worse for wear. He followed the sound and saw a companion excitedly pointing at a tall pine tree.

Cao Geng and the other two quickly ran over, and about two meters high on the pine tree, they found a fist-sized hole.

Seeing this hole, Cao Geng also grinned, happy for his companion's stroke of luck.

They first found a not-too-large stone nearby and leveraged it from the ground with a stick. After preparing another stone on another rock, the person who first discovered the tree hole took it. He climbed up with Cao Geng and the other two pushing him up the tree.

The cold and hunger had made their bodies stiff and weak. Otherwise, they could have climbed up the tree alone without assistance.

The person climbed up the tree, stood on a horizontal branch with both feet and held the slightly prepared stone in one hand. He continuously chopped and smashed at the hole in the pine tree.

After enlarging the hole, he switched the stone to the hand wrapped around the tree trunk and reached in with a smile to retrieve something.

Amidst the squeaks of some animals, he pulled his arm out of the tree hole, holding five or six sizable chestnuts.

With a smile and a hint of pride, he shouted down to Cao Geng and the others wrapped in animal skins, then threw the chestnuts down.

Then he continued to reach into the tree hole.

No one paid attention to the protests of the two squirrels, who ran out and jumped on the branches, squeaking loudly. If possible, Cao Geng and the others even wanted to catch these two squirrels and bring them back.

The tree hole was full of stored goods, including chestnuts, pine nuts, and acorns, all hopping about. They filled nearly half of the animal skin bundle.

The person in the tree continued to smash at the tree hole with the stone for a while. After confirming that it couldn't be enlarged further, he reluctantly gave up on the remaining food in the tree hole and climbed down.

With Cao Geng and the other two carrying their sticks and bountiful harvest, they headed back towards the cave.

The two squirrels stood on the branches, cursing the four arrogant thieves who swaggered away after their loot. After a while, they reluctantly stopped and climbed down the trunk to inspect their devastated home.

Before they could reach the cave entrance, the two squirrels stopped, hesitated momentarily, then immediately turned around and hopped back toward the top of the pine tree.

Standing on the high branches, they watched in horror as more terrifying thieves appeared under the tree.

The three leaders of the Flying Snakes tribe stood under the pine tree, looking at the newly broken squirrel hole and the two squirrels, who were out in the cold instead of sleeping in their tree hole in the middle of winter. They then glanced at the footprints left behind and the distant figures, their faces breaking into smiles.

After waiting a while, they called over two people and instructed them to follow the footprints ahead.

The leader left marks here that their people could understand, waited a little longer, and began heading in the initially planned direction.

This newly discovered tribe is quite lucky. This year, the Flying Snakes tribe is not lacking in food; otherwise, they wouldn't have been let off so easily.

However, this doesn't mean their luck will always hold. The Flying Snakes tribe usually discovers other tribes and then attacks when food becomes scarce.

So far, there have been few failures. The worst was when they attacked a very peculiar tribe during a snowstorm a few days ago...

The three leaders of the Flying Snakes tribe are calculating like this. They are carrying woven grass baskets and traversing the snow with some difficulty.

In their baskets, aside from fruits and pieces of meat for food, there's only a kind of green, slightly blackened grass.

Glancing at the grass in the basket, the three leaders of the Flying Snakes tribe can't help feeling a bit frustrated.

If it weren't for this grass, they could stay in a warm cave, roasting meat by the fire. Why lead people on such a long journey through this icy wilderness?

This grass is what the increasingly gluttonous little monster loves to eat.

That little monster, covered in fur with a horn on its head, has grown large and loves to follow behind the shaman.

It's strange. The shaman, who isn't very interested in primitive women, is fond of this frightening little monster.

So, when the weather gets colder, and snow is about to fall, they leave the tribe and head to a previously conquered tribe's location to harvest this grass.

It's better to kill for meat, and its fur is warm when worn.

Of course, this is just a thought in his mind. In their tribe, few dare to question the shaman's decisions or disobey his commands.

