

Primitive 401

Chapter 401: Two smiling Shamans

"Divine Child, let's fertilize these fields..."

The Shaman had been observing the fields for a long time and now approached Han Cheng with a suggestion.

Han Cheng was somewhat surprised. Wasn't it too early to see the results before the autumn harvest? It was just the beginning of summer.

"We can already see the difference now. Not waiting until the autumn harvest would result in a significant decrease in the millet yield..." The Shaman shook his head.

Before, there was no comparison, so it wasn't apparent whether fertilizing had any effect. But now, with this comparison, the difference was immediately evident.

Han Cheng thought about it and realized the Shaman was right. Waiting until autumn to measure the difference in fertilization was unnecessary. After all, the loss would be for their tribe alone.

He immediately arranged for people to carry manure and spread it in these fields.

Just like the Shaman, most members of the tribe now clearly understood the importance of fertilization, so they naturally followed the Divine Child's instructions.

At this stage, when the millet hadn't grown too tall yet, spreading manure might sometimes hit the seedlings, but it wouldn't have much of an impact.

The effect of topdressing at this time naturally wouldn't be as good as when the fertilizer was applied at the beginning. After all, the organic fertilizer used by the Green Sparrow Tribe needed some time to dissolve and be absorbed by the crops. In this respect, it couldn't be compared to modern chemical fertilizers.

The manure was spread into the ground, and the Shaman's face showed a smile...

As the Shaman of the Green Sparrow Tribe watched the green carpet-like millet spread around the tribe with a smile, the Shaman of the distant Flying Snake Tribe also stood in the wilderness, smiling.

The same smile, but with different joys. While the Shaman of the Green Sparrow Tribe was happy for a good harvest in the autumn, the joy of the Shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe came from a strange creature with a single horn growing nearby.

This creature, covered in fur with a single horn on its head, looked silly as it grazed, showing a greedy look.

The little creature's size had grown rapidly, and after surviving the difficult winter with food shortages, it had now become plump and well-fed.

It was almost half the size of the two big creatures their tribe had eaten.

By the time autumn came, it would be even bigger.

"Eat more, grow faster," thought the Shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe as he reached out, plucked a handful of grass that the little creature liked to eat, and offered it to the creature. The creature, as before, stuck out its rough tongue, quickly rolled up the grass, and gobbled it down in a few bites.

The Shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe squatted down and patted the creature's head as it continued to eat grass, his face full of smiles...

While others smiled, the leader of the Green Tribe wore a worried expression. Even though today's harvest was good, he didn't show much happiness.

Not only he but most people in the tribe also seemed somewhat gloomy, lacking the joy they used to feel when returning from a harvest.

When the group returned to the tribe, the leader of the Green Tribe took out some of the prey caught today and had someone handle it. This would be their food for tonight.

As some people handled the meat, others skillfully set up clay pots and filled them with water, preparing to cook.

A unique aroma filled the air as the water boiled and the meat and wild vegetables simmered.

The leader of the Green Tribe stood up, looking somewhat dazed, and lifted the pot lid to serve himself a bowl first. After he had served himself, the other members of the Green Tribe who had bowls also came forward to serve themselves.

Squatting down, the leader of the Green Tribe used a method he had learned from that tribe to pick up a piece of meat from his bowl and chew it, trying to demonstrate the food's deliciousness. However, this effort didn't last long. He swallowed the meat in his mouth and took a small sip of soup, and although he had always enjoyed the meat soup before, today, he didn't have much of an appetite. After one sip, he didn't want to take another.

Raising his head and looking around, the leader of the Green Tribe noticed that the other members of the tribe who were eating were also disinterested, eating absentmindedly.

After a while of low-spirited eating, the leader of the Green Tribe couldn't take it anymore. He said something and then got up to go to the salt jar. He lifted it and found that only a thin layer of salt was left inside. He scooped some salt into his bowl using a wide, hard leaf stored inside the jar and added some to the large pot of meat soup.

Then he said something to the people eagerly watching the pot, and they immediately became ecstatic. They rushed to the pot and poured their food into it. After a quick stir, they continued eating.

This time, their state was obviously different, and everyone ate eagerly.

The leader of the Green Tribe watched the people in the tribe with annoyance. He felt quite angry about their behavior but ate at the same speed as everyone else.

After a hearty meal, the leader of the Green Tribe put down his bowl and let out a satisfied sigh. But this satisfaction didn't last long. When he looked at the salt jar and saw that there was even less salt left inside, his previous satisfaction disappeared.

How could they not control themselves again?

The leader of the Green Tribe slapped his thigh in frustration...

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe did not share the leader's troubles. Now, they were enveloped in astonishment and jubilation.

The strange-looking object in Lame's hands was the source of all this excitement.

This object was about eighty centimeters tall, with a circle at the bottom, two handles like cart shafts at the back, and a shallow, oblong large basket woven from thick vines tied on top.

At this moment, this basket was neatly filled with one hundred and twenty bricks!

Although the bricks made by the Green Sparrow Tribe were relatively light and not as heavy as modern bricks, weighing about three catties each, they still added up to three hundred and sixty catties.

Most people in the Green Sparrow Tribe couldn't calculate such large weights involving multiplication, but they could still get an intuitive sense from the number of bricks.

Even the strongest Second Senior Brother could only carry fifty bricks at a time, and even if he could carry more, he wouldn't be able to make more than two trips.

Most people only carried about thirty bricks.

And now, this thing called a wheelbarrow by the Divine Child actually carried one hundred and twenty bricks at once!

Chapter 402: The completed wheelbarrow

The most important thing, however, was not the appearance of the wheelbarrow loaded with so many bricks; Lame, who was not known for his strength, was pushing it!

If this had happened with the Second Senior Brother, known for his strength, people would have been surprised, but not to the extent they are now. But seeing Lame, with his limp, pushing the cart alone with such a heavy load, everyone involuntarily widened their eyes and opened their mouths in sheer astonishment.

Tools capable of transporting a lot at once were not unheard of to them. For example, when building bathhouses in winter, the Divine Child and Lame made a deer-drawn plow. However, that plow differed from this wheelbarrow because a deer pulled it, while now, only a person was pushing it. This was a testament to their ingenuity and resourcefulness.

Watching Lame, his face beaming with pride, push the cart back and forth, Han couldn't help but smile.

The first hand-pushed cart in the Green Sparrow Tribe was still relatively primitive compared to the cart Han remembered from his memory. It was even inferior to the two-wheeled carts commonly used on construction sites in later years. But it was still a cart.

In a broader sense, the wheelbarrow marked the beginning of vehicle manufacturing. Before its appearance, it might have taken a long time and a lot of trial and error to create a more efficient cart than carrying things by hand. But with the wheelbarrow in place, the appearance of other wheeled vehicles became a natural progression.

Transporting one hundred and twenty bricks at once was too much for the wheelbarrow. After all, the road from the brick kiln to the Green Sparrow Tribe was challenging, and the wheels were still made of wood.

Carrying so much at once was to test the wheelbarrow's load-bearing capacity. Another reason was that Han, especially Lame, wanted to elicit admiration from the tribe.

