

Primitive 201

Chapter 201: Miraculous Tribe and Shang's Suggestion

Han Cheng used a fire stick to poke the firewood in the fire basin, and the fire quickly became much brighter, making the scene clearer. After carefully examining them, he finally confirmed that the mustard-like seeds on the mulberry branches were silkworm seeds. However, they were of a different color from the ones he raised in his childhood.

He thought he had missed the chance after the Golden Silkworm broke free from its cocoon, but unexpectedly, he inadvertently caught its offspring.

That's fine, too, saving him the trouble of searching around the mulberry trees next spring. Thinking of the taste of being tricked by foreign hot peppers, he couldn't help but grin.

After scrutinizing the silkworm seeds for a while, the firewood in the fire basin was almost burned out, and the light became dim.

Han Cheng had no plans to add more firewood. He stood up, put the mulberry branches back in place, and went to the earthen bed. Taking off his wide animal skin belt, he lay down on the earthen bed and covered himself with the animal skin.

Nothing went wrong last night. Even if the people from the Bone Tribe had some intentions, the presence of the guards on the high walls would deter them completely.

Early the next morning, the people from the Bone Tribe went to the Green Sparrow Tribe to borrow fire, preparing to heat their food outside the wall before setting off home.

They had brought the tools for drilling wood, but it was too troublesome. It was easier to borrow fire from the Green Sparrow Tribe, especially since there was always a fire burning in the tribe.

The Bone Tribe leader was extremely surprised to see that there was not even a spark in the Green Sparrow Tribe despite the many fires yesterday.

Seeing the Bone Tribe leader's expression, the pride of the Green Sparrow Tribe rose involuntarily. He called out to Fire One and asked her to drill wood and provide fire for the neighboring tribe. After all, the Green Sparrow Tribe also needed fire for cooking.

When the Bone Tribe leader saw that Fire One was about to start drilling for fire, and the person drilling was an elderly person, he didn't know what to say for a moment.

After hesitating for a moment, he waved his hand repeatedly, indicating that they would not borrow fire, and went back directly, carrying some fruit or the like.

In his heart, he thought that letting such an old person drill for fire would probably take until nightfall for a flame to appear.

The Green Sparrow Tribe leader shook his head as he held him.

At this moment, Fire One had already prepared the firewood and began to drill. The Bone Tribe leader couldn't help but be stunned by this unique drilling method for fire. Wasn't it supposed to be done quickly with the palm-rubbing method? This

His confusion was quickly replaced by shock because, at the time, he was puzzled; wisps of smoke were already rising from the firewood.

The sky was overcast, and the sun did not appear as scheduled. The Bone Tribe leader, carrying the precious pottery they had exchanged, hurried back to his tribe.

They were in a hurry, fearing that it would rain. In this season, getting caught in the rain was no joke.

He held the jar of salt close to his chest. The jar was no longer the one used to hold salt but one they had exchanged for food. The original salt jar was not given to them by the other tribe.

The meaning was clear: salt could be shared, but the jar could not be given away for free.

As they hurried back, the Bone Tribe leader seemed a little absent-minded. He wasn't dissatisfied because the other party only gave salt and didn't give the jar, but he was recalling everything he had seen in that tribe.

There was pottery, walls, houses, deer herds, delicious salt. These were all fine, but how could such an old person easily drill fire?

Everything he saw in that tribe greatly impacted him, making him wonder if their tribe's way of survival, which had been passed down, needed to change.

Should their tribe also build walls?

He recalled the people of that tribe standing on the high walls, holding stones and spears, looking down from above.

Thinking of the tall and majestic walls, he became hesitant. Could humans build such walls?

The people of the Bone Tribe left, and life in the Green Sparrow Tribe returned to its original state.

Eldest Senior Brother organized the food brought by the Bone Tribe, categorizing it for future consumption.

After sorting out these things, breakfast in the tribe was ready.

Shang, who usually had a good appetite, was not feeling like eating today. He hadn't enjoyed his meal last night either; he would take a few bites and gaze towards the three tiled houses where the Divine Child resided, looking deeply troubled.

Suddenly, he sped up his eating, quickly finishing the food in his bowl and placing it in a large pottery basin filled with water. He left the cave and headed towards Han Cheng's residence.

Han Cheng hadn't eaten much this morning. After finishing his meal, he left the cave and returned to his room.

"Knock, knock, knock."

Shang arrived at the door, hesitated momentarily, then finally raised his hand and knocked on the closed door.

Knocking on doors was something Han Cheng specifically instructed, although he didn't engage in anything unsightly in his room. However, others still needed to knock before entering his private space.

"Come in."

The voice of the Divine Child came from inside the room. Shang appeared somewhat nervous as he pushed the door open and walked in, then turned around and closed the door.

Han Cheng had already come out from the inner room. He was surprised to see Shang, as Shang had never visited him before. Usually, the shaman and Eldest Senior Brother came to his room the most.

The central room was used as a living room. In the middle, a stone pedestal was built with stones and ash, upon which a flat stone slab was about two feet square. Although crude, it resembled a stone table.

Around the stone table were several wooden or neatly shaped stone stools.

Han Cheng took the main seat without hesitation, allowing Shang to sit opposite him. Although Han Cheng hadn't informed the tribe members of the rules for this room yet.

Once seated, Han Cheng asked Shang what he needed.

Facing the Divine Child's inquiry, Shang appeared somewhat nervous. He found it strange, not understanding where his nervousness came from, as the Divine Child had always been very kind.

After hesitating, he spoke, using the common language with Han Cheng to express his thoughts.

Han Cheng understood what he meant. It was similar to what he had thought yesterday: in the future, when members of the Green Sparrow Tribe went out, they should leave behind a certain number of people to guard the tribe and prevent it from being too empty.

Han Cheng nodded approvingly at Shang's proposal. Such behavior, thinking for the tribe's sake, must be encouraged.

Shang was delighted that the Divine Child didn't blame him and even agreed to his suggestion. The anxiety he had been carrying since last night was suddenly lifted.

Han Cheng watched Shang leave and nodded to himself. He had previously been a leader, with a keen insight that surpassed ordinary people. Of course, this was also closely related to his previous experiences.

After thinking for a while in the room, Han Cheng left and found the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother to discuss the matter. Both of them agreed, and the decision regarding tribal security was thus settled.

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Chapter 202: The impoverished Donkey Tribe and the Weaver Woman wrapped in animal skins

After discussing matters, the long-absent Donkey Tribe arrived before Han Cheng and the others left.

Due to the cold weather, the people of the Donkey Tribe appeared even darker.

Receiving visiting tribes was a task that the Eldest Senior Brother had mastered long ago, so he took care of everything without much instruction from Han Cheng.

The leader of the Donkey Tribe, tightly clutching the salt jar and unwilling to let go, led his people, who were carrying three clay jars and several bowls, away from the Green Sparrow Tribe. They glanced back at the majestic and prosperous tribe, which seemed like a dream. Even now, they felt a bit dizzy and couldn't quite believe the smoothness and gains of this journey and the generosity of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Such precious items, given away so freely? He couldn't help but pinch some of the snow-white salt.

And to think that they could exchange non-edible fur for valuable pottery?

He felt like his brain wasn't enough.

But regardless, this was beneficial for his tribe.

After drinking three large bowls of meat soup in a row, he felt warm all over and extremely comfortable. This made him appreciate pottery even more.

Originally, he had been worried about exchanging food for pottery, fearing that the tribe would suffer hunger in winter without these provisions. However, after experiencing the wonders of pottery once again, he finally completely let go of his worries.

His confidence in trading food for pottery was strengthened.

With these pots that could cook hot soup, even if they had less food, the people of his tribe would still have a better winter than in previous years

Watching the many foods piled up in the cave, Shaman couldn't help but smile brightly, his wrinkled face blooming like a chrysanthemum.

These foods were all obtained through trades with pottery since the beginning of autumn. To verify the effectiveness of the trades, they were separated from the Green Sparrow Tribe's original provisions.

Even after selecting and eating some during these days, there was still so much left.

This was more than a quarter of the food stored by the Green Sparrow Tribe in previous years!

And the quality of the food was higher than in previous years.

With these foods, Shaman and the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe once again realized the value of pottery.

Hei Wa, who had always enjoyed making pottery, became even more enthusiastic!

Originally, he had been anxious about only making pottery without participating in other labor, but now that anxiety had completely disappeared.

Because he found that making pottery seemed more effective in obtaining food than hunting with weapons or fishing by the river.

Han Cheng also looked at these foods, but his perspective differed from Shaman's.

From the foods exchanged by the four neighboring tribes, he could gauge their wealth.

The most surprising was the Donkey Tribe. Originally, he thought that the Bone Tribe, with the largest population and the strongest strength, would be the richest tribe among them until the Donkey Tribe brought fifteen large and small donkeys at once

The Bone Tribe's traded food ranked second, followed by the Green Tribe, with the Donkey Tribe at the bottom.

Of course, if the Green Tribe and others could discover the value of the "wild grain ears" freely growing around their tribe and cultivate them artificially, they might rise to second place or even first.

The Donkey Tribe

Han Cheng looked at the food they sent and couldn't help but shake his head. This tribe seemed to have a weak ability to obtain food.