" ¥ !"

After walking for a while like this, the three leaders of the Flying Snakes tribe take out something wrapped in layers of animal hide from a smaller grass basket hanging from their waist.

They unwrap the layers of hide, revealing something resembling a skull.

Inside the skull are some white solids, resembling frozen human brains.

The three leaders of the Flying Snakes tribe use their fingers to scoop out some of the white solids and apply them to the hands of the people who have stopped following their commands.

These people of the Flying Snakes tribe cherish the white solids on their hands and evenly spread them on their faces and exposed skin.

After scooping out more, the three leaders of the Flying Snakes tribe wrap the skull carefully and place it back in the grass basket around their waist.

These things are the Flying Snakes tribe's most significant reliance for venturing out in the depths of winter.

With these, they won't fear the cold north wind. Even if their bodies freeze, their hands and faces won't crack open.

The shaman gave them this. Only the shaman knew how to obtain such precious things in the entire tribe.

Chapter 377: Flying Snake Tribe and Shaman's Secret

"Whoosh, whoosh..."

In the Green Sparrow tribe, also covered by heavy snow, Han Cheng washed his hands with warm water, scrubbed them twice with wood ash, and then washed them again with clean water. Only then did that uncomfortable, greasy feeling disappear.

He shouldn't have foolishly tried to use the refined animal fat oil as a frostbite-preventing hand cream.

Although the fat oil's effect on frostbite prevention was indeed good, the greasy feeling when applied to the hands was enough to drive people crazy.

The people of the Green Sparrow tribe, who still used finely spun hemp thread for spinning tops, frequently washed pots and dishes, and performed other chores in the winter, didn't think so.

At first, they were puzzled and felt sorry when the Divine Child instructed them to use the delicious fat oil to moisturize their hands and faces. After experiencing the benefits of this substance firsthand, these people repeatedly expressed their gratitude for the good things.

As for that sticky, greasy feeling, it was nothing to them.

Meanwhile, their great Divine Child was agonizing over making a snow cream that could protect exposed skin from the cold without causing the frustrating stickiness of fat oil.

After seeing this scene, Han Cheng chuckled and sniffed. These guys weren't picky eaters; they didn't care about such things.

Maybe adding petals or other things to the fat could make a difference.

If not, he could try using milk.

Before coming here, he had seen a rather dark film about a corrupt company that had established a secret base underground, where they imprisoned many women obtained through various illegal means.

These imprisoned women served two purposes: they were milked like cows in this place, and after artificial insemination, they gave birth to babies.

Male babies were discarded, while female babies were raised to continue producing milk.

The milk produced wasn't for drinking; it was used to produce various high-end cosmetics.

Naturally, justice triumphed over evil in the end.

Although the practices depicted were extremely dark, they pointed Han Cheng to another path that was worth trying.

Of course, he wouldn't use humans but deer instead.

While Han Cheng was tinkering with these ideas, in the distance, similar events were unfolding in the Flying Snakes tribe.

The people of the Flying Snakes tribe, who lived in a large cave, were all outside the cave.

Slabs of stone blocked the cave entrance. They wrapped themselves in animal hides and stood in the snow pit, occasionally stomping their feet to generate heat for their bodies.

No one complained about being driven out of the cave and freezing outside during the harsh winter, not even the great chief of the Flying Snakes tribe.

Because their tribe's most mysterious and respected shaman was praying to the sky god in the cave, asking for that precious thing to protect their hands and faces from the cold wind in such cold weather.

During this process, apart from the shaman, no one else was allowed to be in the cave, and no one was allowed to disturb until the shaman spoke.

Otherwise, the sky god would fail to give them that precious thing and bring down punishment...

Inside the cavern, which seemed spacious and dim, there was a smell of roasted meat.

A pile of flames kept flickering, dispersing the darkness around them.

Above the flames, there was a relatively thin stone slab.

The slab was tilted to one side, with chunks of fatty meat placed on it.

