

Primitive 411

Chapter 411: Han Cheng, Friend of Women

"He is capable in the hall, and adept in the kitchen." This phrase used to describe Han Cheng is simply underwhelming.

He can handle these tasks and even dabble in the needlework typically associated with women.

Yet, the most important thing is not his skills but what he produces now.

He sewed a bag 4 cm wide and 15 cm long using three layers of finely woven hemp cloth.

Both ends of the bag are tied with straps to secure around the waist.

Perhaps because women have a natural talent in this area, Han Cheng didn't need to explain much to Bai Xue, whom he had caught up to after hastily cramming some basic physiological knowledge. She knew how to use it.

When she reached out to take this odd-looking thing from Han Cheng, he didn't give it to her.

He told the bare-bottomed Bai Xue to wait for him in the house for a while, then took the newly sealed item and left.

Hemp cloth isn't very absorbent, even with several layers.

So, what he held wasn't a finished product.

He walked to the usual cooking place, found a stiff leaf, scooped some wood ash into the hemp bag, securely tied the bag's mouth, and slapped it back and forth a few times in his hand. Seeing that not much ash was escaping, Han Cheng smiled as he walked back.

Pure hemp cloth isn't very absorbent, so adding some highly absorbent wood ash inside is enough.

After using it, pour out the wood ash, wash it well, and it can be reused.

At this moment, Han Cheng couldn't help but praise himself for his cleverness.

This thing looks a bit crude, but compared to the dry grass and leaves commonly used by women of this era, it's undoubtedly a step up.

It seems that the cultivation of hemp and the weaving of hemp cloth cannot stop.

What they currently have is far from enough.

There isn't much hemp cloth left in the Green Sparrow Tribe. To promote this necessary but somewhat unattractive item in the tribe will take quite some time.

At least until early winter this year, when mature hemp can be harvested and processed into new fabric, it can be widely used.

For now, only Bai Xue can enjoy such special treatment...

In the evening, as agreed, Han Cheng cooked a delicious and sumptuous meal, which stimulated the others again. Each one was motivated and eager to attain such an honorable and practical reward.

Sometimes, appropriate distinctions not only do not hinder productivity but also promote its development...

Days passed by quickly. When the new Blue Tile and Brick House, built by the Green Sparrow Tribe this year, was finally nearing completion, signs of summer wanting to pass were already apparent.

The Blue Tile and Brick House comprised seven rooms, each larger in length, width, and height than the previously built houses. It stood in the courtyard with a sense of grandeur.

Han Cheng deliberately created this to emphasize the importance of learning and education.

Five of these rooms did not have a dividing wall in the middle like before, which used to support the roof beams.

These five rooms were interconnected entirely in the middle, allowing them to accommodate many people simultaneously.

When the foundation was dug initially, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who were already familiar with building houses, noticed no planned foundations for the five rooms without a central dividing wall in the middle that the Divine Child intended to build anew.

They thought the Divine Child had forgotten, so they came explicitly to inquire and remind him to reinforce the foundation of the dividing walls for these few rooms.

However, the reply they received was unexpected: it wasn't forgotten; the Divine Child intentionally left these.

Such a response left the tribe's members, who were already familiar with house construction, deeply puzzled.

Without these dividing walls, how would they place the roof beams when the time came?

Was the Divine Child planning to use tall trees as beams to span across five rooms at once?

But wouldn't that be exceedingly difficult?

Moreover, such a long span wouldn't be structurally sound, and the roof built on it would collapse easily...

These concerns were voiced to the Divine Child, but he just smiled and said he had a solution.

This response stumped people who thought they were pretty familiar with building houses and unable to come up with a good solution.

It wasn't until the Divine Child used three thick wooden poles to construct a sizeable triangular frame that they suddenly realized.

The method Han Cheng employed, which seemed quite ordinary to future generations, involved placing a thick crossbeam where the dividing wall was needed. This beam replaced the lower lintel that was level with the house.

Two thick wooden poles were slanted and joined together to form a triangular frame on top of the beam.

Vertical wooden beams were placed on top of the wooden frame, replacing the dividing wall with wooden supports.

Without nails, it didn't matter; with tools like iron axes, they could create gaps in these beams and wedge them tightly together...

The other two rooms were separate. One was used to store the precious pottery tablets Shaman and Shi Tou recorded.

The other room was an office for Han Cheng, Shaman, and Shi Tou.

In the future, if small meetings need to be held, this place could also serve as a meeting hall. For large ceremonies, the five interconnected rooms next door could give a formal feel.

On top of the Blue Tile and Brick House, Han Cheng had people specifically build a ridge.

They each placed a roughly made bird crafted from pottery at the raised ends of the roof ridge.

These two birds were designed in a flying posture, resembling Green Sparrows or not. In the eyes of the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, these were two Green Sparrows!

Seeing the newly constructed Blue Tile and Brick House, each tribe member felt deeply moved.

Alongside this awe, a sense of pride surged within them. This magnificent, grand house was constructed bit by bit by their hands!

It came from their Green Sparrow Tribe!

Han Cheng did not disappoint the people. On the night the Blue Tile and Brick House was announced to be completed, he prepared a sumptuous dinner to entertain everyone in the tribe.

Even the wine brewed this year from newly ripened fruits was brought out in ten barrels at once. Apart from those on duty, everyone else could freely drink.

As the night grew late, the bustling sounds gradually diminished and disappeared entirely with the final extinguishing of the bonfire.

In the courtyard of the Green Sparrow Tribe, many people lay sprawled in various positions, snoring loudly.

This summer, Han Cheng didn't disturb their sweet dreams but instead had people drape a thin animal hide over them.

How could one not drink to one's heart's content on days like this?

Looking at the people sleeping on the ground and the houses standing silently under the night sky, Han Cheng picked up a half-empty jar of wine and finished it in one go.

Then, he wrapped himself in a piece of animal hide and lay down quietly on the ground, gazing at the starry sky.

Finally, amidst the twinkling stars, he fell asleep...

When everyone woke up the next day, they looked at each other and burst into laughter, recalling the experiences of the previous night and feeling incredibly content.

As time passed, the grains also ripened, but before the grains matured, there was still one thing that needed to be done...

Chapter 412: I also have an... ID

The sunlight filtered through the grass shed, reducing its scorching intensity.

The breeze blowing along the river made this place significantly cooler than elsewhere.

Under the grass shed, Heiwa, the first pottery maker of the Green Sparrow tribe, held a small jar in one hand and a brush made of animal fur, tree gum, and wood in the other. He gently brushed wood ash onto a small clay block about four centimeters long and two centimeters wide with more focus and care than he had shown when brushing other pottery pieces.

This rectangular clay block, less than a centimeter thick, wasn't perfectly smooth; its surface bore traces of carvings.

The piece Heiwa was working on had four characters engraved on its front face: the top two were "Green Sparrow," and the bottom two were "Heiwa."

There were many such small clay tablets, more than a hundred in total, matching the tribe's population of people aged three and above.

After brushing the front face of all the clay tablets, the ones at the front had already dried.

Heiwa came over with a thin bone shard and carefully flipped the clay tablet over.

The back of the tablet depicted a soaring Green Sparrow bird with outstretched wings.

The portrayal of this Green Sparrow bird was remarkably vivid.

Heiwa flipped through five clay tablets in succession, each with a soaring Green Sparrow bird engraved on its back.

As Heiwa's gaze swept over these Green Sparrow birds, his eyes revealed unmistakable affection and respect.