Thinking this, he suddenly laughed because he had just come up with a brilliant idea as to why the Donkey Tribe had a low ability to obtain food

After a busy period, they were hungry again. After lunch, Han Cheng, the Eldest Senior Brother, and the others set out again with their weapons, embarking on the road to find the Fortune Beacon.

This time, four fewer people went with them, including the second brother, the pea shooter

Adding the four people left from yesterday, such as Tie Tou and Hei Wa, there were now eight strong men in the tribe responsible for defense.

With three lame individuals, four pregnant women, and several half-grown children, the fighting force had reached nearly twenty people.

They were well-equipped to handle any danger with the wall as a fortress.

After a cloudy morning, the afternoon cleared up again. The dazzling sunlight lifted people's moods as if the gloom in their hearts had been dispersed by the sunlight, just like the dark clouds in the sky.

The night sky was clean, with no visible trace of clouds. Stars twinkled, dotting the sky. A Milky Way spanned the night sky like a jade belt, tearing through the vast horizon.

After watching for a while, Han Cheng couldn't identify which star was The Cowherd star and which was the Weaver Girl star, so he randomly picked two relatively close and bright stars on either side of the Milky Way and forcibly named them the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl.

Then, he recalled the forceful opening line "I'll return your clothes to you, be my wife" to the moment when the Queen Mother took out her hairpin and split the sky, separating the couple who worked in the fields and to their meeting on the Magpie Bridge on Qi Xi, feeling moved.

A sudden thought made Han Cheng's face stiffen as he was deeply moved.

He thought strangely for a while, then ended his whimsical thoughts with a light laugh.

Han Cheng's whimsy was quite simple: he suddenly thought of the unit of time where one day in the sky equaled one year on Earth.

In this case, wouldn't Cowherd and the Weaver Girl every day? Poor Cowherd.

Now that he thought about it, it was understandable that Cowherd wasn't as bright as the Weaver Girl.

"Why are you laughing, Divine Child?" asked Shi Tou, squatting beside Han Cheng and looking at the sky together.

Shi Tou used to be about the same height as Han Cheng, but in the past six months, he had shot up, surpassing Han Cheng by at least three centimeters. It was unclear if it was because he often drank deer milk.

But that didn't seem right either. Han Cheng drank deer milk daily, even more than Shi Tou did. This discovery made Han Cheng doubt whether he had been struck by lightning and stopped growing.

Han Cheng thought momentarily and then told Shi Tou the story of Cowherd and the Weaver Girl with a few modifications.

Of course, the story had been slightly altered.

Cowherd became a primitive man who was not very strong, and his tribe was broken by an evil tribe, forcing him to wander in the wilderness until he met an old cow, and the man and the cow depended on each other for survival.

Weaver Girl became a beautiful woman from the evil tribe, transformed into a witch by the Queen Mother.

During the storytelling process, Shi Tou, who liked to think, occasionally asked questions.

For example, was Weaver Girl even more beautiful than Zhuang?

Thinking back to Weaver Girl's graceful figure and imagining a muscular woman even more muscular than the average man, Han Cheng's face twitched, feeling sorry for Weaver Girl. Then, under Shi Tou's expectant gaze, he nodded vigorously.

Shi Tou immediately became cheerful, and thus, Weaver Girl naturally became a tall and majestic beauty wrapped in animal skins

"So beautiful!"

I don't know when, but quite a few people had gathered around. After receiving Han Cheng's affirmation, they couldn't help but express sincere admiration for Weaver Girl's beauty.

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Chapter 203: Cows and Flying Dreams

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't have a systematic language, so naturally, there weren't many exciting stories. Otherwise, the simple stories like "The Tadpole Looks for Its Mother," "The Monkey Fishing for the Moon," and "The Little Monkey Descends the Mountain," which Han Cheng moved out to help the tribe learn to read, wouldn't have caused such a stir.

Even such simple stories could captivate the people of the tribe, let alone a story like "Cowherd and the Weaver Girl," which was on a completely different level.

Everyone was completely absorbed, their thoughts drifting along with Han Cheng's descriptions, completely immersed in the story.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

When the story reached the point where the evil witch from that evil tribe forcibly took Vega away, tearing the couple apart, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe who were listening to the story on the side were filled with rage. Some pounded their chests. Others breathed heavily. But Shang's reaction was the most intense. He turned and grabbed a stone spear, climbed quickly onto the courtyard wall, pointed the spear at the sky, and roared angrily at the brilliant Milky Way, wanting to stab the evil witch from that evil tribe to death with the spear!

Han Cheng looked at the people's intense reactions, somewhat dumbfounded momentarily.

He had never expected that simply looking up at the stars and getting lost in thought because of Shi Tou's question would lead to such anger in these people after he slightly modified the familiar story from his future life. It was much more engrossing than what he had experienced in the future.

Seeing more people climbing onto the courtyard wall, cursing at the sky like Li Yuanba, and even some throwing stones angrily into the night sky, Han Cheng couldn't help but shrink his head.

He was worried that he might be hit on the head by the stones these guys were throwing around and also worried that he didn't want to be falsely accused by the heavens and provoke their wrath. He might be struck by lightning and taken away along with these angry folks. He stole a glance at the stars, which were still shining brightly in the night sky without a hint of cloud cover and secretly admired the broad-mindedness of the heavens. He quickly sent someone to call back these angry folks.

After venting their emotions, the people were still angry, until Han Cheng began telling stories again, and they quieted down.

It wasn't until Han Cheng finished telling the story and mentioned that the evil witch from that evil tribe allowed the couple to meet once a year that their anger subsided somewhat.

Of course, Han Cheng would never mention the time unit where one day in the sky equaled one year on Earth to them. Even if he did, it would be difficult for them to understand the concept without the concept of "years" in their time.

As they looked up at the dazzling starry sky and followed Han Cheng's guidance to identify the stars Cowherd and the Weaver Girl, which he had named not long ago, their thoughts drifted wildly.

"Divine Child, what is a cow?" Shi Tou, who spoke Mandarin most fluently, asked.

Han Cheng momentarily thought and began explaining to Shi Tou what a cow was and its uses.

The people, who had been looking up at the stars and reminiscing about the incredibly magical and touching story, were gradually drawn back by the new stories told by the Divine Child.

There was a creature as large as a deer, which ate grass like a deer, called a cow.

Cows could be used for eating and plowing the land much faster than a bone shovel

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who were already very familiar with plowing the land and understood the hardships involved, lit up, their eyes shining like the stars in the night sky.

They couldn't help but think, how good would it be if their tribe had cows to plow the land?

Shi Tou's eyes were shining brightly, but unlike the Eldest Senior Brother and others who wanted to find cows to plow the land, he wanted to drape the cowhide over himself and fly like Cowherd.

This child often liked to look at the sky at night and was fascinated by the brilliant and distant Milky Way. He had fantasized more than once about flying into the night sky.

The longing for wings, akin to birds, had always been a regret for Shi Tou. However, tonight, when he heard the magical tale of "Cowherd and the Weaver Girl" from the wise Divine Child, Shi Tou immediately became excited.

"Divine Child, let's go find cows!" Shi Tou looked at Han Cheng, his eyes shining with infinite joy.

The Eldest Senior Brother and others also looked expectantly at Han Cheng.

Compared to the distant stars Cowherd and the Weaver Girl, which could only be seen but not touched, and the captivating story, they were more concerned about things that directly affected their interests.

From the reactions of the Senior Eldest brother and others, it was clear that they had never seen cows. The nearby tribes' trade goods and belongings also showed no sign of cows. It seemed unlikely that there were cows nearby.

Cows were excellent at plowing the land. Before the invention of four-wheeled tractors or two-wheeled plows, they had always been the mainstay of farming, more enduring and hardworking than horses or donkeys.

Since Han Cheng wanted to go down the path of agriculture, cows naturally became an important part of it, and he certainly wanted to find them.

Han Cheng nodded vigorously. "Yes, let's find cows!"

The people watching him couldn't help but smile with joy.

After hearing the story of "Cowherd and the Weaver Girl" from the Divine Child and learning about the various uses of cows, they couldn't wait to bring this magical creature into the Green Sparrow Tribe, just like the deer and rabbits.

"Not now. We'll go find cows when we become strong," Han Cheng said.

The joy in the people's hearts stagnated for a moment at these words.

Many people looked at the high walls and the meat hanging under the eaves, now visible as dark shadows, and recalled the many fruits piled up in the cave. They were puzzled.

Weren't they strong enough now?

Someone asked the question on everyone's mind, and Han Cheng smiled and said, "Compared to the neighboring tribes, we are indeed stronger, but it's not enough"

Han Cheng then cited the example of the Bone Tribe, which had arrived while they were away yesterday.

Thinking back and forth, the people felt that what the Divine Child said made sense. Although their tribe was stronger than the surrounding ones, they were not yet strong enough to send out a group to search for cows while the rest defended the tribe from harm.

"When will we be strong enough then?" someone asked.

Han Cheng thought momentarily and said, "When we have enough adults, when we have more food than we can eat, when our weapons are sharper"

The people were initially excited, but then they became worried again.

Having more food than they could eat wasn't too difficult, especially with the fish traps, the various animals raised in the tribe, and the crops. But weapons

Thinking about their stone spears and the vine shields the Divine Child had newly made, they felt they had enough. It was just that having enough adults was difficult!

Although there were many babies in the tribe now, it would take a very long time for them to grow into adults. Even if they did survive, many might not be suitable for venturing out.