The fire had heated the stone slab, and the chunks of meat sizzled as they cooked.

Bright white fat was forced out by the high temperature, forming a shiny white line along the inclined stone slab, dripping into the skull placed below as a container.

There were as many as twenty of these skulls.

The shaman of the Flying Snakes tribe held a wooden stick, occasionally flipping the sizzling meat, sometimes picking up a piece and eating it directly after a while.

This was the secret passed down from mouth to mouth among their tribe.

Usually, the specific method was told to the successor only when the previous shaman was about to pass away.

All the previous shamans maintained the highest status in the tribe by relying on this core method and some other experiences.

Watching as the last skull was also filled with fat, the shaman of the Flying Snakes tribe stopped his actions and stopped frying the fat with the meat.

He didn't leave the charred meat behind; to preserve this secret, he followed the previous shaman's example and threw these precious meats into the fire to burn.

While burning, he carefully carried the skulls containing fat away from the fire, placing them in a spot far from the fire to cool them down faster.

Then, he struggled to remove the stone slab from above, laying it flat next to the fire, sprinkling some wood ash on it, making it look like any other day.

The tribe's people would never know that this stone, which was always laid flat next to the fire, familiar to everyone but always ignored, had such a significant purpose.

After completing these tasks, the shaman of the Flying Snakes tribe, feeling tired from the exertion and his advancing age, lay down here and fell asleep.

Outside the cave, the people waiting there with a strange sense of reverence naturally had no idea what was happening inside.

They didn't know how they would feel when they discovered the terrifying yet desirable scene of communicating with the sky god as they imagined it.

Finally waking up from his dream, the shaman of the Flying Snakes tribe used a stick to poke at the dying fire. When he found that all the meat placed inside had been burned away, he nodded in satisfaction.

He added some firewood inside and ignited it again. Then, he placed the solidified fat one by one in front of the totem wall, carefully inspecting them for any flaws. After confirming that there were none, he knelt and raised his voice, saying, "\$%^\$!".

The people of the Flying Snakes tribe, who had been waiting in the cave for a long time, finally heard this long-awaited message. Led by the chieftain, they pushed open the stone slab, sealing the cave, and entered.

A foul smell filled their nostrils, but the people of the Flying Snakes tribe were unfazed.

Because they knew that this was the smell produced by the sky god after consuming the meat they had offered.

Seeing the skulls, which were initially empty but were now filled with that precious substance, the Flying Snakes tribe respectfully bowed to the totem wall depicting winding snakes and the shaman kneeling in front of it, his back to them, looking very tired. They deeply paid their respects...

Chapter 378: Burning Charcoal for heat, and eliminate the whole tribe

The things happening in the Flying Snakes Tribe, Han Cheng is entirely unaware of. If he knew, he would be dumbfounded and would surely give a thumbs-up to the shaman of the Flying Snakes Tribe.

"Awesome!"

It's truly unique!

Compared to the shaman of the Flying Snakes Tribe, he, the first and second shaman of the Green Sparrow Tribe, is far inferior. To think that just some animal fat he despised could cause such a stir, produce such effects, how could one not admire it to the fullest?

Han Cheng no longer has time to consider whether deer milk or animal fat is better for making snowflake ointment.

At this moment, he is shivering under a thick animal hide blanket.

He isn't sick; what caused this result is that he took a bath just a while ago.

But if this trend continues, with more baths, he might catch a cold soon.

No way!

The bathhouse must be built!

This is Han Cheng's furious roar, holding onto his two eggs that have vanished without a trace due to the cold.

In later years, a hot bath is the most comfortable thing during winter. After bathing, the whole body is warm, and it's beyond enjoyable.

But now? Even though it's hot water, one doesn't want to take another after one bath!

Even he, who loves bathing, feels this way, let alone the others in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Bathing, something that should have been extremely enjoyable and relaxing, has become like this, which is not what Han Cheng wants to see.

The bathhouse should have been built long ago, but it was delayed from last winter until this winter for various reasons.

