

Primitive 381

Chapter 381: Fill another two baskets

"Divine... Divine Child, can you make some changes to the sled again?"

After hesitating momentarily, Lame looked at the old stag, Han Cheng had brought out of the deer pen and walked to the sled excitedly.

Han Cheng couldn't help but pause at Lame's words. What did Lame mean? How could he redo something that had just been built and hadn't been used yet?

"This... this isn't very easy to use."

Lame pointed to the deep tracks left on the snow-covered ground, his expression pained as if he were about to cry.

It wasn't because his 'reputation' was being damaged that he felt upset, but because he felt he hadn't been able to properly fulfill the tasks the Divine Child assigned.

Because of him, even before the sled had appeared, it was already well-known throughout the tribe. Many people were looking forward to it. Now that the sled had finally come out, it was like this...

After understanding Lame's meaning, Han Cheng smiled and patted him on the shoulder, reassuring him not to worry. Whether it was good or not, he would harness the old stag and run it a few times before making a judgment.

Han Cheng was very confident in the sled. At his request, the two wooden logs used as 'wheels' were made wide and smooth. If even this kind of thing couldn't walk on the snow-covered ground, then what could?

As for the problem Lame mentioned, Han Cheng didn't consider it a big deal.

After all, the snow hadn't been trampled on yet and was still very soft. That's why the sled sank so deep and seemed relatively laborious.

This problem was easily solved. To compact the snow, just pull the sled back and forth a few more times.

Compacted snow was no different from ice; it was slippery to walk on, and with the sled deliberately polished to be smooth, it wouldn't require much effort to pull it.

With Lame's still somewhat worried gaze, Han Cheng reluctantly harnessed the old stag and pulled the empty sled out of the tribe.

Like pushing a cart with wheels, pulling the sled was initially more laborious, but once it started, due to inertia, it became much easier.

Stepping on the snow, leading the old stag, Han Cheng made his way to the stone quarry. The freshly made sled glided over the thick snow, leaving behind two smooth marks.

Bai Xue and some young members of the Sparrow Tribe followed behind the sled, stepping on the two marks, chattering and laughing, as cheerful as a group of sparrows finding food in winter.

Lame, limping along, also followed behind. Unlike the cheerful children, he looked at the sled sliding in the snow with some concern. Pulling the sled was still somewhat difficult for the old stag compared to running freely.

The old stag was the strongest among the deer herd. If ordinary deer replaced it, wouldn't it be even more difficult?

A fire was constantly burning at the stone quarry, and a large pile of stones that had been mined over the past few days had already accumulated nearby.

The bathhouse's foundation had been dug, and there wasn't much else to do. Most of the people had come here to help with the stone mining. Moreover, everyone worked diligently since the Divine Child said the sled could transport stones quickly.

At this moment, everyone at the stone quarry stood up, looking at the Divine Child leading the old stag from afar with expressions of anticipation.

Cheng, a young member who had rushed over, told them the Divine Child and Lame had finished making the sled.

Is... is this the sled?

As they looked at this modified ladder-like contraption, the members of the Sparrow Tribe waiting at the stone quarry widened their eyes in astonishment.

Han Cheng sniffed, turned the old stag's head, and then instructed someone to start loading stones onto the contraption.

"Alright."

Shang placed a broken piece of stone on the contraption, preparing to add another, but Han Cheng's voice interrupted.

This... this is it?

Just one stone loaded, is that it?

Ordinary people can carry two loads with a shoulder pole, can't they?

This is the sled that took days to make?

This is the method the Divine Child said would transport stones much faster than carrying them by hand.

Watching the Divine Child pulling the old stag with the contraption loaded with just one stone, heading back to the tribe, the people waiting at the stone quarry were quiet, looking at each other in disbelief, their eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

The efficiency of this contraption in transporting stones was too shocking!

Lame, who remained at the stone quarry, squatted on the ground, drawing circles in the snow with a stick, ignoring the complex gazes of the others directed at him.

Han Cheng didn't explain anything in response to the reactions of the others. Instead, he led the old stag back to the tribe, threw the stone from the contraption aside, and then set off again towards the stone quarry, leading the old stag.

After being compacted twice on the way back and forth, the snow on the path had become much denser, making it easier to pull the empty contraption with the old stag. It was effortless to walk along the path.

"Load two more baskets of stones."

Han Cheng chuckled because Shang hadn't moved after loading just one stone.

Last time, he had them load only one basket of stones; now, he asked for three at once. Could the old stag handle it?

Shang voiced his doubts, and the others also expressed some concern.

"Just load them, it's fine."

So, two more heavy baskets of stones were placed on the contraption.

"Hah!"

Han Cheng shouted, and the old stag, obeying the command, started moving forward with its long legs. Initially, it was a bit strenuous, but afterward, it didn't seem heavy.

With two more baskets of stones added, there was hardly any difference from when they had loaded just one basket!

Lame lifted his head and stopped drawing circles, and the people at the stone quarry, watching the old stag pulling the contraption back to the tribe, also had a change in expression.

"Load two more baskets of stones."

On the third trip, Han Cheng, leading the old stag, instructed Shang and the others.

After the last compaction, the snow on the path had become denser and smoother, making it even easier to pull.

"Divine Child, this..."

Shang and a few others hesitated, worried that loading so many stones would be too much for the old stag. One basket was already seventy to eighty pounds, and five were too heavy.

"Just load them, it's fine."

Despite the somewhat worried expressions of the others, Han Cheng led the old stag on its way again. Surprisingly, the old stag didn't seem much different from when it had pulled just one basket.

Lame dropped the stick in his hand and stood up from the snow, and the others also became somewhat quiet.

"Load two more baskets of stones."

On the fourth trip, Han Cheng casually repeated the same instruction he had given twice before.

Shang and the others didn't say anything this time, looking somewhat dull as they loaded two more baskets onto the contraption.

"Hah!"

The old stag moved its legs forward, initially finding it a bit strenuous, but it didn't feel heavy anymore.

As they watched the sled gradually move away, the people left at the stone quarry widened their eyes in amazement. Lamé suddenly limped back to the tribe, ready to make a few more sleds!

Chapter 382: The newly built bathhouse

The appearance of the sled no longer made transporting stones a constraint for building bathhouses, and after this problem was solved, the construction of the bathhouse progressed rapidly.

A balding shaman squatted in the carpentry room specifically for the lame, earnestly watching as the lame constructed the third sled. Then, using a thin and sharp stone knife, they meticulously depicted the sled's appearance on the ceramic plate, trying to neatly outline the sled's appearance and detailing the manufacturing process in Chinese characters below.

The shaman highly valued the sled, a tool capable of transporting many things simultaneously. For this reason, he recorded the details himself without involving Shi Tou.

Shang, who was loading stones onto the sled, no longer held the same disdain as before. The sled, which refreshed his worldview, made him contemplate many things.

If they had had this deer-drawn sled back then, the enemy who raided their tribe wouldn't have been able to retreat so easily, and they might have been pursued by him.