Not only were these Green Sparrow birds depicted vividly, but more importantly, each one was identical!

When the Divine Child made this request, even the best artisans in the tribe hesitated to agree. Drawing a Green Sparrow bird wasn't difficult, but making every single one identical was the challenge!

Handling one or two would have been manageable, but the Divine Child requested more than a hundred.

Anyone with a basic understanding of the matter knew how difficult this was. Some even believed it was impossible.

Not only did Heiwa believe this, but even the tribe's shaman and those most skilled with characters, like Shi Tou, also believed it was impossible.

However, this belief didn't last long. Three days after the Divine Child returned to the house with a piece of wood and sniffed, their inherent understanding was shattered.

They believed that the impossible task had been solved in a way that wasn't too difficult.

The solution was the small piece of wood held by the Divine Child.

With just a little force, pressing that piece of wood onto the newly shaped, not yet dry clay tablet immediately revealed a Green Sparrow bird.

Seeing the solution, Heiwa felt suddenly enlightened and began to slap his head continuously.

Why hadn't he thought of such a method?

When making pottery, he sometimes used fish bones or wooden sticks to press marks onto them, a method not much different from this.

How couldn't he have considered imprinting a Green Sparrow bird on them?

After staring at the unique Green Sparrow bird on the back of the clay tablet for a while, Heiwa still felt somewhat regretful and couldn't help but pat his head twice more before continuing to brush the wood ash water onto it.

He did this work meticulously because the Divine Child had previously emphasized that after these clay tablets were fired, they would become the tribe's...?

Identity cards?

Scratching his head, Heiwa felt somewhat uncertain.

Hmm, it seems that's how it's called.

According to the Divine Child, this is called an identity card, and it corresponds to each of them, one per person, to prove they are members of the Green Sparrow tribe.

Facing the Divine Child's actions and explanations, Heiwa found it somewhat difficult to understand.

Aren't they, and everyone else in the tribe, already part of the tribe?

Why would they need such a pottery piece to prove it?

After brushing all the clay tablets again, Heiwa looked at them, pondering the Divine Child's intentions in doing these things, and felt puzzled again.

After a while, he could only attribute it to his lower level of understanding, unable to grasp the Divine Child's superior thoughts.

Two days later, these meticulously fired "identity cards" were fresh out of the kiln.

Han Cheng picked up "one" identity card and carefully examined it for a while, nodding slightly in satisfaction.

Although these identity cards were somewhat crude, they had all the necessary elements to serve as the tribe's generational identity cards without any issues.

When time and technology allow, they can be updated and replaced.

Issuing identity cards to the people in the tribe seemed somewhat like a joke now.

After all, with the current population of the Green Sparrow tribe, everyone knew each other very well, living together, eating together, and working together in the same courtyard.

As the people of the tribe thought, confirming someone as a member of their tribe didn't require such a seemingly unnecessary thing as an identity card.

Han Cheng naturally understood this. However, an identity card wasn't just for proving identity. If other things were added to it, its significance would change.

In addition to this batch of meticulously crafted pottery identity cards, Han Cheng planned to produce another batch of small wooden plaques.

This second batch of identity cards wouldn't be for the Green Sparrow tribe members who already had pottery identity cards; they would be for newcomers joining the Green Sparrow tribe.

Those with pottery identity cards would be considered first-class citizens of the Green Sparrow tribe, while those with wooden identity cards would be second-class citizens.

First-class citizens could enjoy many privileges like the Green Sparrow tribe currently lived.

Second-class citizens would have some restrictions on their rights, such as their daily food intake and living quarters, which would differ from those of the elderly in the Green Sparrow tribe.

This differential treatment wasn't unfair.

Treating everyone equally would be the greatest injustice.

After all, how much effort had the elders of the Green Sparrow tribe put into achieving the current state of carefree living?

Regarding these newcomers, the Green Sparrow tribe wasn't numerous in the past and was still weak. Therefore, Han Cheng didn't adopt such measures towards the Pig and Bone tribes.

Now that the Green Sparrow tribe was no longer considered weak in this place, it was time to proceed with this matter.

Of course, those with second-class status didn't always remain second-class. After living in the Green Sparrow tribe for a certain period, their identity cards were replaced by wooden plaques rather than pottery.

If someone showed outstanding performance or contributed significantly to the tribe, this transition period could be considerably shortened.

Han Cheng hadn't set specific standards for this yet. When newcomers join the Green Sparrow tribe, they make decisions based on the situation.

Doing so would not only effectively capture the hearts of the tribe's elders, preventing them from feeling resentful due to perceived unfairness, but it would also provide a clear path for newcomers to progress quickly into the Green Sparrow tribe, encouraging them to contribute more to their tribe.

With these additional elements, what seemed to be a useless identity card now became of significant importance.

Chapter 413: Man dies for wealth, bird dies for food

Han Cheng held his identity card in his hand and began to pick up the remaining ones, loudly reciting and distributing them to the crowd.

Even the children had them, but they were all over three years old.

Children under three did not have identity cards because their wear and tear rate was relatively high.

The recipients of the pottery identity cards held them in their hands, carefully and curiously examining them. Sometimes, several people would gather together to compare and discuss them.

They admired the unexpectedly exquisite craftsmanship of the identity cards.

It's unknown who took the lead, but on the exquisite pottery identities, someone carefully drilled a small hole and threaded a fine leather cord through it, wearing it around their neck.

In less than two days, except for Han Cheng, everyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe who had an identity card was doing the same.

What was once an identity card has become a piece of jewelry.

Watching the tribe members with their identity cards hanging from their necks, Han Cheng couldn't help but sniff.

Fortunately, it's not the future now; otherwise, drilling a hole in the identity card would be troublesome.

But that's also good. Now that it's hanging around their necks, they can recognize each other instantly.

And it's not easy to lose.

To a certain extent, the Green Sparrow Tribe's identity card combines the functions of household registration and identity cards from the future.

As time passed, after the sunset, the temperature was no longer as hot as before.

On such days, hundreds of acres of millet around the Green Sparrow Tribe also became fuller daily.

Sometimes, a gust of wind would send the fragrance of ripening millet enveloping the entire tribe.

This fragrance made every person in the Green Sparrow Tribe look radiant.

As the sky brightened, with the squeaky sound of the wooden door, the Shaman, who seemed to be not too sleepy, walked out of the room, and as usual, after washing up, he fed the rabbits with grass.

After picking up the rabbit and petting it, the Shaman, accompanied by the Third Senior Brother and another person, walked out of the tribe's gate and headed towards the slightly yellowed millet field to the east.

Turning around the large expanse of millet fields belonging to the tribe has become another primary hobby of the Shaman.

Looking at the well-growing millet, sometimes he would bend over to pull some grass from the ground, something he could never get enough of.

In the beginning, Han Cheng was still worried about his safety and feared he would get tired. However, after some time passed and the Shaman's spirits improved, he no longer said anything. However, when the Shaman went out, at least two people would accompany him with weapons. After all, it's the primitive era now, not the future, where all wild beasts can barely survive under deliberate human protection.

"Bang!"

Third Senior Brother, walking with the Shaman on the edge of the millet field, suddenly stopped, drew his bow, and an arrow had already shot out like a meteor at the sound of the bowstring.

"Boom!"

Where the arrow landed, a flock of densely packed birds suddenly rose from the millet field like a black cloud.

Chirping and chirping, they landed on the nearby trees, waiting for these hateful bipeds to leave so they could return to eat this rare and delicious feast.

