

Primitive 82

Chapter 82: Three tribes 2

After the three leaders of the Flying Snake Tribe had their fill, the rest of the people began to gather around the deceased Meng Er, and even a shove occurred among them to get to the warm meat sooner.

Cannibalism wasn't considered horrifying in the Flying Snake Tribe. In their tribe, when someone died, the body was shared among the people instead of burial, no different from consuming game meat.

During severe food shortages, or when the loot from raiding other tribes was insufficient, the weaker members of the tribe would be killed and eaten. Typically, the elderly were the first to be killed, followed by those with mobility issues due to injuries, and then women. From weakest to strongest, the sequence continued.

This was also why, when attacking and plundering other tribes, they killed the men but looted the women and children from the tribes.

After everyone had eaten, Meng Er, who came to deliver the meat, was too gruesome to watch.

The two leaders of the Flying Snake Tribe instructed people to remove the bones without meat from Meng Er's body, discard the internal organs, and then have two people carry him away to continue their journey.

This was their reserved food, something they could continue to eat when hungry again.

Having experienced a significant defeat, they didn't leave immediately but headed towards the main camp of their tribe.

Having lost so many people and gained nothing, the two leaders of the Flying Snake Tribe didn't dare to imagine what fate awaited them when they returned in such circumstances.

One of the two men who had gone to track the Pig Tribe previously was lost in the battle, and the other survived.

After returning to the meeting point where they had encountered the Green Sparrow Tribe and the Pig Tribe simultaneously in autumn, the remaining members of the Flying Snake Tribe, under the command of the two leaders, followed the person who had previously scouted the path to the Pig Tribe, walking on the snow-covered ground.

The leader of the Pig Tribe, accompanied by his people, trudged laboriously through the snowy landscape. The lack of food in their bellies and the long-distance journey through the icy terrain made them all appear miserable.

Even the strongest leader was weakened, relying solely on sheer willpower.

Cut by the wind, their exposed skin showed small cracks that oozed blood.

Starvation and bone-chilling cold made their movements stiff and sluggish, aptly described as a difficult journey.

The leader of the Pig Tribe used his spear as a makeshift crutch, panting heavily. He forced himself to turn around and encourage the others in the tribe.

Then, he led the way forward.

Now, reaching the nearby friendly tribe had become their only hope.

In their current state, the leader of the Pig Tribe didn't even have the luxury to worry about whether this friendly neighbor would lend them food.

Reaching this friendly tribe had become their obsession.

Closer.

Even closer.

The familiar yet unfamiliar river and stone bridge appeared before them.

However

The sight that greeted the leader of the Pig Tribe next left him completely stunned.

In the leader of the Pig Tribe's memory, there was a stretch of woods by the river. After passing through the forest, the destination of their journey awaited the friendly neighboring tribe.

However, there was no forest to be seen, only a vast expanse of pure white snow stretching out as far as the eye could see.

At the end of this silver-white plain stood a not-too-high brownish mountain wall.

The leader of the Pig Tribe was dumbfounded, his eyes filled with confusion.

He looked down at the frozen river and glanced at the nearby stone bridge. These matched his memories, but what was on the other side of the river was completely different from what he remembered.

Full of doubt, he felt that he might have gone to the wrong place.

He carefully considered the route and compared it to the one he had taken before, but it was the same. There was no mistake.

The leader of the Pig Tribe stood there for a while, then led his people onto this land entirely different from his memory.

Whether he was mistaken or not, the leader of the Pig Tribe had to bring his people closer to find out. After all, this was their only hope.

On top of a short wall, Tie Tou, wrapped in animal skins and wearing gloves and a fur hat, stood meticulously watching the movements outside the courtyard.

Yesterday's battle had taught everyone in the Green Sparrow Tribe a harsh lesson.

They couldn't imagine what the scene in their tribe would have been like if those brutal enemies had not been discovered in advance but had silently crossed the wall.

No one dared to underestimate the importance of standing guard and keeping watch. When it was their turn to stand guard, they were fully alert, paying attention to any movement outside.

"Hmm."

Tie Tou, stationed behind the southern wall, narrowed his eyes and stared toward the direction of the river.

Soon, he confirmed it wasn't a mirage; people were approaching from that direction.

These people walked on the snow-covered ground without any cover, approaching leisurely. There were quite a few; Tie Tou glanced roughly and estimated at least ten.

That damn tribe just wouldn't give up. They were defeated by their tribe yesterday, and today, they came back again.

"Enemy! We have enemies!"

Tie Tou turned and shouted towards the inside of the tribe. At the same time, he pulled off his gloves, grabbed the two wooden pieces placed on the wall, made into a makeshift clapper, and started banging them together.

He struck so hard that his hands were numb from the vibrations.

This clapper was used for alerting and communication. In the absence of bronze gongs, Han Cheng had to make do with this.

Tie Tou's shouting, like a huge stone thrown into a lake, instantly broke the tranquility of the Green Sparrow Tribe, creating ripples of commotion.

Upon hearing Tie Tou's warning, the people behind the other two walls immediately checked their respective areas carefully. After confirming there were no enemies, they quickly lifted one of the two animal skin flags placed beside them and, at the same time, shouted towards the bustling courtyard, "No enemies!"

Raising an animal skin flag was to prevent their voices from being drowned out by the chaos, providing a clear indication.

One animal skin flag meant no enemies, while two animal skin flags meant there were enemies. It was a simple code that was easy to remember.

Having just experienced a major battle yesterday, the nerves of the Green Sparrow Tribe's people hadn't completely calmed down. Upon hearing Tie Tou's warning, they immediately began to act.

This time, they didn't make the mistake of neglecting the other two walls. While running toward the southern wall, they also turned their heads to observe the movements behind the walls to the left and right. After seeing flags raised on the eastern and western walls, they boldly ran toward the southern wall without worry.