

Primitive 76

Chapter 76: Had never met such a shameless, despicable, and cunning tribe

Elder Senior Brother threw away the bone shovel he was working on and picked up a stone from the ground, shouting to the others, "Hurry, get up on the low wall!"

As he shouted, he ran towards the eastern wall.

Even without his command, the people in the tribe, who had practiced this numerous times before, abandoned their tasks upon hearing the Third Senior Brothers call. They rushed towards the eastern wall, and those close by or agile enough had already climbed the low wall.

Apart from the initial day when they had practiced this five times, they had conducted several more drills.

The tribe's young children rushed into the caves, and women carrying infants in their arms hurriedly placed their children inside the caves, ignoring the crying babies. Then, they swiftly ran out again, climbing onto the low wall.

This was agreed upon during the previous drills. Due to the shortage of manpower in the tribe, Han Cheng insisted that everyone with some ability should participate when enemies attacked.

The previous drills played a significant role. At least, when suddenly hearing of an enemy attack, although the people were panicked, they generally knew what they should do.

However, there were also oversights. Not knowing if enemies were outside the other two walls, everyone rushed towards the east wall, neglecting the west and front-facing south walls.

Fortunately, the people responsible for vigilance behind those two walls raised a tree stick tied with animal skin, which could be called a flag.

This had been stipulated by Han Cheng earlier, raising a flag represented that there were no enemies on that side.

However, those responsible for vigilance on both sides of the wall did not leave. They stood there, paying extra attention to any movement in the direction they were guarding against. This was to prevent enemies from sneaking up from behind while the Green Sparrow tribe was engaged with the attackers on the east wall.

Adult men and women from the tribe rushed to the east wall, climbed onto the low wall, and prepared to throw sharpened wooden spears.

When Han Cheng arrived, only ten adult males were in the tribe, not counting the elderly Shaman. Among them, some had leg injuries. Ironhead and Hei Wa had also become adults, meaning there were twelve adult males. Including adult females and the newly-adult strong youths, there were twenty-nine.

Excluding the one person standing behind each of the west and south walls, as well as a plump woman, thirty-eight adults were participating in the defense against the attackers at the east wall.

Han Cheng, Shaman, and the capable underage individuals did not return to the caves. They were scattered along the edge of the low wall, responsible for passing weapons like stone spears, wooden

spears, and stones to the adults fighting on the low wall. This would speed up the throwing pace of the people on the wall and maximize the elimination of enemies before they reached the inner wall.

The battle did not immediately begin. According to the charging speed of the Flying Snake tribe, the confrontation between the two sides should have started before all the Green Sparrow tribe members were in place. However, reality proved otherwise.

Due to the thick accumulated snow, running in the snow naturally slowed their speed.

Another crucial reason was that the seemingly smooth, snow-covered ground was not even. Under the snow lay fallen trees from the summer storms that the Green Sparrow tribe hadn't had time to clear.

So, the members of the Flying Snake tribe, running and howling as they charged toward the Green Sparrow tribe, were in for a tough time.

"Splat!"

After the leader of the Flying Snake tribe shouted encouragement, the man at the forefront, a robust individual running frantically and pounding his chest to display strength, tripped over the tree trunks hidden beneath the snow. Without stumbling, he tumbled headfirst into a snow pit, throwing himself into a sorry state, and even the weapon he held in his other hand flew out.

He wasn't the only one facing this predicament. Shortly after him, six or seven more individuals followed in his footsteps, with varying degrees of severity.

The most unfortunate was a guy carrying stones as mobile ammunition. Not only did he twist his foot, resulting in a broken bone, but he also suffered a head injury from the rolling stones in his backpack.

The initially organized Flying Snake tribe became chaotic due to this unexpected factor, even before reaching a distance from which they could attack the Green Sparrow tribe.

Moreover, the speed of their running charge also slowed down.

The guy from the Flying Snake tribe who fell first, a hot-tempered individual, got up immediately after his heavy fall. Taking a few steps, he bent down to retrieve the thrown weapon from the snow pit and resumed running frantically. However, he stumbled again and fell into another snow pit after running less than five meters.

His face and legs were scratched by branches hidden in the snow pit, blood flowing. The fall left him dazed.

After such an experience, the guy's fiery temper was extinguished. He no longer dared to run with the same fervor as before.

The excitement mixed with malice and pleasure filled the heart of the leader of the Flying Snake tribe as he saw his men charge toward the Green Sparrow tribe. He seemed to have already envisioned a scene where the people of this accursed tribe were slaughtered, blood flowing, and the trembling women carrying crying children, driven by him, migrated to the Flying Snake tribe with the looted food.

He had led his people to conquer more than six tribes, and no tribe had survived their attacks. This accursed tribe would be no exception.

Even if they lived in peculiar caves and had detected their movements in advance, this outcome would not change.

At most, they would only survive a few moments longer.

However, the chaotic scene of people falling one after another shattered the beautiful dream he had envisioned.

After clearly seeing what was revealed beneath the accumulated snow, the leader of the Flying Snake tribe, infuriated and astonished, couldn't help but curse repeatedly.

They were too cunningabsurdly cunning.

He had attacked many tribes before and had never seen a tribe as shamelessly and treacherously clever as this one. They were even more cunning than his Flying Snake tribe.

Not only was the leader of the Flying Snake tribe shocked and angered by this unexpected turn of events, but even the Green Sparrow tribe, the attacked party, was also dumbfounded.

Elder Senior Brother stood with his people on the low wall, exposing almost half of his body outside. Like the others, he held a well-sharpened wooden spear or a stone spear with a sharp stone tied to the front end. They were prepared to counterattack when the attacking tribe entered the effective attack range. However, before these aggressively approaching people arrived, such a scene occurred.

Even though it was wartime, many people still turned their heads quickly, looking at the Divine Child, who, like the other underage individuals, stood on the edge of the low wall, ready to pass weapons. There was a quick and reverent glance at the priest.

The Divine Child was right. The storm that had changed the world's color before was not a devil's curse, as the Divine Child mentioned. Instead, it was a blessing from the gods.

The gods not only bestowed abundant fuel and building materials upon their tribe but also helped their tribe defend against invading enemies.

This

All of this was because of the presence of the Divine Child.