Han Cheng doesn't want to delay it any longer.

So, after staying in bed for a while to recover, Han Cheng immediately gathers the shaman, the eldest senior brother, the second senior brother, Shang, the third senior brother, and others to discuss building a dedicated bathhouse.

It has been long since the Divine Child called everyone together so seriously. In the past, every such meeting led to significant events for the Green Sparrow Tribe.

So, this time, everyone came prepared to listen to the Divine Child's farsightedness.

The warlike Shang and third senior brother even brought their iron spears, bows, and arrows and placed them outside the door.

What?

The elderly but extremely stable shaman widened his eyes, showing an expression of disbelief.

It's not just him; the other few who understood the Divine Child's meaning reacted similarly, not much better than the shaman.

To start construction in the dead of winter, to build a bathhouse?

They all know the Divine Child loves cleanliness, but can't it be this terrifying?

After a round of glaring at each other, the shaman spoke. He felt that it wasn't necessary to go to such trouble if it was to avoid the cold during baths. It would be simpler to build a separate room.

After this, he proposed his solution: seal all the doors and windows of the room, fill it with a large tub of hot water, and jump in and bathe.

If it's still too cold, light a pile of firewood inside the room to raise the temperature.

If the great Divine Child finds lighting a fire too smoky, you can use charcoal that doesn't produce smoke...

The shaman spoke calmly about his solution, watching as the Divine Child's mouth widened and his eyes bulged, feeling quite pleased with himself.

The Divine Child, unable to solve the problem, was solved by himself in just a few words. How could he not feel proud?

Seeing the Divine Child's appearance, it's clear that he's stunned by his superb insights.

He should be incredulous, feeling embarrassed about something that troubled him endlessly, and yet it was solved so easily by himself, right?

After hearing the shaman's words, the elder senior brother and others nodded continuously, indicating their agreement with the shaman's proposal.

Even the second senior brother and Shang gave a thumbs-up to the shaman, expressing their praise for his wisdom.

"Hoo~!"

Watching the smug shaman waiting for his praise, Han Cheng finally let out a sigh of relief to calm his complex emotions.

Han Cheng would have doubted their intentions if he weren't sure that the shaman and the others were genuinely advising him.

OMG!

Sealing the room and lighting a fire inside, and if that doesn't work, lighting charcoal, is this for bathing or wishing oneself dead faster?

Han Cheng's face twitched uncontrollably.

"Shut up!"

Finally, Han Cheng, whose body was trembling, spoke up.

"No one can use this method!"

He calmed down for a moment before shouting, his voice unusually severe.

Burning charcoal for warmth inside a sealed room could wipe out the whole tribe!

The shaman and the others looked at the angry Han Cheng, all dumbfounded.

Isn't this a perfect solution? Why is the Divine Child getting angry? And why does he look so angry?

"This will kill people!"

Han Cheng explained the serious consequences of such actions to them.

People will die?

That serious?

No way!

They've dealt with fire a lot; they use it for cooking every day.

Before the shaman arrived, a fire burned in the cave all year round. Now, fire beds burn in the rooms for warmth, and nothing dangerous has happened. So why would using fire for warmth while bathing lead to death?

Not to mention the elder senior brother and the second senior brother, even the shaman himself is filled with confusion.

They don't understand how such a seemingly ordinary thing could be associated with death.

Seeing their expressions, Han Cheng knew they didn't believe him. This matter had to be explained clearly; otherwise, it would be regrettable after the tragedy.

People die not at the hands of enemies or prey but because of ordinary charcoal; no matter how you look at it, it's a loss.

Once again, the Green Sparrow Tribe has become very active in winter. People who understand the cause and effect can't help but exchange glances.

They all have great faith in the Divine Child, but this time, it's not like other times; it's about fire, something they're all very familiar with.

They deal with it every day, and everyone lives fine. They haven't seen anyone die from it. So why would the Divine Child say people would die?