The tribe's children also followed the sled, abandoning their favorite activities, such as building snowmen and having snowball fights.

How could those activities compare to the joy of sitting on an empty sled, being pulled by deer to the stone quarry?

Several conditions are necessary to make the bathhouse warm: good sealing, a relatively small interior space, hot water, and, most importantly, the use of a fire duct.

This so-called fire duct is similar in principle to the heated beds in the tribe's rooms, but the construction location is different.

The fire beds in the rooms are built high, large, and spacious, whereas the fire ducts in the bathhouse are not.

They are built in relatively high places, only thirty centimeters wide, and covered with stone slabs. Cement made of grass and wood ash acts as a binder, effectively preventing water from entering the fire duct.

When bathing, firewood is burned in the fire duct outside the bathhouse entrance. After a while, the inside of the bathhouse becomes comfortably warm.

The bathhouse is for the entire tribe's use, not Han Cheng's exclusive use. Therefore, it is relatively large, occupying an area similar to four rooms.

The bathhouse is roughly divided into three parts: 2 large rooms and a small room.

The small part is only half the size of a room, and the two large parts divide the remaining three and a half rooms equally.

Han Cheng planned the half-room part for his use, while the two large parts were shared baths for the Green Sparrow tribe.

Because the bathhouse is relatively large, it is impossible to heat it from one place. Therefore, when planning, Han Cheng designed five fire pits—one for his room and two for each public bath to solve the heating problem.

After two heavy snowfalls, the bathhouse, which the Green Sparrow tribe began building this winter, has been completed.

This is the advantage of having many people. If it were the population from when Han Cheng first arrived, even with deer and sleds, it would have been impossible to complete the construction quickly.

The entire bathhouse is built of stacked stones with a roof made of tiles.

There is no need to worry about the cement not drying in cold weather because Han Cheng had people light fires inside during construction.

Looking at the bathhouse, which took nearly a month to complete, Han Cheng rubbed his hands together.

He immediately ordered a large-scale heated water today, and the tribe's people will bathe in the newly built bathhouse.

Everyone has worked hard for so long, and it's time to enjoy a little.

The five fire pits were burning vigorously, and the orange flames mixed with smoke ran forward along the fire duct for a long distance. Eventually, only smoke drifted toward the sky, which was covered with a layer of leaden clouds.

The raised fire duct emitted heat, indirectly warming this enclosed space.

"Puff, puff..."

The heavy leather curtain at the entrance of the bathhouse fell, blocking the cold air outside.

Han Cheng, eager to enter the single room with Bai Xue, quickly took off his clothes and stuffed them into a stone compartment against the wall.

He then put on wooden and leather sandals and approached the large tub filled with steaming hot water on one side of the room.

He reached out and tested the hot water on his body.

Feeling the warm water against his somewhat cold body, Han Cheng shivered with pleasure.

Turning to see Bai Xue also undressed, he covered the compartment where clothes were placed with a piece of animal hide. He then led the little girl, wearing sandals, to the large tub filled with hot water.

Bai Xue had been living in the Green Sparrow tribe for almost a year now and had already developed the habit of bathing, especially under the influence of Han Cheng, who loved cleanliness.

At this moment, seeing the large tub emitting steam, Bai Xue couldn't resist the temptation to get in, but Han Cheng quickly pulled her back.

Today, he instructed them to heat the water very hot, so if Bai Xue entered like this, she would be scalded.

Han Cheng pulled her aside, picked up the pottery bowl in the large tub, and splashed water on themselves.

Then they shivered together.

After a while, they began tentatively entering the tub.

"Phew!"

Han Cheng leaned against the tub wall and let out a comfortable sigh.

Because he and Bai Xue entered, the water level rose, reaching just their necks. The warm water enveloping their entire bodies was extremely comfortable.

For Han Cheng, just this alone made building the bathhouse worthwhile.

As the wet and slippery Bai Xue, like a little mermaid, submerged into the water, her arms wrapped around Han Cheng's legs to prevent herself from floating up, Han Cheng closed his eyes even more comfortably.

After spending some time soaking in the tub and feeling all his bones relax, Han Cheng, half embracing Bai Xue, led her out of the tub and to the area near the door.

This place was only separated by a wall from the fire pit outside, and it was the hottest part of the entire fire duct. A small space of less than two square meters was built with thick stones.

Han Cheng brought a bowl of hot water and Bai Xue into this space and poured half onto a spot on the fire duct made of thicker stone slabs. With a hiss, large amounts of steam with very high temperatures immediately rose.

After pouring down another half bowl of water, the entire space was filled with white water vapor, and the temperature quickly rose, creating a fairyland-like atmosphere.

Bai Xue had never experienced anything like this before. She held onto Han Cheng's arm tightly, and her embrace slightly deformed her small chest muscles.

Han Cheng lowered the hooked leather curtain, and the narrow space immediately became dark.

Chapter 383: Sauna and the Damaged Canned Food

Experiencing the same kind of heat in winter as in summer seemed unimaginable to the people of the Green Sparrow tribe before the 'sauna room' was invented.

Now that they had truly experienced this temperature, the people of the Green Sparrow tribe were amazed.

The heavy leather curtain, which seemed even heavier due to dampness, was lifted, and Han Cheng and Bai Xue emerged inside.

Although they hadn't done anything, both of them were sweating profusely.

The two returned to the tub, picked up a somewhat translucent substance, and applied it to each other's bodies before helping each other wash.

Bai Xue's favorite part was applying the semi-transparent substance, which Han Cheng called soap, and then rubbing it back and forth on the increasingly glossy skin.

Especially when transparent bubbles were produced, Bai Xue would laugh with joy.

Han Cheng felt quite helpless about the origin of the soap.

Previously, he found pure fat oil too greasy to use as snow cream for the hands and face, so he wanted to add something to it to change it. After adding ash and stirring with a wooden stick, he unintentionally created soap, which he had been eager to obtain but didn't know how to make.

This was truly a case of serendipity.

This experience reminded Han Cheng of an anecdote he had read about a scholar in ancient times.

He couldn't remember the specifics, as it had been a long time, but he remembered that the person had a stubborn temperament.

He liked drinking and also liked brewing his alcohol, but every time he tried, the wine failed, tasting more like vinegar. If it were an ordinary person, they would have given up long ago after repeated failures, but he was different. Despite knowing the dangers, he persisted and was determined to make the wine.

The wine didn't turn out in the end, but vinegar became famous far and wide...

This experience was similar to Han Cheng's unintentional soap creation while trying to produce useful snow cream.

After washing their bodies and hair with soap, the water in the tub had become murky.

Han Cheng unplugged the plug at the bottom of the tub, drained the water, plugged it again, and used two jars of clean hot water nearby to rinse their bodies and hair. After drying themselves off, they put on their clothes and walked out of the bathhouse, feeling warm and comfortable.

Bai Xue's little face was flushed with heat, like a big red apple, which tempted Han Cheng to take a bite.