Could Lame, who had finally managed to produce the wheelbarrow, resist showing it off?

But after waiting for the road to be smoothed out a bit, carrying seventy or eighty bricks at a time wouldn't be too difficult. It would be much easier than using a shoulder pole.

"I'll give it a try!"

After watching for a while, the Second Senior Brother couldn't help himself. He stepped forward and said.

By now, Lame had received enough admiring looks from everyone, and the effort of pushing the cart had made his forehead slightly sweaty.

Although pushing the cart was lighter and more accessible than carrying a pole, carrying a heavier load would still make him tired, so he let go.

After Lame let go, the wheelbarrow didn't lose its balance and tip over. Instead, it stood steadily there because two wooden supports acted as legs at the back of the wheelbarrow.

"Let's load some more bricks on top..."

Taking over from Lame, the Second Senior Brother, under Lame's guidance, quickly became familiar with the wheelbarrow and proudly exclaimed.

Han quickly intervened to stop him.

After all, the wheelbarrow's bearings were made of hardwood, not steel, and the wheels were also made of wood. If more weight were added, this handcrafted wheelbarrow would likely be scrapped before it could be put into actual use...

The novelty of the hand-pushed cart immediately caught the people's attention of the Green Sparrow Tribe. Not only adults but also curious and active children were running around the wheelbarrow, waiting for the adults to have some free time so they could play with the cart.

The wheelbarrow's appearance significantly reduced the workers' burden of carrying clay bricks and finished bricks. Originally, five people were needed for this task, but now only two are required.

Although the number of workers suddenly decreased by more than half, the work speed had not slowed; in fact, it had even increased. And the two workers didn't feel as tired as before.

The great success of the first hand-pushed cart significantly boosted the morale of the first carpenter, Lame. With the experience of the first successful attempt, he quickly began working with two assistants, and half a month later, he produced two more carts.

Some of the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were currently wielding tools for compacting earth, taking advantage of the ground not yet completely dry after a rain. They were not building earth walls or compacting the ground inside newly built houses but working on the road outside the Green Sparrow Tribe's perimeter wall that led to the brick kiln.

The road they were compacting was not just a dirt path; it was covered with a layer of fine stones transported from the quarry. Over time, many small broken stones had accumulated at the quarry and were useless until now.

With these fine stones, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe violently compacted the earth, ensuring that the ground wouldn't turn into mud after rain, providing added security when it was time to harvest and transport crops.

This road was divided into three sections: one leading to the brick kiln and the other two leading to the fields on either side of the tribe. These three roads converged fifty meters outside the main gate of the tribe and then led into the tribe together.

No wonder they said that you must first build roads to become rich. While this road might not make the Green Sparrow Tribe wealthy, at the very least, it would make traveling much more comfortable.

Walking on this newly repaired section of the primitive "village road," Han Cheng couldn't help but feel emotional. However, when he looked at the two roads leading to the fields, which were still in the planning stage and hadn't started construction yet, Han couldn't help but sniff.

After all, the tribe's manpower was limited, and there were many things to do. It wasn't possible to devote all manpower to road construction.

So far, only one section of the "village road" leading from the tribe to the brick kiln had been completed, and the standards weren't exceptionally high.

Currently, more than 11,000 clay bricks have been fired and stacked in the tribe, forming a large pile. Many roof tiles have also been made, mainly for the construction of the school's brick and tile building, which was about to begin. As a result, the workers who had been compacting the road will be diverted to the construction of the buildings, and the construction of the two roads leading to the fields will be postponed.

Infrastructure development was indeed not easy. Han Cheng shook his head in contemplation.

Population, always insufficient, he sighed once again.

Let's wait a little longer. If my salt plan, which I've been working on for so long, doesn't have the desired effect by this winter, then I'll have to take some other measures!

Chapter 403: Pulling up the seedlings to help them grow (1)

"Bang, bang..."

In the faint morning mist that hadn't completely dissipated, a few bursts of sound came from within the Green Sparrow Tribe.

These were the reluctant groans the dried bamboo burning in the flames emitted.

"Let's get to work!"

Holding a shovel bone, Han Cheng shouted to the crowd after digging out the first piece of earth.

His voice seemed somewhat mysterious or solemn despite the occasional crackling of firecrackers.

With his command, the prepared crowd immediately started working on the quiet earth.

Stone hoes and shovel bones danced, and the ground pre-planned with ropes soon changed beyond recognition.

After digging the first shovel bone, Han Cheng, having worked for a while, withdrew from the labor queue with his shovel bone, transitioning from a worker to an observer.

Compared to when Han Cheng first arrived here, the Green Sparrow Tribe now had many more rules.

Most of these were initiated by him without being too deliberate, and everything seemed to fall into place naturally.

In this gradual progression, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't feel anything amiss; instead, they felt it was only natural.

This is similar to the recent ritual of breaking ground for building houses, led by Han Cheng as the shaman, which was an extension of his authority.

Things like this often seemed commonplace, but their effects were enormous over the long term.

Simply put, this was a way for him to strengthen and maintain his position.

As Shaman wandered around with the rabbit, he was mostly cheerful as long as Han Cheng and the Eldest Senior Brother were around.

Smiling makes one look younger. Although this saying wasn't particularly accurate, Shaman did seem younger than before, with a much better spirit overall.

Of course, he was happy because since the Divine Child arrived, everything in the tribe had been changing for the better at a pace he had never dared imagine, progressing toward prosperity.

Faced with the increasingly prosperous tribe, his mood naturally improved.

As Shaman, with a smile on his face, watched the foundation being laid and the green brick walls being erected, the chief of the Green Tribe wore a worried expression.

He squatted on a stone, looking at the empty salt jar, appearing utterly powerless.

The salt jar was cleaner than his face.

This was obvious; it had already been rinsed three times with water. It would be strange if it weren't clean.

Yet even so, after a while, the chief of the Green Tribe poured some water into it again, giving it a fourth rinse.

He held the salt jar earnestly, shaking it carefully. After a long while, he painstakingly poured a bit of water into a bowl, stirred it, and then eagerly took a sip.

However, the soup tasted no different from before, devoid of saltiness.

With a sigh of disappointment, the chief of the Green Tribe reluctantly finished his food.

Looking around at the other tribe members, they all seemed similarly unenthusiastic, lacking much appetite.

After over two years of indulging in salt without restraint, returning to days without salt was truly tormenting for them.

Suffering wasn't just limited to their stomachs; it also affected their bodies. Many people felt they had lost strength and vitality compared to before.

They weren't fools. Connecting the dots between the previous period of eating salt and their current state, they naturally understood that the lack of salt was the cause.

Just as Han Cheng had anticipated, those who had become vigorous after getting used to eating salt found it unbearable to return to their previous weakened state.

Finally, someone in the tribe couldn't bear it anymore and started speaking up, suggesting that their chief should go to the prosperous tribe to exchange for some salt.

Someone echoed in agreement.

Although the others didn't speak, they looked at the chief expectantly.

The chief of the Green Tribe also wanted to make the exchange. However, he hesitated because the tribe had a relatively small number of animal skins and some other food items.