Thinking of this, they naturally felt uncomfortable. They all wanted to go out and capture the cows that the Divine Child said were very useful for the tribe and contribute to the tribe.

Someone voiced this concern.

Only the three giants of the Green Sparrow Tribe knew about the plan to subdue the surrounding tribes with salt slowly. The others were all clueless.

Han Cheng looked at the thick shaman wrapped in fur beside him and the eldest senior brother and the others. The three of them smiled at each other with a somewhat cunning expression.

"No!" Han Cheng gave a straightforward answer, but he didn't elaborate on how to increase the number of adult tribe members without relying on babies.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe knew that the Divine Child was wise. Since he said so, there must be a way!

They stopped asking and instead raised their heads to gaze again at the brilliant night sky.

As they remembered the story told by the Divine Child and thought about the magical cow, not just Shi Tou, but many others also began to harbor thoughts of finding the cow, killing it when the time came, draping its hide over themselves, and flying into the sky.

Humans longing for the vast sky had never ceased.

Han Cheng had never expected that his story would greatly strengthen the Green Sparrow Tribe's dream of flying.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't have a systematic language, so naturally, there weren't many exciting stories. Otherwise, the simple stories like "The Tadpole Looks for Its Mother," "The Monkey Fishing for the Moon," and "The Little Monkey Descends the Mountain," which Han Cheng moved out to help the tribe learn to read, wouldn't have caused such a stir.

Even such simple stories could captivate the people of the tribe, let alone a story like "Cowherd and the Weaver Girl," which was on a completely different level.

Everyone was completely absorbed, their thoughts drifting along with Han Cheng's descriptions, completely immersed in the story.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

When the story reached the point where the evil witch from that evil tribe forcibly took Vega away, tearing the couple apart, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe who were listening to the story on the side were filled with rage. Some pounded their chests. Others breathed heavily. But Shang's reaction was the most intense. He turned and grabbed a stone spear, climbed quickly onto the courtyard wall, pointed the spear at the sky, and roared angrily at the brilliant Milky Way, wanting to stab the evil witch from that evil tribe to death with the spear!

Han Cheng looked at the people's intense reactions, somewhat dumbfounded momentarily.

He had never expected that simply looking up at the stars and getting lost in thought because of Shi Tou's question would lead to such anger in these people after he slightly modified the familiar story from his future life. It was much more engrossing than what he had experienced in the future.

Seeing more people climbing onto the courtyard wall, cursing at the sky like Li Yuanba, and even some throwing stones angrily into the night sky, Han Cheng couldn't help but shrink his head.

He was worried that he might be hit on the head by the stones these guys were throwing around and also worried that he didn't want to be falsely accused by the heavens and provoke their wrath. He might be struck by lightning and taken away along with these angry folks. He stole a glance at the stars, which were still shining brightly in the night sky without a hint of cloud cover and secretly admired the broad-mindedness of the heavens. He quickly sent someone to call back these angry folks.

After venting their emotions, the people were still angry, until Han Cheng began telling stories again, and they quieted down.

It wasn't until Han Cheng finished telling the story and mentioned that the evil witch from that evil tribe allowed the couple to meet once a year that their anger subsided somewhat.

Of course, Han Cheng would never mention the time unit where one day in the sky equaled one year on Earth to them. Even if he did, it would be difficult for them to understand the concept without the concept of "years" in their time.

As they looked up at the dazzling starry sky and followed Han Cheng's guidance to identify the stars Cowherd and the Weaver Girl, which he had named not long ago, their thoughts drifted wildly.

"Divine Child, what is a cow?" Shi Tou, who spoke Mandarin most fluently, asked.

Han Cheng momentarily thought and began explaining to Shi Tou what a cow was and its uses.

The people, who had been looking up at the stars and reminiscing about the incredibly magical and touching story, were gradually drawn back by the new stories told by the Divine Child.

There was a creature as large as a deer, which ate grass like a deer, called a cow.

Cows could be used for eating and plowing the land much faster than a bone shovel

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who were already very familiar with plowing the land and understood the hardships involved, lit up, their eyes shining like the stars in the night sky.

They couldn't help but think, how good would it be if their tribe had cows to plow the land?

Shi Tou's eyes were shining brightly, but unlike the Eldest Senior Brother and others who wanted to find cows to plow the land, he wanted to drape the cowhide over himself and fly like Cowherd.

This child often liked to look at the sky at night and was fascinated by the brilliant and distant Milky Way. He had fantasized more than once about flying into the night sky.

The longing for wings, akin to birds, had always been a regret for Shi Tou. However, tonight, when he heard the magical tale of "Cowherd and the Weaver Girl" from the wise Divine Child, Shi Tou immediately became excited.

"Divine Child, let's go find cows!" Shi Tou looked at Han Cheng, his eyes shining with infinite joy.

The Eldest Senior Brother and others also looked expectantly at Han Cheng.

Compared to the distant stars Cowherd and the Weaver Girl, which could only be seen but not touched, and the captivating story, they were more concerned about things that directly affected their interests.

From the reactions of the Senior Eldest brother and others, it was clear that they had never seen cows. The nearby tribes' trade goods and belongings also showed no sign of cows. It seemed unlikely that there were cows nearby.

Cows were excellent at plowing the land. Before the invention of four-wheeled tractors or two-wheeled plows, they had always been the mainstay of farming, more enduring and hardworking than horses or donkeys.

Since Han Cheng wanted to go down the path of agriculture, cows naturally became an important part of it, and he certainly wanted to find them.

Han Cheng nodded vigorously. "Yes, let's find cows!"

The people watching him couldn't help but smile with joy.

After hearing the story of "Cowherd and the Weaver Girl" from the Divine Child and learning about the various uses of cows, they couldn't wait to bring this magical creature into the Green Sparrow Tribe, just like the deer and rabbits.

"Not now. We'll go find cows when we become strong," Han Cheng said.

The joy in the people's hearts stagnated for a moment at these words.

Many people looked at the high walls and the meat hanging under the eaves, now visible as dark shadows, and recalled the many fruits piled up in the cave. They were puzzled.

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Han Cheng then cited the example of the Bone Tribe, which had arrived while they were away yesterday.

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Chapter 204: From Cowherd and Weaver Girl to Calendars

It was late at night, and it was a bit cold outside. The members of the Sparrow Tribe, who would usually be fast asleep by now, were surprisingly wide-awake tonight, unwilling to go to bed.

This included the older members like Fire One, Fire Two, and the shaman, as well as the somewhat more mature children.

Their severe lack of mental stimulation in daily life made them extremely fascinated by the stories told by the Divine Child, which had become an integral part of their evening routine.

Even the original wisest member of the Sparrow Tribe, the shaman, was completely engrossed in the stories.

At the same time, they were extremely amazed, pondering how the Divine Child knew all these things.

After a while of contemplation, of course, there was no result, so they could only attribute it to the omnipotence of the divine.

Han Cheng himself was not sleepy either. In this world without smartphones or computers, he had plenty of time to sleep every day.

While Tie Tou, Hei Wa, and the others could engage in some physical activity to expend their excess energy and find some amusement at night, he, as a single man was truly pitiful.

Seeing these people so enthusiastic, after some contemplation, Han Cheng decided to retell the original version of "The Cowherd and the Weaver Girl" from start to finish.

Although it was the second time they had heard it, the people still listened with great relish.

Divine Child, what is a year?" The one who posed the question was still Shi Tou. He always enjoyed pondering and being the heir to the next shaman; he had more contact with Han Cheng than others. Due to their status and the deer milk, he felt less distance from Han Cheng than others. (I can't come up with a suitable word to describe this more complex feeling, alas.)

Han Cheng smiled faintly. This time, he deliberately emphasized the meeting once a year on the seventh day of the seventh month in the original story, hoping that Shi Tou, this fellow, would finally start asking questions.

He had considered calendars before but never found a suitable opportunity. Coupled with other things to be busy with, he had temporarily put it aside.

Tonight, when he accidentally mentioned the story of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl, and these concepts were included, it would be easier for them to understand these unfamiliar concepts through mutual confirmation.

So, after thinking for a while, Han Cheng decided to use this as a breakthrough point and guide the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe to understand concepts such as years, months, and days, as well as corresponding calendars.

Living without a specific concept of time was unbearable.

It was manageable for now without a calendar, but as agriculture gradually developed and grew, a relatively accurate calendar became particularly important.

Agricultural cultivation was a big deal. You couldn't rely on guessing for the timing of planting, could you?

Han Cheng said, "From the melting of ice and snow to the blooming of flowers, to the shade of trees under the scorching sun, and then to the falling leaves and snowflakes, and back to the melting of ice and snow, this long period is called a year."

After hearing Han Cheng's words, the people began to ponder.

The first to show a look of enlightenment was the shaman. He had experienced many things and was clever, so he accepted it more quickly than others.

The others also gradually understood the meaning of a year. After all, they had seen and experienced all these things that Han Cheng mentioned. It's just that they had never thought about it in this way before. Hearing Han Cheng talk about it now, combined with their own experiences, it was not difficult to understand and accept this concept.

"I understand!" Shi Tou suddenly exclaimed in excitement, his face glowing.

"A year is just a name like my name is Shi Tou.

A year is the name for this long period from one melting of ice and snow to the next melting of ice and snow when flowers bloom!"