Without towels or a hairdryer, it was not easy to dry their long hair, especially with the cold weather outside, which would freeze it in no time.

Han Cheng grabbed Bai Xue's stiffened hair and rubbed it with his hands, and ice chips fell off.

When the weather warmed up, it was time to cut off this long hair!

Han Cheng, tired of his long hair, thought so.

He had kept his hair long before because there were no suitable tools, and using fire to burn off the hair was too cruel, so Han Cheng kept it. Now that there was an iron knife, dealing with the hair was no problem.

When the time came, all the men's hair would be cut short with a knife, and the boys' hair would be cut off and tied into a ponytail.

This would make working or doing other things more convenient for them.

It was a pity no one was collecting hair braids at this time, which made Han Cheng regretful. Otherwise, the hair cut off by the people of the Green Sparrow tribe could be sold for a good price.

As far as the eye could see, the tribe was filled with people with disheveled hair and flushed faces. Everyone was very satisfied with this novel way of bathing, especially the sauna room, which could emit large amounts of white vapor.

After the bathing, everyone felt warm, lazy, and very comfortable, something they couldn't experience before.

The children were most interested in soap that could produce bubbles, and they played with it joyfully.

After the bath, all the heaviness on their bodies washed away, and the people who experienced the bath's effects personally gave the Divine Child's efforts in building the bathhouse a double thumbs-up.

Time flew by quickly. It was fine when you didn't look back, but when you did, you'd be surprised to find that a whole year had passed already.

While adults felt time passing quickly, children felt it dragged on endlessly, feeling that the days were exceptionally long.

Amid the thunderous drumbeats, the footsteps of the New Year had quietly arrived.

While the children joyfully ran around, the adults in the tribe prepared various New Year's ingredients and items to drive away the Year Beast.

The couplets that had hung at every door for a year were taken down and replaced with new ones with more exquisite craftsmanship.

The New Year atmosphere became even more intense with these newly hung couplets as a backdrop.

New Year's Eve was a good day, with the sun hanging in the sky. Although it was still chilly around, people's moods improved.

Amidst the steaming heat, various delicious foods were served.

Bai Xue, experiencing all this for the first time, and the people from the Bone tribe who had just joined this year looked at the overwhelming array of food, their eyes widening in astonishment, and they felt dizzy.

They thought the food they had eaten before was unimaginable, but who could have expected such a delicious and sumptuous meal now?

After everything was set up and ready to eat, someone suddenly remembered the canned goods the Divine Child had prepared in autumn.

Since they had been sealed until now, they had never been eaten.

Thinking of the sweet and sour taste, everyone couldn't help but salivate.

The New Year's Eve dinner, only once a year, naturally brought out all the delicious dishes.

After Han Cheng nodded with a smile, someone immediately rushed over and brought back jars of canned goods sealed with mud.

They couldn't wait to open the mud seals, remove the leaves covering the openings, and pour them into bowls.

As the highest-ranking member of the tribe, Han Cheng was naturally the first to have canned goods poured for him.

The somewhat murky liquid flowed out from the mouth of the jar and into the bowl. Instead of the remembered sweet and sour taste, there was a smell that wasn't very pleasant.

Han Cheng frowned imperceptibly. His first thought was, damn it, it's spoiled. We got this for the New Year's Eve dinner.

Canned goods definitely wouldn't look like this. They should be the same as they were before.

Many people had already noticed something unusual, and their expressions were unnatural.

Han Cheng lifted the bowl in front of him and gently sniffed it. The smell wasn't good. He cautiously took a sip, and the taste was even worse—sour and astringent.

Just as he was about to spit out the fruit canned goods that had spoiled for some reason, Han Cheng's eyes suddenly lit up.

Because amidst the unpleasant sourness, he sensed a familiar and nostalgic taste.

Chapter 384: New Year's Eve Alcohol

"Divine Child... this..."

As more and more people tasted the canned goods and experienced this taste, Han Cheng, who had taken a sip of the canned soup and closed his eyes without speaking, finally spoke.

After receiving them, the children who were eager to taste the delicious canned goods took a sip of the soup, and their faces immediately twisted in disgust, sticking out their tongues.

How did the canned foods, which were supposed to be deliciously sweet and sour, turn into this taste?

Are they spoiled, or does storing them for a long time change their taste like this?

But isn't the difference in taste too big from before?

Because of the appearance of these canned goods, which were very different from what was expected, the joyful atmosphere of the New Year's Eve dinner was slightly subdued.

Han Cheng swallowed the sour liquid in his mouth, feeling a warm flow from his throat to his stomach.

He took another small sip, then carefully tasted it in his mouth, feeling the familiar taste amidst the sourness.

Perhaps the method in his memory went wrong. This batch of canned fruits could be said to be a complete failure. As expected, they should all be spoiled.

However, they didn't spoil completely. While the canned foods were inedible, something else equally delightful appeared.

Wine!

This was something Han Cheng had never anticipated.

Tasting the wine in his mouth, amidst his emotion, he recalled the story of the ancient poet who failed to brew wine but ended up with good vinegar. He couldn't help but shake his head and smile.

He had previously made fun of others, but now he received his comeuppance. The canned fruit he brewed turned into this murky, sour wine.

But he wasn't as angry as that poet. The appearance of the sour wine made him just as happy. He was even happier than he would have been with the expected canned goods.

After all, sweet and sour canned fruits were his childhood favorite. Now that he had grown up, compared to canned goods, wine was more appealing.

Moreover, the wine appeared just in time for the New Year's Eve dinner. Drinking a little wine at such a time always felt like something was missing.

Now, they just needed a plate of dumplings.

From poverty to now, so many things have been brought out. Was a plate of dumplings still far away?

Another thing was, now that wine had appeared, was vinegar far behind?

Sour, sweet, bitter, spicy, and salty, these five flavors would gradually be collected together. When it was time to cook, there would be more choices.

After all, "brew wine in a jar, good vinegar in another," right?

He vaguely remembered that yeast and other useful things for fermentation were found in places like the wine jar used for brewing. When it was time to make dough, they could knead it on the edge of the jar and leave the old dough repeatedly. After a long time, extremely potent yeast would emerge.

Thinking of the steaming, soft, fragrant, and slightly malty white steamed buns, Han Cheng couldn't help but drool.

As a genuine northerner, steamed buns, the staple food he had eaten since childhood, were always an unavoidable obstacle.

He didn't know if he would be lucky enough to find wheat...

Han Cheng shook his head slightly and smiled bitterly. Who would have thought he would be so obsessed with steamed buns, which he ate daily?

The shaman also picked up a bowl and tasted the canned goods that had been sealed for many days. The taste wasn't very good, and compared to when it was freshly made, it was simply night and day.

Based on his many years of experience and the words spoken by the Divine Child when he made the canned goods, he knew that the canned fruits were ruined.

As someone in the tribe who has experienced many years and inherited the knowledge of the past shamans, influenced by the Divine Child, Han Cheng pays more attention to matters of human feelings and face-saving than others. For example, during the Green Sparrow's New Year's Eve dinner, he attached great importance to the order of serving.

