

Primitive 431

Chapter 431: The Angry Xiao Fu

Xiao Fu extended his neck slightly in the gentle drizzle, sniffed the female wolf who followed him, then turned and walked away.

The female wolf followed behind him, walking together.

After turning a corner and being out of sight from the rest of the pack, Xiao Fu turned back towards the female wolf, sniffed a few times, and then stood up on his hind legs.

His front paws gripped the female wolf's waist, and he headed straight to the point with great speed, shaking off the water droplets that had clung to him.

Not long after, Xiao Fu turned again, facing the female wolf's hindquarters.

Some things should not be done; once done, one must bear the consequences.

The one-eyed alpha wolf lying on the ground woke up. He habitually looked to where Xiao Fu had been but could not find his presence.

After a while, it realized the pack was missing a member, particularly the one in heat.

The one-eyed alpha wolf appeared uneasy, starting to search around, then wandering towards where Xiao Fu and the female wolf were.

The other wolves followed along.

"Awooo!"

The scene before the one-eyed alpha wolf enraged it. It let out an angry howl, baring its sharp, snow-white teeth, pressing its front paws against the ground, then shot off like an arrow, straight towards Xiao Fu and the female wolf.

Such actions caught red-handed also caused tension among animals.

Xiao Fu instinctively wanted to run, but his "roots" weren't retracted, and dragging the female wolf behind him was the only way to escape.

The one-eyed alpha wolf had already rushed close, issuing angry roars while fiercely reprimanding the disobedient pack members.

The reprimanded female wolf emitted fearful whimpers, wanting to escape but was as helpless as Xiao Fu.

After a brief reprimand, the one-eyed alpha wolf turned and jumped toward Xiao Fu, opening its mouth to bite.

Though Xiao Fu was in the wrong, he couldn't help but fight back now.

They immediately started fighting, biting, and growling at each other.

Xiao Fu, still engaged with the female wolf, was disadvantaged in the one-on-two battle.

After a while, he fell behind, gaining some additional wounds.

Can't go back

Xiao Fu opened his mouth in this quiet wait, and the one-eyed alpha wolf slinked over with its tail between its legs.

"Woo, woo..."

Xiao Fu, in the posture of a victor, drove away the defeated one-eyed alpha wolf.

The one-eyed alpha wolf, reluctant to leave the pack it had led for so long, circled, unwilling to depart.

Xiao Fu, however, was not polite at all in his expulsion.

The other wolves stood by, watching the spectacle, none stepping forward to help.

One reason was the cunning nature of the one-eyed alpha wolf, who was not known for treating the pack well; the other was because the one-eyed alpha wolf was old and had been defeated by Xiao Fu in battle...

"Awooo!"

As the clouds dispersed and the rain ceased, a bright moon appeared in the sky in the evening.

The solitary, one-eyed alpha wolf lifted its head to the moon, howling long into the night, adding a touch of loneliness and desolation to the darkness.

Unfortunately, it wasn't a werewolf, so howling at the moon wouldn't change a thing, nor could it discipline the wolf who had defeated and expelled it.

In its plight, its howls offered no help; instead, upon hearing the one-eyed alpha wolf's distant cries, Xiao Fu lay faster on the female wolf's back.

After flipping over from the female wolf's back, he lifted his head and howled at the moon.

The sound was filled with the attitude of a victor.

After howling, the lonely one-eyed alpha wolf licked its wounds on the ground, hearing Xiao Fu's howl. It stood up and slowly walked away, disappearing into the dim distance.

If it couldn't defeat Xiao Fu in the future or another alpha wolf who could defeat the rest of the pack like Xiao Fu, it was afraid it would only become a solitary wolf...

Crack!

The crisp sound of an eggshell breaking came from the pottery bowl. Without looking, Han Cheng knew he had accidentally broken another egg.

This was the third egg he had broken.

Shaking his head slightly, Han Cheng set the broken egg aside, picked up a new one, then dipped it into a mixture of salt and water blended with wood ash, rolling it around.

Sometimes, when he found the wet wood ash on the eggshell to be too thin, he would use his hands to grab more and coat it thicker.

He was making salted eggs.

Unfortunately, he hadn't come across any limestone this time. Otherwise, after burning it to make some raw lime and mixing it with some sawdust left over from the crippled sawmill, adding water to ferment it, when the lime cooled, it would become a century egg.

The century egg is good with beer during summer.

Han Cheng thought so regretfully.

Crack!

Another crisp sound.

This egg could not be pickled, and more were not yet broken.

Han Cheng sighed, stood up, called Bai Xue, and asked her to come over and take over his work. He stood beside and guided her.

Originally, pickling salted eggs was a very happy thing. But he was worried about Xiao Fu's disappearance.

He was not worried at first. He thought Xiao Fu would return in a few days, but he was nowhere to be found after eight days.

Chapter 432: Orchard's bountiful harvest

n I am a Primitive Man

The sunlight filtered through the trees, casting in colorful halos refracted by dewdrops hanging beneath the leaves.

Without wind, a few yellowed leaves silently drifted from the branches, spiraling down to rest on Xiao Fu's head beneath the trees.

Shaking its head, Xiao Fu dislodged the mischievous leaf and then glanced around at the other wolves nearby.

The ground was damp from yesterday's constant rain.

Xiao Fu, whose fur was still damp from the rain, appeared even darker.

Two female wolves were in heat consecutively within this wolf pack. Being young and vigorous, Xiao Fu naturally had an undeniable responsibility.

After several consecutive days, Xiao Fu had adapted to this new lifestyle.

During these days, Xiao Fu enjoyed a carefree existence. If its head itched, it could wash it anytime; if tired from washing, it could roam with the wolf pack, hunt some prey, and rest for a while...

Such leisurely days were far better than those in the tribe.

Back then, it had to accept leadership from a deer; besides the deer, Fu Jiang could also control him.

The most brutal thing was the owner, who liked to kick his buttocks for no reason...

Of course, that was just the thought of Xiao Fu, who had just joined the wolf pack. When it saw the flowery look, it remembered where it had lived since childhood.

He wanted to go back, as this was not his permanent residence.

Another leaf fell and lay close to Xiao Fu. After looking at it, Xiao Fu turned and left.

The mother wolf stood idly or played with it, and after spending time together, they ultimately accepted the new strong young head wolf.

"Shaman Shaman....."

After walking for a while, Xiao Fu saw the situation behind him, stopped, turned back, and shouted at the wolves to stop following him.

However, this small group of wolves had already identified it. After repeated reminders, they still followed it left and right.

After a few unsuccessful attempts, Xiao Fu stopped driving away and walked away with them...

In the orchard not far from the Green Sparrow tribe, laughter and laughter filled the air. Even though the temperature was a bit cold due to the rain, it couldn't reduce the joy in their hearts.

