

I am a Primitive Man #Chapter 9: Autumn is a season for storing food - Read I am a Primitive Man Chapter 9: Autumn is a season for storing food

"....."

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.