To avoid embarrassing the Divine Child, he did not ask questions like others but took a big gulp of the not-so-good-tasting canned soup, feeling a warmth in his throat that he had never experienced before. Then, he prepared to praise the deliciousness of this canned soup.

At this moment, Han Cheng, who had been holding a bowl with closed eyes and had not spoken, opened his eyes, put down the bowl, stood up, and smiled at the people looking at him. He said, "The canned fruits have failed!"

After hearing this news, the people felt both expected and disappointed. After all, they cherished the sweet and sour taste.

Especially for those underage, the disappointment on their faces was hard to conceal.

Han Cheng observed the people's reactions without beating around the bush. After a slight pause, he continued, "However, it has created another good thing, which is wine!"

Wine?

Upon hearing this, everyone looks at their bowls' somewhat murky canned soup.

If something that tasted good was called a good thing by the usually discerning Divine Child, then the taste shouldn't be too bad and must be good.

Han Cheng had someone bring over several jars of "canned goods" and, after opening the mud seals, everyone poured some.

Adults received a bowl, children received half a bowl, and the younger ones received only a shallow bowl.

Then, holding their wine bowls, he stood up, gesturing for others to do the same. Han Cheng said, "Happy New Year! May our Green Sparrow tribe thrive! Cheers!"

After saying this, he clinked his wine bowl with those of the shaman and the eldest senior brother standing on either side of him, then raised his wine bowl to the people sitting in circles around them, toasted from afar, and drank it in one gulp.

The shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother, who had never experienced such a thing before, were momentarily stunned. Following Han Cheng's lead, they clumsily echoed, "Happy New Year! May our Green Sparrow tribe thrive! Cheers!"

Then, recalling Han Cheng's actions just now, they awkwardly clinked their bowls with those around them and then, looking somewhat unfamiliar, raised their bowls to the others and began to drink.

The adults could handle the taste, but the children, whose taste buds were more sensitive, found it uncomfortable.

"So sour..."

After taking a sip, Bai Xue stuck out her tongue and said with a bitter face.

Han Cheng laughed and rubbed her braids. Then, he poured the remaining half of the wine in her bowl into his own and drank it all in one go.

"Let's eat!"

After drinking the wine, Han Cheng announced the news that everyone had been waiting for, and numerous chopsticks stretched out at once. In the joyful atmosphere, the New Year's Eve dinner of the Green Sparrow tribe for the fourth year began.

During the meal, Han Cheng occasionally had someone pour wine for those who wanted to drink.

After drinking a bowl of wine, some of the adult members of the Green Sparrow tribe found that the not-so-good-tasting wine had a unique taste that was hard to describe.

Most of those who felt this way were adult males.

So, they didn't drink much of the well-boiled meat soup anymore. Instead, like the Divine Child, they occasionally drank some of the wine they had tasted for the first time.

Chapter 385: Brick House

Night fell, and the fire rose, separated by tall walls, presenting a scene of celebration and prosperity that many surrounding tribes envied.

"Bang!"

Sections of bamboo, lit aflame, burst into flames, causing the trapped air inside the bamboo nodes to expand rapidly. The softening bamboo skin couldn't withstand the pressure from the expanding air, eventually bursting with a sound matching that of a drum.

Dark red sparks rose from the flames, shimmering like countless fireflies.

The joyous people formed circles, singing and dancing around the fire. Their laughter and cheers echoed in the night, along with the sound of firecrackers and the resounding beat of drums spreading outward from the tribe.

Eldest Senior Brother, slightly tipsy, held a drumstick, smiling as he struck the drum.

With flushed faces, they watched everything before them. With a smile like a blooming chrysanthemum, the shaman vigorously pounded his gong. They aimed to frighten away the evil beast, the Year Beast, so how could they let it disturb this enchanting scene?

This year, they planned to build another brick-and-tile house like before!

They also wanted to make things like stone rollers and stone mills.

If they could find metal ore, it would be great to achieve something with it and make progress.

There were also wheat seeds and seasonings like ginger, garlic, and peppercorn...

On the first day of the fifth year of the Green Sparrow Tribe, Han Cheng, with slightly reddened eyes from keeping watch, sat on the heated bed, counting on his fingers.

The brick and tile house wasn't for his residence but as a school. The importance of knowledge was clearer to Han Cheng, who came from a later era than to anyone in this era.

The development might not be apparent in the short term, but after a long period, the tremendous potential contained within would be realized.

Education, culture, construction, and the inheritance of knowledge and history were crucial for a tribe to develop sustainably.

This was why the nation where Han Cheng lived could survive from ancient primitive times through millennia of wind and rain, becoming stronger. The fundamental reason for its vitality, which amazed the world, lay in its ability to withstand crises.

In its development, it encountered crises and faced powerful neighboring nations. Those once powerful kingdoms like the Xiongnu and the Khitan had long ceased their inheritance.

However, the nation that Han Cheng was proud of had weathered storms and has continued until now.

Because at every critical juncture, countless benevolent individuals emerged, rallying with the spirit of "Even if there are a thousand hardships ahead, I will go on." They saved the crumbling structure...

This important power is demonstrated by education and cultural inheritance, called national cohesion.

Han Cheng lived in the Green Sparrow Tribe, which gradually developed and grew under his leadership and the joint efforts of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Through their own efforts, he and the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe gradually transformed it into its current state. He was unwilling to let its inheritance be severed in future development.

Even though it might change its name in the long-term development ahead, it would be best not to break the inheritance.

Developing productivity and increasing the cohesion of the Green Sparrow Tribe were important purposes for Han Cheng in establishing an educational institution.

To highlight the importance of education, he decided to construct a large brick-and-tile building as a school.

In addition, efforts would be made to record the history of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

It had only been five years since his arrival at Green Sparrow Tribe, and there were too many firsthand witnesses to the changes that had occurred since then. Now was the best time to record history and obtain accurate information.

Remembering history was an important support for a nation to go further into the future.

This task would be entrusted to Shi Tou, the next shaman, who Han Cheng had already led him into the field of astronomy.

Of course, the school in the Green Sparrow Tribe would not only teach philosophical matters but also survival and daily life, as the tribe had not yet reached a level where they had specialized scholars.

When the time came, he would also serve as the school's principal, combining cultural and martial aspects, which was not bad.

Being the principal was a very necessary task, and those who understood a bit about the Republic era would recognize the importance of the role.....

As the head of the Green Sparrow Tribe, he had to consider many things that others in the tribe had never experienced.

He would not choose to take the well-proven path and instead would explore the winding paths. Han Cheng would not do that.

These matters would be discussed with the shaman and others, thoroughly confirmed, and then implemented step by step after the arrival of spring.

With the sounds of New Year's blessings, the first day of the fifth year of Sparrow quietly passed.

On the morning of the second day, Han Cheng convened some elders and technical backbone members of the Sparrow Tribe, including the shaman, the eldest senior brother, the second senior brother, Shang, the third senior brother, Hei Wa, Shi Tou, etc. He explained to them so they could understand the details about building the school and other matters as much as possible.