The shaman held a small basket, constantly picking up fallen fruit. After filling it, he poured the fruit into another large gourd head.

After being brought back, these fallen fruits can be selected. The better quality is stripped and used to make wine vinegar and fruit preserves, while the poor quality is used to feed rabbits and wild boars.

Anyway, it cannot be squandered.

But compared with previous years, few fallen fruits are on the ground. On the one hand, because the use of fruits has increased, they have received significant attention from the tribe's people, and they will no longer allow some to survive on their own as in previous years.

Even now, Shaman found it quite miraculous, although he vaguely sensed some reasons behind it.

Previously, although the fruit trees bloomed profusely, many of the fruits that started to grow would prematurely fall off or wither on the trees.

This pattern of growth and loss meant that by the time the fruits matured, there were far fewer left on the trees.

This year, however, was different. Initially, due to the vigorous pruning by the Divine Child, after the flowers bloomed, the number of small fruits left on the trees was much lower compared to previous years at the same time. However, very few of these fruits fell off prematurely.

This situation continued until now, resulting in a scene of abundant harvest!

Shaman bent down to pick up a freshly fallen fruit. There was a spot where a bird had pecked at it, but Shaman didn't mind; he wiped it with his hand and popped it into his mouth.

By now, when the fruits were plentifully ripe, those pecked by birds were mature and highly delicious.

Eating the fruit, Shaman watched with delight as the bustling crowd picked numerous fruits and put them into large gourds.

The scenes of harvest and joy were never enough for him.

As he watched, his thoughts involuntarily turned to the Divine Child.

Although he had long revered the Divine Child, Shaman still wanted to praise the Divine Child vigorously...

In the tribe, steam rose from the raised clay pot, and many cleaned and sun-dried jars were placed nearby.

A sweet and rich aroma permeated the air. As a chef, Han Cheng stood there with a spoon in his hand, occasionally lifting the pot lid to check the progress inside.

"Get ready!"

Seeing that the fruits in one clay pot were already cooked, Han Cheng instructed the people around him.

He then picked up a large spoon and scooped up a spoonful of the still bubbling fruit, directly pouring it into a jar.

In just a few scoops, a jar was already filled.

"Hurry!"

He urged, and the person beside him quickly covered the jar's mouth with a large oily tree leaf in his hand.

After applying beeswax around the jar's mouth, he pressed down, sealing it tightly without letting any air in.

After waiting a while, the leaf covering the jar's mouth suddenly collapsed inward, tightly adhering to it.

Upon seeing this reaction, Han Cheng froze for a moment and then broke into a smile. It seemed that this batch of fruit preserves would be successful!

Han Cheng has gradually explored and improved methods for making fruit preserves.

He would not let things like 'making vinegar in a wine barrel and sour in a jar' happen to him. Despite his background in liberal arts, living in the modern era, he had some knowledge about bacterial decomposition and sterilization through high temperatures.

After turning preserves into wine, he carefully recalled the process and was able to pinpoint where things might have gone wrong.

After making targeted modifications, today's success came.

After Han Cheng's joy, he sped up his movements and continued filling fruit preserves.

After a while of such busy work, there was a commotion at the courtyard entrance. Han Cheng quickly turned to look.

Chapter 433: Flying Snake Tribe's night

The slanting evening sun cast its glow on the ground, elongating shadows. Even the stoutest individuals appeared leaner in this light.

Deer Lord, the leader, returned with the deer herd from outside, accompanied by a few hounds led by Fu Jiang.

Han Cheng, hopeful, scanned the deer herd, hoping to catch sight of Xiao Fu among them. However, his hope turned to disappointment.

There were only five dogs; Xiao Fu, who had been missing for eleven days now, still hadn't returned.

Han Cheng sighed, delegating tasks to those already proficient, and approached the deer herd.

At the exact moment, somewhere not far from Green Sparrow Tribe, in a direction unknown, Xiao Fu looked up helplessly towards the setting sun.

He was genuinely anxious now. It had only been playing recklessly with several she-wolves during this period, not knowing where it had wandered off to.

Now, wanting to return home, he couldn't find the way or direction.

The heavy autumn rain not long ago had washed away its scent from the ground.

With the slanting evening sun, at this time in previous days, it would have been returning home with the deer herd and siblings, regardless of whether they had found something to eat outside. Upon returning, it would always receive a share of abundant food.

But now, it could only roam the wilderness and forests with the wolf pack, catching and eating only what it could find. Sometimes, it would have the misfortune of not finding food for the day.

"Wu wu wu..."

The evening wind blew through the woods, rustling some leaves. Xiao Fu whimpered in loneliness and helplessness in the crimson glow of the setting sun, like a lost child. Its cries echoed far and wide, eventually fading into the gradually dimming twilight.

At the same time, in the Flying Snake Tribe, the campfire flickered irregularly.

Steam rose from two clay pots on the fire, filling the air with a fragrant aroma.

The shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe, along with several leaders, squatted around the clay pots, waiting for the food inside to cook.

In the quiet anticipation, their gazes kept returning to the clay pots. Even though they had used such utensils to cook food many times before, they couldn't help but marvel at their craftsmanship and utility each time.

After waiting for a while and seeing that the food in the clay pots was ready, the shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe took dry grass from the large leader beside him, wedged it under the edge of the clay pot, and lifted the steaming pot down.

Then, he began to ladle soup and meat into bowls.

After serving, the shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe took some white salt from a nearby pot and sprinkled it into the soup bowls.

One bowl had more, and the other two had less.

The soup in the bowl with more was for him to drink, while the other two were for preparing the prominent leader and the second leader.

The second leader of the Flying Snake Tribe at this time was not the original one.

The original one had suffered a setback outside Green Sparrow Tribe, causing significant casualties, and had not achieved much merit since then, so his position had not been restored.

The current second leader used to be the third leader, and the third leader used to be the fourth.

As for the Fourth Leader, he was newly selected from among the others.

The shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe carefully and solemnly placed the jar with some salt, then picked up his rice bowl and began to eat slowly. The First and Second Leaders did the same.

They enjoyed their meal so much that it was a taste they had never experienced.

The Third and Fourth Leaders watched on, swallowing their saliva, hoping that the Big Leader and Second Leader would finish quickly so they could also taste this incredibly nostalgic food.

The First Leader of Flying Snake Tribe took a sip of soup and felt unusually comfortable.

The taste was already so delightful with just a bit of salt in his bowl. The food in the shaman's bowl was probably even more delicious.

Of course, he only thought this in his heart; he wouldn't act on it.

There was no objection to the Shaman having the best food.

Setting aside the Shaman's exceptionally high status in the tribe for the time being, just what he had accomplished recently was enough to warrant such treatment.

Raising the singular-horned monsters, easily raiding other tribes, killing the people of other tribes, and strengthening his tribe.

