

## Primitive 251

Chapter 251: A punishment that even the primitives dare not think lightly

Push-ups, an exercise relying on one's body weight, cannot be measured by the difference in individual strength.

Just like how an inconspicuous ant can lift its weight several times or even many times, while an elephant, whose strength is much greater than an ant's, would struggle to lift something twice its body weight.

Similarly, while Han Cheng found push-ups relatively easy, for Second Senior Brother and others who had never done this exercise, it seemed like a matter of life and death.

The initial feeling of ease quickly vanished, and some people's bodies couldn't stop trembling.

Of course, not everyone struggled as much, but the initial sense of ease disappeared.

"Lower your buttocks," Han Cheng instructed.

"Smack"

As the Second Senior Brother tried to follow Han Cheng's instructions, his buttocks touched the ground involuntarily.

And now, Han Cheng had only counted to eight.

"Get up! Don't lie there!" Second Senior Brother gritted his teeth and pushed his body up, trembling.

It felt like ages before Han Cheng finally said "nine."

Those who had been struggling quickly bent their arms to do one.

The most painful and frustrating part of doing push-ups was not doing them continuously but holding the arms straight to maintain the position.

In later years, during physical education classes and military training, Han Cheng often wanted to kick the buttocks of the slowly counting teacher or instructor to get them to finish counting faster.

However, now that it was his turn to count, his speed unconsciously slowed down

Was this the kind of elusive, psychological revenge where others also experience one's suffering?

It was like peasant uprisings throughout history.

In the beginning, they rebelled against corrupt officials as oppressed people. But once they achieved certain victories, their demeanor immediately changed. When they took action, they were even more ruthless and decisive than the previous corrupt officials

"Ten."

"Hoo~ Hoo~"

After completing ten push-ups, Second Senior Brother and Balloon, already sweating profusely, breathed heavily as if they had been released from captivity.

Thinking back on the experience just now made them feel a bit jittery.

At the same time, they were also filled with confusion.

Divine Child's strength was not greater than theirs, so why was it so easy for him to do push-ups while they found it so difficult?

Was this the reason why Divine Child was Divine Child?

After pondering for a while, they couldn't come up with a reasonable explanation and could only attribute it to this.

"Twenty."

Han Cheng's counting speed for the next ten push-ups increased slightly, and he feared that someone on the spear team wouldn't be able to hold on.

Some people didn't mind sitting on the cool ground directly, gasping for air in big mouthfuls, feeling as if they had been reborn.

Seeing this, the devious Divine Child felt secretly pleased. See, don't underestimate the strength of the Divine Child. In my later years, I was also an all-around outstanding youth in morality, intelligence, physique, labor, and art, right?

At the same time, he couldn't help but wonder, how did we end up here?

It was truly infuriating to encounter someone who said they would do twenty push-ups but could only count up to ten or nineteen in a row.

With this thought, he felt he had been merciful to the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Eldest Senior Brother, Third Senior Brother, and their respective teams, who had not been punished, saw Second Senior Brother and the others panting and red-faced and couldn't help but exchange glances with each other.

Are push-ups really that terrifying?

The Divine Child could do them quickly, even though most tribe members were accustomed to physical labor and hunting. Why did they all look so exhausted?

Eldest Senior Brother wasn't like Shi Tou, who liked to chatter incessantly. His approach to problems was to observe, ponder, and only ask for help when necessary.

So, after pondering fruitlessly, during the next assembly training session, Eldest Senior Brother deliberately waited until the Divine Child counted to one hundred and twenty before standing in line properly.

As the leader, he was stronger than most people in the Green Sparrow Tribe, so he didn't bother with the punishment of ten push-ups.

A true man should take on challenges with greater difficulty, so he waited until the deity reached one hundred and twenty before doing his push-ups. Based on previous punishments, he would only have to do twenty.

With the introduction of the Han language and the teaching of basic arithmetic and algorithms, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had made significant progress in mathematics. While they weren't proficient, most people could reach a first-grade level.

This was true, but how could he anticipate the wisdom of the Divine Child?