There was no objection from the crowd.

Over the years, they had always followed the guidance of the Divine Child, following in his footsteps, and the Green Sparrow Tribe had undergone unprecedented changes at a visible speed.

All these things were like what they had said, showing the correctness of following the Divine Child.

Although many did not understand what the Divine Child said this time, the final result was clear. Following the Divine Child's instructions, their tribe would become more prosperous and powerful.

Hei Wa immediately promised to burn enough tiles. Shi Tou also promised to diligently record the Sparrow Tribe's past events after completing the basic work, such as the calendar.

Climate changes, like the passage of time, left no trace, yet it could be perceived.

Unknowingly, the ice and snow had begun to melt, revealing the green grass. The frozen river surface turned into clear water, and the fish, which had been trapped all winter, joyfully leaped out of the water.

The trees planted along the riverbank and around the tribe began to sprout new buds.

Some peach and apricot trees planted the previous year already had flower buds, and some impatient ones had already bloomed, emitting a faint fragrance...

Chapter 386: Ruthless

Under the eaves, several black spirits from the south chirped and chattered, discussing among themselves the place to build their new homes.

Some wanted to use bows and arrows to teach these birds, who dared to occupy a place under their tribe's eaves, a lesson about the non-negotiable nature of the Green Sparrow Tribe, but Han Cheng stopped them.

The swallow wearing a flower-patterned coat is a beneficial insect and is best not harmed.

Moreover, according to legend, swallows are auspicious birds. Nesting under the eaves of a house indicates that the household will have good luck.

Otherwise, why would there be the saying, "In front of the hall of the old Wang family, swallows fly into ordinary people's homes"?

The top-ranking aristocratic family has declined, losing its luck, and this auspicious bird that loves its old nest has also abandoned it...

Of course, this is just for show and shouldn't be taken too seriously.

Han Cheng not only didn't let anyone harm these black swallows, but after discovering that the swallows had started to mud under the eaves to build their nests, he planted two tall poles nearby, with ropes tied between them.

The tired swallows stood on the line, preening their feathers, appearing like musical notes leaping on staff against the warm sky.

Looking up at them, Han Cheng felt a familiar taste.

Standing beside her, Bai Xue also looked up with her little face. She didn't understand why Divine Child was so fascinated...

"Bang, bang, bang..."

"Whoosh..."

One after another, continuous sounds echoed in the long-standing orchard of the Green Sparrow Tribe, shaking the ground covered with fallen petals.

In the worried eyes of Shaman and others, many branches of these fruit trees were cut off, some of which were thicker than bowl mouths.

Over the years, the fruit yield of this naturally formed orchard has been gradually decreasing.

Fortunately, they no longer rely on these fruits to get through the winter. Otherwise, Shaman and the Eldest senior brother would not be troubled by this matter.

In a chance mention, the Divine Child learned about this and said he could make the fruit trees bear more fruit again.

It wasn't yet time to plant millet, and the rapeseed was beginning to sprout, with only a few yellow flowers showing, not yet in full bloom. Therefore, the Green Sparrow Tribe was relatively idle.

With a mood of curiosity following the Divine Child, many people came to this orchard with their tools, wanting to see how the Divine Child would perform miraculous techniques to make these fruit trees bear more fruit.

As a result, the method they received was simple and brutal to the extent that even primitive people couldn't stand it.

Just one word - chop!

After arriving here, the great Divine Child, faced with these fruit trees in full bloom or budding, showed no mercy. He directly employed the brutal method of cutting off some branches of these fruit trees, drawing lines on some branches with a sharp stone, and instructing people to cut off these branches along the lines he drew or saw them off.

The method was extremely cruel. After his intervention, some fruit trees directly reduced their size by two-thirds!

Looking at the fallen petals all over the ground and the many broken branches, Shaman and Eldest Senior brother couldn't help but tremble in their hearts.

Is this the method used to increase the yield of fruit trees?

With so many branches cut off, where will the increase in yield come from?

Not only will it not increase, but the most likely outcome will be that it will decrease.

Just looking at the confident Divine Child, who kept drawing lines on the fruit trees with a stone in his hand, they couldn't help but whisper in their hearts.

Besides accidentally turning into alcohol instead of making preserves, the Divine Child hasn't made any mistakes in other matters.

With such a precedent, they didn't rush to speak out but waited to see the results.

Of course, another important reason is that the tribe doesn't rely on this orchard for survival.

In such circumstances, the Divine Child can do as he pleases with this orchard.

Han Cheng stood here for a while, sizing up this sturdy peach tree covered with a lot of peach gum and decisively marked several branches.

With the trees so old, if you don't take drastic measures to clean and prune some branches, how could they bear many fruits?

The nutrients absorbed from the roots were insufficient to transport to the branches.

Pruning this orchard is not a sudden whim of Han Cheng.

In the past, as other foods became more abundant, the proportion of fruit in the Green Sparrow Tribe's food composition did indeed decrease, and it decreased significantly.

However, with the unexpected fruit wine and vinegar, the surplus fruit has found a new use.

On New Year's Eve, many people in the Green Sparrow Tribe felt the wonderful sensation of being slightly drunk from the wine they started drinking. Therefore, they are very enthusiastic about making wine.

Millet is still too precious for the Green Sparrow Tribe to use for brewing wine.

So, the final idea falls on these fruits.

Moreover, Han Cheng also plans to continue researching and preserving fruits that require a lot of fruit.

He doesn't know if he'll end up like that guy who has never been good at making preserves but keeps making tastier and tastier wine.

Han Cheng thought helplessly.

With so much demand, pruning fruit trees to increase yield becomes necessary.

In this matter, Han Cheng involved Bugs Bunny, whom he taught how to cultivate crops the most.

After drying in the sun for a while, the cut fruit tree branches are brought back and burned as firewood.

They haven't encountered any ducks yet. If they had, the taste of grilling with fruit tree branches would be very different.

While Han Cheng and the others were dealing with the orchard, grassroots, in a good mood, stretched out their arms and embraced the warm spring breeze.

After a difficult winter, Cao Geng has lost a lot of weight and the whole person looks a bit out of shape as if a gust of wind could blow him away.

But he is still very happy because his tribe hasn't eaten him; he is still alive.

Not only was he alive, the other three people who had experienced the same fate as him were still alive.

This is due, on the one hand, to their hard work in finding various foods to alleviate hunger outside, and, on the other hand, to the tribe that brought them the good news.

If it weren't for the arrival of the people from that somewhat dark tribe at the last moment, who gave them the precious things called pottery pots, which could be used to cook soup into hot water, they would still be struggling to avoid being eaten.

It's just that they can exchange these with some useless fur, Cao Geng, and the others are naturally willing.

Chapter 387: The Joyous Gathering and the Salt Initiative About to Start

Several dark, round clay pots have now become the most precious possessions in their tribe, and everyone regards them with reverence.