And he had brought back these exquisite utensils and things that made food taste even better.

With these things in hand, it was only natural for the Shaman to eat the best.

In the dim light of the campfire, Cao Geng looked at the fire while drooling and put some fruits into his mouth.

His crooked nose had straightened quite a bit but would never return to its original straightness.

Cao Geng was treated much better than other members of the same tribe who had been captured together.

When sleeping at night, he could lie closer to the campfire, with some dry grass under him and some animal skin to cover him.

This was almost indistinguishable from the old people of the Flying Snake Tribe.

He received such treatment because, through his actions, he had shown the Shaman of this tribe how to use this clay pot and how to add salt to it.

Seeing those from the same tribe who received very little food and slept directly on the ground at night, Cao Geng felt that what he had done before was correct and wise.

Cao Geng was not the only one drooling while putting fruits into his mouth; not far from him, the original Second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe also stared greedily at the campfire and the food eaten by several people around the campfire.

If it were before, he would also be able to eat such delicious food, not just salivating like now.

All of this was because of that damn tribe.

Cursing the Green Sparrow Tribe that failed to attack and instead was turned back, the former Second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe often did this. Especially when encountering good things without his share, he cursed even more fiercely.

Because of that encounter, he suffered great harm and remembered the Green Sparrow Tribe particularly clearly.

By the campfire, the Shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe had finished eating.

He held the still-warm clay bowl momentarily and then set it down.

He searched the crowd for a while, finally fixing his gaze on Cao Geng.

Through several difficult conversations with this person, he had learned some things.

For example, these precious and exquisite utensils, including the tasty salt, were not produced by the tribe he had newly conquered.

Instead, they were obtained through trade with an external tribe.

They gave animal skins to that tribe from elsewhere, and in return, they could get exquisite pottery and delicious salt.

Moreover, it was said that the tribe trading with them from elsewhere still had many such things.

Initially understanding Cao Geng's intentions, the Shaman of the Flying Snake Tribe was extremely surprised. He felt very fortunate with so many precious things, but he had not expected that there could be more for the tribe.

Such good things should all belong to their Flying Snake Tribe.

Chapter 434: waiting by a tree for the Donkey

Not long ago, the former Third Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, now the Second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe, returned from Grassroot Tribe with a group of people and set off again.

Accompanying them was Cao Geng, the man with the crooked nose.

Their destination was the cave where Cao Geng and others had once lived.

They would live there for some time.

On the one hand, they could go to another place far from Cao Geng's original cave to collect and dig the grass that the Unicorn Monster liked to eat, which they increasingly valued.

On the other hand, they could also collect fruits and hunt animals there.

Of course, there was also another important purpose: waiting for that dark tribe to come again with precious pottery and delicious salt for exchange.

In that place, the Shaman of the Flying Snake tribe gently touched the face of the Unicorn Monster with his hand while watching the Second Leader of the Flying Snake Tribe leave with everyone.

His mood was so good that he felt like howling a few times to vent his joy.

The leader of the Donkey tribe, accompanied by people from the Green tribe, carrying pottery, salt, and some food from the Green Sparrow tribe, walked on the road leading to their own tribe.

His mood was also delightful, especially when he felt the heavy weight on his shoulders, making him exceptionally happy.

These heavy things could be exchanged for many things from other tribes when the time came.

However, after the leader of the Donkey tribe returned, he did not immediately prepare to trade with other tribes.

Obtaining food had become extremely easy because it was now the season when fruits were plentiful.

He led the tribe to trade back and forth between various tribes, aiming to obtain sufficient food.

Since they could now obtain sufficient food without trading back and forth, they naturally would not risk the danger of shuttling back and forth for trading.

He wanted to spend the time trading when the ice and snow were about to melt, just like last time, so he could quickly obtain more fur and other things from other tribes.

Life in the Green tribe was much more challenging compared to the triumphant Flying Snake tribe and the satisfied Donkey tribe.

It was not because the food was difficult to harvest at this time, but because since the Green Sparrow tribe announced that they would no longer give out salt for free, they loved and hated the salt that had always hung over their heads.

The salt they exchanged from the kind Green Sparrow tribe last time was almost gone, even though the leader of the Green tribe had been very careful and frugal with it. He could not resist the fact that many people in the tribe liked to eat salt.

The leader of the Green tribe looked a little annoyed. He scratched his hair, and the green grass leaves fell. There was also some hair falling with it.

During this period, the house prepared by the Green Sparrow tribe for the Green tribe had already set up wooden beams, and all that was left was to finish the roof, which would be all right.

Rapeseed has also been planted in the ground.

There are a lot of them, a total of 100 acres.

Fifty acres were sown with a heavy sowing cart, and the remaining fifty acres were sown by hand.

These rapeseeds sown with a heavy sowing cart were mainly for harvesting and leaving seeds, while those sown by hand were mainly for digging and eating green vegetables.

Because of the different purposes, different sowing methods were used.

After all, if seeds were sown, the number of rapeseed plants in the same area would be at least three to four times more than those sown with a heavy sowing cart.

These rapeseeds grown like this are most suitable for digging and eating.

When pulling up vegetables, they first select the largest ones. After the big ones are pulled out, the smaller ones will have room to grow. This way, batches of vegetables can be harvested over a long period.

The reason for planting so many at once is because they have considered the growing population of the Green Sparrow tribe, and the number of animals they raise is also increasing, which will increase the consumption of rapeseed.

There is no need to worry about whether there will be enough land to plant millet next year.

First, after the rapeseed was planted, Han Cheng continued to arrange manpower to open up new land.

Secondly, after harvesting these rapeseeds, they can continue to plant late millet for crop rotation.

After two years of planting, the fertility of the land will decrease, so it will lie fallow for half a year or a year to restore its fertility.

Han Cheng also personally planted carefully cultivated Chinese cabbage and high-quality rapeseed. He still did this matter.

After several years of uninterrupted selection and cultivation, there has been some progress.

However, there is still a long way to go to achieve ordinary Chinese cabbage seen in later generations.

But this is already enough to make Han Cheng happy.

Since elderly people who are past sixty can create and cultivate white chrysanthemums year after year from nothing, why can't he, a person who is just considered an adult in the primitive era and is far from being an adult in later generations, cultivate Chinese cabbage using the same method?

Such enthusiasm diminished considerably when his gaze fell upon the only five dogs.

It has been over a month, and Xiao Fu has not returned. It seems he won't be coming back.

Although Han Cheng regrets this outcome, he no longer feels as anxious as he did initially. When he thinks about it, he feels a bit regretful.

After all, heaven and earth are transient, and time passes like a fleeting guest.

"Clang, clang..."

Not far in front of the cave, a strong man held a smooth, thick-to-thin wooden stick and pounded it into the stone pit below with force.

This work was so exhausting that even a strong man like him was sweating profusely.

