

High Martial 3

Chapter 3: Unlock, Basic Archery

When Chen Fan followed the sound to the scene, he saw a small house surrounded by people. Among the crowd, discussions were rising one after another.

"Why did Xiao Hong lose her mind and hang herself?"

"Alas, her husband didn't come back yesterday, her child died years ago, leaving her alone. She probably felt life was meaningless and decided to end it."

"What a pity."

"In these days, with food uncertain, death can be a form of relief."

After these words, most people fell silent.

Yes, rather than struggling to survive, death might seem like an end to all pain. But dying takes courage.

"Make way, make way."

A voice rang out, and two adult men appeared using a makeshift stretcher to carry the corpse of a pale, extremely skinny woman.

The woman's tongue stuck out grotesquely, a horrifying sight.

At least for Chen Fan, his heart pounded wildly at first glance.

However, the others were used to it, or perhaps numb to it, even the children under ten years old stared unblinkingly.

Chen Guodong was the last to come out, looking extremely remorseful. If Zhuzi hadn't died yesterday, this woman might not have lost hope.

In a hoarse voice, he first consoled the crowd, then looked at several adult men and said, "Get ready, we go hunting in half an hour."

The men looked at each other and nodded.

The deceased are gone, the living must continue their days.

"When did you get here?"

After the crowd dispersed, Chen Guodong approached Chen Fan and asked.

"Not long ago."

Chen Fan still felt a lingering fear from the appearance of the corpse.

Chen Guodong nodded and turned to leave.

"Dad."

Chen Fan suddenly asked, "Do we have any spare bows? I want to learn archery."

Chen Guodong turned around, somewhat surprised. In his impression, his son was introverted and timid. Asking him to fight fierce beasts was like sending him to his death.

What changed today?

"I want to become stronger."

Chen Fan said sincerely, "I don't want to starve to death."

Chen Guodong showed a fleeting look of comfort in his eyes.

"We have bows. Go to the warehouse and find Uncle Zhang. Tell him I sent you. There's a few bows inside, find the smallest one and give it a try."

"A few bows?"

Chen Fan was startled.

He thought last night that iron bows were scarce in the camp, otherwise, why were only two or three people equipped? Now, hearing his father's words, seemed like there were quite a few bows?

Chen Guodong glanced at him, seemingly guessing his thoughts and said quietly, "Archery isn't as easy as you think. It's hard to practice. If practiced well, you can shoot a fierce beast twenty or thirty meters away. If not, a saber might be more useful."

After saying this, he turned and left.

Chen Fan felt a bad premonition, like he was being too optimistic, but the words were already said, so he could only bite the bullet and try.

The warehouse was located northwest of the camp. The way there was sparsely populated; evidently, to conserve energy, everyone stayed quietly at home.

When he arrived, he surprisingly found several youths around his age practicing spear techniques in the open space at the entrance.

They were simply holding two-meter-long spears, repeatedly thrusting them forward.

Behind the youths was a disheveled middle-aged man, walking around with a limp, correcting their actions, calling out "Withdraw" and "Thrust."

Chen Fan squinted and thought, this must be the Uncle Zhang his father mentioned.

He took a deep breath and walked forward.

Before he got close, the limping man turned around, sizing him up from head to toe.

The youths also took this opportunity to stop and look at him curiously.

"Uncle Zhang, my dad is..."

"I know you."

The limping man smiled mysteriously, "You're Chen Guodong's son who almost died a few days ago from eating wild fruits, right?"

Chen Fan smiled awkwardly.

"Are you here to practice spears too?"

"I want to try archery first," Chen Fan said.

The youths exchanged glances as if there was some tacit understanding.

"Another one, huh?"

The limping man smirked and said, "Follow me."

Just as he finished speaking, he abruptly turned to stare at the youths, "Still slacking off? More sweat now means less blood later, understand?"

The youths shivered and resumed their spear practice.

Chen Fan followed the limping man inside and was startled by the array of weapons. The spacious room was filled with sabers, spears, swords, halberds, shields, iron axes, and various other cold weapons, even a few cannons.

The limping man noticed his gaze and smirked, "There's no gunpowder, they're useless. Look, there are the bows you wanted, pick one."

Chen Fan looked to the left and saw several longbows hanging on the wall, gradually increasing in size from left to right, the smallest being just a meter long and the largest almost two meters, as tall as a person.

He swallowed and looked at the limping man, saying honestly, "Uncle Zhang, how about I start with the one on the left?"

"At least you're sensible."

The limping man chuckled, took down the bow, and drew it slightly. With a "twang," the bowstring vibrated rapidly, making it clear that getting hit in the face would easily break the skin.

"This bow requires at least forty pounds of force to draw. Within twenty steps, it can kill a low-level fierce beast with one shot. Give it a try."

After saying this, he tossed the bow over.

Chen Fan hurriedly caught it, gripping the bow in his left hand and an arrow in his right. Aiming at a target not far away, he slowly drew the bowstring, immediately feeling the strain. He gritted his teeth, mustering all his strength to pull the string fully, then released it suddenly.

"Snap!"

With a light sound, the arrow flew out, and Chen Fan felt his whole body shake. His right arm was almost too sore to lift.

At this moment, the attribute panel in his mind changed slightly.

Skills: Basic Archery, Level 0 (1%)

"???"

For a moment, Chen Fan wanted to shout in surprise, but he held it back.

Unexpectedly, just by picking up a bow and practicing, he unlocked a skill: Basic Archery. Although it was Level 0, the progress bar was at 1%.

Doesn't this represent hope?

By the same logic, if he obtained a saber or sword, could he also unlock Basic Saber Technique or Basic Sword Technique? If he practiced punches, even Turtle Fist, might he unlock Basic Fist Technique?

At this moment, Chen Fan felt a surge of motivation.

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The limping man looked at Chen Fan, whose excitement was almost written on his face, and furrowed his brow.

These days, do young people have such low expectations? Getting excited just by drawing an ordinary bow? And you only did it once?