

I am a Primitive Man #Chapter 7: Listening at the wall, but no response from below?! This is not good - Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 7: Listening at the wall, but no response from below?! This is not good

## **I am a Primitive Man**

Han Cheng swore he had never tasted such delicious meat soup.

Although the preparation of the meat soup was unique and didn't involve any seasoning, not even salt, he could confidently say that it was the most delicious food he had ever eaten.

After finishing three bowls, Han Cheng finished all the ground meat.

The primitive man seemed quite pleased with Han Cheng, looking at him with a smile.

He spoke some words accompanied by gestures, but Han Cheng couldn't understand or respond. Even if he understood, he could only roll his eyes and blink.

Seeing that Han Cheng seemed to have difficulty understanding him, the primitive man gave up and turned to attend to his tasks.

Since waking up today, Han Cheng had realized that the old primitive man was a cultured individual. This was evident from the several stone tablets in the relatively independent small cave adorned with many simple and crude characters. It was somewhat akin to the cave drawings he had seen before crossing over.

Now, the old primitive man was using a stone to slowly carve on a not-yet-filled stone tablet. A person who could write was undoubtedly a cultured individual, especially in the primitive era.

Han Cheng squinted at the old primitive man's hand holding the stone, wanting to see what he was drawing. However, until he fell asleep again, he couldn't figure it out. Not because the characters were too archaic for him to understand but because the old primitive man's writing speed was too slow. It was so slow that Han Cheng had already fallen asleep by the time he had finished two characters.

When he woke again, the sky was getting dark, and the primitive people who had gone out were returning with joy from their harvest.

"Bang!"

The second senior brother's stout shoulder shook, and a heavy prey fell from his shoulder, creating a cloud of dust that almost extinguished the flame. Han Cheng looked over and

recognized it as a wild boar. Judging by its size, it probably weighed around a hundred kilograms. He wondered how they managed to capture and kill such a large creature.

Today was indeed a day of harvest. In addition to the large wild boar, three smaller ones weighed around ten kilograms each. It seemed they had taken the entire family of the boar.

Some women also opened the animal skin packages they were holding, revealing the yellowish-green fruits inside. These fruits were placed where Big Senior Brother had collected fruits the previous night.

The people in the tribe were all showing joyful expressions, looking at this precious food with delight."

Because of the particularly abundant prey they caught today, they could enjoy a hearty meal.

Under the arrangement of the eldest senior brother, the people in the cave worked methodically and energetically.

Junior brother Sandy used a stone knife to cut open the bellies of the four wild boars of different sizes. After removing the internal organs, he handed the intestines to the thin, limping man.

With his wife's help, the limping man took the intestines outside the cave. His wife didn't take long to return with a string of already processed pig intestines. She handed them to the person responsible for making dinner, and she returned to help her husband with the pig intestines.

Han Cheng blinked. He hadn't expected that this limping primitive man was an expert in handling intestines.

Others were not idle either. They skinned, cut meat, and grilled sausages, all busy and joyful.

As everyone busied themselves, the meat aroma quickly spread in the cave.

Tonight's meal was indeed very abundant. In addition to the four pig offal sets, they separately grilled a small wild boar.

After the food was ready, Big Senior Brother took his share first.

He tore off a piece of delicious pork from the grilled meat and took a piece of sausage, offering it to the old primitive man who resembled their master.

The old primitive man pointed at Han Cheng and spoke a few words while gesturing to Big Senior Brother. Big Senior Brother nodded, then looked up at Han Cheng curiously.

Afterward, he went out and brought back some food from the pile of grilled food.

A dark piece Han Cheng couldn't recognize it.

The sumptuous dinner began, and tonight's food was very plentiful. Even the lame primitive man's family, who went to fetch food last, got enough to fill their stomachs.

Watching everyone happily eating meat, Han Cheng's stomach also joyfully sang a tune.

But no one paid attention to him, including all the people, including the old primitive man. They were all enjoying the hard-earned food.

Of course, the old primitive man still ate slowly and methodically.

When everyone else had finished eating and had spent some time helping each other tidy up their hair with their hands, the old primitive man finally swallowed the last bite of food.

Then he stood up, took the bone bowl that Han Cheng had used once, picked up the dark piece that Big Senior Brother had brought last, broke off a small piece with his hands, and placed it in the bowl.

It suddenly dawned on Han Cheng that this was roasted pig liver.

About ten minutes later, Han Cheng drank the delicious and unique pig liver soup.

At this point, the cave had already darkened.

By the time he finished his meal, most people in the cave had already gone to sleep.

Looking at the simple yet quiet cave and the people inside, Han Cheng's heart unexpectedly felt serene.

He engages in work at sunrise and rests at sunset. In this seemingly monotonous and tasteless life, he feels something he has always wanted but couldn't get before.

That is the slow pace of life.

Here, people don't need to pursue too much. As long as there is enough food to fill their stomachs every day, they can experience joy emanating from the depths of their hearts.

Unlike the later generations, who are pressed by invisible pressures every day, feeling like there's not enough time even if they stay awake all day and night.

From this perspective, people from later generations might not necessarily live happier lives than primitive people.

Han Cheng's somewhat ethereal thoughts were interrupted.

Perhaps because of being full, there were unusually many people unable to sleep tonight.

At this time, there were no good entertainment activities like playing mobile games, unlike in later generations. As a result, the cave soon resounded with primitive singing.

It echoed continuously.

Suddenly, Han Cheng realized a very serious problem. In the past, even if he didn't want to admit it, there would be an immediate reaction from a certain part of him in such situations. However, now, there wasn't even a slight sensation.