As he spoke, he seemed excited and hopeful as he looked at Han Cheng.

A crescent moon had risen quietly, and the cold moonlight bathed this quaint courtyard, quietly enveloping the people who refused to sleep at night.

Han Cheng smiled and stretched out both hands, giving two thumbs up to Shi Tou.

With the approval of the shaman, Shi Tou seemed particularly cheerful.

Those who hadn't understood the meaning of year' quickly became enlightened after Shi Tou associated it with names they were already familiar with and accustomed to.

Using this momentum, Han Cheng continued, "Everything should have a name"

He then explained the concepts of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

With the groundwork laid by understanding year,' grasping the concept of the four seasons was not difficult for them.

However, they heard too many new things at once tonight, and many couldn't remember all the names immediately.

This wasn't a big problem. As long as they understood the concept, the issue of names would naturally be remembered after some time.

Of course, this did not include the shaman and Shi Tou, who frequently used their brains. The two of them remembered the names of the year and the four seasons firmly.

Not only that, after receiving praise, Shi Tou, whose mind became even more agile, spoke up again, asking what July seventh' meant.

So, Han Cheng divided the year into twelve months, with three months for each season.

Compared to the simple task of memorizing names earlier, these questions about numbers seemed much more difficult. Many people did not understand the complex connections immediately and found it exceptionally profound.

Shi Tou's two big eyes twinkled, shining like the stars in the sky.

This child was the best at the Han Culture of the entire Sparrow Tribe and had the highest education level,' able to count up to a thousand without error.

After blinking for a while, Shi Tou's face lit up with joy, and his teeth, despite the gaps, looked very white in the moonlight.

"Divine Child, is the sun under the moon?" After understanding the concepts of year and month, Shi Tou remembered the meeting on July seventh of the lunar calendar in the story and seemed to understand the relationship. Blinking his eyes, he asked Han Cheng.

Now Han Cheng finally understood why math teachers in the future always had smiles on their faces when explaining problems to students who consistently ranked first in math.

Teaching such a smart student was truly a pleasant experience.

They were far better than those who would exasperate their teachers and please their mothers-in-law.

Han Cheng couldn't help but give Shi Tou a thumbs-up again.

"The sun is indeed under the moon, and each month has at least twenty-eight days"

"From sunrise to the next sunrise is one day The bright part is daytime, the dark part is nighttime, and now it's nighttime"

Han Cheng, caught up in the moment, switched to teaching mode.

"Divine Child, why do the lengths of the months vary?" Many people around had circled in their eyes, but Shi Tou became increasingly spirited. Not only did he remember everything Han Cheng had explained before, but he could also raise his questions.

Seeing Shi Tou smiling, Han Cheng pointed to the moon, hanging like a gem in the sky. "It can enlighten you."

Everyone looked up at the half-moon in the sky, their minds muddled, not knowing what other secrets lay within this familiar sight.

"What changes does this moon undergo? Compared to a few days ago." Han Cheng watched for a while and, seeing Shi Tou's puzzled expression as he looked at the moon, reminded him.

"A few days ago, it was big and round, like the yolk in a bowl"

Shi Tou scratched his head, not understanding why the moon, which was big and round a few days ago, was now less than half. It looked like it had been bitten off by something fierce.

"In the future, draw the moon every night. When you have drawn enough moons, you will understand why the length of the month varies"

Han Cheng seemed somewhat enigmatic as he spoke.

Of course, he appeared enigmatic because he only partially understood calendars.

Even though in the future he would deal with dates every day and know about the intricacies like there being 365 days in a year, leap years occurring every four years, February having 29 days in a leap year and 28 in a common year, he couldn't create a complete Gregorian calendar based solely on this knowledge.

Compared to the complex Gregorian calendar, the lunar calendar, based on the moon, was much easier to handle. After all, the moon's changes were significant and observable everywhere, making it much more straightforward than the Gregorian calendar.

Moreover, the lunar calendar was more suitable for agricultural production.

"This small rain in spring startles the spring in the valley, the summer is full with ripe wheat, the heat of summer continues, autumn dew signals the arrival of autumn, and winter snow brings cold winter."

He still remembered this song about the 24 solar terms he learned in elementary school very clearly. Once Shi Tou observed the moon enough and the basic lunar calendar emerged, he could insert these solar terms according to the current climate characteristics. Then, this calendar would be completely sufficient for guiding agricultural production.

However, creating a calendar was a meticulous task. Although he knew there was a distinction between "big leap" and "small leap," he didn't know which month required it. This would require long-term observation and recording.

Of course, not all tasks could be done by the Divine Child. Wouldn't that be too burdensome? So, this task fell to the extraordinary Shi Tou

Chapter 205: Knocking on the door at night

The reality proves that stories will always be more attractive than mere preaching, not only for modern people but also for primitive ones.

The people initially excited to hear the story of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl quickly lost interest after encountering the complicated and difficult-to-understand calendar. Their excitement turned into drowsiness.

Han Cheng patted Shi Tou, whose eyes reflected the half-moon, signaling him to stop thinking and go back to sleep, continuing observation and recording tomorrow.

One by one, the people dispersed. With the moon's light scattered on the ground, they entered their rooms and climbed onto their beds to rest. Some with better spirits gazed at the night sky through the uncovered windows, trying to find the two stars of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl.

Unfortunately, after the moon rose, many stars hid themselves, and the small window only revealed a small portion of the night sky and a few scattered stars.

After being hypnotized by the incomprehensible calendar explained by Divine Child, the people felt their sleepiness disappear once they entered the house. The story of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl, which they had heard twice before, resurfaced in their minds.

Some watched the night sky, while others lay on the bed, embracing each other and discussing the incredibly exciting story, unwilling to fall asleep.

It can be imagined that in the future, the Green Sparrow Tribe will be immersed in the excitement of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl, and there will be many more "sages" who gaze at the stars in their free time.

Unfortunately, the Green Sparrow Tribe did not have paper, and the people were not in the habit of writing. Otherwise, there would be a situation where "Green Sparrow Paper is precious."

Unlike most people, what occupied Shi Tou's mind the most was not the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl but the talking bull that could fly when wearing its skin, as well as concepts like years, months, days, seasons, and the different shapes of the moon.

Although he couldn't find the bull now, he could see the moon anytime. He had never looked forward to the arrival of the next long night as much as he did now.

Since becoming the next shaman and encountering the mysterious "sky god" who never communicated with him, Shi Tou's frequency and duration of looking up at the sky gradually increased.

Because that was where the sky god lived, and it was also where Divine Child came from.

Unfortunately, after observing for a long time, he only saw vastness, emptiness, mistiness, and mystery, things he could feel but couldn't express. This made him very uncomfortable.

Tonight, Divine Child's words had greatly encouraged him. Things that he had no clue about before suddenly had a solution. One way was the bull, and the other was to observe and record the moon.

Although he had wondered before why the moon rose and set and why it waxed and waned, he had never thought about doing something about it until now, thanks to the Divine Child's hint.

The moon was also something in the sky, said to have existed for a long time, just like the sky god.

He stared through the window at the moon, which had shifted considerably from its original position, lost in thought, clenching his two small fists tightly

Han Cheng was unaware of Shi Tou's thoughts. If he knew, he would surely sigh inwardly at how this small primitive man surprisingly coincided with the method advocated by someone surnamed Wang in the future.

Of course, there were huge differences between their aspirations and methods.

Han Cheng also hadn't fallen asleep yet. He wasn't as engrossed in the primitive version of the Cowherd and the Weaver Girl as the others, but rather, he was worried about Fu Jiang.

Only he lived in a three-room, standalone house, making it feel somewhat deserted.

The shaman still refused to move in, which also worried Han Cheng.

Han Cheng felt the chill when he escorted the shaman into the cave. Because everyone had moved out of the cave and stopped making fires, it was much colder inside compared to before.

They needed to find a way to convince the old man to move into a tiled house. Otherwise, things would be troublesome if he fell seriously ill from the cold inside the cave.

Inside the cave, lit by a small lamp, the shaman, having taken off his shoes woven from grass, had half of his body buried under thick fur.

The fur was soft and thick, made from hides outside the tribe.

The shaman lay there, absentmindedly stroking the fur with his hands. His cloudy old eyes looked at the small lamp, carefully pondering what he had learned from the Divine Child tonight. The more he thought about it, the more he felt amazed. There were so many things outside their tribe, and the days they lived through could be divided into years, months, and days.

If each day could be given a name, then during future celebrations, instead of using joy grass as a token, they could just remember the name of that day, right?

Lost in thought, he suddenly remembered something and quickly looked at the lamp. He found a small pit forming beneath the crushed and twisted rope grass under the firelight, filled with liquid resembling clear water. He hastily patted his forehead, realizing he had forgotten to extinguish the "lamp" first. Now, he had wasted quite a bit of precious oil!

With this thought, he leaned over and blew out the small flame.

The lamp was a simple creation made by Divine Child. It consisted of a small pottery bowl with a rope twisted from crushed grass placed inside. Animal fat, already melted, was then poured into the bowl. Once the rope soaked up the fat, it could be lit.

Including the Divine Child, most people in the Green Sparrow Tribe felt this was somewhat wasteful. After all, animal fat was a rare delicacy, so using it like this was a pity.