He swallowed a few mouthfuls of saliva and tried to placate the crowd...

Leaving the cave, the chief of the Green Tribe walked slowly around the tribe, his gaze searching the grass, landing on a type of wild grass that could produce many spikes.

This wasn't the first time he had seen this wild grass. After learning that it could be exchanged for things in that other tribe, he began to value these inconspicuous wild grasses.

Especially after the wealthy tribe announced that salt would no longer be provided for free, his visits to these wild grasses became more frequent.

There used to be many of these wild grasses around the tribe. But two years ago, their numbers began to decline.

By this year, the decline was even more severe, with barely any left, not even half of the previous year's amount.

Seeing this dwindling number and the wild grasses' failure to produce spikes, the chief of the Green Sparrow Tribe felt very distressed.

Their tribe had been without salt for several days, so why weren't these wild grasses producing spikes yet?

Not only did they fail to produce spikes, but they also didn't grow; they looked the same today as they did yesterday.

This was truly frustrating.

Thinking like this, the chief of the Green Sparrow Tribe involuntarily grabbed a clump of wild grass.

Why weren't they growing taller?

Feeling anxious, he unconsciously pulled on the wild grass.

Some rain had fallen these past few days, moistening the soil. His pull loosened the wild grass with little effort.

Feeling the sensation in his hand, the chief looked down and suddenly discovered, to his surprise, that the wild grass, which hadn't grown tall no matter what, had suddenly shot up significantly after his tug.

Trapped by the lack of salt and eager to exchange for salt with wild grass spikes, the chief of the Green Sparrow Tribe stared at the visibly taller wild grass spikes, his eyes suddenly brightening as he couldn't help but burst into laughter.

He moved to another clump of wild grass, bent down, and, using the same method, tugged it. This clump of grass also immediately shot up significantly.

As the sun gradually set, the chief of the Green Sparrow Tribe, feeling a bit sore from fatigue, looked at the noticeably taller wild grass swaying in the evening breeze. He couldn't help but smile, his face full of joy at his cleverness.

Such a good idea had occurred to him; he was indeed very clever!

Returning to the cave, he pounded his chest to announce to every one that soon they would be able to exchange wild grass spikes for salt...

Chapter 404: Pulling up the seedlings to help them grow (2)

As dusk gradually descended inside the cave of the Green Tribe after the leader told the people they were about to have salt to eat. The tribe members couldn't help but let out a surprised cheer.

They were excited and even admired the intelligence of their tribe leader.

Seeing the people's reactions and calmly accepting the praise and admiring looks, the leader of the Green Tribe became proud.

He was also pleased with his clever actions.

It was rare and admirable that he could always come up with such good solutions to problems!

That night, after the leader assured them that they would soon have salt, most of the people of the Green Tribe slept peacefully.

Some couldn't sleep, like the leader of the Green Tribe.

Not because he was worried but because he was excited about the salt they were about to obtain.

As soon as the sun rose the next day, the leader of the Green Tribe and the rest of the tribe, who were also early risers, left the cave and headed towards the place near the tribe where wild grass was growing.

It was easy to have a bit of mist on a summer morning.

This thin mist gathered into tiny dewdrops on the plants' leaves, then along the slanting grass blades, collected at the junction of the leaves and stems, overflowed, flowed down the stem, and moistened a small patch of soil, wetting the already broken roots.

It was still far from the time when the sun would come out and combined with the fact that the sun wasn't very strong when the leader of the Green Tribe acted yesterday, the sun wasn't very strong now either, so these "pulling up seedlings to help them grow" crops, which had been ravaged, were still very strong, showing no signs of weakness.

During this period, it wasn't just the leader of the Green Tribe who often came to see the wild grass. Now, when everyone came to see it, they found that, indeed, as the leader said, these wild grasses had grown so much taller all of a sudden.

The people couldn't help but cheer, once again casting respectful glances at the leader.

The leader of the Green Tribe naturally accepted these and stayed here for a while before leading the people back to the cave. After eating, he took the strong ones who often hunted out of the cave to hunt.

As usual, the rest of the people dug for wild vegetables around the tribe or collected wild fruits to fill their stomachs.

The sun rose from behind the mountain and soon showed its power. The air, which had seemed cool, became hot in no time.

A somewhat thin and weak primitive woman returned from outside carrying some freshly dug, commonly eaten wild vegetables wrapped in animal skins. She didn't walk with the same vigor as before, and through the mouths of the smarter people in the tribe, she understood that it was because she hadn't eaten salt.

The matter of exchanging wild grass for salt touched the hearts of every member of the Green Tribe, and this primitive woman was no exception.

She didn't need to pass through the area where the wild grass was growing to return to the cave, but she still went around.

Even though she knew that even with the magical touch of the leader's hands, these wild grasses couldn't grow shoots so quickly, she still couldn't help but want to take a look.

Arriving here in a good mood, the primitive woman's gaze froze as soon as she saw it.

The wild grass, which had looked very spirited when she came to see it with the leader in the morning, now looked listless and wilted, as if half-dead.

The primitive woman looked at the bright sun in the sky and then at the other grass around the wild grass, which looked lively. Standing here, she stood still for a while, unable to help but shout, her voice tinged with panic...

As the setting sun cast its rays amidst the somewhat hot summer air, the leader of the Green Tribe returned with the hunting party. Their harvest was not great, just enough for one day's meal.

However, the people did not feel discouraged because they knew they would soon be able to exchange wild grass for salt.

Not having to spend any extra food made them all feel relieved.

Walking at the forefront, the leader of the Green Tribe, seeing what lay ahead, couldn't help but feel stunned and alert.

There was still a certain distance from the tribe's cave, and in the past, the people who stayed in the tribe wouldn't come here to greet them, but today they did.

Seeing the anxious people running towards them, he had a foreboding feeling.

Could it be that wild beasts attacked the tribe? Or people from another tribe?

As he thought this, he tightened his grip on the weapon in his hand, and the others, who sensed something was wrong and grasped their weapons, hastened their steps to meet the newcomers.

At a certain distance, he asked what had happened.

But the anxious people didn't answer. They just kept running toward them, which made the leader of the Green Tribe even more uncertain.

Learning about the situation from the newcomers, the leader of the Green Tribe was stunned for a moment and incredulously asked.

After staying there for a moment, he pushed aside the people before him and ran towards the growing wild grass.

Some of the Green Tribe people who had understood what was happening had already followed the leader's footsteps and ran away, while others stayed behind in confusion.

What nonsense were the people left behind saying? The wild grass was still fine when they saw it this morning...

The leader of the Green Tribe said something meaningless weakly.

Looking at the almost withered wild grass, which was extremely important to their tribe, his eyes were somewhat distracted, and he felt dizzy.

Why did these wild grasses wither when they were fine just now?

After muttering for a while, he finally sat on the ground.

The people around him, as well as the other members of the Green Tribe, also seemed particularly uneasy and helpless.

Tonight, the cave where the Green Tribe lived seemed unusually quiet, with an indescribable oppressive atmosphere pervading the cave. Compared to last night's relaxed and happy atmosphere, it was almost suffocating.

