

I am a Primitive Man #Chapter 8: Embarrassing, being taught how to read by primitive people... - Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 8: Embarrassing, being taught how to read by primitive people...

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 transmitted. 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.

"....."

The Shaman pointed to himself and then spoke to Han Cheng.

Although Han Cheng couldn't speak, Shaman could see from his eyes that Han Cheng was indeed earnestly learning what he was teaching.

This made the older Shaman very happy.

It was because of this that he tirelessly taught Han Cheng.

"#\$^&*"

He pointed to himself again, repeating his words.

"#\$^&*"

Han Cheng blinked as if saying, "Isn't that what I meant?"

The self-proclaimed mentor, Shaman, taught Han Cheng for a while and then stopped talking. He continued to pick up his stone-made pen and carved on the stone tablet the things he had not yet recorded.

After a little over an hour, people who had gone out returned.

Leading them was Junior Brother Sandy, who brought two men and five women, each carrying or holding animal-skin-wrapped packages containing fruits of various sizes.

They poured these fruits where they had originally placed them and then went out again.

Thinking back to the colorful scene he saw on the way back to the cave two days ago, Han Cheng understood their current actions.

Autumn had arrived, a season of harvest and a time when efforts were needed to store food.

In just these two days, Han Cheng had learned that this unnamed tribe was still in the hunting and gathering stage, far from the agricultural stage.

In this situation, collecting wild fruits abundantly became their most important storage means.

After all, fruits have a long shelf life and are storage-friendly.

As for meat, it's delicious to eat, but without even salt, the storage time is limited.

That's why, after hunting enough meat for the tribe to eat for two days yesterday, today, all the labor force in the tribe went out to pick wild fruits.

It was evident that there were plenty of fruits outside. About half of the people would return with fruits every hour or so.

Days passed peacefully, and Han Cheng's life consisted of standing here like a statue, watching the activities of the people in the tribe, and eating the special meat soup made by Shaman twice a day.

Most of the time, it was smashed grilled meat and liver that could easily turn mush.

However, there was one time when it was a lamb's kidney.

After eating this lamb's kidney, Han Cheng felt very sad.

It's not that the kidney didn't taste good, but he still felt nothing even after eating a whole pure wild lamb's kidney.

Damn it, this time, it's truly useless. The source of joy is gone.

Of course, putting aside this concern, Han Cheng was still quite satisfied with his current life.

After eating daily, he followed the Shaman to learn some of their language. The rest of the time could be spent daydreaming.

Storing food was still ongoing, with women in the tribe being the main hands in picking fruits.

If the hunted game was abundant enough to meet the tribe's needs for two days or longer, the senior brother would join the men in picking fruits.

With their hard work, the number of stored fruits in the cave increased, and the place where fruits were originally stored had piled up into a large heap.

Looking at this growing heap of fruits, including Han Cheng, everyone felt reassured.

Having food in hand, there's no need to panic in the mind. Until the issue of hunger is resolved, this has always been a fundamental truth.

Han Cheng's body was very itchy, and this itchiness had been going on for a few days, but it hadn't been as severe as today.

He wanted to scratch, but the result was, of course, frustrating. He couldn't move, he couldn't speak, and all he could do was endure this torture silently.

However, when he discovered he could control one hand to move slightly, he immediately forgot about the itchiness, ecstatic with this newfound ability.

He even secretly cheered himself on, hoping the itchiness would intensify.

Yesterday, the senior brother returned with the hunting team, once again bringing back a full load of game that would be enough for the entire tribe to eat for three days.

So, after breakfast today, he also led the hunting members to pick fruits with the women in the tribe.

As for Han Cheng, he eagerly tried to control various body parts, looking to see which areas he could move.

After a long effort, a sharp pain accompanied by a tearing sensation surged from Han Cheng's face. After experiencing this feeling, Han Cheng was pleasantly surprised to find that he could open his mouth wider and close it again.

After confirming that he wouldn't become a statue, Han Cheng suppressed the urge to forcefully open his mouth to completely liberate himself.

According to experience, he was currently healing. If he forcibly opened his mouth and tore off the scabs on his face, there would undoubtedly be scars.

Although he didn't care much about his appearance, he didn't want to be disfigured. After all, it was something used to meet people.

While his mouth could open and close to some extent, he still couldn't make any sounds. Han Cheng always felt like something was blocking his throat.

As he felt the subtle changes in his body with joy and curiosity, the people who had gone out to pick fruits returned.

They had returned twice today, so this scene was not unusual.

However, when Han Cheng noticed that everyone had returned, he became somewhat puzzled.

Now, the sky is still early, at most just past noon. Normally, at this time, not all the people who went out to pick fruits would have returned.

The situation was a bit complicated.

Not only did the senior brother and others return early, but the people who returned did not carry bags of fruits as usual.

Moreover, six people had varying degrees of injuries, including the senior brother, second brother, and Junior Brother Sandy.

The chubby second brother especially had several bruises on his big belly.

Fortunately, the number of people who went out did not decrease, and they all returned in a group. There were no casualties.

The atmosphere of the entire group seemed quite low and oppressive. The little primitive people, who had run out to greet them with cheers, quieted down when they saw the scene and felt the atmosphere. They looked at their parents and brothers with some confusion.

Shaman, who also noticed the anomaly, walked out from the cave depths and asked aloud with gestures.

The senior brother lowered his head in shame, remaining silent momentarily.

Shaman, being wise, didn't press for more information upon seeing this. Instead, he instructed everyone to return to the cave and had some people bring heavy stone slabs to seal the cave entrance.

The senior brother, walking limp, shook his head, pointed outside the cave, and stopped Shaman's order, indicating that it wasn't necessary yet and things hadn't reached that point.

Shaman agreed and didn't say anything more. Instead, he began to examine the injured individuals.