These pots can make food more durable and help survive the harsh cold of winter.

Feeling elated, the Cao Geng tribe imagines the preciousness of these items and the tribe that seems to have come specifically to rescue them, and their mood becomes even more joyful.

But a shadow falls over their joy when they think about the wolves and deer that have made them what they are.

"These guys, they better not show up this year!"

Rooting around the land that deer and wolves once injured, Cao Geng fiercely contemplates.

While Cao Geng and a few others express gratitude to the dark tribe, they also grit their teeth, awaiting the reappearance of the deer and wolves. They do not know that the tribe that brought them salvation during crucial times is now heading towards the Green Sparrow tribe with furs exchanged from their tribe and others.

They don't know how they'd feel knowing that the very deer they are planning against, which belongs to a tribe so powerful and prosperous that it brought them salvation, is considered untouchable.

Regardless of how Cao Geng feels, the mood of the Donkey tribe leader and its people is very good.

They carry large quantities of fur in the mildly warm spring breeze.

These furs were exchanged for minimal pottery and salt, but the Green Sparrow tribe could also exchange them for more pottery and some food.

The Donkey tribe people treat these furs exceptionally precious because they can make their lives better.

The leader of the Donkey tribe and its people bear many red marks and scars on their faces and hands, left by the ice and snow of the approaching end of winter.

But the people of the Donkey tribe don't mind too much; sometimes, they even take pride in these scars and marks because they represent their harvest.

When deeply immersed in something, they often produce something more accomplished.

For example, the Donkey tribe leader, who focuses entirely on this primitive trade, is now setting out with his people. They have faced many hardships this time during the journey, but the harvest is still very satisfying.

Today, the Donkey tribe leader, along with his tribe, is headed not only to continue trading furs for pottery with the Green Sparrow tribe but also to attend the joyous gathering.

According to tradition, this year's gathering was supposed to be held at the Bone tribe, but since the Bone tribe no longer exists and most of its people have joined the Green Sparrow tribe, after discussions among several tribes, this year's gathering will still take place at the Green Sparrow tribe.

In this regard, the leader of the Donkey tribe had no objections. After all, the Green Sparrow tribe has now become the most powerful and wealthy tribe among several tribes, so it's only natural for them to host the gathering.

Moreover, if the Green Sparrow tribe holds the gathering, they can also enjoy free food for a few days...

The leader of the Sheep tribe also set out with his people, carrying some furs to exchange for more exquisite pottery.

The leader of the Green tribe, as carefree as ever, was more than willing to join the gathering at the Green Sparrow tribe.

A free meal, what could be more beautiful?

And that big-bottomed spouse of the tribe leader... hehehe...

While the other two tribes had just set out, the leader of the Green tribe, who had already covered more than half of the journey, was rubbing his hands and laughing.

His mood became even more pleasant as he laughed and glanced at the two spouses who had accompanied him.

Because after the last gathering, each of these spouses gave birth to a boy for him.

The two boys are now able to run on the ground, healthy and strong, and seem unlikely to die prematurely.

In a few more years, their tribe will gain two strong adult males again.

So, this time, he decided to exchange words with the leader of that tribe during the gathering.

Who knows, maybe by this year, his two spouses will give birth to two more healthy babies...

The people of the Green Sparrow tribe have already prepared for the upcoming gathering.

According to Han Cheng's idea, this gathering shouldn't be held again this time.

Firstly, as someone from a future era, he still isn't quite accustomed to this.

Secondly, now that the Green Sparrow tribe has completely absorbed the Bone tribe and has three women who originally belonged to the Flying Snake tribe, it doesn't matter much whom they choose as partners.

However, the shaman is not very willing; he fears this might cause the tribe to suffer.

After thinking about it, Han Cheng didn't insist further. After all, changing customs takes time, and he happened to have something to announce while the people of the other three tribes were gathered.

That thing is the Salt Plan, which has been going on for a long time.

Now that the Green Sparrow tribe has completely absorbed the Bone tribe, internal stability has been achieved, and large land areas have been cultivated. Soon, they will plant millet on a large scale, and there will be plenty of food to harvest in the autumn.

Now, it's time to start showing their strength again and gradually absorb the surrounding tribes into their embrace.

After all, as more things appear, the division of labor within the Green Sparrow tribe is becoming more detailed, and the need for people is also increasing.

Nowadays, the manpower is a bit tight.

The people of the Green Sparrow tribe unanimously agree to stop providing salt for free to the surrounding tribes.

For the people of the Green Sparrow tribe, who have become accustomed to exchanging their pottery for other things, it's uncomfortable to give away the salt they've worked so hard to produce to other tribes for nothing.

Especially the dark Donkey tribe, which has been taking more and more salt from the tribe over the past year, almost more than their tribe uses.

Chapter 388: Salt is no longer free

The leader of the Green Tribe is always so proactive. After arriving at the Green Sparrow Tribe, he first looked at the large pot already set up outside the gate, which had been cleared out for the execution of the leader of the Bone Tribe. Then he greeted the Eldest Senior Brother, who came out to meet them with a handshake.

Primitive people are straightforward. Even though Han Cheng had seen it many times before, seeing it again now still made him somewhat emotional.

After the two tribes met, there wasn't much small talk. They immediately got to the point.

As usual, the Eldest Senior Brother was the first to choose. As expected, he once again chose the two spouses by the side of the leader of the Green Tribe. The leader of the Green Tribe also chose the big-bottomed spouse of the Eldest Senior Brother.

The two of them smiled knowingly and, with tacit understanding, brought their chosen partners to the platform used to execute the leader of the Bone-Cutting Tribe...

Han Cheng, who was watching on the sidelines, was dumbfounded. Couldn't they be a bit less aggressive? Couldn't they be a bit more low-key?

After watching for a while, seeing Bai Xue standing beside him and watching the battlefield with relish, Han Cheng quickly pulled his little wife and retreated into the courtyard.

They should not corrupt Little wife. Han Cheng couldn't imitate the bold style of the Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

"You mustn't learn from them. That's not good behavior."

Inside the room, Han Cheng earnestly educated his little wife on the ideological subject.

"What about their leader..."

Bai Xue blinked innocently.

"That's for procreation..."

Han Cheng sniffed.

"But Brother Cheng still peeks..."

Han Cheng "..."

After a fierce battle, where they were fighting to the death just a while ago, both sides were gathering around a large pot to eat. The men were lazy, while the women were spirited.

In such battles, the relatively weaker female primitive people always easily defeated the male primitive people.

Only tired deer exist, not broken land.

No one knows who came up with this saying, which gradually spread in the Green Sparrow Tribe and gained the approval of most male primitive people.

For some reason, the leader of the Green Tribe always felt that the food made by the Green Sparrow Tribe was tastier than that of their tribe. After eating three big bowls in a row, he forced himself to eat a little more, feeling completely satisfied.

That night, the people of the Green Tribe rested outside the walls of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Although the people of the Green Tribe were somewhat dissatisfied with this, they didn't complain too much. After all, if their tribe hosted a celebration, they wouldn't let other tribes enter their caves to rest either.