Seeing the crowd's expressions, Han Cheng could understand what they were thinking. He secretly felt fortunate that he had discovered this matter in advance. If it had been discovered later, some people might have tried to do it the way the shaman suggested.

Han Cheng stopped explaining the situation to the shaman and the others. It would have been better for them to experience the danger of such behavior firsthand rather than explain it.

Han Cheng entered the room, carefully inspected it, saw that the windows were completely sealed without any gaps, left the chickens and rabbits with tied legs, and then brought in the prepared charcoal brazier.

Chapter 379: Burning Charcoal for heat and eliminate the whole tribe 2

After completing these tasks in front of everyone's eyes, Han Cheng stepped out from inside and closed the door, using hides to seal up the gaps in the door.

The doors of the Green Sparrow Tribe are woven from tree branches, and when the weather gets cold, they are covered with animal skins to prevent the wind from seeping through.

After coming out, Han Cheng did nothing but bring out a clay cup, pour himself a cup of hot tea, and warm his hands while drinking.

Unlike the whispering and speculation of others, Han Cheng showed no reaction to what happened inside the room.

As long as the door remained closed for a sufficient amount of time, the two chickens and rabbits inside, used as guinea pigs, would have no outcome other than death.

After drinking four cups of hot tea in a row, feeling hot all over with a slight sweat on his forehead, Han Cheng handed the empty cup to Bai Xue, standing beside him. Then, under the gaze of the tribe, he opened the tightly closed door.

As the door opened, several pieces of hide stuffed in the door gap fell to the ground, accompanied by a pungent smell of charcoal.

Through the open door, one could see that the charcoal placed in the basin not far from the door had completely extinguished.

The two chickens and rabbits with tied legs lay motionless on the ground, unlike before, when they occasionally bounced around.

Seeing this scene from afar, everyone felt amazed.

Some who didn't see clearly or couldn't believe it were ready to enter the room to examine it carefully, but Han Cheng stopped them.

After removing the hides from the windows and ventilating for a while, Han Cheng allowed people to enter.

The two chickens and rabbits were already dead, but surprisingly, there were no wounds on their bodies!

They didn't die of illness either. These two animals selected by the Divine Child were lively and healthy before being put into the room. They couldn't fall ill and die so quickly.

"Divine Child... this..."

Holding the chickens and rabbits that everyone had passed around, the shaman appeared somewhat puzzled, more so, filled with doubt as he asked Han Cheng.

The others also widened their eyes, looking somewhat frightened and uneasy at their Divine Child.

Especially those who often cooked and dealt with fire. Seeing the two chickens and rabbits lying silently, their faces turned pale, and their bodies trembled slightly.

Some had already wanted to go back and extinguish the firewood under the fire bed in the room. From now on, they would never burn firewood under the bed again.

Compared to their lives, enduring a bit of cold was nothing.

The revelation was a bit too intense, almost overkill.

Watching everyone's reactions, Han Cheng sniffed and thought so.

But it's good to make everyone deeply aware of the danger of fire and not to take it lightly.

He cleared his throat and began to think about how to explain the reasons in a way that primitive people could understand.

As the sky dimmed, the silver moon cast its brilliance, shining on the white snow, making the night exceptionally bright.

It was already a moment of complete silence. In the past, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe would have entered their dreams by now. However, tonight, people were climbing up from their fire beds occasionally, checking if any gaps were left in the front window.

Although the Divine Child had clearly stated that fire is safe as long as there was a certain amount of space left for ventilation, many people still couldn't sleep soundly.

Worried that they would never wake up again if they fell asleep like those two chickens and rabbits.

After this situation lasted for a while without any terrifying incidents, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe finally began to relax slowly.

However, nobody dared to be careless about fire anymore. Even if the weather was cold, they would leave gaps in the doors and windows.

Through the impressive experiment that left a deep impression on them, they realized that it wasn't just raging fires that could be fatal; even seemingly gentle flames could be just as deadly...