After successfully delaying until one hundred and twenty, as Eldest Senior Brother had expected, the Divine Child's punishment came as promised, but he was taken aback.

Because instead of twenty push-ups, it was forty!

The Divine Child valued fairness and wouldn't let people be foolish.

With smoke coming out of his head and sweat dripping, Eldest Senior Brother, amidst his panting, realized how he had "died."

The Divine Child explained that since he had completed the task within thirty counts last time but had now reached one hundred and twenty, regressing so much warranted double the punishment.

After carefully considering the Divine Child's explanation, Eldest Senior Brother and the Vine Shield team members felt it made perfect sense, and doing forty push-ups each wasn't unfair.

As a real man, Eldest Senior Brother now truly understood the difficulty of push-ups; his arms were still trembling.

He now completely understood why everyone reacted the way they did when doing push-ups.

But he also became more confused. Why was it so easy for the Divine Child to do them?

He pondered it for a while, but the more he thought, the more puzzled he became. After hesitating, he finally asked about it, seeking an explanation.

The others also stretched their necks and perked up their ears, equally puzzled by the matter.

Han Cheng smiled and nodded. Amid everyone's anticipation, he said, "Want to know?"

Everyone nodded eagerly.

Han Cheng, the great Divine Child, smiled faintly. "No way!"

Everyone was speechless.

Han Cheng added with a smile, "Just focus on practicing standing in line well. When you've got that down, I'll tell you."

With the motivation provided by the great Divine Child's guidance, everyone's enthusiasm for practicing standing in line soared.

They stared intently at the person in front of them. Once they noticed someone in front standing in the wrong position, they would pull them back forcefully.

In this atmosphere, after practicing dispersing and assembling five more times, all four squads could complete it within twenty-five counts.

The efficiency was simply unbelievable.

Amidst everyone's eager anticipation, Han Cheng finally explained why it was so easy for him to do push-ups practice.

This left the eagerly anticipating crowd somewhat disappointed. In their eyes, the Divine Child should be somewhat different from everyone else, preferably with some connection to the heavens

While they thought this way, upon careful consideration, they also felt that what the Divine Child said was not wrong. For example, in archery, many didn't even know how to draw a bow at first, but after practicing more, they could shoot arrows at the target.

Chapter 252: The meaning of training

This feeling of going from confusion to sudden enlightenment fascinated Shaman.

This elder, who had been leading the Green Sparrow Tribe alongside the Eldest Senior Brother before Han Cheng arrived, had his own thoughts and strategies for dealing with these unprecedented changes, derived from the wisdom accumulated from long-term living and the teachings of his predecessors.

Standing there, watching from afar, the thoughtful expression in his eyes gradually disappeared, replaced by anticipation.

He believed that once this matter was finished, its value would become apparent

Training, held every three days, continued like this. The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had made significant progress from their initial struggles with lining up and constantly making mistakes like 'left turn' and 'right turn.'

Although mistakes still occurred at times, and there was still a significant gap from the military training seen in later years, things had improved greatly compared to the initial chaos.

Simple exercises like gathering, lining up, left turn, right turn, about-face, and forward march may not seem to improve combat effectiveness directly, but in reality, they do.

The cohesion, unity, discipline, and other aspects of the entire team can be strengthened through these seemingly simple drills.

It enables them to understand simple commands and know what to do

After all, battles are not individual affairs. Understanding commands and adhering to discipline is crucial; otherwise, chaos sets in even before the battle starts, which is quite distressing.

Things progress forward. Developed over thousands of years, sieved through experience, and widely used by armies, these drills naturally have significance.

After several rounds of such drills, someone couldn't help but ask about their doubts. Han Cheng then explained the principles in a way they could understand, emphasizing the benefits of doing so.

Han Cheng thought his explanation was straightforward and appropriate. However, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't understand much. Nevertheless, they knew it benefited the tribe, so they became more diligent in practice.

This made the unknowing Han Cheng feel pretty pleased with himself, thinking his communication skills had improved significantly as he explained this relatively complex matter to everyone

Training occurred every three days, leaving the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe with plenty of leisure time.