"Shoot!"

"Shoot them dead!"

While cursing these hairless monkeys who wouldn't let them eat properly while perched in the trees, they were also cursing back at them.

After discovering that the grain painstakingly planted by their tribe had been stolen, the elder Shaman showed no signs of aging. He pointed at the birds that had plagued the crops and cursed them with more vigor than when he danced in religious fervor.

"Twang!"

Third Senior Brother swiftly followed suit, drawing his bow again. An arrow flew out, and a bird perched on a tree let out a miserable cry. The feathered arrow carried it forward before plunging into the ground.

The flock of birds, intimidated by the formidable hairless monkeys, flapped their wings in panic and fled.

The elder Shaman, still full of rage, continued to curse loudly in the direction the birds flew. His emotions were so heightened that even the tribal dialect slipped from his lips.

"Man dies for wealth. Birds perish for food." This saying couldn't be more accurate.

The vast, nearly ripe millet fields surrounding the Green Sparrow Tribe were an irresistible temptation for these birds.

Before the Shaman's curses had faded, the birds circled in the sky and landed again about a mile away from him, chattering and calling their friends to feast.

Occasionally, a few scattered birds would flap their wings and join the feast.

"Shoot! Shoot them dead!"

The elder's eyes reddened as he spoke to Third Senior Brother, bending over to grab a clod of earth and hurl it with all his might at the damned birds.

Of course, he couldn't throw it that far.

Third Senior Brother also annoyed, approached from behind and drew his bow again...

"Shoot..."

The elder's angry howls echoed continuously in the early morning field, much louder than when he worshipped the gods.

"Why isn't the Shaman back yet?"

Han Cheng muttered. In the past, even when he went for a walk, it shouldn't have taken this long for him to return...

Watching the Shaman, panting, feathers on his head, carrying a string of dead birds, and occasionally cursing, Han Cheng couldn't help but laugh.

Old child, old child, sometimes when people get old, they indeed become a bit childish in some behaviors.

To pacify the Shaman, Han Cheng deliberately added an extra meal for the tribe and roasted all those birds for them to eat.

"Divine Child, about these birds..."

As the Shaman gnawed fiercely on the bird meat, he looked worried.

The morning's commotion had left him feeling almost helpless against these annoying flies of birds.

Han Cheng nodded after hearing the elder talk about driving away these birds. What the elder said was indeed very necessary.

The ecology here was excellent, and with various bird species abundant around the Green Sparrow Tribe, news of a large area of delicious food had spread among them, attracting many annoying feathered creatures.

If left uncontrolled, allowing them to continue like this until the millet was fully ripe and ready for harvest would likely reduce the yield by at least ten percent or more.

"It's alright, I have a way."

Han Cheng confidently reassured the Shaman.

Upon hearing this, the Shaman immediately felt relieved, quickly finishing his meal and pulling Han Cheng along to implement their plan to curb those troublesome birds.

He had indeed reached the end of his patience with them.

Chapter 414: The Great War to protect the grains

"This... is the method the Divine Child came up with?"

Looking at those straw men made of hay and sticks, earnestly wrapped in animal skins outside, and then looking at the Divine Child's confident expression, Shaman was at a loss for words to express his feelings.

With living people around, those damn birds aren't afraid, and now you've made some fake people to go over there...

Shaman's reaction was clear to Han Cheng, and he could roughly understand what he was thinking.

Various animals are quite bold in this era, unlike in later generations when they fear humans. Humans have not yet risen to the point where all animals must look at humans' faces to survive.

You can see this from Shaman's frustrated reactions to those arrogant birds.

Simply making these straw men won't naturally intimidate these birds. Some audacious ones might even stand on top of the straw men and show off.

Birds aren't afraid of people because humans haven't left a deep enough impression on them. If the impression left is deep enough, even scarecrows would scare them!

Seeing Shaman's skeptical look, Han Cheng directly announced that everyone else should drop what they were doing except for the most necessary tasks, pick up their bows and arrows, and begin the great war to defend the food supply.

With these words spoken, everyone in the tribe was united in solidarity, responding enthusiastically to the Divine Child's call.

These birds were now taking advantage of the crops they painstakingly planted, naturally leaving them feeling indignant.

Apart from this reason, another was that these birds tasted quite good...

So, the people who set aside their work picked up their bows, prepared their arrows, and scattered across the vast wilderness.

In the ensuing hours, the sound of bowstrings continuously echoed. Now and then, flocks of birds would be startled from the ground, and occasionally, a bird would lose its life due to greed.

Shaman also joined in, closely following Third Senior Brother, because, within the entire tribe, Third Senior Brother's archery skills were the best, with almost every arrow hitting its mark.

Each time an arrow was shot, a bird would be hit. Once, incredibly, one arrow pierced through two birds!

At moments like these, the Shaman displayed a speed not typical for someone his age, eagerly running over to retrieve the feathered arrows and count the birds that had already died.

Seeing this childish behavior, the Third Senior Brother wanted to laugh but didn't dare.

After a while, Shaman looked at the increasing number of dead birds around him and suddenly became puzzled.

The method the Divine Child was currently employing didn't seem to have anything to do with the scarecrows he had previously set up, right?

But Shaman quickly stopped wondering, as not far away, Third Senior Brother's bowstring twanged again, and another bird fell.

Filled with the joy of picking up the shot-down birds, Shaman's mind was too occupied to dwell on the Divine Child's seemingly disjointed actions and words.

People in this era always valued food. Even though their tribe's totem was the green finch, birds ruining their crops were just as merciless.

This chaotic rain of arrows was certainly adequate. At first, these birds contended with these featherless monkeys in the grain fields. As more and more of their kind fell victim to these brutal monkeys due to their greed, they finally dared not be so bold anymore.

The pursuit and shooting continued until noon.

After experiencing the bloody lesson, those birds, looking at the hairless monkeys in the millet field, finally dared not risk their lives anymore.

Seeing that it was almost done, Han Cheng had the previously prepared scarecrows brought out from the tribe and scattered them in the millet fields.

Han Cheng brought some relatively soft tree sticks to make them more realistic. He tied them with ropes, bent them at both ends and tied them to the scarecrows' arms to make it look like they were drawing bows and shooting arrows.

After all, those bent bows and arrows left the most lasting impression on these birds.

Looking at the sun now directly to the south, Han Cheng wiped the sweat from his forehead. The morning's work had been quite hot.

Seeing that everything was set up, Han Cheng called everyone back.

"Divine Child, are we just going back like this... those birds..."

The shaman held a bunch of shot-down birds, looked at some birds still lingering on the surrounding branches and bushes, unwilling to leave, and then looked at the scarecrows in the fields, appearing somewhat worried.

As soon as they leave, those birds will come back.

"It's okay."

Han Cheng looked at the nearly hundred scarecrows in the millet field and spoke up.

Shaman walked back skeptically, constantly glancing back at the millet field. Indeed, the birds did not misbehave.

After lunch, Shaman, who usually took a nap, did not sleep this time and came out.

Upon coming out, he went to the millet field. Apart from a few startled birds flying out of the ground, no other birds were around.

The morning scene of flocks and flocks did not appear.

Looking at the scarecrows in the field, Shaman couldn't help but admire them secretly.

In the afternoon, about halfway through, Han Cheng sent half the people to sweep through the millet fields and its surroundings again with bows and arrows.

These birds were quite clever. They slowly became bolder after the initial shock and realized these terrifying hairless monkeys (scarecrows) were less aggressive.