The experiment was very successful. After witnessing the tremendous power of charcoal in a sealed room, nobody dared to mention bathing methods that could be life-threatening again.

The shaman also felt lingering fear. He wouldn't have dared think about the consequences without the Divine Child's shrewdness and broad knowledge.

As a result, people who experienced the terrifying nature of flames became more vigilant and expressed their agreement with the shaman's proposal to build a dedicated bathing place.

After selecting the bathhouse's location and clearing away the accumulated snow, the ground underneath had frozen a bit due to the cold winter.

However, this did not pose a problem for the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, as they had experience building things in the winter.

Piles of fires were lit on the prepared foundations, which were then softened, and people dug with stone picks and bone shovels.

Although it was more troublesome than other seasons, the progress was not too slow.

Moreover, because they had a method of applying animal fat to their hands and faces, they would not suffer from frostbite while working in such weather.

After the foundation was dug, it was filled with stones.

It was at this time that they encountered a problem.

A problem that made everyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe feel troubled.

And that problem was stones.

Of course, not the extraction of stones.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were already proficient in quarrying stones, not to the point of perfection, but not novices either.

What troubled them was the transportation of the stones.

This issue only arose when they began transporting stones from the quarry to the tribe after excavating the foundation.

Although the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had transported stones to the tribe before, this was the first time they had done so in winter.

Although it only snowed once, the snow didn't melt much afterward. Walking through such accumulated snow without carrying anything was difficult, let alone carrying heavy stones.

After trying to transport the stones for a morning, the ambitious project of building the bathhouse temporarily stalled.

Transporting stones this way was too complicated, and the progress was too slow.

"Divine Child, let's shovel the snow first, then transport..." Shang suggested, rubbing his hands together.

Shoveling away the accumulated snow on the road before transporting it would be a good solution. However, after thinking about it, Han Cheng still disagreed.

This bathhouse project was different from building houses in the past. In the past, only the foundation and the first meter above it used stones, and the rest was made of soil.

But a bathhouse couldn't be built like that. It would frequently encounter water, and its lifespan would be greatly reduced if built with soil.

So, Han Cheng's idea was to build the entire bathhouse with stones and seal the gaps with grass and wood ash.

This way, they would need more stones.

Chapter 380: Deer pulling a plow

Shang suggested clearing the accumulated snow was a good idea, but transporting the stones remained exceedingly tricky.

Too many hands were needed to transport the stones.

At the current rate, it would be almost Chinese New Year by the time the bathhouse was finished.

Seeing the Divine Child's rejection of the proposal, Shang and others were at a loss. Clearing the snow and then transporting the stones was the best solution they could think of.

What else could they do if such a solution wasn't accepted?

They couldn't just let the stones grow legs and walk from the quarry to their tribe, could they?

However, they were surprised that the Divine Child provided a unique solution.

The focus of this solution was on the deer in the tribe.

The thick snow should not be the main reason for transportation obstacles.

It didn't make sense for that old man in red with a white beard to use deer to pull a sled back and forth, delivering gifts, yet their tribe couldn't use deer to pull a plow to transport stones.

The shaman in the tribe arrived. The Eldest Senior Brother, the successful slimming Second Senior Brother, the tribe's chief carpenter, Lame... came. The rooms were packed full of people, and many more were outside, craning their necks to look in.

This was the result of news spreading in the tribe about the Divine Child preparing to create something unimaginable: something that could glide on the snow transport many stones effortlessly, and, after its creation, everyone would be able to use it.

Following the Divine Child to see something extraordinary had become a trend among the tribe's people.

Looking at the severe expression mixed with excitement on Lame's face as he held an axe, it was clear that he had spread this news.

The Divine Child shook his head with a faint smile of helplessness. This guy was getting more and more cocky.

After waiting for a while, the Divine Child noticed too many people in the room, and the already not-so-large space was now occupied, making it difficult to carry out the plow-making work.

So he spoke up, asking everyone to leave the room and make space for Lame to make the plow. As for the plow's appearance, they would all see it later, and not only that, but they could also use it.

