

Primitive 62

Chapter 62: A feat across the ages

Today is significant for Han Cheng and the entire Green Sparrow Tribe.

Today, Han Cheng led them in a groundbreaking endeavor that spans eras.

Growing rapeseed.

Well, the specifics of this groundbreaking act may bring the sophistication down to earth, but Han Cheng did not exaggerate. It truly is a groundbreaking feat.

This marks the first step of the Green Sparrow Tribe's transition from hunting and fishing to agriculture.

The people in the tribe working under his guidance are unaware of the significance of this event, but as a time traveler, Han Cheng is fully aware.

To the west of the tribe, about fifty meters from the western wall, a forest has faced a series of unfortunate events. First, Han Cheng led a group to peel off a section of the bark from their roots, leaving them waiting for death. Then, before they could die completely, a great storm descended upon them.

This was a mercy, a swift end for these trees. After being knocked down by the storm, their corpses were mercilessly dismembered by the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe due to the construction of the wall. Now, their bodies were about to face the further torment of fire.

After several months, these fallen trees, aside from a few resilient ones that remained alive after falling, had shed all their leaves, exposing their skeletal bodies, somewhat resembling animal skeletons.

When constructing the wall and gathering wood, Han Cheng had a plan in mind. He designated an area of about three to four acres on the fallen part of the forest, originally intended to become farmland.

He instructed the tribe's people to collect wood from this area first during the wood collection process. Once the usable wood from this area was exhausted, they could use the wood from the courtyard.

Now, the benefits of this approach are becoming apparent. The trees in this designated area were much sparser than in other places. Han Cheng only needed to lead the tribe members in clearing the area, and then they could set fire to it.

However, Han Cheng felt somewhat distressed about burning so much wood. These large logs left in this area were the best building materials, but with the tribe's current tools, there was no way to work with them.

So, these outstanding materials could only be used as or worse than firewood.

At least firewood could be used for cooking and fertilizing the fields. But these logs could only burn themselves to enrich the primitive fields.

Well, perhaps this is what they call being ahead of one's time but not getting the recognition.

Han Cheng couldn't bear to burn all of these logs. To avoid the risk of the fire spreading continuously, Han Cheng ordered people to clear a strip of about twenty meters wide around this four-acre area before igniting. Moreover, they gathered the wood that needed to be burned to fertilize the fields to the center as much as possible.

On this four-acre land, a thick layer of wood covered the ground, and on top of the wood, they piled leaves collected from the surroundings.

Han Cheng approached the dried leaves and took the burning wood from the Elder Senior Brother.

The scorching flames quickly warmed the dry leaves, and then they were utterly ignited, sinking into the fire.

When the extremely dry firewood encountered the fierce flames, the enthusiasm that erupted was enough to make people look sideways.

Because if you didn't look sideways, your eyebrows and eyelashes would be scorched.

Under the azure sky, a thick column of smoke rose, and from a distance, it seemed to be a lazy addition to the blazing flames below.

Shaman, Elder Senior Brother, and others watched from afar as a vast sea of fire, feeling the scorching temperature, their eyes showing a hint of awe.

Han Cheng, on the other hand, was not afraid at all. Because this was not the modern era, he had no worries that someone would suddenly come over like a cat smelling blood, take him away in a car, and then fine him three thousand yuan and detain him for half a month.

Under the Green sky and white clouds, the column of smoke rose gently, bringing a sense of tranquility to this era amid the wilderness.

The heavens were kind to Han Cheng, the observer of celestial phenomena; there wasn't a hint of wind throughout the day. This allowed Han Cheng, who had been prepared all day to extinguish the fire and swiftly flee with his people if necessary, to breathe a sigh of relief.

It wasn't until evening approached that the large fire gradually extinguished, leaving only wisp-like green smoke rising slowly under the glow of the setting sun.

After confirming that the fire would not spread elsewhere, Han Cheng and the people from the tribe returned to the settlement.

The courtyard wall was now in place but was slightly inconvenient. Previously, when returning to the cave, they could take the nearest route, but now it was different. They had to detour to the courtyard wall's main gate to re-enter the yard.

The next day, Han Cheng once again led the people from the tribe and tools to the open space burned the day before.

Under Han Cheng's demonstration, everyone spread the ashes from the burnt area over the blackened soil as evenly as possible.

Then, wielding the multifunctional weapons and tree sticks from the tribe, they began to dig the soil.

However, the wooden sticks used for digging now had some modifications compared to before. The end used for digging became flatter, making it easier to penetrate the soil and lift more dirt.

As the soil was turned over, the ashes on the ground mixed with the soil, creating a tangled mess.

Because this was the tribe's first piece of land untouched by cultivation, Han Cheng turned it over entirely before planting rapeseed.

Of course, this plowing couldn't be compared to the future. A single plow in the present would take a long time, and the depth was far from what modern plowing achieved.

Currently, the depth of the plowing is about ten centimeters.

For the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who had rudimentary tools, this was already a considerable amount of work.

All the able-bodied people in the tribe worked together, and it took six days to turn over this four-acre piece of land.

Of course, with fewer fields to cultivate now, Han Cheng couldn't afford to use such time-consuming methods if there were more fields. Without improved tools, he could only resort to extremely rudimentary slash-and-burn farming methods, and only a tiny amount of land could be cultivated meticulously.

After turning over the land, the next step was to witness Han Cheng's performance.

He poured the rapeseed stored in the clay jar into a clay bowl, grabbed a handful of cool rapeseed, and began to scatter them into the ground.

This scattering wasn't done by pouring the seeds all at once but by slightly opening the fingers, walking forward, and scattering them bit by bit.

Stepping on the soft soil mixed with grass ash, Han Cheng walked forward while scattering seeds.

In a trance, he saw an unforgettable scene. It was a warm spring day. His mother, barefoot, had a pot of fertilizer on her left side, resting against her waist. In her right hand, she grabbed fertilizer and scattered it forward as she walked. White fertilizer pearls fell to the ground.

Similarly, barefoot, his father, holding a plow in one hand and a whip with a red rope in the other, shouted at the two oxen to move forward.

Left behind was a piece of freshly turned, moist soil.

A small child sat on a mound of earth, in front of which was an aged aluminum kettle that could be placed on a coal stove to boil water. Next to the kettle lay a yellow dog, wagging its tail, happily snacking on peanuts from the child's straw hat placed in its lap as a treat.