This was why most people didn't use the "lamp" made by Divine Child. Firstly, they were unwilling to waste the oil. Secondly, they felt it was unnecessary. After all, since birth, they had lived according to the cycle of sunrise and sunset. Lastly, the lamp's flame was too small compared to a bonfire.

The shaman had used it a few times and found it satisfactory. Unlike a bonfire that required constant wood feeding, the lamp could be carried around easily. It was much more convenient, but burning oil was a heartache

Han Cheng also had a lamp similar to this one but didn't use it often. It wasn't because he was reluctant to use lamp oil like the shaman but because he didn't have a lighter or matches. He didn't want to grope in the dark to start a fire at night, so once the lamp was extinguished, he wouldn't light it again. Most of his activities at night were done in the dark.

Another reason was that the lamp wick was not good. Made from scattered rope grass, it didn't last long when burning, and the flame was small, not as good as one made from cotton thread.

But thinking about the origin of cotton, Han Cheng sniffed and felt it was better not to think about it again. Instead of thinking about cotton, it was better to think about how to find hemp reliably.

After some random thoughts, Han Cheng also drifted off to sleep.

After sleeping for a while, he vaguely heard the door creaking. Han Cheng woke up from his dream, remembering the experience of dreaming about Fu Jiang returning last time. So this time, instead of rushing out like last time, he waited quietly with some expectation.

The surroundings were silent, without any movement. For a while, he couldn't tell if the sound he heard was from his dream or if it had happened.

After waiting a while, he sighed softly, closed his eyes again, and fell asleep. Just as drowsiness was about to overcome him, there was another knocking on the door, quite loud and forceful

Chapter 206: obstructed labour

Han Cheng was wide awake this time. The sleepiness that had just surged disappeared instantly.

Earlier, in his drowsiness, he had thought the noise was Fu Jiang returning late at night from who knows where. Now, he realized something was wrong. The outer gate was already closed and securely fastened from the inside. Even if Fu Jiang came back, he would wait outside the gate, not come to knock on Han Cheng's door.

Moreover, the knocking sound didn't sound like something Fu Jiang could make!

Who would come knocking on his door in the middle of the night?

"Who's there?"

Han Cheng paused for a moment, asking aloud.

The silence that followed was deafening. Both inside and outside the house were quiet, with no movement.

Han Cheng's heart began to race, and all the ghost stories he had heard before suddenly flooded his mind, stimulating his nerves.

Could he have invoked the gods too much, and heaven couldn't stand it anymore?

Or perhaps the fox that he had beaten to death and eaten a leg in front of could now seek revenge?

As he entertained these wild thoughts, his heartbeat accelerated.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The knocking resumed with such force that Han Cheng could feel the gate trembling.

"Who is it!"

Han Cheng raised his voice, feeling the hairs on his body standing on end.

However, there was still no response from outside, only the persistent knocking.

Han Cheng felt increasingly uneasy and reached for the short spear placed by the bedside, gripping it tightly to bolster his courage.

This was suspicious. If it were someone from the Green Sparrow Tribe knocking, they would have answered his inquiry immediately, not remain silent like this!

"Who!"

Sitting on the edge of the heated bed, Han Cheng shouted again with increased intensity.

The knocking stopped, and both inside and outside fell into silence again. Han Cheng could hear his own heartbeat clearly, feeling as if his heart was about to burst out of his chest.

"Yoyo"

After a brief silence, a deer's call suddenly came from outside the door.

The sound was somewhat familiar, like that of Lord Deer.

Han Cheng's held breath was suddenly released, and his racing heart calmed down. At this moment, he realized he was somewhat relieved.

After imagining countless scenarios, Lord Deer was a surprising and somewhat laughable outcome.

"Bang! Bang! Bang"

"Yoyo"

The sounds rang out again. Han Cheng got up, and taking advantage of the dim moonlight seeping through the animal hide, he put on the simple animal hide clothes he often wore, then groped to open the door.

At this time, not far from here, someone in another house was also awakened by the commotion. Shouts were heard, followed by the sound of a wooden door being opened.

Han Cheng groped his way to the door, opened it, and immediately saw Lord Deer's imposing antlers.

The Eldest Senior Brother, Second Senior Brother, Shang, Tie Tou, and others also came out one after another. They were all puzzled to find that the cause of the disturbance was this deer. They couldn't understand why Lord Deer was behaving like this tonight.

"Splash."

Caught off guard, Han Cheng's face was already licked by Lord Deer's excited tongue as soon as he saw him.

Han Cheng leaned to one side, wiping off the deer's saliva from his face with disgust while reaching out with his other hand to twist Lord Deer's long face.

However, Lord Deer shook his head and gently bit Han Cheng's arm, pulling him back towards the deer pen.

Han Cheng was puzzled. Had something happened in the deer pen? Otherwise, why would Lord Deer come to find him in the middle of the night and pull him in that direction?

Han Cheng freed his arm from Lord Deer's mouth with effort and instructed his eldest brother and others to fetch weapons. Then, they headed towards the deer pen together.

Seeing the bipedal creatures heading towards its dwelling, Lord Deer stopped biting and tugging at Han Cheng, instead following him and trotting towards the deer pen.

The gate of the deer pen was half-open, as Lord Deer, who had long mastered the art of opening and closing it, had done so himself.

Despite the bright moon, most deer were resting inside their sheds due to the gradually cold weather, so it was impossible to see what had happened.

But one thing was for sure: it wasn't a carnivorous beast that had entered.

Han Cheng instructed someone to bring fire-making tools. Soon, Fire One, who often kept watch and couldn't sleep well at night, arrived with a hand drill, and under the moonlight, a fire was quickly lit.

Then, they moved the bonfire into the deer pen and made it burn brightly.

Most animals feared fire and kept their distance, except for Lord Deer, who was experienced and arrogant.

The three little lambs were trembling in the corner, fearfully watching the firelight and this group of fierce monkeys.

Han Cheng's gaze wandered around the deer pen, trying to figure out what had happened.

His gaze quickly stopped on a pregnant doe.

It wasn't because this doe was exceptionally attractive but because there was much filth on her hindquarters, and in the firelight, traces of blood could be seen, with her fur soaked in the mess.

Behind her, something was faintly visible; closer inspection revealed it to be a small hoof.

These were signs of labor!

The water had broken, and the hoof was already visible.

Han Cheng looked at Lord Deer, who stood not far away. Had this fellow brought him over in the middle of the night just to inform him of its impending fatherhood?

This seemed unreasonable.

After all, this fellow had become a father many times before, but he had never come to find Han Cheng for this reason.

Could there be another hidden reason behind this?

Han Cheng thought of the stories he had heard about tigers carrying injured animals to healers and other animals seeking help from humans.

Except for the doe in labor, there was nothing unusual in the deer pen. The problem should lie with this.

Was she having difficulty giving birth?

The doe, visibly distressed from labor, couldn't withstand the pain despite standing here for a while. Eventually, she lay down on the ground, feeling somewhat clumsy.

As she lay down, more of the unborn fawn's body was revealed.

Han Cheng, Eldest Senior Brother, and others stood by, watching from a distance, not daring to approach too closely for fear of disturbing the birthing doe.

Han Cheng was now sure that the doe was having difficulty giving birth. They had been waiting here for almost half an hour, and the unborn fawn had only shown its hoof but refused to come out.

Lord Deer occasionally nudged Han Cheng with his mouth as if urging him to come up with a solution quickly.

Han Cheng didn't have time to think about whether Lord Deer would become a spirit; he was focused on finding a solution to the problem at hand.

He didn't want a tragedy to occur, even if it was just a deer.

Liang, come here, Han Cheng called out to Liang, who was not far away. Then, they approached the doe together, prepared to assist in the birthing process.

However, the restless doe stood up and moved anxiously before they could reach her. The little legs that had just emerged retracted as she stood up.

Han Cheng and Liang had no choice but to stop, refraining from approaching the doe, who had become particularly alert due to the birthing process. They waited for her to lie down again before continuing to assist in the birth.

Han Cheng recognized this doe as the one he used to milk regularly.

This realization saddened Han Cheng. The deer that he used to milk freely now found it difficult for him even to approach

Chapter 207: Divine Child becomes a vet

The mother deer didn't stay standing for long. The prolonged labor had depleted a lot of its strength, and its legs were trembling, whether from pain or exhaustion.

Seeing the mother deer lie down again, Han Cheng and Liang waited a moment before cautiously approaching.

In the natural world, giving birth is the most dangerous time for animals because of their weakness, making them vulnerable to predators. Therefore, animals in labor are especially vigilant.

The mother deer watched Han Cheng and Liang, intending to stand up again when they approached.

Han Cheng quickly stopped in his tracks, and then he and Liang retreated, not daring to disturb the deer further.

Seeing the two men back away, the mother deer relaxed slightly.

Han Cheng scratched his head. It was evident that the mother deer was experiencing difficult labor. Despite wanting to help, Han Cheng couldn't get close to her. This delay endangered the fawn and left the mother deer in a precarious situation.

Han Cheng looked at Deer Lord and nudged its hindquarters, urging it to go comfort its mate.

However, the Deer Lord didn't cooperate. Despite seeking Han Cheng out earlier, it refused to approach its mate.

After waiting for a while and seeing no progress in the deer's labor, Han Cheng attempted to approach again.

This time, he didn't bring Liang along but approached alone. Compared to Liang, he was more familiar with these deer.