If not taken seriously, they would return to their previous behavior in a few days.

So, having people come over from time to time to deepen these birds' memory, making them remember that the things here cannot be eaten and these scarecrows standing in the field are not to be trifled with, was vital.

After doing this several times, seeing the scarecrows in the field, they dared not come down anymore...

"This! This..."

The next morning, Shaman repeated what he had done before.

Getting up early, washing up, and feeding the rabbits, accompanied by Third Senior Brother, walking along the edge of the millet field outside the tribe.

Looking at the scarecrows in the field and under the protection of the scarecrows, they were no longer harassed by birds, growing peacefully, and the millet was getting heavier. His smile couldn't be suppressed.

Until now, seeing the situation here.

Shaman was angry, and the Third Senior Brother beside him was indignant.

Following their gaze, they saw a large area of millet that had grown well, now all lying on the ground, trampled and looking terrible as if someone had rolled around here.

"Tie Tou!"

Shaman, finally calming his anger, blew his beard and stared angrily.

Chapter 415: Beat them up!

Following beside him, Third Senior Brother was equally angry, watching angrily as he walked towards the tribe, occasionally muttering a few words about Tie Tou in his mouth. His mind couldn't quite grasp what was going on for a while.

"Why does it matter to Tie Tou that this grain field was trampled?"

Indeed, it did matter to Tie Tou!

After this confusion persisted for a while, Third Senior Brother also caught on.

He immediately becomes furious and heads towards the tribe to confront Tie Tou with Shaman.

"You've done a fine job!"

Inside the tribe, Tie Tou was clearing the deer pen with several others, something they did every morning.

The dung they cleaned out made excellent fertilizer and provided a suitable living environment for the deer.

Seeing Shaman come in from outside, the few men cleaning the pen greeted him warmly, but Shaman, who usually smiled, had a different expression today.

Ignoring their greetings, he came in and addressed Tie Tou with an unfriendly tone.

Tie Tou and the others couldn't help but be stunned, not understanding what Shaman was talking about or what had gotten into him that day.

Tie Tou was especially bewildered, unsure what he had done wrong to make Shaman so angry.

"Shaman, I..."

Tie Tou asked nervously, unable to remain calm in Shaman's anger.

"In the grain field..."

Third Senior Brother, who had come back with Shaman, stared wide-eyed and added, explaining the reason.

After understanding what Shaman and Third Senior Brother were discussing, Tie Tou scratched his head in confusion.

But Shaman was convinced...

The argument in the deer pen quickly attracted the attention of the tribe. By the time Han Cheng received the news and arrived, quite a few people had gathered around the pen, most of them pointing fingers at Tie Tou and Ruohua with anger in their eyes.

"We didn't..."

Tie Tou and Ruohua were anxiously trying to explain.

"Divine Child, they..."

"Divine Child, we didn't..."

Seeing Han Cheng arrive, everyone saluted and pointed toward Tie Tou, who was surrounded.

As Han Cheng frowned, wondering what was happening, he didn't speak immediately. Instead, he glanced around at everyone, who fell silent under his gaze. What had just been chaotic quickly calmed down.

"What's going on? Speak one at a time."

Seeing the situation settle, Han Cheng finally spoke up.

Shaman stepped forward, visibly angry, and pointed at Tie Tou. "They..."

"Is this true?"

Han Cheng looked at Tie Tou and Ruohua, questioning them.

Both shook their heads desperately, tears nearly streaming down their faces.

Han Cheng had already pieced together the general idea of what had happened.

It seemed that a large portion of the tribe's grain field had been trampled down. Coincidentally, Tie Tou and Ruohua had been cutting grass there just yesterday and spending quite a while there.

There didn't seem to be a direct connection between the two events. The reaction wouldn't have been the same if someone else had been cutting grass there.

But because Tie Tou and Ruohua were known for their spontaneous actions within the tribe, the trampled grain field incident was now being squarely blamed on them.

Han Cheng felt things weren't that simple. After all, everyone in the tribe understood the importance of the grain fields, and Tie Tou and Ruohua were no exception in caring for them.

Even if emotions got the best of them momentarily and things spiraled out of control, it still wouldn't explain how much grain was trampled in the field.

"Let's go! Let's see that trampled grain field."

Han Cheng didn't jump to conclusions immediately. Instead, he urged everyone to inspect the scene of the incident together.

Leading the way were Shaman and Third Senior Brother, who had first discovered the trampled grain field. They marched ahead angrily, occasionally glancing back with disdain at Tie Tou and Ruohua.

"Damn it!"

"Let's punish them!"

A swath of nearly mature grain lay flattened on the ground, covering almost twenty square meters!

Upon seeing this scene, the already angry crowd grew even more incensed. Many shouted angrily, demanding punishment for Tie Tou and Ruohua.

Han Cheng, however, widened his eyes. As he watched Tie Tou and Ruohua anxiously defending themselves with a mix of admiration and concern, he marveled at their fighting prowess. How strong must they be physically and mentally to handle an area this large?

"Look around here and check if any traces are left..."

Han Cheng didn't punish Tie Tou and Ruohua as the others demanded. From the beginning, he didn't believe they were capable of such thoughtless actions. After seeing the scene, his doubts only grew stronger.

This didn't look like something humans would cause.

"Divine Child, there are hoof prints here..."

"Divine Child, some grain ears here have been half-eaten..."

Following the instructions, everyone carefully inspected the ground. Soon, reports of discoveries confirmed Han Cheng's suspicions.

Seeing these findings, the crowd's initial anger began to dissipate. Many now looked at Tie Tou and Ruohua with eyes that were more hesitant than accusatory.

Especially those who had demanded punishment for them couldn't bring themselves to meet their gaze.

Shaman squatted down, observing the newly stamped hoof prints on the ground, his expression grim.

His concern for the grain and his hasty judgment clouded his usual wisdom, leading him to lose his composure and rush to blame Tie Tou and Ruohua without proper investigation.

Third Senior Brother remained relatively silent. He had been swept along by Shaman's momentum, not bothering to investigate and simply following Shaman back, thus unfairly accusing Tie Tou and Ruohua.

Standing up, Shaman approached Tie Tou and Ruohua with a remorseful look. "It's my fault. I've wrongly accused both of you..."

"I'm also at fault. I should have clarified the situation..."

Third Senior Brother also came forward, solemnly apologizing to Tie Tou and Ruohua.

"I was wrong..."

"I accused you wrongly..."

With Shaman taking the lead, others in the area began apologizing to Tie Tou and Ruohua.

Tie Tou and Ruohua, who hadn't shed a tear throughout their wrongful accusation, suddenly felt their noses tingle, tears streaming down their faces in an outburst of pent-up grievances.

Even these significant, tough individuals couldn't hold back their tears, feeling overwhelmed.

Even some women among the primitive people couldn't help but shed tears. After a while, Tie Tou finally regained his composure, shaking hands with Han Cheng and others in an emotional display.

Within the tribe, many felt guilty watching this scene unfold.

Many silently reflected that in the future, they shouldn't rush to judgment without understanding the reasons.

Imagine if this had happened to oneself, being unfairly accused like this would be incredibly painful.

After this incident and the subsequent resolution of the misunderstanding, many in the tribe felt a more profound sense of unity.

"Do you recognize what kind of animal this might be?"

Observing everything, Han Cheng nodded silently. Then, he changed the subject and asked the Senior Brother standing nearby.