From hope to shattered hope, it had only been one day.

Once again, the leader of the Green Tribe couldn't sleep, but the mood between the two sleepless nights was miles apart...

The Green Tribe leader squatted weakly on the ground, holding his head and looking extremely uncomfortable.

After squatting like this for a while, he finally stood up and ordered the people of the tribe to prepare food and animal skins to be sent to the wealthy tribe in exchange for salt.

Because most of the previous transactions had wild grass backing them up, many skins remained in their tribe.

However, since salt was more precious than pottery, the salt they obtained from this trip with animal skins would not last long.

Chapter 405: Hunting

In the early morning, sunlight streamed down, quickly evaporating the dew, and the air became hot.

"Yo yo..."

The proud old deer led an increasingly large herd out of the deer pen, heading towards the vast world outside...

Under the scorching sun, the constant chirping of cicadas annoyed people.

Sitting under a tree wearing a randomly woven grass ring, Cao Geng looked up at the seemingly empty trees, gritting his teeth in annoyance.

At this moment, he regretted not having wings. Otherwise, he would have flown up to the trees to catch all these annoying creatures and roasted them over a fire before devouring them.

After looking around for a while, he turned his gaze back to the area in front of him, which, due to the arrival of summer, appeared less spacious with various trees and branches.

It was still quiet there, with occasional birds landing in the grass to search for insects before flying away again.

There was no cool place in the summer, even in the shade of trees. Cao Geng was sweating despite having only a few leaves on his body.

Most of it was due to the extremely hot weather, but there was also some due to impatience.

That incident caused him trouble, and the deer has disappeared since then.

He would have doubted if it was just an illusion if it weren't for some visible scars.

Because of this incident, Cao Geng and several others had been mocked by the people in the tribe. Many said they had deliberately lied to gain attention from the tribe. Otherwise, why did the deer disappear after that one time?

Most primitive people had not learned to be 'diplomatic.' This blunt ridicule and suspicion made acceptance even more difficult.

So, these deer became an obsession in Cao Geng's heart.

He wanted to prove to the people in the tribe with his actions that he had not lied.

At first, three other people joined him in this endeavor.

However, those three people stopped coming after searching and waiting with no sign of the deer.

Some even started mocking Cao Geng for persisting in his belief.

Of course, for survival reasons, he still had to go hunting with the tribe members every day. It was impossible to stay near this sad place every day.

Only on hot days like today, or when other tribes were not hunting much, would he come here.

After waiting a while, feeling that the weather was not as hot, Cao Geng muttered to himself, sighed, and prepared to leave and return to the tribe.

When he left, the tribe leader had already made it clear that they would need to go out hunting when the weather was cooler and people were stronger.

"Whoosh..."

Under the slight movement of the grass leaves, Cao Geng, who had just stood up, immediately squatted down again, staring straight ahead at the not-so-open area, showing strong disbelief and surprise.

Following his gaze, one could see a deer that appeared larger than the others, stepping through the not-too-tall grass and occasionally lowering its head to graze.

Behind it were more deer of various sizes, following it leisurely, grazing on grass as they walked, like a group of elves or like a beautiful dream appearing unexpectedly before him.

Cao Geng quickly confirmed that this was not a dream because he spotted the wolf that had left a deep impression on him among the suddenly appearing herd of deer.

This calmed his feverish mind, and he abandoned the idea of rushing out alone to hunt down the deer.

Not to mention the deer's strong running ability, he alone might not even be able to catch the smallest deer, let alone the six wolves that didn't prey on deer but mingled with them all day, which he couldn't handle.

He paused here for a moment, then quietly got up and decided to go back to the tribe to report the news and then come back with the tribe to hunt down the deer.

This way, the tribe could get sufficient food and prove to the people that he hadn't lied, redeeming his image in the tribe and gaining recognition.

With these thoughts in mind, Cao Geng quietly stood up and...

Under the sunlight, a group of primitive people, armed with weapons and bare-chested, walked from afar.

Except for the roughly wrapped animal skins or leaves around their waists, they had nothing else on them.

They held crude weapons made of common materials such as stones, bones, and wood in their hands.

These weapons were not as tough as the sharp fangs and claws of ferocious beasts, but they made them one of the hunters, not superior in any aspect.

With these weapons, they could fight against those ferocious beasts.

As they walked forward, the leader-like figure cursed Cao Geng for being idle.

They said they would go hunting when it got cooler, but he still didn't return. Instead, he was obsessed with those deer that no one had seen except for him and three others!

Because of these deer, their tribe almost didn't survive the last winter, and now, he was still obsessed with those deer that had disappeared!

This annoyed the leader and the other members of the tribe, including the three who had once shared hardships with Cao Geng.

They came today to teach Cao Geng a lesson, telling him not to be idle like this. If he persisted like this, they wouldn't mind eating him when winter came again.

In such emotions, they continued to approach the land that had brought misfortune to their tribe, the land they were not very willing to come to.

When Cao Geng got up and prepared to quietly go back to the tribe to inform the others, the people who came to teach Cao Geng a lesson and then go hunting elsewhere stopped in their tracks, staring in disbelief at the open space.

Deer!

So many deer!

What Cao Geng said was true! There was such a large herd of deer!

After a brief moment of astonishment, a strong sense of joy completely enveloped the people in the tribe!

Someone exclaimed excitedly, gripping their weapon tightly, ready to rush towards the herd of deer, but the leader-like figure stopped them.

He had hunted deer before and knew these guys could run quickly.

At this distance, if they rushed over rashly, they would be discovered by the deer in advance, and then the deer would escape. They might not even catch a single deer!

The leader thought for a moment and made arrangements based on years of hunting experience.

He let about seventeen or eighteen people around him slowly spread out, using the grass and trees for cover, approaching the unsuspecting deer...

Chapter 406: The Revengeful Dog

Regarding the approaching danger, the Deer Lord remained oblivious, still leisurely grazing on the grass.

Xiao Fu was never a docile dog. When it occasionally sparred with the deer in the herd, it left the group alone and wandered around in the surrounding bushes and trees.

Due to some small animals being disturbed by the deer herd and the wolves mixed among them, there were usually some onlookers on the outskirts.

Every time Xiao Fu followed the deer herd, it never returned empty-handed, and this time was no exception.

Hearing the movement nearby, Xiao Fu lowered its body, claws scraping the ground, preparing to pounce and catch its prey.

In this silent wait, two legs with thicker fur than the rest suddenly appeared in front of it.

The person holding a stone-tipped spear stared intently at the unsuspecting deer herd, cautiously moving his steps.

All his attention was focused on the distant herd of deer, without noticing what was under his feet.

Seeing these two legs, Xiao Fu relaxed its vigilance. Instead of immediately pouncing and biting, it waited. It had seen similar legs before.

However, its relaxation lasted only a moment because a familiar scent came from the person!

Xiao Fu had a good memory in some respects, and relying on this scent, it even recognized that this was the two-legged beast that had tried to stab them with a spear before, only to be bullied by them!

When enemies met, their eyes turned red. Encountering a grudge-holding dog, this unsuspecting guy could only consider himself unlucky.