After the Divine Child spoke, everyone obediently left the room except for the shaman and a few others. However, they didn't go far; instead, they stayed outside the room, peeking in.

Seeing this scene, the Divine Child shook his head with a smile of helplessness. Standing outside in such cold weather, these guys would freeze themselves if they stayed there too long. What if they caught a cold?

To prevent the curious people in the tribe from catching a cold, Han Cheng walked out of the room and asked them to go to the quarry to prepare the stones...

How could they stand outside without doing any work in such freezing weather?

Another reason was that once the plow was made, the speed of transporting the stones would increase significantly.

If they didn't take advantage of the opportunity now while the plow hadn't been made yet to quarry some more stones and stockpile them, it was likely that the stones they'd already quarried wouldn't be enough in no time.

This kind of plow wasn't particularly complex in construction. Except for the lack of wheels underneath and instead having two long, curved strips of smooth wood at each end, it was quite similar to the carts Han Cheng had encountered many times.

By this time, the usefulness of iron tools became increasingly apparent.

Without axes, chisels, saws, and planes, it would be difficult to forge a plow that didn't require low technical demands using the original tools.

However, the plow of the Green Sparrow tribe was much simpler than the ordinary plow seen in later generations. The two main, wide wooden pieces at the bottom were not reduced in number, but all other unnecessary parts were removed.

One reason was the limited technological expertise, as the first carpenter, Limp, was making such a tool for the first time. Another reason was that Han Cheng wanted to construct the plow earlier to transport stones and complete the bathhouse as soon as possible.

So, the requirements were lowered, resulting in a much simpler and rougher plow.

The main structure of the plow consisted of two extended frames used as "wheels," with wooden slats about 20 centimeters wide and 4 centimeters thick, spaced out like a ladder in between.

The joints were neatly made with iron chisels. After the wooden slats passed through the joints on the frame, the protruding parts were drilled with a hand drill to make a small hole. The small hole was tightly wedged with a wooden peg with a diameter of about half a centimeter, ensuring that as long as the wooden pegs remained intact, the plow wouldn't fall apart.

This was the main structure of the plow manufactured by the Green Sparrow tribe.

In addition, 30-centimeter wooden rails were installed on both sides of the wooden frame.

This kind of railing-like structure prevented items mounted on the plow from falling to the left or right.

When people rode the plow, they could also sit on these wooden rails, which were more comfortable.

In simple terms, the Green Sparrow tribe's plow was made by thickening and widening the wooden ladder, raising both ends slightly and adding wooden railings to the sides.

Usually, a layer of wooden boards would be laid on top of the plow, similar to the boards laid on old-fashioned beds.

With this layer of wooden boards, items on the plow wouldn't fall off, and when encountering deep snow, the snow wouldn't be able to flip onto the plow.

However, the Green Sparrow tribe's plow had no wooden boards.

Previously, to save iron materials, the iron saws were made somewhat short. While they were suitable for sawing relatively thin wood, it wasn't easy to saw wood into boards.

Han Cheng skipped this step to save time and put the plow into use as soon as possible.

The 2.2-meter-long and 1.2-meter-wide plow was lifted vertically out of the room and placed on the accumulated snow in the courtyard that hadn't been shoveled away.

The somewhat heavy plow pressed down a lot of snow in an instant.

Lame bent down and dragged one end of the plow with his hand, trying to move forward. It could be pulled, but it wasn't as easy as the leader had said.

Lame scratched his head, worried he hadn't made the plow properly.

If an empty plow was this difficult to pull, it would be even harder with heavy stones placed on it.

The adult deer in the tribe were much stronger than humans, but not to an unreasonable extent.

Pulling a plow in the snow and then pulling heavy stones...

Thinking about such a scene, Lame couldn't help but imitate the leader, sniffing.

Before the experiment, Lame was confident in what the leader said about the plow. But now, after the experiment, he felt insecure...