

Primitive 53

Chapter 53: Curse of the devil? No! It's a blessing from the heavens!

It's not clear whether it was a coincidence or the aura of the time traveler, but as soon as Han Cheng stabilized the people's hearts for a short while, the wind diminished, the rain lessened, the thunder silenced, and the lightning disappeared.

The sky was bright.

"Divine Child! Divine Child!"

People in the tribe shouted with reverence and excitement.

Han Cheng rubbed his nose. The weather in mid-May, as expected, changed rapidly.

"Come and see!"

A cry of surprise came from the entrance of the cave. Blackie pointed outside, repeatedly turning his head, his face full of shock.

"What happened?"

Han Cheng was surprised, and along with others, he ran towards the cave entrance.

"Hiss."

Even the experienced Han Cheng couldn't help but take a sharp breath after seeing the scene outside.

This was too bizarre.

Following his gaze, the view was exceptionally broad, allowing a clear sight to the swollen river from the cave entrance.

Of course, there was a reason for this. After the storm, all the trees between the tribe and the small river were toppled and uprooted by the violent wind.

The area with fallen trees was extensive, not only in front of the tribe but also in the region west of the tribe where Han Cheng planned to cultivate fields. Dead trees and those still alive intertwined, lying together like bodies.

This This is truly a stroke of luck.

After a brief shock, Han Cheng suddenly felt ecstatic.

"Thump."

Before Han Cheng could burst into laughter, Shaman kneeling beside him suddenly fell to the ground, bowing repeatedly with a panicked expression, and even the words of prayer were trembling.

The others, seeing the scene as if a great disaster had come, were all filled with fear and awe. They followed the shaman, kneeling and bowing repeatedly.

This scene left Han Cheng dumbfounded. Shouldn't they be happy?

He quickly helped Shaman up, preventing him from continuing to bow.

"We can't stay here anymore. We must leave."

When the shaman said these words, his expression looked very heavy.

It was evident that he was extremely reluctant to leave this place. After all, there was a cave for shelter and abundant food. However, the shaman still made this decision and spoke these words painedly.

Leave? Why would they leave when everything seemed fine?

"Shaman, why?"

Han Cheng asked, holding the shaman's arm.

"This here, a demonic curse."

After a long while, the shaman replied to Han Cheng's question with a trembling voice. Saying this, his face showed a terrified expression, and he couldn't stop shivering.

Han Cheng's mind was filled with question marks.

This was just a tornado mixed with heavy rain passing through. There were just a few more fallen trees. How did it become a demonic curse?

Unable to explain clearly to Han Cheng, Shaman pulled him towards the inner cave. In front of a stone slab at the innermost part of the cave, he stopped, called the Elder Senior brother, and asked him to flip the stone slab and bring it to a relatively bright place, leaning it against the stone wall.

Shaman looked anxious and fearful as he pointed to the drawings on the stone slab for Han Cheng to see.

Han Cheng turned his body to get a better view without blocking the light and looked at the drawings on the stone slab.

The items exuded a sense of age, and the entire stone slab and its inscriptions carried a quaint and ancient aura.

These were texts composed of a series of drawings.

With Shaman's explanation, Han Cheng learned that a similar event had occurred in the tribe long ago. According to his account and the scenes depicted on the stone slab, many large trees had fallen, numerous animals died, a foul stench permeated the air, and people in the tribe started getting sick, gradually dying.

Many people in the tribe died, and ultimately, the shaman led the remaining survivors away from their long-inhabited place, migrating elsewhere. During the migration, people continued to die, and even the shaman's apprentice fell ill.

In desperation, the shaman selected all the sick people and had his apprentice lead them away. On the other hand, he led the healthy ones to another place, and the two groups separated.

More than half of the people led by the apprentice died on the way, and only when they distanced themselves from the cursed place did the situation gradually improve.

They eventually arrived at their current location, establishing roots and growing steadily. The apprentice became the shaman of this new tribe, recording the terrifying events on the stone slab and passing it on to the next shaman, reminding them that if such a thing happened again, they should immediately move elsewhere to prevent the deaths of many tribespeople.

After listening to the shaman's story, Han Cheng was stunned, not expecting such a convoluted history for the tribe.

According to Shaman's description, that incident should have been a plague. The violent storm caused the death of many animals, and the continuous high temperature accelerated the decay of the corpses, leading to the outbreak of the plague.

After Han Cheng listened to the Shaman, he pondered for a while and told the shaman that he would go outside to inspect and determine whether it was a demonic curse. If it was, they could consider migrating later.

Although Shaman was unwilling to let Han Cheng go out, fearing for his safety, he stopped objecting when Han Cheng brought out the heavenly god's banner.

Han Cheng wasn't concerned about the curse mentioned by the shaman. With salt available, he wasn't worried about many animal deaths. Even if there were too many, they could burn or bury the remains. Moreover, the tribe now drank boiled water, significantly reducing the spread of diseases.

Feeling disappointed, Han Cheng, his nervous Elder Senior brother, and others inspected the area within a four to five-mile radius around the tribe. Besides an unfortunate mother wolf killed by a falling tree and a new born wolf cub hiding under its belly, they didn't find any dead animals.

"This isn't a demonic curse; it's a blessing from the heavenly god," Han Cheng solemnly told the uneasy shaman after returning to the cave.

While Shaman felt somewhat relieved but wore a thick expression of doubt. How could such a horrifying scene not be a demonic curse?

Han Cheng then took the wolf cub aside, whining in his arms, and began explaining to Shaman and the others about the various benefits of the storm. Except for the heavenly god, Han Cheng didn't lie about anything. This was truly a stroke of good luck sent by heaven.

He had been worried about getting rid of those trees before, but now, a storm knocked them all down, saving him a lot of trouble. Moreover, with this large expanse of fallen trees, the problem of the unstable wall could be resolved.

When building the wall, after excavating some foundations, they could bring down the thick branches of the fallen trees, nail them along the dug foundation, and then start building the wall with mud, incorporating these stakes into the structure as reinforcement. A strong foundation was crucial for the wall's stability.