Amidst the rustling of the trees and the chaotic noise of the branches, a fully grown dog suddenly leaped up, emitting a fierce growl from its throat, and directly pounced on the two furry legs.

It bit down fiercely!

A cry of pain rang out from the primitive man, who was taken aback by the sudden events.

In his agony, he instinctively thrust the spear he held tightly towards the dog that had bitten him, aiming to strike it.

However, he missed.

The dog that had just bitten him unexpectedly let go and turned around to run at an extremely swift speed.

As it ran, it continued to emit warning-like cries, sounding as if it had been greatly wronged.

To achieve such a swift strike and flee thousands of miles away without any delay was thanks to the previous encounter with the swarm.

Since mouthing off at the beehive and not running away in time, almost unrecognizable due to the swelling, Xiao Fu naturally mastered this skill and became exceptionally adept at it.

The sudden cry of pain and the sound of Xiao Fu running and barking instantly disturbed the tranquility of the area.

The deer, who were grazing leisurely, suddenly became alert, raising their heads and turning their ears to look around. The dogs under Fu Jiang's command also entered a state of alertness.

There were also two heading towards Xiao Fu.

After hearing the painful cry of the tribe member and seeing the reaction of the deer herd, the chief of the tribe couldn't help but curse angrily.

Then, without concealing his figure, he appeared from his hiding place, holding his weapon, and chased after the herd of deer, which had already turned and started running towards the distance.

The rest of the people also appeared one after another, shouting and yelling as they sprinted.

Just as he got up and hadn't moved far from the tree bark, seeing this scene made him curse angrily.

Were these guys in the tribe intentionally causing trouble? Couldn't they wait a bit closer before shouting? Before launching the attack?

After a moment of daze, Cao Geng picked up his weapon and sprinted towards the deer herd, billowing up a dust cloud.

Although he knew it was impossible to catch up now.

As he ran, he shouted some words in his mouth.

Amid his run, Xiao Fu would sometimes turn and bark loudly.

The general idea was - are you the foolish dog, or am I? Do you want to get beaten by not running now?

All right, I admit it. This part was a random translation by the author. Although he was proficient in various tribal languages, he was a complete novice in the language of dogs.

There was a cacophony of human shouts, deer cries, and dog barks for a while.

After realizing that many people were rushing out, Fu Jiang, who originally intended to charge forward to meet the enemy, was like the Deer Lord. He whimpered and turned around, scampering away without any hesitation.

After prolonged contact with humans, these guys tended to become more cunning.

A chase was initiated here, a pursuit not uncommon in this era. What was unexpected, however, was that the two species, which were supposed to be natural enemies, actually fled together in a cloud of dust...

"Hoo... Hoo..."

Cao Geng pressed his hands on his knees, panting heavily, feeling like his heart was about to jump out of his chest.

"Phew..."

After panting for a while, he spat out some mouthfuls of dirt, looking frustrated and resentful.

Having finally seen this herd of deer, he ended up with a mouthful of dirt!

"Thud!"

The chief, who had regained some strength, fiercely kicked the leg of the man who had been bitten by Xiao Fu and was screaming in pain.

If it weren't for this guy, why would they have ended up with nothing?

Understanding the reason for the failure, Cao Geng also clenched his fists with hatred. It was those damn wolves again!

Although they didn't get anything this time, Cao Geng's status compared to before had changed somewhat. Seeing such a large herd of deer with their eyes, they completely believed Cao Geng's words.

Not only that, but most of them also harbored the same thoughts as Cao Geng - to kill these wolves and deer and then skin and eat them!

About three days after such events, learning from two consecutive failures and the shameless behavior of these deer and wolves, Cao Geng devised a plan.

The plan was that the next time they encountered these guys, a small group of people would approach first to attract their attention, and then the rest would move out. They would then kill these bullies who had caused him so much trouble.

Talent is indeed forced out, and when dogs are anxious, they jump walls; when rabbits are anxious, they bite people. Cao Geng, who wasn't strong in intelligence, was also forced by the shameless behavior of the deer and wolves to start thinking strategically.

As soon as he proposed this plan, it quickly gained everyone's approval. They were all sharpening their knives for those deer and wolves...

Chapter 407: The tribal craze of the 'bikini.'

The deer and Fu Jiang's encounter in the wilderness did not attract any attention from the crowd.

In the Green Sparrow tribe, everything was proceeding in an orderly manner.

The large brick houses with blue tiles were already leveled, and now it was time to build the side walls and wooden beams.

It's not that Han Cheng and the others didn't care about the deer and Fu Jiang. They didn't know about it.

After all, although the deer and Fu Jiang had mouths, they couldn't speak human language. Hindered by the language communication barrier, they couldn't convey what they encountered in the wilderness to the two-legged creatures protecting them...

Han Cheng sat at the doorstep, holding a tea bowl, feeling the cool breeze blowing in small gusts, and occasionally bringing the bowl to his lips to drink the cool water.

The water was light green, no longer just plain cold water.

Of course, it wasn't because of any additives. The Green Sparrow tribe hadn't found any green beans that matched the turtle's gaze. This light green water was brewed from fresh bamboo leaves.

The bamboo Han Cheng was transplanted from the forest where the untouchable national treasure existed last year, and it survived.

Not only did the first transplantation survive, but the one in autumn also, and now many bamboo shoots have emerged.

The bamboo leaf water cooled off. In the absence of green bean soup, in the morning, some fresh bamboo leaves were picked, cleaned, thrown into a large tub to boil, placed in the shade to cool, covered with a lid, and some clean bowls were placed on clean stones nearby. This kind of water had become a rare cooling tool for the people of the Green Sparrow tribe.

Moreover, fresh bamboo leaves had a unique fragrance compared to dried bamboo leaves.

Han Cheng felt very comfortable now, not only because he still had a long way to go before reaching the wireless air conditioner but also because of the people in the tribe.

The people in the tribe were all familiar faces, naturally not very pleasant to look at, but if there were some other changes, it would be different.

The changes among the people of the Green Sparrow tribe were reflected not on their faces but on their bodies.

Not far from Han Cheng, twins Xiao Mei and Xiao Li, wearing super-short shorts that barely covered their buttocks, were sitting in the shade picking vegetables.

Their upper bodies were bare, and only at specific points did they have two separate clamshell-like garments to cover themselves.

But compared to their surging weapons, this garment seemed too thin.

A regular straight body couldn't cover it completely, let alone when the two bent over to pick vegetables.

How could his mood not be pleasant with such a beautiful sight ahead?

Looking around, it wasn't just Xiao Mei and Xiao Li, but also the other female primitive people in the tribe who were dressed similarly.

As for the male primitive people of the tribe, they were bare-chested, wearing much larger hemp pants than the female primitive people.

Some of the more leisurely ones even wore a pair of flip-flops made of wooden boards and leather straps...

Unfortunately, there were no sunglasses or beach chairs around the tribe, nor were there any large beaches. Otherwise, with a bit of manipulation from Han Cheng, this place would almost become a beach of the future...