Chapter 416: A Big Hole

"It look like wild boars."

As the leader of the Green Sparrow Tribe, the Eldest Senior Brother often led the tribe members on hunting trips in the past. After Han Cheng came over these years, their outings decreased, but those profoundly ingrained instincts remained.

Upon hearing Han Cheng's inquiry, he voiced his assessment.

Han Cheng turned his gaze towards Shang, who agreed with the Eldest Senior Brother's judgment.

Han Cheng snorted. These days, it wasn't easy to peacefully grow some crops!

All sorts of characters were coming out to enjoy the autumn breeze and pluck peaches.

They had just restrained those greedy birds, and now wild boars had arrived.

Was it easy for their tribe to toil and sow crops?

It's survival of the fittest; those who want to survive well must face many competitions!

"These wild boars must die!"

"Kill them and eat their meat!"

Primitive people were much more fierce, each clenching fists and weapons, angrily shouting here.

On the one hand, it was because the wild boars had ravaged their crops; on the other, it was because they had caused misunderstandings in their tribe, unfairly accusing their people, so now they transferred all their anger onto the wild boars.

"Take your bows, arrows, spears, and vine shields, and find them..."

The people in the tribe clamored passionately, ready to confront the wild boars.

Compared to the excited crowd in the tribe, Han Cheng's reaction was much more indifferent. After calming down from his initial anger, he even laughed a bit.

He had his thoughts about wild boars.

In later generations, pork accounted for many regularly consumed meats.

Correspondingly, there were various kinds and numerous ways to enjoy its taste.

Sweet and sour ribs, braised pork, braised pork elbows, braised pig trotters, hot and sour sausage soup—just thinking about these made Han Cheng salivate.

However, because the tribe's people were always busy with various matters, and the rabbit traps were present, there weren't many occasions when the tribe specifically set out for hunting.

So, encounters with wild boars were also rare. So far, this animal that held an important place among livestock had not appeared in the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Now, they had come knocking on their door!

It seemed that not only birds perished for food, but pigs were the same.

Thinking about the upcoming pig farming plan and the various delicious pork dishes that could be made, Han Cheng couldn't help but smile.

The people waiting for his decision, including Eldest Senior Brother, couldn't help but stare blankly. With so much of their grain destroyed by wild boars, how could the Divine Child be smiling?

Han Cheng pulled his thoughts away from the memories of those delicious dishes and then shook his head, vetoing the Eldest Senior Brother's proposal.

Wild boars were highly mobile. While the area near the Green Sparrow Tribe had been developed into farmland, further out was dense with various trees and vegetation. Under such conditions, finding these wild boars that had ravaged their grain wasn't easy.

Strengthening patrols around the grain fields wasn't entirely impossible, but it would be troublesome. Through conversations with Tie Tou and Ru Hua, he knew everything had been fine until yesterday evening.

In other words, these wild boars were active at night.

At this time, it was challenging to obtain lighting tools, and the tribe's grain fields were vast. Night patrols weren't convenient, and the night was long; they wouldn't know when the boars might come.

You can steal for a thousand days, but who can guard against thieves for a thousand days?

Of course, the most important thing was the night patrol. After hearing about it, these wild boars might not dare to come, so Han Cheng's pig farming plan must be postponed.

They immediately became somewhat excited after explaining his considerations about the wild boars to everyone. It was evident that they were very enthusiastic about raising pigs.

After all, with deer and rabbits around, everyone understood the benefits of raising animals.

Moreover, unlike deer, which were mainly used for work in the tribe and consumed sparingly, deer gave birth too slowly. Wild boars, on the other hand, were completely different. These creatures were much larger than rabbits and prolific breeders, with nearly two litters a year.

If the tribe could raise more of them, everyone's food supply would become much richer.

After Han Cheng proposed this idea, he immediately received everyone's support.

Some people even brightened up at the thought and then regretted not thinking of it themselves.

After Han Cheng shared his thoughts, the Eldest Senior Brother and others immediately expressed their willingness to wait near the grain fields with weapons until the wild boars arrived, then capture and bring them back to the tribe for domestication.

Han Cheng shook his head again.

He didn't doubt Eldest Senior Brother and their hunting skills, but wild boars were not easy prey, especially those large enough to stand up to a saber-toothed tiger.

Judging from the hoofprints left in the grain fields, the wild boars that came here for a feast were not small in size.

Dealing with such wild boars wouldn't be easy; at worst, it could lead to injuries, especially since Han Cheng preferred to capture them alive, significantly increasing the difficulty.

Seeing Han Cheng shake his head again, the crowd couldn't help but feel puzzled. One after another, their thoughts were rejected. What was the leader thinking? Was there another good way?

Indeed, Han Cheng did have a good plan.

He first sent everyone back to have breakfast. After breakfast, he instructed some people in the tribe who often did weaving and similar tasks to use straw ropes to weave wide nets, similar to those on the first-generation fish traps.

Then, he had Eldest Senior Brother and the others go out with stone javelins, bone shovels, and other tools, returning to the area where the wild boars had ravaged the grain.

He marked out several areas there and instructed everyone to start digging holes.

The people understood that the Divine Child's actions aimed to capture wild boars, adding to their confusion.

Shouldn't hunting involve chasing after prey with weapons? Why were they digging holes in the ground now?

Would wild boars jump into the holes by themselves? Were they supposed to wait for the boars to fall in?

Amid the people's confusion, one large and five smaller holes had already been dug.

The large holes were over 1.5 meters deep, while the smaller ones were around 1.2 meters deep.

All these holes were dug straight down without any slope.

Once the holes were dug, a man previously instructed by Han Cheng arrived. He carried an axe at his waist and held many wooden stakes, each about 30 centimeters long and sharpened at both ends.

According to Han Cheng's instructions, all these stakes were hammered into the freshly dug soil pits.

Standing by the edge of the pit and looking at the sharp wooden stakes inside, imagining something falling into the pit, Shang couldn't help but shiver.

The Divine Child's move seemed quite cunning!

Chapter 417: Old sow dug up the sweet potato pit

More sinister things were yet to come.

After the thorns were laid down, Han Cheng brought some not-too-thick wooden sticks to prop up at the mouth of the pit. Over them, he covered with leaves and other items, then layered a net woven by tribe members that was significantly larger than the pit opening.

The net was bound with ropes and securely tied to tree stumps nailed near the trap. The ropes were left long to ensure that if a wild boar fell in, it would reach the bottom of the pit.

This extra layer of net was added because some wild animals were extremely fierce, especially in life-threatening situations, and could often unleash tremendous strength. Han Cheng added another net layer as a restraint to prevent wild boars from escaping again after falling into the trap.

In this way, it would be much safer.

After setting up the net, he sprinkled a layer of fine soil over it, and on top of the fresh soil, he covered it with some of the grains previously harvested for digging the pit.

After carefully handling the surroundings, it looked almost the same as before.

Standing on the side, the eldest brother looked at this piece of land that seemed unremarkable, sucking on his teeth, and Han Cheng's trickery was too much?

However, thinking of the scene of so many wild boars that had been maimed before falling in, he couldn't help laughing.

Hurt is hurt, but not enough to suit his taste.

Shaman also came over to remind people not to come here, especially the children in the tribe, not to come here.

If one of our people fell into it accidentally, it would be heartbreaking.

After setting up these traps, Han Cheng, along with the eldest brother, Shang, and a few other skilled hunters, carefully surveyed the terrain along the slope of the mountain, searching for traces.

