

Primitive 71

Chapter 71: The Terrified Primitive Women

The courtyard wall still needs to be raised.

Han Cheng originally envisioned a wall that was 2.5 meters high, but later, due to the rush, the courtyard wall was lowered from 2.5 meters to 2 meters.

A 2-meter-high wall can block the majority of wild animals, but it's somewhat challenging to stop people. Now, with the snowfall, the wall appears even lower.

Han Cheng had initially planned to raise the wall further after the New Year and the arrival of spring.

The original plan was to increase it to the initially envisioned 2.5 meters, but now, due to the possibility of a hostile tribe, he felt that a 2.5-meter wall was still too low, and it might need to be raised to three meters or even higher.

After raising the wall, the construction of houses would need to be prioritized.

Now, with the increasing number of tools in the tribe, the space inside the cave is getting cramped. Additionally, living together makes the air less fresh.

Moreover, the primitive singing at night is too loud and persistent, causing Han Cheng to have trouble sleeping often.

When everyone was busy in the past, it wasn't as bothersome. The heavy labor left little energy for these recreational activities.

Due to food and salt shortages in previous winters, people were less concerned about such matters until spring approached.

However, the situation is different now. Abundant food and salt and a leisurely life allow them to expend much more energy. Anytime, anywhere, one can engage in these activities, resulting in many primitive tunes mixed, humming endlessly and significantly affecting sleep.

Especially Hei Wa and Zhuang, both young and energetic, recently married, and Zhuang has a deep voice, making their singing particularly disruptive.

If Han Cheng hadn't been concerned about delaying the tribe's population development plan and worried that Hei Wa would never be happy again, he would have gone over and kicked them already.

It is precisely because of this that Han Cheng is eager to prioritize the construction of houses.

Raising the wall and building housesneither of these two tasks can be completed quickly. Therefore, the main plan for the next year in the Green Sparrow Tribe revolves around these two objectives.

As the saying goes, "One reaps what one sows." With Han Cheng's waist soup secretly assisting, the men of the Green Sparrow Tribe worked exceptionally hard in cultivating the land this year. Diligent cultivation led to a bountiful harvest.

In the past year, the Green Sparrow Tribe welcomed eight newbornsthree boys and five girls.

Apart from one male infant who was weak from birth and died, the remaining seven infants all survived and were healthy.

While Han Cheng felt regret for the infant who didn't make it, the shaman happily offered thanks to the heavens.

In the past, if half of the newborns could survive, it was considered good. This year, all seven newborns survived.

For Shaman and others in the tribe, it was a miracle and something worth celebrating.

This wasn't a miracle but stemmed from some of the changes initiated by Han Cheng.

The story needs to start in the early summer of this year.

While the Elder Senior Brother and his team were hunting, a pregnant woman in the tribe gave birth.

As a modern man, Han Cheng naturally avoided such things. Being older and serving as a spiritual leader and a makeshift doctor, the Shaman had no reservations.

Almost all young people in the tribe were assisted by the Shaman during childbirth. He lived in the cave all year round and had experience.

Han Cheng returned from outside the cave only after hearing about the child's birth. The joy of the tribe gaining a new member was quickly replaced by astonishment, sorrow, and anger. It wasn't just because of the strong smell of blood in the cave; the condition of the child was more crucial.

The newborn, covered in blood and sticky, was wrapped in an animal hide and then immediately breastfed by the mother.

However, the most critical issue was that the child's umbilical cord was not tied, and it was almost ten centimeters long. The cut end of the umbilical cord looked uneven and was covered with dust.

Despite this, the Shaman stood by, gleefully watching the exposed little private part of the baby and laughing, excited that the Green Sparrow Tribe had gained a new male.

Han Cheng was dumbfounded. Was this what they called childbirth?

Looking at the people alive in the tribe now, life must be tough.

Han Cheng couldn't blame the shaman because of his limited knowledge.

Shocked, infuriated, and indignant, Han Cheng stood there for a while, then turned and ordered an elderly tribesman to quickly bring half a pot of boiling water. Meanwhile, he hurried into the inner cave, took out the bone knife, and threw it into a clay pot to boil.

The Shaman found Han Cheng's actions somewhat strange and felt slightly distressed because the bone knife was the tribe's only one. Boiling it directly into the pot like making bone soup wasn't something to be unconcerned about.

Han Cheng didn't have time to explain to the shaman. He swiftly instructed someone to bring a large clay basin. After adding cold and hot water, stirring to test the temperature, he took the baby from the seemingly benevolent mother's arms.

Han Cheng's actions scared the new mother.

The Divine Child had ordered boiling water and took out a knife. Now, he was taking the baby from her arms. The process seemed familiar, as it was how they cooked meat daily in the tribe.

However, the Divine Child had high prestige in the tribe, and although she was worried, the new mother obediently handed her baby to him.

She stood up and followed Han Cheng closely, somewhat nervously, fearing he might do something to her newborn.

When she saw Han Cheng take the baby out of the animal hide and put it into the water-filled basin, the new mother couldn't hold back any longer. Her motherly instincts made her forget everything else, and she reached out to take her child back.

In the sudden turn of events, Han Cheng, who had his child snatched away, looked at the crying baby and the new mother. He was surprised and confused.

He turned to see the boiling water in the clay pot and the knife boiling in it and then looked at the basin filled with water at his feet. He understood what was going on and burst into laughter.

He understood why the mother was afraid. But the shaman was not pleased. After being stunned by the scene, he realized what was happening and reached out to strike the new mother.

In this tribe, no one could disrespect the Divine Child, including himself.