The people in the tribe dressed like this not because Han Cheng was too narrow-minded and insisted on experiencing the atmosphere of the future but because they had no choice.

This lack of choice referred to hemp.

Last year, although the tribe harvested several rafts of wild hemp from the oil hemp field, the amount of hemp thread obtained was not much after fermentation.

The raw hemp thread was not abundant, so the resulting fabric was also not plentiful.

Moreover, during the previous mask production, there was another round of consumption, resulting in even less fabric in the tribe.

All these reasons combined have led to the prevailing trend of coolness in the Green Sparrow tribe today.

After all, clothes made this way were the most fabric-saving and matched the style of primitive people who preferred to go shirtless in summer.

Of course, specific thoughts hidden behind these grand principles could also be achieved incidentally.

Since that's the case, why not?

Of course, Xiao Tong's wife, Bai Xue, was not included in this category.

She wore more clothes than anyone else in the tribe.

In addition to the two-piece outfit essential for female primitive people in the tribe, she also wore an extra short-sleeved top that covered all her flesh and shorts longer than those worn by the average female primitive person.

The people in the tribe didn't mind this at all. After all, besides Bai Xue's special relationship with the Divine Child, she had woven the most fabric among them.

In the eyes of the tribe, there was nothing inappropriate about Bai Xue wearing more fabric.

"Brother Cheng..."

A pair of feet-wearing flip-flops appeared before him, followed by shorts and short sleeves.

As Han Cheng's gaze towards the beautiful mountain peak was interrupted, the somewhat aggrieved voice of Xiao Tong's wife sounded.

Han Cheng sniffled. A righteous man finds joy in the mountains, and a wise man finds joy in the waters. As a person of great righteousness and integrity, he tried to appreciate the scenery like those wise ancients, yet the child bride still had complaints...

He raised his head and looked at his child bride, who had grown quite a bit and looked somewhat pitiful. He couldn't help but smile.

This little girl, what's the big deal at her age to be so aggrieved?

Of course, as for her grievances, Bai Xue pouted.

She wore nothing in the room, and Brother Cheng hardly paid attention to her. Now, he was secretly looking at Xiao Mei and Xiao Li, who were dressed...

After Han Cheng kindly advised her and promised to look at her like that in the evening, Bai Xue, who had been aggrieved, finally turned her sorrow into joy and happily ran away.

Han Cheng shook his head helplessly and smiled bitterly. Men...

While Han Cheng was pretending to be melancholy and sighing, a troubled person approached the Green Sparrow tribe.

When they were still some distance from the Green Sparrow tribe, the leader of the Green tribe instructed his people to hide their fur in the grass and cover them with some grass.

After doing these things under the puzzled gaze of the tribe members and resting for a while, the leader of the Green tribe, armed with defensive weapons and accompanied by the bewildered tribe members, headed towards the wealthy tribe.

Wasn't the leader supposed to exchange the fur for salt? Why did he hide the fur now?

Faced with the tribe members' questions, the leader of the Green tribe, who had been melancholic for a long time, finally smiled.

The people in the tribe still weren't smart enough!

He mused like this.

Of course, there was a reason for doing this. He wanted to see if he could, as usual, obtain free salt from this tribe.

If not, he would return with the fur.

The leader of the Green tribe, who liked to take advantage of others, always had a talent for such things.

After explaining this to the tribe members, they again admired the leader's wisdom...

Chapter 408: The first big fish that bite the bait

Just as the leader of the Green tribe had shown a proud expression a moment ago, his smile disappeared even before he reached the Green Sparrow tribe.

He and the others who were laughing just now became silent at this moment.

In their silence, all of them appeared with stunned expressions that could be described as jaw-dropping.

Of course, it wasn't because they saw the Green Sparrow tribe's very fashionable and avant-garde clothing, but because they saw the wild grass that extended like a continuous green carpet on both sides of the tribe, reaching far away!

Their tribe could exchange these for pottery, salt, and other things. A few days ago, the wild grass made everyone sad because it was pulling up the seedlings to help them grow. How could there be so much of it growing around this tribe?

This... how is this possible!

They clearly remembered that the last time they attended the Joyful Gathering, this place was still barren, without even a single tree. Why are so many wild grasses growing now?

Amidst their shock, the leader of the Green tribe remembered the scene he had seen when the last batch of wild grasses matured, the sight of a large number of mature wild grass seeds!

Last year, the area planted with millet by the Green Sparrow tribe was not as large as it is now, so the leader of the Green tribe and his people did not notice.

Now, seeing the scene in front of them and recalling the scene from last year, the leader of the Green tribe suddenly understood what was going on.

But one thing still puzzled him deeply.

Why was there less and less of this kind of wild grass around their tribe, while the tribe that initially had no wild grass seeds now had an astonishing amount of this wild grass?

Before he joined the Green Sparrow tribe, Han Cheng would certainly not tell him that this was the inherent skill of the Chinese nation at work...

On the wall, there was a warning sound from the people. Han Cheng looked at the Green tribe people coming from a distance and looked quite embarrassed, with a happy smile.

The several years he spent laying the groundwork were not in vain after all. If handled properly, the Green tribe would be the first big fish he caught.

He drank the remaining bamboo leaf water heartily, then got up to explain matters to his eldest senior brother.

The Green tribe people came empty-handed from afar and received excellent hospitality. Leaving aside other matters, just the cool bamboo leaf water was enough to save lives.

Despite being surprised by the strange clothes of the Green Sparrow tribe, after seeing how they treated them, the leader of the Green tribe felt much more at ease.

He thought it might be possible to get the other party to give them some salt for free again.

However, the facts that followed shattered his sense of luck.

Everything else was negotiable, but when it came to salt, the tribe leader, who was familiar with him, suddenly became stingy.

No matter what he said, whether he was exchanging fur or food for salt or joining the tribe, nothing changed.

When it came to the critical moment of closing the deal, the eloquence of the leader of the Green tribe was in vain. Even when he pushed out his two spouses, it was useless.

After a while of wrangling, the leader of the Green tribe had no choice but to lead his people back.

"Divine Child, they're going back like this..."

The shaman and the eldest senior brother looked somewhat unwilling as they watched the Green tribe people disappear.

In their view, the salt plan finally showed some progress. However, the people from the Green Tribe only made a round trip to their tribe and then left again. After leaving, it was uncertain whether they would come back...

"Don't worry, they will return soon," Han Cheng said calmly.

"Divine Child, truly miraculous! They came back!" exclaimed the senior disciple with admiration.

As Han Cheng's words faded, he turned around and saw the Green Tribe, which had disappeared not long ago, reappearing on the other side of the river.

Seeing the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother's admiration, Han Cheng felt a bit awkward.

When he said they would return soon, he meant the Green Tribe, which had already run out of salt, would return sooner or later to exchange goods for salt.

When they had exchanged all their remaining goods for salt and had nothing left, it would be time for them to consider joining their tribe.

It wasn't as if the Green Tribe would return in a moment.

Who could have imagined that things would be so coincidental? Just as he had finished speaking, the people from the Green Tribe did indeed return.

Indeed, there are no coincidences in life!