After pounding a few times, he bent down to look at the millet grains in the stone mortar. Many of them had already had their husks pounded off. He stopped and handed the wooden stick to another primitive woman. She squatted down, lifted her sore arms, and scooped all the millet from the stone mortar into the winnowing basket placed aside, then walked aside to clean up.

As the winnowing basket was lifted and lowered, husks flew out and fell to the ground, leaving behind round golden-yellow millet.

These husks should not be wasted. Although they cannot be used for fuel, they are excellent when mixed with grass to feed pigs or used as bedding for deer pens.

While the strong man cleaned the millet, the previous primitive woman took over his work.

She scooped some grains from the nearby winnowing basket, put them into the stone mortar, and then began pounding the rice grain by grain.

Although the frequency was not fast, sweat soon appeared on her forehead.

Dry millet dishes and porridge are very delicious, but they are too troublesome and tiring.

Chapter 435: Cannot joke around

It seems it's time to improve the tools for pounding rice.

Han Cheng, who was constantly surveying the surroundings of the tribe from the walls and observing in all directions, thought to himself after watching Zhuang and Qinghua pounding rice from a distance for a while.

Pounding rice is not easy. Previously, when fewer grains were planted in the tribe, it was manageable, though tiring. However, now it's different.

This year, the grains in the Green Sparrow Tribe have had a bumper harvest. Under Han Cheng's intentional guidance, grains have become an important food source for the tribe.

Moreover, as time progresses, the proportion of millet in the tribe's food will increase.

This is because more grains are planted and harvested, and enough grains are available for consumption.

Secondly, because of several years of excessive fishing, the fish in the river in front of the Green Sparrow Tribe have become scarce. Even though there will be fish swimming upstream after the summer rains, the scale is not as large as before.

The recipe relying on fish as the primary food source is gradually becoming difficult to maintain. In fact, since several months ago, the proportion of fish in the Green Sparrow Tribe's diet has been gradually decreasing.

Fortunately, various wild vegetables and Han Cheng's few condiments as a part-time chef have sustained the life of the Green Sparrow Tribe without much impact.

Thirdly, the tribe's population has grown rapidly in recent years, and daily food consumption has almost tripled compared to the previous period.

Given this rise in demand, the fish in the small river can no longer bear the burden.

Fortunately, with these years of buffering, the planting industry of the Green Sparrow Tribe has also developed, and there is no need to worry too much about food.

In the future, appropriately reducing fishing in small rivers will be necessary. Han Cheng does not want his tribe to exhaust its resources.

In addition, the excavated pits for taking soil, burning bricks, etc., need to be expanded again, and some fish fry should be put in for breeding.

As for the koi in the water tank outside the house, Han Cheng thought keeping it in the water tank would be better. Firstly, it's pleasing to the eye, and secondly, Bai Xue likes it.

The only regret for Han Cheng is that he has not encountered lotus roots until now.

This makes his dream of fish playing among lotus leaves and frogs hopping on lotus flowers impossible.

Due to the increased millet consumption daily, pounding rice has inevitably become an indispensable task.

If fewer people were eating in the tribe, it would be manageable to pound rice daily. However, the current situation is that over a hundred mouths are waiting to be fed.

To satisfy these mouths, a considerable amount of rice must be pounded daily, requiring two people to alternate and not rest much.

No work can be done for a long time, let alone pounding rice, which is far from easy.

Of course, if there is no good solution, then the current method will have to continue.

However, coming from the future, Han Cheng knows that pounding rice is not just as simple as it seems.

He wants to create a water-powered rice pounder.

The so-called water pounder relies on the rush of water to use hydraulic power to pound rice.

This method should be very ancient, but it did not exist in Han Cheng's current era.

He has heard about water pounders for a long time, knowing they are ancient wisdom, but his most direct experience of them comes from the TV series "Tian Long Ba Bu."

Inside the mill by the river, Wang Yuyan's face was pale, and she looked weak as a breeze blew softly.

Duan Yu, who always fell for his younger sister, was busy taking care of her beside her and met Murong Fu disguised as someone else.

The thing that impressed Han Cheng the most at the time, apart from Wang Yuyan nearly crying, "Where are you touching?" was the water pounder smashing down repeatedly with no one managing the mill.

"Is pounding rice tiring?"

Coming down from the wall and walking up to the stone mortar, Han Cheng looked at Qinghua and Zhuang, sweat dripping from their heads and faces, and asked with a smile.

The two showed simple smiles and shook their heads repeatedly, "Not tired."

"Not tired?"

Han Cheng looked at the two of them and asked back.

Without waiting for their answer, he shook his head regretfully and sighed, "I originally wanted to make a tool to replace you in pounding rice. Since you're not tired, continue pounding then."

Han Cheng said this jokingly, of course. Regardless of whether they were tired or not, he intended to create the water pounder.

However, seeing Qinghua and Zhuang looking at each other, standing there momentarily unsure what to say, Han Cheng suddenly felt like he had swung at empty air.

He shouldn't have joked with them like that. Now it's awkward.

"Pound the rice well. We'll have dried millet for dinner tonight."

Feeling embarrassed, Han Cheng sniffed and left to find the Lame, leaving Qinghua and Zhuang puzzled.

"What did the master mean by what he just said?"

"Should we make that tool or not?"

After standing there in confusion, the two primitive women began to pound rice again.

Because the Divine Child said we'd have dried millet for dinner tonight.

"A tool that doesn't require people to pound rice."

While repairing a bone shovel there, Lame became excited after hearing Han Cheng's words.

Since making the single-wheeled handcart, Lame hadn't done anything similar to challenging things for a long time and had been dealing with doors and windows.

This made him itch to do something.

At this moment, when he suddenly heard such a thing from Han Cheng, he immediately became excited.

A tool that allows rice to be pounded without effort sounds exciting and challenging.

If it had been at the beginning, Lame naturally wouldn't have believed Han Cheng's words.

However, after experiencing fish cages that let fish in by themselves, traps that let prey fall in by themselves, and deer-drawn plows, Lame had long since become a firm believer in what Han Cheng said.

After listening to Han Cheng, he immediately expressed his willingness to create this miraculous tool under the master's leadership.

He then looked at Han Cheng eagerly, expecting the master to sketch out the shape of the device that needed to be made as he had done in the past.

However, this time it didn't happen.

Regarding the water pounder, Han Cheng only knew it used water to drive it, causing the lever above to pound the stone mortar constantly.

As for the specific details that couldn't be seen, he had no idea.

This is the difference between knowing and not knowing.

Thinking like this in his heart, Han Cheng slowly explained what he knew about the water pounder to Lame, brainstorming with him to find a solution.

Chapter 436: The Weird Mu Tou

The Green Sparrow tribe was not significant, and Han Cheng was the focal point of the entire tribe, the kind who brought his spotlight.