In several places where wild boars were likely to pass, they divided into groups and set up traps as before.

However, the scale was not as large as the previous trap area.

By late afternoon, when the sun was slanting westward, all these traps were set up, and the tribe's people carefully departed from the trap sites.

Near these traps, they left markings they could understand to prevent anyone from accidentally stumbling into them and getting hurt.

The golden sunlight slanted down, the wind blew, and the golden grains collided, making a rustling sound, then like golden waves embracing each other as they headed towards the distance.

Many people were watching this scene on the tribe's walls, and their inner joy and satisfaction couldn't be expressed in words.

Many people also gazed at the far edges of the grain fields, where they had set up traps to protect the grains.

Previously, they had been worried that the wild boars would come again and ruin their hard work, but now they were concerned that these creatures might not come.

Compared to the worries of others in the tribe, Han Cheng appeared much more indifferent, not because he had any supernatural ability to predict the arrival of wild boars, but because he recalled a saying from his hometown in later generations: "When the old sow digs up the sweet potatoes."

Typically, this phrase is often used to describe greedy children.

When the family buys delicious snacks, the children eat them non-stop, and this saying will be brought down on their heads.

This phrase means that once a pig digs up sweet potatoes and tastes the sweetness, it will return every few days until all the sweet potatoes are eaten or someone discovers and stops it.

These wild boars have found such a good place; they probably won't just come once and never return.

After all, they were lively last night, with no one disturbing them.

This was why Han Cheng spent a lot of effort setting traps where they had wreaked havoc last night, while the traps set elsewhere weren't as meticulously placed.

After dinner, as twilight fell, people from the tribe sat in groups of two or three in the courtyard, enjoying the comfort and coolness of the night after a satisfying meal.

If there were more flickering red sparks in the night, it would be even more enticing...

There are few mosquitoes here because, at the front and back of the houses, Han Cheng had people transplant many plants like calamus and mint, which are effective at repelling insects, along the riverbanks and ditches. By now, they had spread out.

Some people looked up at the bright and mysterious starry sky, while others climbed the walls to look towards the edges of the grain fields where the traps were set.

However, constrained by darkness, their vision couldn't see too far, and they didn't know if any expected gains would be hidden in the darkness near the grain fields.

"Divine Child..."

Finally, someone couldn't resist and spoke up, wanting to light a torch made from pine resin and some scraps of hemp cloth to check for any catches in the traps.

Han Cheng smiled and refused.

The most important thing about checking traps was to remain patient. At this moment, going to look could easily startle the snakes and undo all their previous efforts.

The group sat here for a while longer, but no unusual sounds came from the night, and one by one, they returned to their rooms to sleep.

Some couldn't sleep and continued standing on the walls, peering into the unseen distance...

The dim yellow lights flickered inside the rooms and then went out. Han Cheng hugged the soft, plush White Snow Maiden and entered the realm of dreams.

As the night grew thicker...

"Bang! Bang! Bang..."

"Divine Child! Divine Child..."

A series of urgent knocks and shouts broke the night's silence, suddenly sounding outside the door.

Startled, Han Cheng woke up from his dream. He was a bit groggy initially, but his mind quickly cleared.

"What's the matter?"

"Divine Child! Wild boars are screaming from the west. They must have fallen into the traps. Let's go check..."

The voices of the eldest senior brother and Shang rang out, filled with uncontrollable excitement.

"Phew~"

Han Cheng sighed in relief. So, it was all about this.

"No one is allowed to go. Go back and sleep!"

Disturbed from his peaceful dream, Han Cheng, a bit grouchy, issued a stern command, then lay back down to sleep with White Snow Maiden, who had also woken up in surprise.

These guys are all leaders. How could they lack patience like this? Going out in the middle of the night with no plan is reckless.

The two outside the door received a cold shoulder. After standing there for a while, they turned and left, continuing to climb the wall to listen to the commotion from that direction, filled with excitement and itching curiosity.

Knowing there might be a catch but being unable to see it was uncomfortable, like having a furry tail constantly tickling your mind.

Looking back at the house where Divine Child lived, still immersed in darkness, the two smiled wryly at each other. While marveling at how Divine Child could sleep so calmly, they could only endure this seemingly endless night, waiting for dawn to arrive...

Chapter 418: Big Catch

The eastern sky rose with the morning star, signaling that the long night was finally ending.

Seeing the eastern horizon gradually lightening, the dozen or so people who had stayed up all night standing on the wall sighed in relief.

Looking at the still-closed door of Divine Child's residence, they couldn't help but smile bitterly again. Divine Child really could sleep through anything.

After waiting a while, when Shaman opened the door and came out, the Eldest Senior Brother and the others couldn't resist. They came over to persuade Shaman to wake Divine Child and see the catch together.

Shaman thought for a moment, then nodded in agreement...

After getting up, Han Cheng looked at the group of people with red eyes staring at him outside the door, unable to help but be stunned. These guys hadn't slept all night?

"Early to bed and rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Isn't staying up all night even worse?

Thinking this, but without delay, after a simple wash-up, he joined the eager crowd who were already prepared and couldn't wait any longer, leaving the tribe towards the direction where the wild boars had screamed last night.

After walking for a while, Han Cheng remembered something and stopped.

The people behind, rushing forward anxiously, almost couldn't stop their steps.

Just as everyone was feeling surprised, Han Cheng's voice rang out.

"Form up, move quietly, watch your steps, and beware of those wild boars that haven't fallen into traps."

He issued such an order because he suddenly remembered the incident three years ago when the Green Sparrow tribe was searching for Fu Jiang. They encountered a fight between a saber-toothed tiger and wild boars in the forest.

Although wild boars might look clumsy, they were fierce and tended to stick together, not quickly abandoning injured companions.

From the scale of the trampled grain yesterday and the various sizes of footprints left behind, coupled with what the Eldest Senior Brother and the others heard last night, it was clear that there wasn't just one wild boar.

Even though they had dug many traps in that area, it wasn't possible to trap all the wild boars.

It was necessary to make these arrangements now to prevent them from escaping and to secure more meat that was practically within their grasp.

After so much training, many tribe members had almost developed a conditioned reflex for specific commands.

After Han Cheng shouted these words, those who had seemed confused just now quickly reacted. The Vine Shield Team led, followed by the Long Spear Team, with the Bow and Sling Team on the left and right sides.

The momentum was different from before, instantly becoming more coordinated.

"You guys go from here, and you guys go from there, block their retreat first..."

Han Cheng directed the division of forces.

With this arrangement, everyone's internal alarm bells rang, no longer simply thinking about rushing over to collect wild boars as before.

The Eldest Senior Brother led a few people to move out first, followed by Shang and the Second Senior Brother.

The three of them led their groups to approach from three directions. From a distance, after confirming that they were all in position, Han Cheng and Shaman, along with Third Senior Brother and others, headed towards the edge of the traps.

The people from the three directions also moved forward together.

Fu Jiang and the five Little Fuses also followed closely beside Han Cheng, walking in that direction together.

The encirclement grew smaller, the wild boars' squeals gradually became clearer, and the scene near the traps also came into view.

Four or five piglets, weighing about ten kilograms each, were anxiously circling there, grunting.

Upon noticing that people were gradually closing in, they became alert, standing there and looking around, ready to run at any moment.

"Divine Child, let me shoot it with an arrow..."

Third Senior Brother spoke up, seeing that they were within effective range of the bow and arrow. If they moved forward again, these wild boars might bolt.