Thinking like this, Han Cheng didn't explain further. Instead, he shamelessly accepted the admiration of the tribe without explanation...

Primitive people are simple?

Looking at the carefree Green Tribe leader, who seemed unaffected after putting down the fur, Han Cheng felt that this phrase didn't apply to him.

This guy is actually playing such petty tricks.

Naturally, those who play petty tricks will be punished, especially after being discovered by others.

The Green Tribe leader was the best witness to this.

The Eldest Senior Brother, who discovered the Green Tribe leader's petty tricks, was furious, and the consequences were naturally severe.

In the subsequent transactions, the Eldest Senior Brother, citing various reasons such as the small size of the pelts brought by the Green Tribe leader and the severe shedding, forcibly reduced the amount of salt intended for the Green Tribe by as much as thirty percent.

The Green Tribe leader was unaware of this, as he didn't engage in many transactions with the Green Sparrow Tribe and thought everything was standard procedure.

If he knew the truth, I wonder if he would still be proud of his momentary cleverness...

The people of the Green Tribe left with less than a jar of salt. This salt couldn't sustain them for long, even if their consumption was very frugal.

As the summer heat dissipated, Han Cheng climbed up the wall along the wooden ladder, looking in the direction where the people of the Green Tribe were leaving, smiling like a fox that had stolen a chicken.

"Brother Cheng, look..."

In the evening room, the lamp was lit with fat oil and thin hemp thread.

Unlike before, hemp thread was undoubtedly more suitable for making lamp wicks. The light it emitted was much brighter than before, dispelling the darkness and filling the room.

Under the orange light, anticipating the young bride, Han Cheng began to fulfill his promise to continue "The Benevolent Enjoying the Mountain."

Looking at the beauty under the lamp, even with some flaws, they would be obscured by the dim light.

It was somewhat similar to the effect of looking into a dim bronze mirror. Perhaps that was where Zou Ji got the courage to say, "Who among us is more beautiful than Lord Xu of the North City?"

Under the orange light, with the reflection of the personal items carefully crafted by Han Cheng, the sight of the young bride lifting her clothes made Han Cheng's heart flutter...

Chapter 409: My tummy hurts, Brother Cheng (1)

The chirping of birds shattered the morning tranquility. In the unique tranquility of dawn, the Green Sparrow Tribe, who had slept through the night, rubbed their sleepy eyes and began their day.

With a serene and energetic demeanor, Han Cheng opened the door and stretched lazily.

After washing up, he headed towards the chicken coop.

Near the chicken coop, next to the expanded rabbit enclosure, Shaman, who had already risen earlier than him, lay lying there.

Seeing him approach, Shaman just smiled and nodded in greeting without saying much.

Han Cheng, also not in the mood for conversation, smiled back and picked up some dew-covered grass, making his way to the chicken coop.

A few early risers had just cut the grass from the tribe.

Instead of tossing the grass directly into the coop, Han Cheng placed it not far away. He picked up a handful of grass with his left hand and placed it on a wooden board, while with his right hand, he picked up a blackened stone knife soaked in grass juice and started chopping.

After a while, he moved aside a movable wooden fence on the coop and took out an empty pottery basin from inside.

Over time, the chickens in the coop had grown accustomed to humans and, upon seeing Han Cheng open the fence, gathered around eagerly, anticipating their meal.

Some roosters even lazily sang tunes, seemingly content.

The chopped grass was placed into the pottery basin. Han Cheng then retrieved two handfuls of slightly inferior rapeseeds from a nearby pottery jar and added them to the basin along with the chopped grass, stirring them with a stick.

This was the breakfast for the chickens.

After finishing these tasks, the courtyard of the Green Sparrow Tribe gradually became lively. People began to wake up one by one, wash up, and then do their usual activities.

After watching the chickens eat, Han Cheng moved aside and removed another fence.

In the vacant space were three chicken nests made of broken pottery filled with dried grass.

Some eggs were in the golden grass nests, not entirely white.

There were seven of them!

Han Cheng's face lit up with joy. It seemed like these guys had laid plenty of eggs yesterday!

He bent down, collected the eggs from the nest, and placed them in a pottery bowl for storing them.

The chickens in the coop didn't react much to this egg thief-like behavior. Over time, they had become accustomed to it. Many had seen this since birth, so there was naturally no resistance.

Carrying the bowl of eggs, Han Cheng made his way back to the cave. Fire Two, industrious as always, had just boiled a large pot of hot water.

Han Cheng cracked a fresh egg into a bowl, beat it with chopsticks, and then ladled it in some boiling water from another bowl, creating a bowl of egg drop soup.

The yellow egg flower floated in the center of the water, looking quite appealing, albeit lacking a bit of seasoning.

Nowadays, Han Cheng considers it indispensable to have a bowl of egg drop soup or deer milk in the morning.

He didn't particularly enjoy these things, but rather, he had no choice.

Since last autumn, when he went downstream to harvest hemp, and Bai Xue unlocked new skills in the Fire Tribe, he had often felt that his nutrition was lacking...

The remaining six eggs in the bowl were not eaten but placed in a pottery jar. The jar was filled with nearly half a jar of eggs, totaling around forty to fifty eggs accumulated during this period.

Once he gathered enough, he prepared some grass ash sprinkled with salt, mixed it with water, wrapped it around the eggs, and pickled a batch of salted eggs.

The salted eggs with golden yolks oozing oil were his favorite, especially when eaten with steamed buns. Just the thought made one's mouth water...

By the time breakfast was ready, the early risers had already taken advantage of the coolness and accomplished quite a bit.

Bai Xue's appetite wasn't exceptionally high during breakfast. Han Cheng, preoccupied with thoughts of salted eggs and inspecting the stone roller that had finally been chiseled according to his instructions, didn't notice these details.

After the meal and a brief rest to recharge, the energized individuals busied themselves again, attending to their respective tasks.

Even Bai Xue Mei, whose enthusiasm wasn't exceptionally high, came to the silkworm-raising area to feed the silkworms with mulberry leaves that seemed to have grown larger.

As she fed them, her other hand unconsciously rested on her abdomen.

During the molting and spinning stages, the silkworms always had a good appetite. They nibbled incessantly on the tender mulberry leaves, emitting a series of fine chewing sounds.

After watching for a while, Bai Xue Mei's mood improved considerably, but suddenly, her expression changed, and she pressed her hand more forcefully on her abdomen.

After a moment, with furrowed brows and a pained expression, she hurriedly ran to the toilet...

Outside the tribe's main gate, on the vacant land opened up last year for public execution viewing, there were now some relatively idle people.

These relatively idle individuals included Han Cheng, a shaman, and the next-in-line shaman, Shi Tou, who was diligently making his way toward becoming a shaman.

At the edge of the vacant land, a stone pillar about thirty-five centimeters in diameter and approximately eighty centimeters long lay quietly there.

The surface of the stone pillar was not very smooth, appearing somewhat pitted and uneven.

Compared to the polished stone rollers that Han Cheng had encountered in later years, which had undergone who knows how many years of weathering, the newly born stone roller of the Green Sparrow Tribe was much rougher.