The next day, the Sheep Tribe and Donkey Tribe arrived one after the other, and the hides they brought astonished the leader of the Green Tribe.

Where did these two tribes get so many hides? How did they become so strong now?

After a brief shock, the leader of the Green Tribe became proud again because he remembered the wild grass seeds around his tribe.

The people of the Sheep Tribe, who arrived first, were shocked to see the Donkey Tribe, who brought even more hides than they did.

After one or two years of exchange, there shouldn't be many hides left among these tribes. So how come the people of the Donkey Tribe could still produce so many hides?

Could they, like their own tribe, have a lot of game passing nearby in the fall?

But it wasn't quite right. The hides brought by their tribe were mostly sheepskins, while the Donkey Tribe brought a variety of hides.

In addition to grazing animals, there were also many hides of meat-eating animals.

Little did the Sheep Tribe know that while they were surprised by the hides brought by the Donkey Tribe, the Donkey Tribe was equally surprised by the prosperity of the Sheep Tribe.

The leader of the Donkey Tribe thought that the people of the Sheep Tribe, like them, had begun trading with other tribes using pottery and other items.

Therefore, the people from the Donkey Tribe gazed somewhat unfriendly at the people of the Sheep Tribe.

Traveling companions are enemies. The leader of the Donkey Tribe didn't know this saying, but out of instinct, he still emitted some hostility.

The people of the Sheep Tribe sensed this and reciprocated the unfriendliness towards the Donkey Tribe.

So, in the ensuing celebration, the ever-opportunistic leader of the Green Tribe was delighted.

Because after the Sheep Tribe and the Donkey Tribe stopped dealing with each other, in the ensuing celebration, they didn't choose many people from each other's tribe. Instead, most of their partners were from the larger Green Sparrow Tribe and Green Tribe.

This meant that the likelihood of pregnancy among the female primitive people of the tribes would increase, and the tribes' population would grow. How could he not be happy about this?

The initially happy leader of the Green Tribe soon became unhappy. After the celebration ended, he requested to take back some more salt from the wealthy Green Sparrow Tribe, but their leader didn't comply. Instead, he shook his head, indicating they needed something in exchange.

He wasn't the only one who was unhappy; the leaders of the Sheep Tribe and the Donkey Tribe, who were also treated this way, felt similarly displeased after understanding what was happening.

After enjoying free salt for so long, these guys had come to take it for granted, completely forgetting the gratitude they had felt when they first learned that the Green Sparrow Tribe would provide salt for free.

After waiting for a while, seeing that the Eldest Senior Brother had already sung his blackface song almost to the end, Han Cheng shook his sleeves, cleared his throat, and made a shiny appearance to play his red face.

The three tribal leaders who were surrounding the Eldest Senior Brother and criticizing him stopped as soon as they saw Han Cheng as if they had seen a savior and quickly stepped forward to greet him.

Then, they began to speak to Han Cheng with some excitement.

In their impression, the leader of this tribe was a stingy person, while the tribe's Divine Child was very generous and straightforward. They believed that by telling him about this matter, they could get a good resolution.

Chapter 389: Superb Acting

This Divine Child, whom they considered to be extremely generous, indeed did not disappoint them.

After they expressed their dissatisfaction and requests in a flurry of chatter, the Divine Child, who had been smiling, put away his smile and started questioning the stingy tribe leader.

Full of hope, they overlooked that the Divine Child understood their grievances this time without needing a translator.

Han Cheng asked with a somewhat serious expression, while the eldest senior brother respectfully answered, no longer displaying the arrogance he had when facing the three tribe leaders alone earlier.

Seeing this change, the leaders of the Goat, Green, and Donkey tribes felt secretly pleased.

"Now, let's see how arrogant you can be in front of us. You've met your match, haven't you?"

The shaman, who had rehearsed many times with Han Cheng and the eldest senior brother in the room, watched their performance and then looked at the reactions of the three tribe leaders. He lowered his head, his wrinkled face twitching slightly.

He could barely contain his laughter.

After this act, Han Cheng turned around to face the three excited tribe leaders. He shook his head apologetically and with a heavy heart.

The tribe leaders, hoping for good news, felt their hearts sink.

"Why?" they asked urgently, wanting to know what was happening.

"...It's not that we don't want to provide it for free, but obtaining salt has become increasingly difficult for us..." Han Cheng said sincerely, with a touch of regret, while the eldest senior brother acted as the translator, striving to accurately convey Han Cheng's meaning.

As the three tribe leaders gradually understood the situation, their initial dissatisfaction and anger turned into resignation and discomfort.

They looked at Han Cheng, momentarily at a loss for what to do.

Han Cheng sighed deeply, then clapped his hands. Three people, who had been prepared earlier, came out from the tribe, each holding a small jar of salt, which they placed on the ground.

Han Cheng placed the three jars of salt in front of the three tribe leaders and said in a somewhat pained and helpless tone, "This is the last bit of salt our tribe can provide for free."

"Divine Child, don't give it to them..." Following the previous rehearsal, the eldest senior brother reluctantly bent down to grab the three jars of salt, holding onto them tightly and anxiously saying to Han Cheng.

"Give it to them! They are our neighbors!" The Divine Child, who always had a smiling face in the eyes of the three tribe leaders, was now angry. Not only did his voice rise threefold, but his tone also became harsh, and he glared at them.

Although the three tribe leaders could not understand their conversation, they realized that the generous Divine Child and the stingy tribe leader were in conflict over whether to give them salt.

It seemed that the tribe faced difficulties obtaining salt, as they had said. Otherwise, the generous Divine Child and the wealthy tribe leader would not be at odds over these few salt jars.

Under Han Cheng's persistent glare, the eldest senior brother finally couldn't resist the Divine Child's 'pressure' and reluctantly, full of reluctance, gave the three jars of salt back to the three tribe leaders.

Then, in a less than friendly manner, he translated Han Cheng's words to the three tribe leaders, telling them that this was the last bit of salt they could provide for free.

The three tribe leaders were deeply moved by Han Cheng's deliberately created atmosphere and by the benevolent actions of this tribe's Divine Child.

"Is there no way to obtain salt besides trading goods for it?"

Although they were touched, they didn't hesitate to secure benefits for their own tribes.

Hearing the Green Tribe leader's question translated by the eldest senior brother, Han Cheng's face twitched slightly. He thought to himself that the Green Tribe leader was opportunistic. Even in such a well-crafted scenario that moved him, he still asked such a question.

"Besides trading, the only other way is to join our tribe. If you join us, you become part of our family and can have salt for free."

After all the buildup, Han Cheng finally revealed his hidden agenda.

The eldest senior brother conveyed Han Cheng's message to the three tribe leaders. Their expressions turned complicated.

As Han Cheng expected, none of them agreed to this.

However, some ordinary people from the three tribes who understood the situation showed signs of longing after hearing this. This resulted from Han Cheng subtly showcasing the enticing aspects of the Green Sparrow Tribe over a long period.