Han Cheng nodded. The people on his side stopped their steps, and Third Senior Brother took a step forward, took out a feathered arrow with an iron arrowhead, placed it on the bow, aimed at a piglet close to him, relaxed his hand, and let the arrow fly.

The piglet let out a wail as it collapsed to the ground, then quickly scrambled up and fled wildly, stumbling aimlessly.

The other four, seeing this, wasted no time and also bolted, fleeing for their lives.

Surrounding people who were prepared also sprang into action, intercepting them.

"Go!"

Han Cheng pointed in the direction where the piglet was escaping. The six trained dogs also shot like arrows released from a bow, joining the pursuit.

For a moment, the air filled with people's shouts, pigs' squeals, and dog barks.

"Puff!"

In its mad rush to escape, one piglet ran for a while before suddenly realizing there were still people ahead. It quickly turned aside in a panic, but it was too late. The Eldest Senior Brother, quick-eyed and quick-handed, skewered it in the belly with a stone spear...

"Zing!"

The bowstring twanged. Amidst the chase, Third Senior Brother once again drew his bow. The piglet, already hit in one leg by him, now had another arrow in its other leg. It collapsed to the ground, and it was already too late when it tried to get up again...

"Woo woo..."

Fu Jiang and the Five Little Fu Jangs galloped, and one panicked squealing piglet was tackled to the ground...

Over where the Second Senior Brother was, there was also success. The last piglet ran a few circles but eventually realized it couldn't escape.

The people closing in forced it into a trap.

Everyone watched as three piglets, now roughly bound and struggling on the ground, and one deceased, plus another piglet temporarily out of sight in a trap, filled them with satisfaction and appreciation for Divine Child's arrangements.

These five piglets wouldn't have been caught so cleanly if they had proceeded as usual.

These piglets were just appetizers. The potential haul could only be greater with six traps set and five sprung!

"Hiss!"

Even though they knew the haul wouldn't be small, everyone involuntarily gasped when they saw the scene in the largest trap.

Inside, there was a massive wild boar covered in hard mud armor!

This beast weighed at least four hundred kilograms!

However, it was already dead, its belly pierced by five wooden spikes over twenty centimeters long, its white tusks stained with blood.

Its four hooves were entangled in a net, now wholly shapeless.

It was clear that this beast had struggled violently and furiously after falling into the trap.

Watching this enormous wild boar, the tribe members, including the martially inclined Shang, couldn't help but feel lingering fear and relief.

Thankfully, Divine Child had set up these traps; otherwise, even if they had discovered such a giant wild boar, they wouldn't dare provoke it easily.

Once it went berserk, encountering it would mean death or injury!

In addition to this giant wild boar in the trap, a piglet had fallen lucky into a gap between the wooden spikes and had not been harmed.

After extracting the wild boar from this trap, the piglets from the remaining traps were also gradually removed.

They had captured twelve wild boars, including the four previously caught (excluding the one that fell into the trap)!

Among them were one super-sized wild boar and another smaller adult wild boar weighing over a hundred kilograms!

It could be said that the harvest was quite fruitful!

Chapter 419: Longing for the Green Tribe - Repairing the Pig Pen

The Green Sparrow Tribe is immersed in the joy of harvest.

Near the rabbit hutches, at the farthest corner of the courtyard from the residential area, Eldest Senior Brother and others followed Han Cheng's plan and dug foundations there.

Shang led a group to transport stones from the quarry.

They were building a pig pen.

Compared to deer and rabbits, constructing a pig pen required more care, primarily to ensure it was sturdy enough to withstand the pigs' rooting. After all, the pigs the Green Sparrow Tribe was now going to raise had never been domesticated before, vastly different from the tame domestic pigs of later eras that only cared about eating and growing fat.

Therefore, after careful consideration, Han Cheng decided to have the foundation dug and lined with stones. It was feared that if built with rammed earth walls, it wouldn't last long against these ferocious creatures.

Another consideration was the cleanliness of the pig pen. When pigs came to mind, the first impressions were generally fat and lazy, followed by dirtiness. This impression wasn't entirely wrong; these creatures were indeed quite dirty.

In later times, in villages with numerous pig-feeding households, the smell was somewhat tolerable on ordinary days. However, once summer arrived, the stench could be pretty pungent.

Because of such experiences, Han Cheng chose to locate the pig pen farthest from the Green Sparrow Tribe's residential area.

Fortunately, the Green Sparrow Tribe's courtyard was spacious enough that this distance would hardly affect the living area. This was one solution. Another was regular cleaning and scrubbing of the pig pen, flushing away all the filth to minimize the odor.

This was the fundamental solution. However, if they were to clean the pig pen daily, merely using stone for construction wouldn't suffice, and the floor of the pig pen couldn't be ignored either.

Han Cheng planned to use stones and cement to pave the entire pig pen, making cleaning easier.

Upon hearing this news, Eldest Senior Brother and others who received Han Cheng's message couldn't help but marvel silently.

How grand would this need to be? How extensive would the project be?

After all, the houses they lived in still had earthen floors without bricks or stones. Yet now, these wild pigs causing havoc in their tribe were to enjoy such high treatment...

Of course, it was necessary.

Han Cheng looked at the seven wild piglets confined in the makeshift stone enclosure, thinking this to himself.

They were only starting to raise them now, and the number of wild pigs wasn't significant. But as time passed and their numbers grew, Eldest Senior Brother and the others would come to understand the power of these creatures.

Their attack through scent was no less formidable than their tusks!

This was why he urged the tribe's people to quickly establish the foundation of the pig pen two days before the corn was ripe.

As for constructing the pig pen with stones, which Eldest Senior Brother and others found to be quite grand, Han Cheng wasn't too worried.

For one thing, if everything went as expected, by the Lunar New Year this year, the Green Sparrow Tribe's population would significantly increase. The source of this growth would be the Green Tribe, which was already gradually being ensnared.

The Green Tribe's population wasn't too large, but it wasn't small either. With their inclusion, the labor force of the Green Sparrow Tribe would significantly increase.

By then, the two roads leading to the fields, which had not yet been constructed, would also commence. There would be hands available to lay the pig pen as well.

Another thing was that some time ago, about a mile from the quarry, they found a type of stone that Shang and his team classified as unusable. These stones were like stacked leaves, peeling off one by one, but they were unsuitable for building walls or houses due to their insufficient thickness.

Han Cheng had gone to see it himself. There wasn't much shale on the ground, but after digging around with shovels, they found quite a few buried under the soil.

These large slabs of shale gave him the confidence to pave the pig pen.

Of course, they could also pave the roads in due course.

Also, when the time came, they could dig a large pool near the pig pen or elsewhere, cover it with a lid, store the waste from washing it, and then use it to fertilize the fields...

There were all kinds of things that needed many hands to do, and fortunately, they had the Green Tribe.

"Achoo!"

In an unseen place, with leaves around his waist, the leader of the Green Tribe sat there and looked at the empty salt jar again, continuing to worry. Suddenly, he sneezed loudly, blowing bubbles of mucus out.

He skillfully wiped it away with the back of his hand, then continued to worry about the empty salt jar.

He continuously wondered how he could get more salt to eat; there wasn't much skin in the tribe.

At the same time as he was worrying, some things he had never thought of before quietly emerged in his mind.

He was lost in thought for a while, then suddenly reacted, his body trembling violently, and shaking his head like a rattle drum...

By the simple, temporary construction of the pigsty, Han Cheng did not know about this scene happening in the distance, nor did he know that the Green Tribe's leader's concerns had caused him to blow bubbles of mucus.