However, it was indeed a stone roller.

Limping over with a rectangular wooden frame made of sturdy wood, Lame lowered the wooden frame from his shoulder and placed it on the flat stone roller.

The two holes left on the wooden frame lined up perfectly with the holes chiseled at the center of each end of the stone roller, each about five centimeters deep.

Of course, this was the result of manual support. As soon as one let go, the roller frame, much larger than the stone roller, would immediately fall off.

Lame removed the axe inserted at his waist and two wooden pegs that roughly corresponded to the holes in the wooden frame.

With a few clean and sharp strokes, the wooden pegs were firmly embedded in the wooden frame.

The thinner and rounder ends of the wooden pegs were then inserted into the inner side of the wooden frame, entering the stone pit at the top of the stone roller.

After repeating the same operation on the other end, the roller frame was firmly fitted onto the stone roller.

The deer, which had not been released yet and was still being prepared for feeding, had a simple "deer harness" made of rope placed on its body. The other end was hooked onto the roller frame with a wooden hook.

Han Cheng led the deer forward, and the heavy stone roller began to roll along with it.

Chapter 410: My tummy hurts, Brother Cheng (2)

The heavy stone roller pressed down on the ground, leaving a shallow mark on the slightly damp soil.

The small stones on the ground were all crushed into the soil.

This way, they won't be mixed in with the grain when it's time to thresh.

The others didn't react much to this, but a few of the regulars who often participated in threshing looked at the marks with expressions of pleasant surprise.

The Divine Child's words were not wrong; this stone roller was handy. Not to mention anything else, just the current ground-rolling operation alone justified the considerable effort put into making it.

This rolling stone had a better effect than the tamping tools they had used before.

More importantly, the ground was relatively flat, making it difficult for grains like millet and rapeseed to hide within.

Now that the results were so noticeable, wouldn't it be even more helpful when using it for threshing?

Watching the stone roller squeak and clatter along with the movement of the deer, Han Cheng and the others began to look forward to autumn arriving sooner.

After a round of experimentation, the effectiveness of the stone roller was as good as expected. Han Cheng smiled and gave Mu Tou a thumbs up, saying he would treat him to a delicious meal tonight.

Excited, Mu Tou immediately got to work, enthusiastically continuing to use the hammer and chisel to work on the new stone roller.

After all, the area planted with grains in the Green Sparrow Tribe was large enough, but with only one stone roller, time was insufficient.

This was also why Han Cheng planned to move the threshing ground outside the tribe this year.

Although the courtyard of the Green Sparrow Tribe was spacious, bringing in so much grain at once would still make it feel crowded...

After finishing the experiments, Han Cheng led the deer back into the courtyard and locked it in the deer pen.

It was getting late today, so he didn't let them go out to forage.

After completing these tasks, he habitually glanced toward the silkworm-raising area but did not see Bai Xue's figure.

Where did this little girl who took care of the silkworms go?

Under normal circumstances, she wouldn't stray too far from the silkworms.

Thinking like this, he didn't pay too much attention. After all, in this courtyard, she couldn't have gone far.

Thinking about the meal he planned to have with Mu Tou tonight, Han Cheng got up and went to the cave.

Some ingredients needed to be prepared in advance.

After preparing the ingredients, Han Cheng glanced at the silkworm-raising area again but still didn't see Bai Xue's figure. Han Cheng felt a bit puzzled.

Where did this girl go?

With doubts, he began to search the courtyard deliberately, but after a lap, he didn't see her.

Han Cheng became somewhat anxious. Thinking that he hadn't checked inside the house yet, he hurriedly went to the front, opened the door, and hurriedly went in.

Upon entering the room, he saw Bai Xue, whom he hadn't seen for a long time, and Han Cheng breathed a sigh of relief.

Soon, he became worried again because Bai Xue's condition was not right.

At this moment, she was sitting on a wooden stool placed by the heated bed, huddled up, with tears on her face, looking particularly weak and helpless.

What happened? The usually cheerful Bai Xue, how did she become like this?

"What's wrong?"

Han Cheng walked over, squatted down, touched her braided hair, and asked with concern.

Han Cheng didn't ask at first, but now that he did, Bai Xue Mei pursed her lips, and tears streamed down her face.

"What's wrong?"

Han Cheng asked with increasing anxiety.

However, Bai Xue refused to speak, just holding onto Han Cheng's arm and crying intermittently.

What on earth happened? How could someone who was perfectly fine suddenly cry so heartbreakingly?

Han Cheng was full of confusion and worry.

After a while like this, Bai Xue Mei, with red-rimmed eyes from crying, choked out intermittently, "Brother Cheng... I... I'm going to die..."

Han Cheng was anxious and startled to hear these words from Bai Xue's mouth. How could she be dying when she was perfectly fine?!

"What exactly happened? Where are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Han Cheng asked anxiously.

"I... I'm bleeding, bleeding... a lot, I... I can't... can't stop it..."

After Bai Xue said this intermittently, she hugged Han Cheng's arm even tighter and cried even more sadly.

Bleeding? And a lot?!

Han Cheng was surprised and hurriedly examined Bai Xue up and down, but he found no wounds.

"Where are you bleeding from?"

Han Cheng asked somewhat strangely.

As soon as the words came out, he realized something, and his eyes widened as he looked at Bai Xue. Upon closer inspection, he did indeed notice some clues.

This...

Han couldn't help but laugh out loud at the false alarm.

Bai Xue felt even more wronged when she saw Han Cheng laughing. She was bleeding so much and was about to die, yet Brother Cheng was still laughing...

It took Han Cheng a while to stop laughing. He earnestly comforted her, "Don't worry, you're not dying. You're just growing up..."

With each explanation from Brother Cheng, who had completely transformed into a caring friend of women, Bai Xue gradually stopped crying, and her fear gradually dissipated.

"Really?"

After a while, Bai Xue looked at Han Cheng skeptically.

Han Cheng nodded. "Really!"

After understanding that she wasn't going to die, that it was just a symbol of growing up, Bai Xue suddenly became happy.

She was happy, but Han Cheng became melancholy.

He realized he had nothing to entertain the relatives who visited Bai Xue for the first time.

Where were the holographic displays, the moon goddesses, and all those things that were ubiquitous in the future? None of them were in sight at this time.

It was like the paper he sorely missed, which was also a headache.

Could he just let Bai Xue and the female primitive people of the tribe find some hay and leaves, tie them with animal skins, and call it a day?

That would be too rough.

Feeling a headache coming on, Han Cheng sat there with a bitter smile. Others might have grand adventures when they time-traveled, but all he got was dealing with trivial matters all day long...

The key was that he always got stuck with these things.

And now he was trending further towards becoming a "friend of women."... This was embarrassing for the time-traveler community.

Should he use linen?

This... would be too extravagant, wouldn't it?

Once this method was popularized, just this item would consume a lot of linen yearly.

If it worked well, it would be fine, but the linen wasn't exceptionally soft, and its absorbency wasn't good...

This was indeed a headache.

"Get some needles and thread!"

After agonizing over it for a long time, Han, the great shaman, raised his drooping head and shouted boldly.