

Primitive 74

Chapter 74: Three tribes

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe held a spear in his hand, and behind him, a grass-made backpack carried several pieces of stone. The stones were for striking enemies, and the backpack was for storing the plundered food.

Behind him were forty-nine people, all dressed similarly. The difference was that some of them had stones and food in their backpacks for consumption on the way.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe was very excited. He could finally seek revenge and wipe away the past shame.

The determination for revenge made him indifferent to the accumulated snow beneath his feet and the bone-piercing cold. He turned to look at the forty-nine people behind him, exuding strong confidence. Among the people he led were thirty-five strong men and fourteen women.

These fourteen women were carefully selected, and their combat strength was not inferior to ordinary men. Among these men were also the three leaders of the tribe, slightly inferior only when it came to combat power.

With these people, that accursed tribe could only await death. He had already decided that after killing and eating the person who had humiliated him multiple times, he would leave his two leg bones, grind them into bone clubs, and use them for hunting.

The yellow sun shone on the mountains and forests, its brilliance somewhat dazzling. The black trees and white snow reflected each other, forming a black-and-white world. A group of people with a strong sense of aggression walked between this black-and-white world, approaching the innocent tribe and leaving footprints on the snow.

The entrance to the temporary gathering point of the Flying Snake tribe was opened. After several days of traveling, they arrived here, lit fires for warmth, took out the previously stored food, and began to eat.

One person from the Flying Snake tribe was missing. This person, who had fallen behind on the way, was bitten in the throat by a leopard hidden in the trees.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe was exceptionally generous tonight. Not only did he light four fires in the cave for everyone to keep warm, but he also brought out the food left there before, allowing everyone to eat to their heart's content.

Traveling in the snow caused injuries to many people; they were not only exhausted but also suffered frostbite on their feet and other places. Additionally, due to the sun these past two days, many people's eyes were damaged to varying degrees, with redness and tears.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe wished to kill the people of that detestable tribe immediately and plunder their food. However, considering the current condition of the people he led, for safety's sake, he decided to rest here for three days before attacking the accursed tribe.

He was a relatively patient person.

Three days later, after having a hearty meal, the people of the Flying Snake tribe, led by the two individuals who had previously surveyed the Green Sparrow tribe, continued toward the Green Sparrow tribe.

Cold and danger couldn't extinguish their enthusiasm.

The Green Sparrow tribe was as peaceful as usual. Due to the sun today, many people walked out of the cave and basked in the sun against the stone walls outside.

The accumulated snow in this area had been cleared away due to the snowman-building trend in the tribe. After laying some soft straw on it, sitting here and basking in the sun was pleasant and leisurely.

Although the air was still cold, in the wind-protected areas, the sunlight felt warm.

Some women sat here twisting grass ropes, making gloves and leather hats, and some men made bone shovels.

The Shaman lay beside the rabbit pen, smiling and looking at the rabbits. From time to time, he put some dried grass into it. He looked kind and benevolent.

The children were running and playing. Some were on the snow, using branches to write "Tadpoles Finding Mother," and the monkey fishing for the moon that the Divine Child had taught later.

Stone was more mischievous than ordinary children. He pulled out his little bird and used warm urine to draw a familiar frog on the snow.

After finishing, he couldn't help but stand there and admire his masterpiece, indulging in his creation. It wasn't until Han Cheng threw a snowball at him that he ran away, feeling embarrassed.

The people enjoying life were unaware that a massive crisis was approaching them due to the previous conflict.

The second leader of the Flying Snake tribe has already arrived within five miles of the Green Sparrow tribe, and this distance is still shrinking.

If we rewind time and go to a place that takes more than a whole day to reach from the Green Sparrow tribe.

The tribe that once interacted with Elder Senior Brother in autumn and accepted a wild boar gifted by Elder Senior Brother is now in crisis.

For convenience of reference and because they formed a bond with the Green Sparrow tribe due to a wild boar, let's call this tribe the Pig Tribe.

The food crisis in the Pig Tribe is also severe, catching them off guard due to the early arrival of heavy snow.

Although they have been careful to save food, it is still not enough to eat. The Pig Tribe is now firmly shrouded in a crisis of shortage.

The chief of the Pig Tribe went out to hunt many times, but the harvest was disappointing, and what they obtained was not enough to feed the tribe.

Furthermore, an adult male had his foot pierced by a sharp tree stump while hunting. This made the already limited workforce of the Pig Tribe even more difficult.

The chief of the Pig Tribe is at a loss. Besides desperately hunting, he can't think of any other way to solve the dilemma. However, winter prey is not easy to come by.

A while ago, as he looked at the pig skull with teeth marks left after being burned by the fire, an idea suddenly popped into the chief's mind.

This wild boar was given to them by that friendly neighboring tribe. Without this wild boar, the food crisis in their tribe would have come even earlier.

Seeing the pig's skull, he remembered the friendly neighboring tribe and the idea that emerged was to borrow food.

This idea had been in his mind for two days. However, every time it surfaced, he would quickly suppress it. He knew that at this time, no tribe would have much food. The friendly neighboring tribe would return the wild boar to their tribe in autumn and now was not the time.

What prompted him to take this step and try it was the death of the oldest elder in the tribe last night.

He had already become skin and bones, and in his dying moments, he left a will, saying that the chief should distribute his flesh for everyone to eat. This way, the tribe might be able to get through this difficult time.

The chief of the Pig Tribe, with eleven people still capable of fighting, left. The remaining food was divided into two portions, with the smaller portion taken with them and the larger portion left in the tribe for the elderly, weak, women, and children.

On their way to the friendly neighboring tribe, they might catch some prey.

The chief of the Pig Tribe told the people remaining in the cave that the friendly neighboring tribe was wealthy. They should wait patiently, and he would surely bring back enough food for everyone from there.

This was, of course, an encouraging statement. Even the chief of the Pig Tribe had no idea whether he could borrow food. This action was just a desperate attempt in the face of hopelessness.

Amid the expectant gazes of the people, the chief of the Pig Tribe blocked the cave and set out with a group of people, walking on the accumulated snow toward the friendly neighboring tribe.