Surprisingly, the Deer Lord, who had refused to cooperate earlier, now followed Han Cheng toward the mother deer.

Although the mother deer seemed alert, she didn't stand up this time, perhaps because she recognized the troublesome Deer Lord or remembered Han Cheng, who had often milked her.

Seeing this, Han Cheng couldn't help but feel relieved. Carefully, he approached the mother deer from behind, crouching to examine the hoof protruding from the birth canal.

Due to his previous experience raising sheep and cattle, Han Cheng was not unfamiliar with animal births. Through observation and experience, he gained some knowledge.

Earlier, due to insufficient light, he couldn't see clearly. But now, with a close-up view, he identified the problem.

Only one hoof was protruding from the birth canal.

Although Han Cheng hadn't dealt with deer births before, he knew from experience with other animals that this situation was not ideal.

Typically, animals present two front legs during birth, followed by the head positioned between the extended front legs. This configuration makes labor easier.

What's most feared is when the water breaks before the fetus can turn, resulting in the rear legs and hindquarters being presented first. In such cases, assistance is required, and the animal must be rushed to a veterinarian in town.

Fortunately, the fawn in the deer's belly didn't present with hindquarters first, which relieved Han Cheng somewhat.

After all, he wasn't a veterinarian in his past life, so he wouldn't know what to do if the hindquarters were presented first.

If only one hoof protruded, it would be much easier to handle.

Recalling the methods he knew, Han Cheng ran his hand along the birth canal to help the deer become accustomed to his presence.

After waiting a while, Han Cheng pulled up his fur coat, exposing his right arm completely. The cold of the night began to seep in, making him shiver.

He rubbed his right hand along the edge of the birth canal and then slowly inserted his hand, followed by half of his forearm, beside the protruding hoof.

Without X-ray vision, he had to rely on touch to find the root of the problem.

Animals also have spiritual senses, and most can perceive human goodwill, especially in times of crisis.

Coupled with the mother deer's familiarity with Han Cheng and her exhaustion from prolonged labor, Han Cheng didn't act rashly. Therefore, the deer only shifted her body slightly but didn't stand up.

The people of the Sparrow Tribe had only started raising livestock last winter, so they were unfamiliar with such situations. Therefore, they could only stand at a distance and watch the Divine Child's actions. Even if they wanted to help, the deer wouldn't allow it.

Fire Two kept adding wood to the fire, increasing its brightness, as her way of assisting the Divine Child.

Han Cheng struggled as he searched. He had found the root of the problem: one of the fawn's front legs hadn't come out alongside the other one. Instead, it was off to the side.

With this leg obstructing the birth canal, it would be challenging for the fawn to come out smoothly.

Han Cheng tried to reposition the leg with his hand, but it wasn't easy. The leg had been tightly compressed due to the mother deer's forceful labor, and Han Cheng's strength was insufficient to correct its position.

After thinking for a while, he pulled his right hand out and pressed it against the fawn's head. With his left hand gripping the leg that had been out for some time, he slowly pushed inward.

This process was laborious, and it took a while before Han Cheng managed to push the fawn back inside somewhat. He was already drenched in sweat.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, he quickly reached his right hand back inside and found the previous position. He grasped the fawn's leg and, with force, slowly turned it back into position.

During this process, the mother deer was in great pain and attempted to stand up several times but ultimately endured it.

After aligning the fawn's front hooves, Han Cheng pulled them outward with all his strength.

His hands and the fawn's body were slippery, making it challenging to exert force.

After straightening the fawn's leg, the mother deer could have given birth without Han Cheng's assistance. However, considering that the amniotic sac had been ruptured for a long time and the

birth was delayed, there was a risk that the fawn might not survive. Therefore, Han Cheng continued to assist as a midwife.

It was ironic that as a transmigrator, he not only had to consider childbirth for women in the tribe but also had to help deliver a deer.

Once the fawn's position was corrected, the birth proceeded much faster.

Before long, the fawn's mouth appeared, followed by its head.

Once half of its body was out, with a splash, the rest followed.

Seeing this scene, everyone in the Sparrow Tribe breathed a sigh of relief.

The Sparrow Tribe had gained another deer.

Han Cheng also breathed a sigh of relief, extending his arms outward to avoid getting dirty.

However, his relief was short-lived. This fawn, which had just gone through a difficult birth, didn't struggle to stand up like the others did after birth. Instead, it lay on the ground, moving slightly.

The mother deer, who had just experienced a difficult labor, turned her head and licked the fawn clean while nudging it with her head, encouraging it to stand up as soon as possible.

As herbivores, they needed to learn to run as quickly as possible.

Chapter 208: Saving a Life

"Yo yo"

As the mother deer licked and nudged the fawn with her head, she called out in distress when she saw the fawn still lying on the ground, showing no sign of standing up after several attempts to nudge it.

It's trouble brewing when you're holding your breath too hard!

Han Cheng didn't have time to catch his breath and quickly went over, crouching beside the fawn.

The mother deer, protective of her child, showed maternal vigilance when she saw Han Cheng but then relaxed slightly.

Han Cheng gently lifted the wet head of the fawn with one hand while using the other to pry open its mouth and remove some sticky strings with his fingers.

He had seen similar things in his past life but with the last-born lamb. After birth, it looked like it was about to die, so family members removed mucus from its mouth and throat, turned it over, and poured water over it upside down, ultimately saving a life on the brink of death.

The situation was very similar now, so Han Cheng improvised accordingly.

Han Cheng was still small, and the previous struggles assisting the mother deer had drained much of his energy. Moreover, a fawn was much larger than a lamb, making the task even more challenging for him.

He called out to Liang for help.

The fawn had already emerged from the mother deer's belly, so there was no need to worry about the mother's emotional state.

Liang came over and, under Han Cheng's direction, supported the fawn's head with one hand while prying open its mouth with the other. Meanwhile, Han Cheng reached into the fawn's mouth and removed the obstructing material.

It was strange how, in the womb, there was no need for air, yet once born, if unable to breathe air, death would come swiftly.

At this moment, Han Cheng suddenly realized that being small had advantages; at least in midwifery, he had the upper hand.

He remembered hearing somewhere that women with small hands were the best midwives, especially adept at handling difficult births. Even with breech births, they could be delivered smoothly. They were called "small-handed midwives," capable of saving countless lives.

Han Cheng and Liang worked vigorously around the fawn, and the anxious mother deer became increasingly restless. After circling the fawn for a while, she suddenly lowered her head and charged at Liang, who was holding the fawn's head and mouth.

Liang was caught off guard and stumbled back, barely managing to stay upright by propping himself up with his elbow while the fawn was well protected.

Though women may be weak, they become firm when protecting their offspring. This sentiment applied to the mother deer as well. Despite her usual docility, she showed aggressiveness when her offspring were in danger.

But this was a time to save the fawn, and they couldn't accommodate her protective instincts.

"Pull her aside!" Han Cheng ordered Senior Eldest Brother and others.

Following Han Cheng's command, the Senior Eldest Brother and the others, who had been waiting on the sidelines, came over to drive away the fiercely protective mother deer temporarily.

But before the Senior Eldest Brother and the others could approach, Deer Lord took the initiative!

With a sudden leap, he kicked the mother deer's body on the front side with a hoof, then called out to her with a "yo-yo," exuding the authority of the family patriarch.

Under the pain, the mother deer cried out, "yo-yo." Although she desperately wanted to rush over to protect her child, she dared not approach under the intimidation of the elder deer, only anxiously calling out from the sidelines.

This scene left Han Cheng dumbfounded, secretly praising Deer Lord as formidable!

After his thorough cleaning, some of the mucus blocking the fawn's mouth and throat had been removed. With fresh air entering its stomach, the fawn became more spirited.

Thinking that he wasn't cautious enough, Han Cheng had the Senior Eldest Brother and others, who had come over, hold the fawn's hind legs together with him, lift its body, and turn it upside down for the water trick.

After a while, some mucus flowed out of the fawn's mouth. Han Cheng asked Liang to pry open the fawn's mouth again, then reached in to clean it up. Seeing the fawn struggling more vigorously, Han Cheng let the Senior Eldest Brother and others put it down.

The fawn struggled to stand up as soon as it touched the ground, ready to leave the cruel and frightening bipeds as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, being just born, its body was still weak. Before it could stand up, it fell again.

Seeing the pitiful sight of the newborn fawn, the fawn who often had been robbed of milk by its father and the bipeds imitated its father's sneer, revealing its incisors and straightening its neck, looking very cunning.

The fawn was now out of danger, so Han Cheng instructed the senior brother and others to walk towards the fire pit. Firstly, he needed to warm himself up as it was getting cold, and secondly, he wanted to free up some space for the mother deer and the fawn to enjoy family time.

When Han Cheng and the others left, the anxious mother deer rushed over, licking and nudging the fawn.

The Deer Lord seemed to have become indifferent, strolling to its usual resting place without paying attention to the negligent mothers at home or Han Cheng. It lay down contentedly, displaying an air of detachment as if brushing off all concerns without seeking recognition.

With the help of the mother deer, the fawn struggled to practice standing up, falling seven or eight times before finally standing up.

Although its four legs trembled severely, and it stumbled after taking a few steps, unable to control its body, it finally managed to stand up.