Everything that happened to him, as long as it wasn't deliberately hidden, quickly became common knowledge.

The shaman was preparing to create a tool that could pound rice without human effort, something beyond everyone's understanding and possessing new and extraordinary characteristics. So, it didn't take long before everyone in the tribe knew about it.

Upon hearing this news, the happiest were those who frequently pounded rice in the tribe. They were delighted that they wouldn't have to pound rice all day anymore.

However, after their initial joy, they also wondered what this tool, which required no human effort to pound rice, would look like.

But no matter how hard they thought, they couldn't come up with a reasonable explanation.

It wasn't just them; many people in the tribe had thought the same thing, but it had not yielded results.

To them, such a thing seemed utterly impossible.

However, over these years, the Divine Child had already accomplished many seemingly impossible things, so they were not inclined to believe he couldn't achieve this either.

It's just that the number of people going to the Lame's room increased again for no apparent reason, all wanting to see what kind of tool the Divine Child and Lame had created.

Mu Tou was not included among those who went to watch because he had something else to attend to.

At this moment, he was incessantly hammering away on a piece of stone with one hand holding a hammer and the other an iron chisel.

Fine stone chips would occasionally fly off, and stone dust would rise.

His body, face, and hair were all covered in a layer of whitish stone dust.

Ignoring all this, Mu Tou was completely focused on his work.

On his mouth was a thick, white mask that covered his nose, mouth, and half of his face.

Initially, Mu Tou found the mask uncomfortable and wanted to remove it, but the Divine Child didn't allow it, saying he might get sick, so he dared not take it off.

Over time, he got used to it, and now, whenever he made stone tools, he wore the mask.

What he was working on now was a stone mortar, similar to the one originally in the tribe.

However, forging this one was much faster than the original because the previous stone mortar was chiseled out bit by bit. In contrast, this one now had an iron chisel and hammer, making the process incomparable.

For the next considerable period, his job was to chisel stone mortars.

He wasn't particularly slow; it was because he needed to chisel at least five stone mortars.

Mu Tou knew the purpose of these stone mortars was related to the tool the Divine Child was creating that could pound rice without human effort.

He wanted to see this tool that piqued his curiosity as soon as possible, so he vigorously chiseled the stone mortars.

"Mu Tou, pause for a moment. Go to the riverbank and install the stone mortars," Han Cheng shouted as he approached.

Mu Tou set down his tools and tapped a nearby stone mortar with his hand, indicating that he had already prepared one.

Bending over, he tried to move it but seemed to struggle. The second Senior Brother walked over and picked it up.

Mu Tou suddenly felt relieved.

He followed the group, walking forward while observing the peculiarly long piece of wood Heiwa and Eldest Senior Brother carried.

The piece of wood was a stripped tree trunk, thick at one end and thin at the other.

The thick end has a diameter of over twenty centimeters, while the thin end is approximately fifteen centimeters.

In the middle of the thick end, a hole has been drilled, inside which a wooden stick, thicker at the bottom and thinner at the top, forms a ninety-degree angle with the trunk.

This wooden stick looks like the sticks used in the tribe for pounding rice.

Towards the thicker end of the large trunk, another hole has been chiseled out horizontally.

Behind this hole, the upper part of the trunk has been hollowed out, resembling a miniature canoe scaled down countless times compared to those in the tribe.

Looking at this strange-looking object, Mu Tou was momentarily puzzled, unable to understand how this modified trunk was meant to be used.

Could such a trunk alone be used to pound rice automatically?

This question lingered in his mind, similar to many others in the tribe.

Even though the Divine Child and Lame had already created tools, they still couldn't figure out how this odd-looking thing would function.

Han Cheng didn't elaborate further but led the way with the people towards the small river.

They stopped a bit upstream from the brick kiln.

Here, a tributary with a modest current flow into the small river. The drop between the tributary and the small river is just over a meter, perfect for setting up the simple water-powered pestle he had created.

He took measurements here for a while and had Second Senior Brother set down the stone mortars.

Then he placed the peculiarly shaped trunk there as well. The specially crafted wooden stick under the thicker end was placed inside the stone mortar.

The thinner end extended towards the drop in the creek.

After ensuring the distance was correct, he used a pre-prepared crossbar to thread through the horizontally chiseled hole in the trunk.

They stacked small stone walls on both sides of the crossbar to support the wooden bar.

Because the trunk's front end was heavy, once the crossbar was propped up, the tail end lifted high, and the front end pounded into the stone mortar.

Han Cheng walked to the trunk's tail end, pulled it down, and let go, and the unbalanced crossbar fell again.

The wooden stick under the thick end struck the stone mortar, emitting a hollow sound.

The effect was satisfactory enough, and Han Cheng nodded with some satisfaction.

Seeing Han Cheng's operation, the onlookers' eyes lit up involuntarily. They seemed to understand how the device worked suddenly.

But this understanding quickly disappeared, replaced by new doubts.

Wouldn't pressing like this be feasible within the tribe? Why did the Divine Child have to transport these things to the edge of the small river?

Moreover, it didn't seem to eliminate the need for human effort.

Han Cheng noticed the crowd's doubts but smiled and didn't explain further.

Instead, he instructed Lame and a few others to nail down three rows of sticks in a straight line between the trunk and the middle of the drop in the creek.

The sticks were half a meter apart.

Then, he brought a bamboo pole, specifically selected for its thickness, which was already jointed.

One end of the bamboo pole was placed at the drop in the creek, while the other was aimed at the raised end of the trunk.

As soon as the bamboo pole was in place, water flowed through it, crossing over a distance of over a meter and landing in the wooden trough behind the trunk.

The water flow wasn't too fast, but when Lame and the others secured the bamboo tube to the wooden stakes, the trough was filled with water.

Chapter 437: Not pounding fast enough? Then bring a few more.

"Swish."

"Thunk."

Water continued to flow steadily inside the bamboo tube, collecting more and more in the trough behind the tree trunk.

As the water poured in, this side grew heavier, causing the originally raised part to descend slowly.

The thick wooden pestle also lifted out of the mortar at the other end of the trunk.

When the trough filled up even more, the trunk finally lost its balance completely.

The trough suddenly dropped, water splashing out with a "swish."

Then, the stout end of the trunk soared high, paused briefly, and abruptly fell.

The embedded wooden pestle underneath struck the mortar with a "thunk."

The principle of this thing is very simple, akin to a seesaw commonly played with.

The difference lies in replacing the people at either end of the seesaw with water and the thick wooden trunk.

This simple water pounder will tirelessly work as long as water is poured in.

Of course, a true water pounder isn't like this; it relies on the force of water flow to drive a shaft, which in turn moves a pole for pounding rice.

However, such a water pounder is too complex. Han Cheng and Lame fiddled with it for several days, feeling it couldn't be completed quickly.