After the festival ended, the leaders of the Green, Donkey, and Goat tribes left the Green Sparrow Tribe with their people. Compared to previous occasions, they seemed rather subdued this time.

From now on, they wouldn't be able to get salt for free, which was certainly not good news for them. The last free jar of salt wouldn't last them long.

Therefore, the Donkey and Goat tribes used the furs they had brought, initially meant to trade for pottery, to exchange for more salt. The Donkey Tribe acquired the most, as they needed it for their consumption and trading with other tribes. Salt, which could make food incredibly tasty, was just as popular as pottery in trade with other tribes.

Han Cheng set a high price for salt, much higher than that for pottery. Although the three tribe leaders found it hard to accept, they understood, given the value of salt.

Seeing the now empty and somewhat messy area outside the tribe, the shaman and the eldest senior brother, who were both aware of and had participated in the salt plan, felt quite disheartened. They had provided so much salt to the other tribes for free, hoping to reel them in eventually, but none of the three tribes showed any willingness to join the Green Sparrow Tribe. This was a big letdown for the two, who had been excited and hopeful about this plan for a long time.

Han Cheng, on the other hand, was not as disappointed. He had anticipated that the three tribes would not agree immediately. Having spent considerable time here, he understood the dynamics between the various primitive tribes. It was unrealistic to expect a tribe leader to lead their tribe to join another tribe unless faced with a true crisis.

Chapter 390: A Troublesome Dog

"Won't give up until reaching the Yellow River"—this mindset is common among many people.

Understanding this, Han Cheng was not particularly affected when the shaman and eldest senior brother felt disheartened over the lack of immediate success.

"Don't worry, they still have salt to eat. When they run out of salt..."

Han Cheng explained to the shaman and eldest senior brother.

Since they weren't planning to use force, they would have to endure the wait, however arduous it might be.

They had done everything they could, and now it was up to time. When the time came, they would decide on the next step based on the situation.

After listening to Han Cheng, the shaman and eldest senior brother felt much better.

The grass became greener following a light spring rain, and the flowers bloomed more vibrantly.

The Green Sparrow Tribe began the long-awaited project of planting millet.

A stone recording the Green Sparrow Tribe's 'history' was used to inscribe the character "Grain Rain" in the grid for the previous day.

The name was chosen because, after this rain, the Divine Child instructed them to start planting millet.

"Yoo yoo..."

Deer Lord, pulling a plow, cried out unwillingly on the lush and vibrant plains.

In such a bright and sunny moment, the best thing to do would be to lead his large herd to enjoy the fresh greenery while indulging in activities that make a deer's heart joyful.

But now, Deer Lord was harnessed to the plow, working.

Not just him. About half of the adult deer in the herd were pulling various equipment across the plains.

The other half would be harnessed when they got tired and took over the work.

Humans could do as they pleased, but the deer had no freedom.

Having witnessed the recent joyous festival, Old Deer cried even more mournfully.

Was there any worse way to treat deer?

Fu Jiang and his several silly children no longer followed the deer herd as they did in the wild.

They scattered across the fields, occasionally running around playfully.

However, no one dared to approach the brilliantly blooming rapeseed fields anymore, a lesson learned after Han Cheng repeatedly kicked Little Fu's pollen-covered bottom.

The millet seeds, carefully stored by the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, were sown into the furrows. It wouldn't take long before they sprouted.

The Green Sparrow Tribe's large-scale land clearing and field preparation had been highly effective. In addition to the few dozen acres of rapeseed, they had about 680 acres.

This result exceeded Han Cheng's expectations.

Of these 680 acres, 80 acres would be left aside.

Some of these 80 acres would be used to grow wild hemp, while the rest would lie fallow.

It wasn't that Han Cheng didn't want to plant more, but they ran out of seeds.

For several hundred acres, the amount of seeds needed was substantial.

The millet harvested last year was primarily kept for seeds rather than food, yet it was still insufficient.

In the tribe, Bai Xue was squatting and carefully watching the silkworm eggs in the warm sunlight, eagerly waiting for them to hatch. She had already prepared fresh mulberry leaves for them.

It proved that wolves and huskies were always a handful, whether in ancient times or later generations.

"Woo woo woo~"

"Woof woof woof~"

Accompanied by heart-wrenching wails that echoed across the plain, Little Fu, who had left in a huff after receiving a few kicks from Han Cheng, emerged from the distance. It seemed like something was chasing him, and he was desperately running while crying pitifully. Occasionally, he would even roll on the ground.

Hearing the commotion, Fu Jiang and the other four pups scattered across the plain started barking and ran towards Little Fu. The deer stopped their actions, perked up their ears, and watched. Some people grabbed hoes and mattocks and rushed over, while Han Cheng, surrounded by a few people, headed in that direction.

Third Senior Brother, who never parted with his bow, had already nocked an arrow. It was a feathered arrow with an iron tip, and he scanned the surroundings with a vigilant expression, ready to shoot at any sign of danger.

"Woof woof woof..."

When Little Fu finally reached them, feeling safer now, he stopped running and collapsed on the ground, crying out and rolling in pain. Fu Jiang and the other pups arrived and anxiously jumped around him.

Han Cheng and the others approached and carefully examined Little Fu during his rolling fits. They didn't see any snakes or apparent wounds, but Little Fu's agony was absolute. He was restless, whining, and continually thrashing about.

Han Cheng instructed everyone to step back to avoid being hurt by the frenzied Little Fu. After a while, Little Fu finally stopped whining but appeared significantly swollen. His face was so puffy that his eyes were reduced to slits, giving him a comical yet pitiful look. Standing there, he was almost twice the size of Fu Jiang, exuding a strange sense of humor.

Despite knowing it wasn't appropriate to laugh, Han Cheng couldn't help but chuckle at the sight of the swollen and distorted Little Fu. He then began cautiously examining him. From his current

state, it seemed likely that Little Fu had been bitten by some venomous creature, possibly a snake or insect.

Han Cheng hoped it wasn't something too venomous, as he had no effective remedies for such unknown poisons. After confirming there were no large predators, Han Cheng sent the others back to continue plowing and sowing, keeping only a few less busy individuals, including the shaman, by his side.

The chubby Little Fu looked uneasy, but after Han Cheng reassured him for a while, he allowed him to examine him. Han Cheng carefully parted the fur on Little Fu's head and frowned.

There was a black and purple spot resembling a bite mark from some creature. Han Cheng continued to carefully inspect Little Fu, who sat there obediently, looking as if he were a child bullied outside.

"Hiss!"

Han Cheng couldn't help but gasp. There were nine such spots on Little Fu's head alone! What had he gotten into? Han Cheng noticed something sticky around Little Fu's mouth. What was that?

While holding Little Fu's chin to check, Han Cheng pondered and brought his hand to his eyes to see more clearly. Before he could get a good look, the swollen-faced Little Fu surprisingly opened his mouth, licked Han Cheng's hand with his clumsy tongue, and then tried to clean his chin.