

Primitive 43

Chapter 43: The big plan to increase the population – eat more kidneys

Shelling the rapeseeds was much easier. After two days of drying in the barely describable open space, the rapeseed were thoroughly dried and turned brown.

On the third day at noon, under Han Cheng's guidance, the people once again wielded their multifunctional weapons wooden sticks. They beat the dried rapeseeds, flipped them over, and even called the children from the tribe to jump around for a while.

After two rounds of beating, the already dried rapeseed pods cracked open, revealing the seeds that had been nurtured inside.

With limited resources, anything could be managed. The empty rapeseed plants were moved to the side, and the fallen empty pods were sifted by hand. Then, using a broom made by Han Cheng from suitable wild grass, the remaining seeds on the ground were gathered into piles.

After two or three rounds of this process, the larger debris was removed, leaving only the finer particles, such as the thin white film inside the rapeseed pods and some small leaves. These couldn't be separated by sweeping.

Han Cheng swung the broom left and right to get rid of these, creating a gust of wind that blew them away.

After a while of this busy work, the clean rapeseeds were ready.

However, the freshly harvested seeds couldn't be directly stored in jars because they had a high moisture content. Directly storing them would lead to mold and spoilage; they must be dried first.

The cleaned rapeseeds were spread out in front of the cave's entrance. Han Cheng assigned two children to guard them, preventing birds and even the tribe's symbol, the green sparrows, from approaching.

Three days later, Han Cheng looked at the nearly half-filled jar of rapeseed with delight. He would occasionally insert his hand into the jar, grab a handful of seeds, slightly loosen his grip, and feel the smooth, small seeds slipping through his fingers. It was a beautiful sight.

But having seeds didn't mean they could start planting. There was another important issue to consider. The land.

Without resolving the land issue, having seeds was pointless. Suddenly, a thought flashed in Han Cheng's mind, and he chuckled.

But clearing the land was a troublesome task. Previously, opening up just a small space of about ten to twelve square meters required a lot of effort, and that was in an area specifically chosen for having fewer large trees, shrubs and weeds.

Rapeseed cultivation requires a certain scale. For the first season, they needed more than fifteen hundred square meters.

Looking at the forested conditions near the cave, they might not even clear the land by next year.

It was a tough journey. Indeed, it is a tough journey. Living in this era, every step forward required tremendous effort and overcoming numerous difficulties. Without mentioning other things, just cultivating the land proved to be such a challenge.

Han Cheng looked at the jar not far from him, sealed with a bowl containing rapeseeds, and once again, he spent a sleepless night.

Counting on crude tools like stone axes to cut down trees was impossible, and Han Cheng would never consider doing such a thing.

If only Logger Vick was here. Han Cheng could ask his Senior Brothers to help him fend off the troublesome bears that hindered his woodcutting. Logger Vick could then wield his chainsaw, showcasing his skill in logging. With three meals a day of roasted meat as payment for his work, Han Cheng would gladly accept.

Han Cheng chuckled bitterly, realizing he was almost losing his mind. If Logger Vick were here, it would still be more reliable than waiting for his Eldest Senior Brother to turn into the true Eldest Senior Brother of the Journey to the West.

Leaving aside other things, just Monkey King's golden cudgel, weighing a hundred and eighty thousand kilograms, poking into the Southern Mountain Cave to kill ten thousand monsters and then poking into the Northern Mountain Cave to kill another ten thousand was enough to clear away these troublesome trees.

Han Cheng had a hard time falling asleep, and the next day, instead of making salt or building kilns for pottery, he led some people from the tribe with what could barely be called stone axes. They headed towards the forest slightly west of the tribe's cave and began to strike the dense trees.

This is an easy task.

Easy tasks naturally wouldn't happen to Han Cheng, at least not this time.

Leading the tribe's people, Han Cheng used stone axes to strike the segment of the trees near the ground, not aiming to fall the trees but to peel off a section of bark.

As long as you encircled the tree and peeled off the bark in a circle, all the trees, except for a few sturdy ones, couldn't withstand it.

In no time, they would wither and then die completely.

After they died and dried up, when the wild grass on the ground turned yellow in the fall, Han Cheng would set a fire. These guys would obediently turn into ashes and then become fertilizer.

Under the guidance of the transcendent Han Cheng, the Green Sparrow Tribe took a firm and great step towards slash-and-burn farming.

"We don't have enough manpower."

This wasn't the first time Han Cheng had made such a sigh. As the need for various things increased, the labor shortage became more apparent, deeply restricting the development of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

To address the labor shortage issue, Han Cheng took out all the kidneys he had saved for two days, paired them with other meat, and deliberately brewed a pot of soup for the men in the tribe, including the Lame and those with wives.

That night, the primitive songs in the tribe were indeed much louder than usual.

Han Cheng chuckled secretly, lying on his bed. He looked like he had succeeded in a conspiracy.

However, his joy didn't last long and turned into a long sigh.

Because this method of increasing population solely through reproduction was too slow. Even if one child gained some labor ability by seven, it still took about eight years from conception to birth and then to the age of seven.

There wasn't a better way for the present, so they could only do it this way for now.

Heiwa, who had been with them for many years, also got married. His spouse had just come of age and was a strong woman the same age as him.

A strong woman whose appearance was almost on par with Heiwa's was the top beauty among the younger generation of the Green Sparrow Tribe. To marry her, Heiwa had a fierce battle with the equally just-coming-of-age Tie Tuo, beating him to a pulp before carrying the beauty back home.

This made Han Cheng's eyes go blank, but he could understand.

After all, there wasn't much surplus in life now, and only strong people could live better in this era. So, the current aesthetic standard for people was strength.

As for later beauties like Zhao Feiyan or Pan Jinlian, and other famous beauties in history who were slim, would be the least popular women here.