After pondering for a while, Han Cheng found another way to create this extremely simple water pounder.

Of course, this water pounder is just a transition. They will continue to attempt the more complex version.

This simple version of the water pounder can only be used for pounding rice or smashing other things, whereas the more complex version, with slight modifications, can be used to drive millstones and such. Han Cheng naturally won't give up on that.

The onlookers from the Green Sparrow tribe, watching the water pounder rise and fall under the continuous flow of water, widened their eyes one by one.

So this tool is used like this.

Just ordinary water, yet it has this function.

After the surprise, a sudden realization dawned on them.

Indeed, water can be used like this. It's just that before the Divine Child completely fixed things, they couldn't think of such a method.

"Let's try some grains," Han Cheng said, looking around at the bewildered and amazed people.

Because when they came, they said they were there to test the water pounder, so they brought some grains.

Upon hearing Han Cheng's words, Zhuang, who often pounded rice, quickly brought over a pot.

Taking advantage of the slow rise of the water pounder, they poured three bowls of grains into the mortar.

Then, everyone stood together and waited to see the results.

Water flowed, filling the trough. The water pounder rose and fell, pounding into the mortar.

Truly effortless, it only required cleaning up afterward, which was very convenient.

The strong men who often pounded rice looked at the husked grains in the mortar with a strange sense of joy.

However, this joy didn't last long because they noticed a problem.

That is, the speed of this water pounder is indeed too slow. They can pound rice at an average speed five times, but this water pounder can't even do it once.

While it saves effort, the speed is just too slow.

Using this water pounder to pound rice after a whole day, could the tribe's people eat the freshly pounded rice?

More and more people realized this issue. The Green Sparrow tribe, happy just now, quickly became somewhat silent.

Shaman's brow furrowed slightly. This water pounder was ingenious, but its speed in pounding rice was too slow.

As they calculated in their hearts, not long after, Shaman's brow suddenly relaxed.

Because he remembered what the Mu Tou had been doing for the past few days.

There's not just one stone the wood prepares to chisel into the mortar.

In other words, the Divine Child wants more than just one pounder installed.

One pounder is undoubtedly slower than a person, but if you install three or four or more, the speed of pounding rice will increase.

Moreover, this pounder relies on the power of water flow, never tiring, and its speed won't slow down, unlike a person who gets tired after a while of pounding rice.

Thinking this way, Shaman surveyed the surroundings. The terrain here was open, so installing three or four-pounders was no problem.

It had to be said that Shaman, the original first sage of the Green Sparrow tribe, was not just famous for nothing.

While many people were still puzzled and confused, he had already figured out what was inside.

Having figured things out, Shaman became more and more delighted and excited.

Seeing the still puzzled crowd, he cleared his throat lightly, preparing to explain the matter to everyone.

"I have something to say. Please listen quietly."

Of course, this wasn't Shaman speaking, but Han Cheng standing nearby, who imagined it after noticing Shaman's actions.

Shaman didn't have Prime Minister Zhuge's aura, so his passionate speeches would naturally not inflame the people of the Green Sparrow tribe.

But it still had an effect.

After Shaman spoke, everyone suddenly understood, and some overreacted, slapping their foreheads with their hands.

Yeah, one pounder isn't as fast as a person pounding rice, but wouldn't several of them solve the problem?

It's a simple matter, yet they couldn't figure it out themselves.

There were many things they couldn't figure out. When Han, the Great Divine Child, had Lane tie another bamboo rod through three upright poles, the speed at which people slapped their heads, like the pounder, increased.

Pouring water into the pounder's troughs with two bamboo rods directly halved the time between its rise and fall.

That meant, at the current rate, three-pounders could surpass the normal speed of one person pounding rice.

Furthermore, the wooden pestles used under the pounders were thick, and the mortars below were larger than those used manually, resulting in more millet pounded out at once.

As everyone waited, the grains in the mortar gradually cracked open.

Seeing their reddened faces and blue bruises on their foreheads, Zhuang and Qinghua were ready to go over and clean up the millet that had been pounded in the mortar, but Han Cheng stopped them.

After adding another bamboo tube, the pounder's speed increased, and the interval between was too short for anyone to clean out the millet inside without risking injury from the pounder.

Han Cheng brought over a wooden post that someone had brought earlier, stood near the crossbar while the pounder rose, and propped up the trunk. This way, the pounder wouldn't fall, and Zhuang and Qinghua could confidently clean out the pounded millet from the mortar without being too flustered.

After refilling the mortar with grains, they laid the supporting post back down, and the pounder continued tirelessly with its work.

Chapter 438: The Fire Tribe at the time of stripping hemp, has arrived

The autumn chill grew stronger, and the morning air carried a cold bite.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe no longer wore fashionable bikinis but switched to garments made of fur and leather.

Their clothing was now made from relatively thin hides; they would switch to thicker clothing when the weather got colder.

As the diligent Donkey Tribe continuously delivered the pottery and salt, the number of hides in the Green Sparrow Tribe also increased.

Upstream from the small river, Zhuang and Qinghua, wearing grass shoes were using winnowing baskets, rough hemp cloth, and wooden screens to clean the millet pounded by the water mill.

At this point, there were already four water mills.

The four water mills were all filled with bamboo pipes, one after another, like four large roosters pecking at rice.

The somewhat empty sound emanated from here, spreading to the wild field in the early morning, making the surroundings more peaceful.

Zhuang and Qinghua looked at these water mills, feeling even more joyful.

In the past, they would have been sore and tired after half a day of pounding rice. Now, it was completely different.

With the water mills, the two of them could pound rice continuously throughout the day without feeling too tired.

Because the water mills never tired, with these four water mills operating simultaneously, they could pound more rice in a day than they used to in two.

With such efficiency, they should not have to get up so early every day to pound rice. However, they changed their minds after the Divine Child said that winter was coming and the river would soon freeze.

Yes, the water mills could no longer be used once the river froze in winter. Thinking about holding a stick and pounding rice again in the cold winter, they immediately became more diligent.

It would be better to use the water mills while they were still working and pound more millet for storage. This way, when the cold winter arrives, they can stay in the warm house and spin hemp or sit in a sheltered place with other tribe members to enjoy the sunshine and make shoes, gloves, and other clothes.

"Splash"

The calm water surface was broken, and a stick with a wooden hook retrieved a bundle of hemp soaked in water for a long time.

The hemp had been completely transformed by soaking. The bark had been peeled off to reveal white fibers, and the whole bundle of hemp carried a smooth layer of dark green substance.

With the appearance of this bundle of hemp, the previously dust-sealed scent under the water suddenly spread, filling the nostrils of the surrounding people.

This year, the Green Sparrow Tribe's hemp, which they had soaked, was planted by themselves.

