

Primitive 63

Chapter 63: Shaman who loves rabbits

After sowing the seeds, several senior brothers following behind Han Cheng, as instructed by him, horizontally swung their sticks back and forth on the ground.

This approach helped break larger clumps of soil and covered the rapeseeds that would otherwise be difficult to find once on the ground. Protecting them from birds and providing a favorable growing environment ensured their safety.

By midday, Han Cheng had scattered all the rapeseed into the ground.

There was no need to worry about the rapeseed being too dense. Freshly grown, bright green rapeseed is the best for cooking.

Observing the first farmland of the Green Sparrow Tribe, Han Cheng smiled. Regardless of success or failure, the seeds were planted, bringing hope.

In the courtyard, near the east side of the wall and far from the cave, the second structure outside the wall appeared in the tribe.

The first structure was the restroom.

The restroom was built in the southeast corner of the courtyard, away from the cave.

Establishing the restroom was crucial.

In the past, with trees surrounding the tribe, people could go to a scenic spot in a fixed forest area whenever needed. However, now that the nearby trees had fallen, and the Divine Child strongly disapproved of people exposing their buttocks while doing their business, the construction of the wall was halted for three days, and a structure that he referred to as a restroom was built.

The restroom was separated for males and females.

To accommodate the tribe's situation of having more females than males, the female restroom had seven pits, three more than the male restroom.

Behind the restroom, a circle was built around the large pit with stone slabs and broken pottery pieces. This effectively prevented the most precious fertilizer for farmers, especially before the appearance of chemical fertilizers, from being wasted.

Although Han Cheng had written large Chinese characters on the restroom wall, distinguishing between male and female restrooms, people occasionally went to the wrong one.

After some contemplation, Han Cheng had someone plant a wooden stake over a meter long at the entrance of the male restroom. With this prominent distinction, the issue of entering the wrong restroom was finally resolved.

The second structure within the courtyard was not a house but a rabbit pen.

The two rabbits were very active and could produce a litter roughly every month.

At a minimum, the first litter had five rabbit kits, while the others had six or more. The most astonishing time reached eight kits.

Moreover, their offspring matured in just over two months. From the first litter of five kits, three were female. By around three months, they consecutively gave birth to litters. Up to now, these two rabbits, each producing three litters, had thirty-three kits. The other one, producing two litters, had a total of eleven.

Unfortunately, four rabbit kits among them did not survive.

In the third generation of rabbits, there were four females. Up to now, three of them had each produced two litters, and the remaining one, which initially produced one litter, now had a large belly again. It was estimated that she would give birth to another litter soon.

Three of the fourth generation of rabbits had also given birth to litters.

Indeed, it seemed that the descendants were endless.

After personally raising rabbits and witnessing their terrifying reproduction speed, Han Cheng finally understood why rabbits in Australia became a disaster.

This reproductive ability is a bit abnormal.

Within the tribe's cave, the small space that Han Cheng initially created for them was no longer sufficient.

Moreover, since these creatures could eat and excrete, causing an unpleasant smell in the cave, Han Cheng continued to build a rabbit pen after constructing the restroom.

Given the rabbits' tendency to dig, Han Cheng used stones and broken pieces of pottery to cover the ground of the rabbit pen during construction.

To prevent them from digging holes to escape, the wall, situated thirty centimeters above the ground, was lined with pottery fragments.

Around the rabbit pen, Han Cheng used adobe to build many rabbit burrows resembling caves, facilitating their reproduction.

Simultaneously, he used some branches, dry grass, and mud to construct a circular roof, preventing the rabbits from getting wet when it rained.

Currently, the tribe has nearly reached one hundred rabbits.

The shaman was dumbfounded. He never expected these initially inconspicuous creatures to grow to this scale in just half a year.

Feeding these rabbits was simple; they only needed the young members of the tribe to gather grass from around the tribe every day.

Day by day, the grass from outside turned into a large pile of walking food, and it was readily available meat.

While delighted, Shaman was also somewhat regretful. He wondered why he hadn't thought of such a simple thing before.

These rabbits didn't require the adults to intervene; only the children from the tribe were enough to keep them alive.

If they had started raising rabbits earlier, the tribe would have suffered much less hunger and hardship.

Previously, he used to stay in the cave with the shaman, but now, whenever he had free time, he enjoyed coming out into the courtyard. After walking around, he unconsciously approached the rabbit pen, stepped on the stones placed outside, and peered inside.

He could watch them for a long time, and while observing, he would occasionally pick up some green grass from the pile next to the rabbit pen and toss it inside.

Watching the rabbits move their three-part mouths to eat the grass, Shaman felt happy.

Because the grass they were eating today would grow into meat in time.

Shaman liked rabbits, but he didn't hold back when it came time to take action. Carrying the rabbits by their ears and using a small stick to deliver a swift blow behind their ears was something he did most skillfully.

The shaman liked rabbits not because they were cute but because they reproduced quickly, were easy to raise, and could provide the tribe with a significant source of meat.

Today, ten rabbits were caught by the shaman from the rabbit pen. He carried them by their ears and gave each one a swift blow, killing them instantly.

Afterward, a few tribe members with disabilities carried the rabbits, opened them up, salted them, strung them together in pairs, and hung them on the tree trunks in the courtyard that hadn't been cleared yet. They were left to dry in the late autumn sun and eventually became dried rabbit meat.

Slaughtering the rabbits at this time was Han Cheng's suggestion.

It wasn't like in later times; without corn, wheat, or carrots to feed the rabbits, relying solely on dried grass in winter would cause these creatures to become very lean.

Moreover, the demand for hay in winter would be considerable with so many rabbits. Keeping them would be a burden, so it was better to slaughter them now while they hadn't lost their fat and cure the meat for later use.