At this moment, he was still lying next to the pigsty, looking at the seven wild piglets huddled together in fear, indulging in reverie.

Twelve wild boars, ten small and two large, with the largest already dead in the trap. The other adult was in good spirits and not seriously injured, so it could be kept alive.

But in the end, it was not alive. Under Han Cheng's command, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe stabbed it to death in the trap before dragging it out.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had no psychological pressure to kill the wild boar that fell into the trap, even though its cries were particularly miserable before it died.

Instead, many people looked at the blood on the muddy ground and felt sorry for it.

After solidifying, this blood was put in a basin and sprinkled with salt, which made it extremely delicious.

Adult wild boars are not ideal for domestication as piglets have not grown up.

With it around, the seven piglets will be even harder to tame, which is why they died.

Han Cheng watched for a while, then threw a lot of green grass into the makeshift pigsty and turned away.

He would do it later and use the wild boar he had hunted today to make a sumptuous meal for the tribe's people.

Just before the sickle was opened, it was a reward for the tribe's people.

After all, there are hundreds of acres of corn this year. Once the harvest begins, there will be a long time when they can't relax. It is necessary to have a good meal before the sickle is opened.

Chapter 420: Going to lose their balls

"Crackle~"

After thoroughly rinsing the square pieces of meat in water, there was enough to fill a large basin, and Han Cheng dumped about half of it in one go.

After a brief wait, he poured half a cup of wine in half, covered it with a lid, and started simmering.

Once these were done, he similarly handled another open-mouthed earthenware jar, or one could call it a clay pot.

Drinking a can of the intense wine that made people dizzy this way, the second senior brother who saw this was distraught.

But then he immediately looked forward to the food simmering inside the pot.

After using a whole barrel of good wine, the resulting dish was sure to be exceptionally delicious!

As he smelled the gradually wafting aroma uncontrollably, a stream of clear drool flowed from his mouth.

Realizing this, he quickly sucked it up, licked his lips, and turned to continue digging foundations.

"Lower the fire a bit."

Han Cheng lifted the lid, stirred it a bit, checked that the water was boiling, and instructed the fire to be reduced.

Then he placed several cleaned and cooked pork intestines into two other large pots regularly used for soups, added water, and began simmering.

When it was almost ready, he added salt, chopped green onions, and cleaned wild vegetables. Then, he added two large spoonfuls of fruit vinegar, stirred it, and served it in a large bowl.

A tangy aroma filled the air, making people's appetites soar at the smell.

After preparing this tangy intestine soup, the meat stew was also tender by now.

Han Cheng added some salt, stirred it, and then a spoonful of thick honey.

The thick honey gradually turned slightly red when it met the hot meat chunks, making the meat shiny and looking extremely appetizing.

A fragrant and not greasy sweet aroma wafted over.

Everyone helping here couldn't help but look at the large pot of freshly cooked meat, slowing their movements.

A can of wine, two spoonfuls of honey so sweet that one could almost swallow their tongue for such good things to make these two pots of food?

Heavens, how delicious this pot of meat must be!

"They couldn't imagine it.

The dish Han Cheng made was the original version of braised pork.

Because it lacked brown sugar and soy sauce and was cooked in a clay pot, this braised pork looked much inferior to later versions, which was somewhat regrettable.

But after seeing everyone's reactions around him, Han Cheng no longer felt regret.

"Don't just stare. Everyone will get their share. Quickly finish up the rest so we can eat sooner," he said with a laugh.

With these words, everyone hastened their pace.

At the mouth of the cave, more and more people came here to drink tea, one after another, non-stop.

Even if they weren't thirsty, they pretended to be very thirsty, coming over two times,

Not for drinking iced tea but to smell the enticing aroma up close, stretching their heads to see the delicious food inside the cave.

Then they happily ran away, digging foundations on one side and boasting about how delicious the food made by the tribe's shaman was.

Hearing this, everyone's hearts itched, hoping for dinner to start soon.

"Don't drink too much, or you won't have room for food later," Han Cheng said with a smile, watching Tie Tou come over for the fourth time to drink water.

Upon hearing Han Cheng's words, Tie Tou suddenly realized this, and his face immediately turned bitter...

"This... this..."

Having savored a mouthful of braised pork for a while before finally swallowing it down, Wu looked at the remaining large chunk of meat and didn't know what to say for a moment.

How could it be so delicious?

The rest of the people also had their expressions change.

After taking a bite, some couldn't stop eating, like Wu, who stood there in a daze, savoring it, reluctant to put it down.

Bai Xue's mouth was moving quickly, clean and empty. Her eyes narrowed in admiration as she looked at Big Brother Cheng, her face full of worship.

Han Cheng saw everyone's reactions and felt very pleased. For someone who cooked, nothing was more satisfying than receiving unanimous praise for a carefully prepared dish.

He picked up a piece of braised pork made from pork belly, brought it to his mouth, and took a bite — fatty and tender, easy to chew, sweet and not greasy, it was acceptable.

However, compared to the braised pork eaten in later generations, it still lacked flavor.

Moreover, upon careful tasting, one could detect a slightly unpleasant taste in the meat, which even the addition of wine, honey, and green onions couldn't completely mask.

Han Cheng knew the source of this taste, which was inherent in wild boar meat.

Continuous domestication was needed to make wild boar meat delicious and eliminate this taste, along with a necessary step — castrating the boar.

Of course, excluding the breeding pigs.

After Han Cheng left with those who followed him, the young wild boars, who tried to leave but couldn't find their way out, had grown considerably bolder. They began eating the green grass Han Cheng had thrown in.

As they ate the grass, they had no idea that in the future, some of them would lose their "eggs" and become like little eunuchs...

It turns out primitive humans could eat a lot of food.

This time, Han Cheng deliberately made nearly fifty percent more food than the previous average amount!

However, all this extra food was nowhere to be seen now, having gone into the bellies of the tribal people.

Watching everyone holding their bellies and humming, still looking unsatisfied, Han Cheng, sniffing, could only repeatedly think "food bin" in his mind...

The pigsty where the foundations hadn't been dug stopped.

Outside the tribe, the large millet fields planted at the beginning were now mature, and it was time to harvest.

Every available hand in the Green Sparrow Tribe was harvesting millet, including Han Cheng himself, the Divine Child.

All the less critical tasks had stopped; at this moment, everything had to make way for the autumn harvest.

After all, these golden grains, irrigated with their sweat, would be essential food in the days ahead.

"Chileng~ Chileng~"

The sickle in Tietou's hand danced happily; every time this sound rang out, a row of millet stalks fell, entering his left hand.

At these moments, Tietou was happiest because the skill he had honed from cutting grass could finally be openly displayed in front of others.

Compared to the chaotic grass, the millet was easy to cut for Tietou.

While others could cut two swathes (six rows) in one trip, he could easily manage three swathes! And he was faster than anyone else.

Often, by the time others reached the end and started wiping sweat to rest, Tietou had already sat on the edge of the field, resting.

When others finally reached the end and began to rest, he, already refreshed, would get up and start cutting back. Moreover, the areas he had harvested were spotless, with almost no grains left behind.

Tietou was always a man whom others could not look up to when it came to harvesting crops.

Of course, he always showed off his speed, ignoring others. When it was almost time to finish, instead of starting a new row after finishing one, he turned around and took responsibility for several rows left behind by others at the edge of the harvest, "bumping heads" with them...