Because they skipped the round trip to the oil hemp land, even though they soaked it for a more extended period, they finished much earlier than last year.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had experienced firsthand the benefits and many uses of hemp cloth, so they were enthusiastic about starting to strip hemp again.

Compared to other activities, stripping hemp was troublesome but not tiring, so now most of those stripping hemp were the old and weak of the Green Sparrow Tribe and some who were not very strong.

The strong ones had been taken away by the elder senior brother, carrying stone sickles, bone shovels, and some tree ferns, and went to the salt mountain.

It was not to make salt there but to dig traps near the spring next to the salt mountain and catch some game for the winter.

The rabbit traps could only catch small game, so they were powerless against larger animals.

At the salt mountain spring, which had become a good hunting ground, the water there had picked up a salty taste due to the Green Sparrow Tribe's frequent salt-making activities. Consequently, after the salt-makers left, more animals came to drink there.

Eldest Senior Brother and the others had previously considered hunting there, but Han Cheng disagreed. With traps set up and some free time, it was an excellent opportunity to harvest.

The animals there needed to be harvested soon; otherwise, as their numbers increased, the Green Sparrow Tribe might face attacks when they went back to make salt.

Han Cheng didn't intervene in the hemp-stripping this time. In fact, since teaching everyone how to do it last year, he hadn't been involved much in this work—not because he was lazy but because the smell was too overwhelming.

While everyone was stripping hemp, Han Cheng stood by the small river, looking downstream.

Occasionally, yellow or red leaves drifted along with the current.

Bai Xue, now with braided hemp hair, stood beside Han Cheng, looking downstream together.

She knew Han Cheng was waiting for people from her original tribe to arrive.

Considering the timing, the Fire Tribe should have arrived by now. Why were they still nowhere in sight?

Watching the empty river surface, Han Cheng couldn't help but feel anxious and impatient.

The Fire Tribe was crucial to his long-term strategy. If they didn't arrive this year, many of his ideas about the Fire Tribe would likely remain unrealized.

It would affect the weaving in the Green Sparrow Tribe and impact future development and expansion.

"Brother Cheng, look!"

Lost in thought, Bai Xue suddenly exclaimed, pointing downstream.

The small river, not very wide, had flowed for a while and now appeared as a bright ribbon in the distance.

Initially empty, the ribbon suddenly showed several dark figures.

Those were figures of people standing.

As the figures grew larger, the boats they were sitting in slowly appeared.

At this time of year, coming to the tribe and arriving by boat was most likely the Fire Tribe.

Han Cheng breathed a sigh of relief, a smile appearing.

He immediately ordered someone to go back and pack up some things in the tribe that were easy to imitate, but he didn't want the Fire Tribe to learn.

Then, not far from the riverbank, he saw the people coming by boat, watching the Fire Tribe get closer and closer.

"..."

The rowing Fire Tribe members also saw Han Cheng and the others standing by the riverbank. The four who had been to the Green Sparrow Tribe and lived here for a while turned their heads excitedly to the other four people.

It meant that what we said was right. This is a very hospitable and friendly tribe. We haven't arrived yet; they are already here to greet us.

Looking at this scene, the other four suddenly felt a sense of warmth, as if their people had been greeted by the riverbank when they returned from the hemp land.

At this moment, hearing these people's words, they all nodded vigorously. Indeed, this was a very friendly and hospitable tribe.

The small boats and rafts landed, and Han Cheng, accompanied by the second senior brother who had come to the news and several others, welcomed the arrival of the Fire Tribe.

Then he led these eight people from the Fire Tribe, who were a bit unsteady from being on the boat for a long time, towards the tribe.

"..."

Before reaching the tribe, the people from the Fire Tribe suddenly exclaimed.

Chapter 439: Taking advantage of a good deal and still acting coy

"This sudden exclamation startled the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, and the guards around Han Cheng immediately raised their shields in front of their chests.

"Brother Cheng, they are marveling at our tribe's walls,"

Bai Xue translated with a smile, her voice tinged with pride.

"This young daughter-in-law had long considered herself one of the Green Sparrow Tribe's people, feeling no attachment to the tribe that once tried to burn her alive.

"Around them, the other members of the Green Sparrow Tribe also smiled kindly.

"They looked at the amazed faces of the few people from the Fire Tribe, then turned back to look at their tribe's walls.

"The walls looked very tall, and on top of them were several tiny houses made of mud and thatch, used by those standing guard on the walls to shield themselves from wind and rain.

"They had been living here all along, so the walls were long taken for granted. At this moment, hearing the Fire Tribe's exclamation and looking up at their own tribe's walls, many people nodded secretly, feeling that their tribe's walls were indeed magnificent enough to cause astonishment.

"However, these towering walls were just the beginning of what amazed the Fire Tribe members on their first visit. Once inside the tribe, they would see many new and mind-boggling things that would continue to shock them.

The four people from the Fire Tribe who had visited the Green Sparrow Tribe once before, upon returning this time, didn't react any less strongly than the four newcomers. They realized that their tribe had undergone significant changes in the year they had been away, truly incredible things.

As they recalled their tribe's life during this period, besides the pottery jars and the salt that made the food taste better, there seemed to be no other changes.

They continued to live in their tribe just like before.

This comparison made the shock in their hearts even stronger.

Some among them questioned inwardly, 'Why is it that in the same amount of time, our tribe seems to have made no progress while this tribe has advanced so much?'

The eight members of the Fire Tribe, whose feet still felt light from their boat journey, now felt even more adrift.

The sight before them seemed more surreal than a dream, yet they understood that all this was real.

This feeling persisted until midday, when they ate delicious food with the people of these tribes, which somewhat alleviated their amazement.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe looked kindly at these Fire Tribe members, each with a curious and amazed expression on their faces, which was the best reward for their efforts and the most gratifying feeling.

By then, the four Fire Tribe members who came later had finally fully believed that everything those few had said after returning home last year was true.

This tribe was this powerful and wealthy, fascinating people like a dream.

After eating and resting here for a while, Hong Song suddenly remembered the purpose of their visit this time.

He got up and came to the distinguished Divine Child of this tribe, expressing his intentions with words and gestures.

On the side, Bai Xue took on the role of translator.

According to Han Cheng's request, they have brought many hemp skins and want to use them to exchange for some Green Sparrow Tribe pottery and that delicious salt.

Han Cheng nodded and walked with them out of the tribe towards the small riverbank.

Earlier, the eight members of the Fire Tribe, captivated by the Green Sparrow Tribe's warmth and wealth, had momentarily forgotten about other things. Consequently, the hemp skins they had transported were still on the raft, not yet unloaded.

Several hemp skins were on the raft, neatly bundled as Han Cheng had taught them before. It was evident that the people of the Fire Tribe had put considerable effort into their preparations.