Han Cheng warmed himself by the fire for a while before using a ceramic basin brought by the tribe to wash the dirt off his arms. The water had cooled significantly, making Han Cheng shiver uncontrollably when it touched his body. With hardly any sleepiness left, he felt even colder.

Liang, the Senior Eldest Brother, and the others who had extended their hands also followed suit and washed themselves.

Han Cheng wrapped himself in fur and roasted by the fire for a while, still feeling cold. He sent someone to the cave to fetch a ceramic pot for boiling soup, filled it with clean water, and placed it on the fire to boil. It was unbearable to go through the night without drinking some hot water to warm up.

While boiling water and roasting by the fire, Han Cheng twisted his head to watch the fawn staggering around like it was drunk, practicing walking with its four thin legs in extreme disarray.

The fawn's progress was rapid; it could already run a few steps gleefully, although it accidentally bumped into its father's raised hindquarters once.

The water in the pot boiled, and each person held a large bowl of steaming hot water to their lips, slurping it down as if it were more delicious than milk.

Seeing the greedy fawn drinking milk, everyone felt pleased. The birth of a new life always brought joy, especially since this fawn had been rescued by the shaman's intervention and had undergone many difficulties, making its survival gratifying.

Chapter 209: The Beaten Dog

Tonight's events are particularly numerous, but now it's finally quiet. Some people couldn't resist their drowsiness and went to sleep, yawning, while others, still energetic, continued to sip their bowls of hot water.

On a night like this, drinking some hot water is so wonderful.

Hearing the sentiment from the Senior Eldest Brother, Han Cheng couldn't help but smirk inwardly, thinking, without alcohol. If there were alcohol and he let the Senior Eldest Brother take a few sips, wouldn't he be even more intoxicated?

Thinking of alcohol, Han Cheng couldn't help but lick his lips. He wasn't particularly fond of drinking before, but now he couldn't help but miss the burning sensation of fifty-six degrees sorghum liquor sliding into his stomach like a knife.

Outside, it's the time just before dawn. Because the moon hasn't disappeared, it doesn't seem very dark, but the unique tranquility and comforting atmosphere before dawn envelops everything.

Inside the deer pen, the orange firelight flickers slightly, and the warm clay pot, tea bowls, people squatting around the fire, standing, lying down, nursing, or ruminating deer and lambs snuggled together, quietly observing the firelight

All of this is frozen before dawn, a quiet and beautiful scene that makes one feel intoxicated, with an impulse to shed tears

"Woo, woo, woo"

An indistinct sound breaks the peaceful scene.

"Crack!"

The tea bowl falls, warm water soaking the ground, white smoke rising.

The startled Senior Eldest Brother and others looked at the dazed Divine Child. Not far away, Hei Wa reached out to pick up the unbroken tea bowl that had fallen on the ground, intending to hand it to the shaman, but seeing the Divine Child's blank expression, he ultimately didn't disturb him.

The tranquility inside the deer pen is restored, but compared to the previous heartfelt tranquility, this calm seems to suppress something, and everyone seems to be anticipating something.

"Woo, woo, woo"

The wailing sound rises again, although not very clear. More people hear it this time.

"Crack!"

There's a slight explosion from the burning firewood in the fire; a few sparks leap out, drawing arcs and falling to the ground, causing the flames to sway slightly.

Han Cheng's tense heart also trembles fiercely with this slight sound of flames.

He stands up abruptly, rushing out of the deer pen, out of the deer enclosure, and heading straight for the gate.

The Senior Eldest Brother and others also follow closely behind

Approaching the gate, the clear wailing can be heard, and the faint sound of the gate being clawed.

The person responsible for standing guard behind the front wall also notices the movement, leaning out to look toward the gate, and recognizes some familiar silhouettes.

Just as he is about to call out in surprise, he sees the Divine Child and others rushing out like the wind from the deer pen.

Perhaps sensing Han Cheng and the other's presence, the urgency of the paw scratching the door becomes even more pronounced after they approach.

Han Cheng runs up to the door, and he sees a familiar figure through the small gap in the wooden door. The faint worry in his heart finally dissipates completely.

He raises his foot slightly, unlatches the door, and pulls it open.

As soon as the door opens a crack, the guy outside has already squeezed in. He bounces and jumps around Han Cheng, making cheerful grunting noises in his mouth.

A wolf that exhibits no wolf-like' behavior like this, besides Fu Jiang, who seems to have deviated further and further from the nature of wolves, there is no other wolf.

Han Cheng had fantasized many times before about Fu Jiang's sudden return and his joyful appearance, but now it's somewhat different from his imagination.

Fu Jiang's joy at being found again quickly subsided, replaced by anger. So, the joyful Fu Jiang, still wagging his tail, received several kicks on his butt.

With a downcast and despondent look, Fu Jiang squatted on the ground, resembling a child who had done something wrong, which made Han Cheng both angry, amused, and somewhat distressed.

"Alright, get up."

Han Cheng chuckled.

Fu Jiang, who had just looked pitiful, immediately revived as if charged with electricity.

The fire inside the deer pen burned brighter. The Senior Eldest Brother and others looked at this guy who had been missing for several days and had returned, feeling extremely happy. They had long been accustomed to Fu Jiang's presence.

The Deer Lord, who had no idea how many times he had become a father, also came over, lowered his head, and butted Fu Jiang's butt with his horns a few times, venting the loneliness of not having a sparring partner to practice with these past few days.

Fu Jiang naturally didn't hesitate to fight back, and the two guys greeted each other in their way.

Han Cheng pulled Fu Jiang over and examined him carefully in the firelight.

During this time, this guy had lost a lot of weight. If it weren't for the long fur on his body, his ribs would have been visible.

His fur also looked dull, and there were some wounds on his front and left hind legs, but they weren't serious; they had all healed and scabbed over.

After experiencing the joy of returning, Fu Jiang appeared very tired. He lay beside Han Cheng's feet, occasionally rubbing his head against Han Cheng's calf.

This guy, could it be that he, like the Deer Lord, went off to have some fun?

Watching Fu Jiang's condition, Han Cheng suddenly had this thought, and the more he thought about it, the more plausible it seemed.

Apart from this thing that could temporarily cloud his judgment, Fu Jiang had no reason to leave the tribe where he had lived since childhood.

But

But this dog is female!

After thinking for a while, Han Cheng still let Fu Jiang stand up and, after looking at his hind legs for a while, indeed found clues. He couldn't help shaking his head and laughing silently. It turns out that this matter of being swayed by beauty and forgetting loyalty can happen anywhere.

Then he felt happy again. With Fu Jiang like this, wouldn't his tribe have a bunch of little Fu Jiangs soon?

It's time to cultivate them all. Whether it's hunting or herding, they'll be good at it.

As the sky brightened, the Green Sparrow Tribe appeared very cheerful. Fu Jiang's sudden return dispelled all the clouds outside the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Although many people didn't sleep well last night, everyone's spirits were high under the stimulation of multiple events like the Cowherd and Weaver Girl, the birth of the fawn, and Fu Jiang's return.

During joyful times, food is indispensable. The flames rose, steam billowed from the large pot, and a hearty breakfast was freshly served on the chilly morning.

Fu Jiang was hungry. After eating a lot, he finally stopped. After a comfortable stretch and a satisfied burp, he came to the courtyard and basked in the sun against the wall to rest. This sense of security is something that cannot be experienced outside.

After staying for a while, Han Cheng also returned to his room to catch some more sleep. He hadn't slept much at all last night.

Now that the dog has returned and his mind is at ease, he lies on the bed and quickly falls asleep.

It wasn't until the afternoon that he woke up, stretching lazily and feeling that this quiet time was quite nice.

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Chapter 210: Old age has set in, but let's reminisce about our youthful extravagance.

Covered in a thick layer of fur, Han Cheng was awakened by the cold in the middle of the night. He considered lighting the heated bed or adding another fur, but the sleepiness and chill prevailed. Curled up in bed, he wrestled with his thoughts.

After struggling for a while, he couldn't longer resist the cold. Gritting his teeth, he emerged from the covers, grabbed some crude clothes, quickly put them on, and then groped his way to the window. He lifted the piece of animal skin, serving as a curtain, letting in a faint light that brightened the room compared to before.

Using this light, Han Cheng fumbled to retrieve a hand-cranked drill and some tinder he had made earlier. After a while, he managed to start a fire. Then he stoked the fire, grabbed some dry wood piled in the corner, and began to burn the heated bed. He squatted by the heated bed's edge, warming himself by the firelight.

Under his breath, he cursed the cursed weather.

It wasn't so cold when he went to bed last night. Why was the temperature dropping so drastically now?

Even Fu Jiang emerged from his doghouse, crouching beside the heated bed, propping himself up with his front legs, and watching the firelight with Han Cheng.

After burning for a while, Han Cheng felt the warmth with his hand. It was comforting.

He added more kindling to the fire, piled it up, and used a few clay pieces to block the fire pit, leaving only a small hole. He wanted to reduce air circulation and prolong the burning time of the fire. He didn't want to wake up in the middle of the night because the heated bed had cooled down or he kept awake by the blazing fire under the heated bed.

Lying in bed, with the warm heated bed underneath, the entire bed was warm. Han Cheng felt so comfortable that he wanted to roll over and sing praises to the wisdom of his ancestors.

