

Primitive 59

Chapter 59: Party after the hard work

That night, Cheng was bitten by a wolf, and after the Third Senior Brother drove the wolf away, the wolf visited the Green Sparrow tribe twice in the following days. However, due to everyone's precautions, there were no casualties.

It wasn't just one wolf that visited; it was several, forming a small wolf pack. However, since the fierce storm, these wolves have not appeared again.

Han Cheng speculated they were probably scared away and migrated elsewhere by the violent storm.

The wolf cub, Fujiang, and her mother might have encountered some misfortune during the migration.

Regardless, Fujiang was abandoned by her tribe, which was good news for Han Cheng. Initially, he had worried that the wolf pack might return and take Fujiang away one day.

After this long period, he could finally let go of that concern.

As the weather gradually cooled, when the mountains were covered in red, and the forest displayed various colors, the last piece of the tribe's wall was dismantled.

Looking at this small space enclosed by the sturdy wall, everyone in the tribe smiled sincerely. Some children even rolled on the ground in joy.

Fujiang, who had grown quite a bit, also hopped around randomly, wagging her tail behind her.

After Han Cheng's diligent training over the past few months, Fujiang had fully mastered wagging her tail and gradually developed it instinctively.

This fellow had completed the first step of transforming from a wolf to a dogor rather, it could be said that it took a big step toward approaching the second-level divine beast, Erha (Husky).

Han Cheng directed Elder Senior Brothers to fix the two doors made of thicker wooden sticks onto the pre-prepared door axes and close them, sealing the last gap. This small space became the private domain of the Green Sparrow tribe.

Here, they could play freely without worrying about sudden wild animal attacks.

The two large doors were crafted using the method of weaving wooden planks, stronger and sturdier than individual planks. To create these doors, Lame worked tirelessly for over a month.

From the start of construction to completion today, it took nearly five months to build the 1,100-meter-long wall.

During these five months, the people of the tribe, including these underage children, endured a lot of hardships.

But the rewards were also substantial. Besides this secure space, there was also the tempering of these underage individuals.

After months of labor, these children appeared much steadier overall.

Even Han Cheng gained a lot.

After the doors were installed, a celebration began brewing in the tribe.

Fresh fish, dried salted fish, previously sun-dried salted meat stored as reserves, and a few pieces of smoked meat were taken out by Elder Senior Brother and placed on a wooden plank designated for food, stacked high.

A fire was kindled, and the pot used as a cauldron was placed over the fire, filled with almost half a pot of clean water, and the rest was the cleaned salted fish.

Cured salted and smoked meat were skewered on tree branches and roasted over the fire, emitting a delightful aroma.

The dancing flames illuminated faces that were either aged, resolute, or tender.

All these faces wore smiles emanating from the heart, a joy that seemed to contain something more than the previous smiles simply because there was food.

This celebration differed from the past. It took place in the courtyard they had just built, called the yard by the divine child.

After months of continuous construction of the wall, most of the trees inside the courtyard were now lying on the ground with only thick trunks and some large, unmanageable branches left.

They used thin tree sticks to push these trunks to the side, creating a large open space near the entrance of the cave.

The celebration took place in this open space.

Tonight's food was abundant enough for everyone to eat to their heart's content. Even Fujiang, the half-grown wolf cub, was stuffed to the point of rolling her eyes.

The solemn Shaman danced and spoke a mixture of tribal language and Mandarin, then couldn't stop grinning. In the end, he laughed so hard that tears rolled down his cheeks.

Under the Shaman's guidance, everyone rose simultaneously. Facing the grinning and groaning Fujiang, who was rubbing her belly, and Han Cheng, they respectfully called out "Divine Child." Then, placing their right hands on their left chests, they solemnly bowed.

The Milky Way was brilliant, and the night breeze gently touched the slightly cool air. Fireflies flew in from the river, seemingly wanting to join this delightful celebration.

This celebration was well-deserved for the people of the Green Sparrow tribe. After months of hard work, they had reason to celebrate with such a joyous event.

The sun, much gentler now, rose from the east, climbing to its zenith. The Green Sparrow tribe, once a bustling community, was now still and quiet.

Most people were still asleep, but a few, having awakened, quietly came outside the cave. Basking in the warm sunlight, they contentedly admired the courtyard they had built with their own hands.

Once the tension in their bodies and minds relaxed, fatigue surged like water, lasting until the afternoon when the Green Sparrow tribe, with sleepy eyes, finally woke up.

After the completion of the wall, the entire tribe rested for three days. On the fourth day, Elder Senior Brother and his team, armed with tools, went to pick fruits again.

After all, autumn was a season for storing food.

However, compared to the previous years of full dedication, this year's Green Sparrow tribe seemed much more relaxed.

Not to mention the fresh fish in the river, the tribe had plenty of preserved salted fish to last them a long time.

Still, Elder Senior Brother led the tribe members to the fruit orchard that had been occupied by another tribe last year.

Elder Senior Brother felt resentful about this orchard that they had harvested for many years being taken over by another tribe. This was not only about food but also about honor.

Even though he knew the chances of winning were not great, he still wanted to give it a try.

Of course, he didn't mention this matter to Shaman and the divine child, only claiming they were going to pick fruits elsewhere.

Han Cheng had heard a saying before, "When the wind walks, it leaves a line." This referred to the fact that the path affected by a strong wind on land wasn't particularly wide, generally within a few to a dozen miles.

The storm that the Green Sparrow tribe encountered a few months ago was similar.

The Green Sparrow tribe happened to be in the path of the storm, so the nearby damage was particularly severe, while areas farther away were not as affected.

The orchard would inevitably suffer some impact from that storm. Although the fruits were not as plentiful as in previous years, the ones still on the trees were enough for the Green Sparrow tribe.