However, the hemp skins weren't fermented particularly well; there were many impurities, and the fibers were not fully exposed. They would need to be fermented again if they were to be used for spinning yarn and weaving cloth.

Seeing these hemp skins on the ground, Hong Song and his companions finally felt somewhat reassured. At least now, they had something that could surpass this tribe.

Hong Song was appointed as the leader of the small team from the Fire Tribe, temporarily by the Fire Tribe leader. In truth, regardless of the Fire Tribe leader's appointment, Hong Song would have been the fleet leader because he was the strongest among the eight who came.

Hong Song picked up a bundle of hemp skins and spoke and gestured to Han Cheng about their tribe's hemp collection and the fermentation process. He exaggerated their actions to boast about how good their hemp was.

On the one hand, this was to try to get more in trade later, but more importantly, they wanted to show that their tribe was not inferior.

Hong Song and the other seven members of the Fire Tribe felt much better after watching the dignified Divine Child nod in response to his explanations.

Chapter 440: Free Labor

"They say, why does our tribe have so much hemp already? And why do we still need to exchange theirs?"

Bai Xue translated on the side for Han Cheng.

"Why do you still want to exchange yours?"

Of course, we want to find cheap textile workers and absorb and integrate your step-by-step.

After hearing Bai Xue's translation, Han Cheng looked at the puzzled faces of the Fire tribe members and thought to himself, but he wouldn't say that aloud.

"The hemp we have is grown by us. We need a lot of hemp fiber."

Han Cheng earnestly explained to the Fire tribe members.

"Grown by you?"

"What is 'grown'? How can there be so much hemp?"

After hearing Bai Xue's translation, the Fire tribe members looked even more bewildered.

"'Grown' means planting hemp seeds in the soil, and after some time, a lot of hemp will grow."

Han Cheng shook his head, explaining to the Fire tribe members what 'growing' meant.

The Fire tribe members still seemed to understand vaguely.

To make them more intuitively understand what 'growing' meant, Han Cheng took them back to the tribe, had someone bring out stone hoes and bone shovels, and led the Fire tribe members to the edge of the Green Sparrow tribe's fields.

There, a group of Green Sparrow tribe people were clearing land.

It was foreseeable that the population of the Green Sparrow tribe would increase significantly.

With the increase in population, the demand for food also increased, so clearing land was ongoing under Han Cheng's arrangement.

However, compared to the concentrated effort in clearing land last year, the Green Sparrow tribe's land clearing this year was less urgent. After all, they already had six or seven hundred mu of land.

"This is how you plant hemp. Use these tools to turn the soil, break it up, and bury the hemp seeds..."

Han Cheng pointed to about a dozen Green Sparrow tribe members who were clearing land.

After Bai Xue translated for them, the Fire tribe members took the stone hoes and bone shovels, learning clumsily alongside the Green Sparrow tribe members to clear land.

Wasn't the free food of the Green Sparrow tribe tasty?

How could Han Cheng let go of such free labor?

Han Cheng looked at the Fire tribe members clumsily clearing land with stone hoes and bone shovels, revealing a mischievous smile.

Han Cheng carefully considered the decision to teach future generations of the Fire tribe the skill of farming.

Han Cheng had long planned to turn the Fire tribe into textile workers and make them increasingly dependent on the Green Sparrow tribe.

What he was doing now was just a part of that plan.

To transform the Fire tribe into textile workers, an essential condition was having enough hemp for spinning.

Although there was a lot of wild hemp in the hemp field, it couldn't withstand the annual harvest.

Without sowing, the wild hemp in the oil hemp field would gradually become extinct after several years, just like the sorghum around the Green Sparrow tribe.

Han Cheng introduced the skill of farming to prevent the Fire tribe from following the old path of the Green Sparrow tribe.

Of course, if the Fire tribe had edible food as the Green Sparrow tribe did, Han Cheng would certainly not act like he was now.

But hemp was a different story.

This thing couldn't be eaten, and so far, apart from the Green Sparrow tribe, no other tribe had a great demand for it.

Moreover, when Han Cheng taught them farming, he would only teach them how to grow hemp and nothing else.

In this way, even if edible food existed around their tribe, they wouldn't immediately think of cultivating it.

Even if they wanted to start planting, there wouldn't be much progress in the short term.

With Han Cheng, an expert in farming and other such skills, present in the Green Sparrow tribe, it took several years to reach their current level of development. For the Fire tribe to quickly move away from gathering and hunting towards agriculture, which can support a larger population, was simply impossible.

Of course, even with this confidence, when trading with the Fire tribe in the future, Han Cheng also controlled the situation, ensuring that not a single unshelled grain would flow into their tribe.

The Fire people, gradually familiarizing themselves with stone hoes and bone shovels, had no idea that the distinguished Divine Child standing aside watching them till the land was thinking about so many things.

Through Bai Xue, Han Cheng instructed the Fire tribe to have the four men continue farming there while the other four primitive women were led back to the place where they were stripping hemp.

Because the farming area was not too far from the hemp stripping area, and the impression given by the tribe's priest was as amiable as ever, the Fire tribe members didn't find Han Cheng's separation of them inappropriate.

Han Cheng had no particular thoughts about these Fire tribe women. These women who looked at him with piercing eyes made Han Cheng feel like keeping a distance...

Taking them to the riverside was to have them learn from the Green Sparrow tribe people how to strip and wash hemp.

The hemp brought by the Fire tribe this time wasn't well-soaked. Hemp that wasn't properly soaked couldn't be used for weaving fabric.

Even if one were to force the weaving, the quality of the hemp cloth produced would be pretty poor...

Since Han Cheng intended to turn the Fire tribe into cheap textile workers for the Green Sparrow tribe, he needed to teach them everything about textile production.

After all, these fabrics would eventually be used by their tribe.

Following Han Cheng's instructions, Bai Xue earnestly explained to the Fire tribe women how to soak hemp, what the soaked hemp should look like to be considered successful, and how to retrieve it for peeling.

The women from several tribes listened attentively.

Time passed quickly, and nightfall descended after another delicious and satisfying meal.

The eight members of the Fire tribe were accommodated in a newly built grass-roofed house with twelve rooms.

Three rooms already had heated beds built, covered with thick, dry grass.

Full from the meal, Fire and the other tribe members lay comfortably on these flat, even heated beds, feeling as if they were dreaming.

This thing called a 'Heated Bed,' as the tribe called it, was genuinely comfortable to sleep on—spacious and flat.

It was different from living in caves; it was also very comfortable. However, the lack of fire in the rooms made Fire and the others somewhat uncomfortable.

Fire pulled the soft animal fur covering him with his hands, feeling extremely comfortable against his body, unlike the hard animal hides from their tribe... Everything about this tribe was fascinating.

After lying there for a while, Fire finally fell asleep. Before falling asleep, he thought about what the distinguished priest mentioned at dinner—that they would see something tomorrow...