When the heated bed was warm, it was easy to feel drowsy. Han Cheng yawned widely, adjusted his position, and prepared to sleep peacefully. Just as he was about to fall asleep, he suddenly remembered the shaman left alone in the cave.

On such a cold night, even he was awakened by the cold. How could an older person like him endure it?

Thinking of this, Han Cheng lost all desire to sleep. He hurriedly got out of bed, put on his fur clothes, draped a sheepskin cloak outside, grabbed an "oil lamp" from a nearby earthen platform, opened the mouth of the earthen heated bed, took out a small twig that was already burning, lit the oil lamp, blocked the mouth of the earthen heated bed again, and then carried the oil lamp to the outer room and opened the door to walk out of the house.

As soon as he stepped out of the house, he was surrounded by cold air. Han Cheng shivered, clutching his neck with one hand to protect the flame lest the oil lamp, which was already small, be blown out by the wind.

Third Senior Brother, wrapped in fur on the low wall on the west side, casually turned his head and saw this scene. He was a little surprised. Due to the distance and the darkness, he only saw some firelight and a silhouette and couldn't recognize that it was Han Cheng.

"Who's there?" Third Senior Brother asked, gripping his spear with gloved hands.

Fu Jiang also followed with a whimper.

Hearing Han Cheng's voice, the Third Senior Brother stopped questioning. He found it strange that the Divine Child was not sleeping in the middle of the night, carrying a lamp and running to the cave.

Han Cheng walked into the cave with the lamp. The cave was particularly dim because people had moved out, and only the inner cave where the shaman lived was covered with animal skins.

The cave, which used to be somewhat warmer, was as cold as the outside.

The cave was cool to live in during the summer but truly torturous in the winter. Han Cheng was determined to make the shaman move out of there!

As Han Cheng walked, he thought to himself.

Before he reached the entrance to the inner cave, Han Cheng suddenly stopped, listening intently. In the quiet night, intermittent moans could be heard, and the sound source was the inner cave where the shaman lived alone.

After listening for a while, Han Cheng's expression suddenly became strange.

Was the shaman reliving his youth in this long night, entertaining himself to pass the sleepless night, or was there a female primitive person from the tribe?

Thinking like this, Han Cheng's expression became even stranger, and then he gave a look of sudden realization.

No wonder he insisted on not moving out of the inner cave into the new house. The real reason was here.

Han Cheng smiled like a fox who had stolen a chicken.

I didn't expect, I didn't expect, the shaman had such a side!

Han Cheng was full of gossip. After thinking for a while, he put down the oil lamp in his hand and quietly walked towards the inner cave, wanting to hear more clearly.

As he got closer, the sound indeed became much clearer. After listening for a while, Han Cheng was already sure that only the shaman was in the inner cave.

However

He became puzzled. Shouldn't this be a happy thing? Why did the shaman's voice sound somewhat painful?

Could it be that he misunderstood?

He thought like this, wanting to push open the wooden planks directly. However, he was afraid that the shaman was doing something inappropriate, and if he scared him and caused him to lose his happiness, it would be a big mistake.

After thinking for a while, he retreated, picked up the oil lamp from the ground, pretended to cough a few times as if his throat was uncomfortable, waited for a while, and then walked towards the inner cave.

When walking, he deliberately stepped heavily and walked slowly.

When he arrived at the entrance of the inner cave and listened, the moaning was still there, making Han Cheng's heart sink, feeling that something was wrong.

He hurriedly called out, "Shaman?"

Then, he used one hand to push the wooden planks.

"Divine Child?"

The moaning, which seemed painful, stopped momentarily, and the shaman's trembling voice came out.

The voice stopped, and then couldn't help but moan again.

By this time, Han Cheng had entered the inner cave. The bean-sized lamp dispersed the darkness in the cave, revealing the headdress, bone staff, and numerous clay tablets placed there, and the shaman curled up on the bed under the fur.

The shaman's face was pale, with sweat and a look of pain.

He saw Han Cheng come in and tried to sit up, but he couldn't get up because of the intense pain.

Seeing the shaman like this, Han Cheng couldn't help but be shocked, wondering how a fine person could suddenly become like this.

He put the oil lamp aside and hurriedly asked the shaman what was happening.

The shaman curled up in pain and said, "Leg"

Han Cheng lifted the fur covering the shaman's body and saw his hands tightly holding onto his left leg.

His left leg was curled up, his toes unnaturally spread, and there was a swollen lump on the calf!

Covered in a thick layer of fur, Han Cheng was awakened by the cold in the middle of the night. He considered lighting the heated bed or adding another fur, but the sleepiness and chill prevailed. Curled up in bed, he wrestled with his thoughts.

After struggling for a while, he couldn't longer resist the cold. Gritting his teeth, he emerged from the covers, grabbed some crude clothes, quickly put them on, and then groped his way to the window. He lifted the piece of animal skin, serving as a curtain, letting in a faint light that brightened the room compared to before.

Using this light, Han Cheng fumbled to retrieve a hand-cranked drill and some tinder he had made earlier. After a while, he managed to start a fire. Then he stoked the fire, grabbed some dry wood piled in the corner, and began to burn the heated bed. He squatted by the heated bed's edge, warming himself by the firelight.

Under his breath, he cursed the cursed weather.

It wasn't so cold when he went to bed last night. Why was the temperature dropping so drastically now?

Even Fu Jiang emerged from his doghouse, crouching beside the heated bed, propping himself up with his front legs, and watching the firelight with Han Cheng.

After burning for a while, Han Cheng felt the warmth with his hand. It was comforting.

He added more kindling to the fire, piled it up, and used a few clay pieces to block the fire pit, leaving only a small hole. He wanted to reduce air circulation and prolong the burning time of the fire. He didn't want to wake up in the middle of the night because the heated bed had cooled down or be kept awake by the blazing fire under the heated bed.

Lying in bed, with the warm heated bed underneath, the entire bed was warm. Han Cheng felt so comfortable that he wanted to roll over and sing praises to the wisdom of his ancestors.

When the heated bed was warm, it was easy to feel drowsy. Han Cheng yawned widely, adjusted his position, and prepared to sleep peacefully. Just as he was about to fall asleep, he suddenly remembered the shaman left alone in the cave.

On such a cold night, even he was awakened by the cold. How could an older person like him endure it?

Thinking of this, Han Cheng lost all desire to sleep. He hurriedly got out of bed, put on his fur clothes, draped a sheepskin cloak outside, grabbed an "oil lamp" from a nearby earthen platform, opened the mouth of the earthen heated bed, took out a small twig that was already burning, lit the oil lamp, blocked the mouth of the earthen heated bed again, and then carried the oil lamp to the outer room and opened the door to walk out of the house.

As soon as he stepped out of the house, he was surrounded by cold air. Han Cheng shivered, clutching his neck with one hand to protect the flame lest the oil lamp, which was already small, be blown out by the wind.

Third Senior Brother, wrapped in fur on the low wall on the west side, casually turned his head and saw this scene. He was a little surprised. Due to the distance and the darkness, he only saw some firelight and a silhouette and couldn't recognize that it was Han Cheng.

"Who's there?" Third Senior Brother asked, gripping his spear with gloved hands.

Fu Jiang also followed with a whimper.

Hearing Han Cheng's voice, the Third Senior Brother stopped questioning. He found it strange that the Divine Child was not sleeping in the middle of the night, carrying a lamp and running to the cave.

Han Cheng walked into the cave with the lamp. The cave was particularly dim because people had moved out, and only the inner cave where the shaman lived was covered with animal skins.

The cave, which used to be somewhat warmer, was as cold as the outside.

The cave was cool to live in during the summer but truly torturous in the winter. Han Cheng was determined to make the shaman move out of there!

As Han Cheng walked, he thought to himself.

Before he reached the entrance to the inner cave, Han Cheng suddenly stopped, listening intently.

In the quiet night, intermittent moans could be heard, and the sound source was the inner cave where the shaman lived alone.

After listening for a while, Han Cheng's expression suddenly became strange.

Was the shaman reliving his youth in this long night, entertaining himself to pass the sleepless night, or was there a female primitive person from the tribe

Thinking like this, Han Cheng's expression became even stranger, and then he gave a look of sudden realization.

No wonder he insisted on not moving out of the inner cave into the new house. The real reason was here.

Han Cheng smiled like a fox who had stolen a chicken.

I didn't expect, I didn't expect, the shaman had such a side!

Han Cheng was full of gossip. After thinking for a while, he put down the oil lamp in his hand and quietly walked towards the inner cave, wanting to hear more clearly.

As he got closer, the sound indeed became much clearer. After listening for a while, Han Cheng was already sure that only the shaman was in the inner cave.

However

He became puzzled. Shouldn't this be a happy thing? Why did the shaman's voice sound somewhat painful?

Could it be that he misunderstood?

He thought like this, wanting to push open the wooden planks directly. However, he was afraid that the shaman was doing something inappropriate, and if he scared him and caused him to lose his happiness, it would be a big mistake.

After thinking for a while, he retreated, picked up the oil lamp from the ground, pretended to cough a few times as if his throat was uncomfortable, waited for a while, and then walked towards the inner cave.

When walking, he deliberately stepped heavily and walked slowly.

When he arrived at the entrance of the inner cave and listened, the moaning was still there, making Han Cheng's heart sink, feeling that something was wrong.

He hurriedly called out, "Shaman?"

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"Divine Child?"

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