Damn, this could be considered game over.

### **I am a Primitive Man**

With food in his belly and a series of uninterrupted sleep, Han Cheng's spirit had improved a lot.

He stood there, observing everything in the cave like a sculpture.

The adults in the cave had already left, but the tools they took with them had changed significantly compared to yesterday. There were fewer clubs, stones, and bone knives, but many more animal skins.

Moreover, today five or six half-grown children accompanied them, indicating that today's activities were not very dangerous.

Because they used animal skins to wrap the fruits, Han Cheng felt they were most likely going for a collective harvest.

Han Cheng used a rough method to judge whether primitive people were adults, which was their height.

The people in the tribe were much shorter compared to modern standards. After his anxious visual estimate, most women were between 1.4 and 1.5 meters, and men were taller, mostly between 1.45 and 1.6 meters. Those shorter than this were all underage.

This wasn't just a random guess by him. He had seen some underage primitive people staying in the cave who, when they had nothing to do, would stand next to a stone wall in the cave for comparison.

Two horizontal lines were drawn on that stone wall, with the higher one approximately 1.45 meters and the lower one around 1.4 meters.

Especially today, several underage people selected to go out were measured in front of these lines before being allowed to go out. This scene made Han Cheng even more convinced of his speculation.

The old primitive man continued his tireless work diligently, and many new pictorial-like characters had been added to the blank slate.

Han Cheng had always believed that pictographs were the earliest and most vivid form of writing, and this was indeed the case.

Every stroke and line in it was derived from life, unlike alphabetical writing, which was truly abstract.

As his thoughts went here, Han Cheng suddenly remembered a news report he had seen before he transmited. It said that a scholar in the Magnesium country concluded that for China to completely internationalize, it should abandon Chinese characters and switch to alphabetical writing.

Han Cheng wanted to pull that so-called expert over and open his head to see if it was filled with shit.

Han Cheng could roughly understand some things the old primitive man depicted. If he guessed correctly, what he recorded these two days was his origin.

The first character, or rather, a painting, was a large oval with many fine slashes in the middle and several thick lines in the middle of the slashes. Connecting it to the scene he saw when he first woke up, Han Cheng thought this recording was about the phenomenon in the sky before he appeared.

This painting or character represented the weather at that time, with dark clouds covering the sky and lightning tearing through the dark clouds.

The second painting was also the same sky, with dark clouds and lightning, but the difference was that something else had appeared under this sky. From the top to the bottom of the drawing, it could be seen that this thing had descended from the sky.

The third painting was...

The old primitive man recorded it in great detail, including what the others told him when they returned.

Looking at these, Han Cheng suddenly understood why the big brother stopped the second brother from eating him when he first saw himself and why the old primitive man personally came and took care of him.

All of this was recorded in these records, his mysterious origin.

The big brother and the others were hunting nearby, and the weather suddenly changed. They witnessed him falling from the sky, and later, unable to contain their curiosity, they came over.

The big brother stopped the second brother from eating him because of his strange origin.

When he pretended to be dead, he had already fooled them. They came the next day because they had told the old primitive man about their discovery.

Through these two days of observation, Han Cheng had confirmed that the old primitive man was indeed the shaman of this unnamed tribe.

The shaman held a high position in the tribe not only because he could read and write, heal diseases, and possess a wealth of knowledge, making him the tribe's wise man, but also because the shaman could communicate with the spirits, acting as a messenger sent by the gods.

It was precise because he held a sacred position that, upon learning about his miraculous origin, the shaman tirelessly had the elder brother, and others take him to the place where he fell, personally inspecting it. They brought him back when they discovered he was a living being.

Han Cheng couldn't help but smile wryly at the unexpected twists in the story of being picked up by primitive people.

Thinking back to that night when wild beasts roamed nearby, but none approached to eat him, he initially believed that these primordial bigwigs were picky eaters and didn't like the taste of his charred meat. Now, he realized it might not be that simple.

The most likely reason was the thunder and lightning that accompanied his appearance.

Although Han Cheng was not aware of it at the time, from the shaman's recorded information and the scene of ashes he saw when he woke up, as well as his current charred and immobile state, it could be inferred how powerful the thunderstorm was at that moment.

Fear of thunder is an animal instinct, and these primordial bigwigs were no exception. Even though the thunder had disappeared later, these sensitive beings could still feel the lingering breath of the thunder.

Unexpectedly, he managed to escape and be saved from the mouths of wild beasts due to these reasons.

Writing became tedious for the shaman, so he took a short break, turning his head to see Han Cheng deeply pondering over the characters he had drawn. A smile appeared on the shaman's face – the smile of someone confident in their abilities.

After observing Han Cheng for a while and realizing his fascination, the shaman turned his body slightly, pointing to the topmost character, and said, “#^&\*”.

Coming out of his contemplation, Han Cheng looked at the elderly shaman with some confusion.

"#^&\*," the shaman repeated, pointing to the character at the top.

Han Cheng puzzled, tried pronouncing it silently in his mind. His head was confused, not understanding this "#\$^&\*."

He blinked.

Seeing Han Cheng's attention was fully captivated, the shaman smiled again, pointing to the character and saying, "#\$^&\*."

Han Cheng inwardly sighed at his embarrassment. He never thought that after transmigrating, instead of educating the ancients with his future knowledge, he ended up being educated by them. This was done by ancient people from the Stone Age.

Criticizing aside, he still needed to learn the language. It would be quite uncomfortable if he eventually broke free from his current state and couldn't communicate with the people here. After all, communication couldn't rely solely on gestures and confirming eye expressions.