Of course, the evil Divine Child, wouldn't let them get too comfortable. At least, the days of spending winter in caves, sleeping and eating, with enough energy to hum tunes together, were gone forever.

In the spacious deer shed, Lame and Mu Tou were busy.

They were burning a tree trunk, as Divine Child requested, which required at least four people to hug.

After burning, they would use stones to knock off the softened wood.

This method could expedite the process.

The team training and the construction of wooden boats for distant voyages proceeded methodically. Once everything was on track, leisure still prevailed during this winter.

After all, it was winter now, and apart from the wooden boats, there was no need to prepare for the journey so early.

The heavy snow fell again, thickening the already accumulated snow.

Shi Tou came over with two clay tablets filled with various shapes and patterns.

The tablets contained many hook-shaped symbols, which troubled Shi Tou, but he didn't have many options.

After Han Cheng carefully inquired about the meaning of the things depicted on the clay tablets, he gave Shi Tou a thumbs-up and groomed his hair for a while using the traditional method of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

This made Shi Tou uneasy about showing the results of his recording to Han Cheng, wholly relieved and happy from the bottom of his heart.

Han Cheng also smiled at the somewhat peculiar things depicted on these two clay tablets. These seemingly insignificant things were firsthand data obtained from observing changes in the moon, the foundation of establishing a calendar.

With these as a basis, the most straightforward calendar could finally exist!

As he thought joyfully, a sudden image of an airplane flying across the sky flashed, slightly dampening his joy.

Chapter 253: Reminiscing New Year

"Divine Child? Why not January?"

The climate here bears many similarities to the places Han Cheng lived before.

Han Cheng recalled the future months and compared them to those here.

After careful consideration and comparison, the moon drawn by Hei Wa on the clay slab was bracketed by Han Cheng from the third black shadow in the first row to the second black shadow in the third row, with the word "October" written above.

The next group was bracketed with the word "November."

From the stones, he understood the meaning of these three consecutive black shadows, indicating the three nights when stars were visible but the moon was not.

Han Cheng knew that these three days recorded by the stones were the nights of the 29th, 30th, and 1st, or the 28th, 29th, and 1st.

In theory, the moon disappears entirely on the night of the 30th or 29th; in reality, its shadow is hardly visible on the nights before and after.

This is similar to the saying, "The moon on the 15th is full and round on the 16th," which refers to the less significant changes in the moon between two days.

Although he had some understanding of the year, month, and stones, he had never truly experienced the calendar system of the future. Therefore, when he learned that Han Cheng wanted to divide the months based on this, he naturally assumed that the first month to appear should be January.

After organizing his thoughts, Han Cheng finally spoke to the stones, "January is the beginning of the year and also the first month of spring. The ice and snow will gradually melt, and the grass will turn green"

The stone tilted its head for a long time, then nodded vigorously.

After carefully recalling the scenes outside when he drew the moons, which were classified as October by the Divine Child, he felt that they were too different from what should be seen in January according to the Divine Child.

After figuring out this problem, a new question arose in his mind.

"Why isn't this one New Year's Day?"

The stone pointed to the circle in the middle and asked.

Underneath this circle, Han Cheng used a fine stone pen to draw the word "Fifteen."

The Shi Tou was puzzled. In its understanding, the biggest, roundest, and brightest moon should be the most beautiful, so New Year's Day should be when it occurs.

Han Cheng felt a bit overwhelmed. This curious and questioning youth sometimes was endearing but sometimes made people want to shut their mouths.

Fifteen is fifteen. Since I can remember, the moon on the fifteenth has always been the roundest. Why so many questions?

Han Cheng wanted to say this to the Shi Tou, but could only think about it in his heart.

After some thought, he could only explain it with phrases like "New Year's Day is the beginning of January, and everything in the world grows from small to large"

Han Cheng felt a bit dizzy from all the explanations as he spoke. Strangely, the Shi Tou seemed to have a look of understanding.

This scene suddenly reminded Han Cheng of the situation when his high school history or political teacher explained multiple-choice questions: "Choose option B."

Then, after various explanations, linking the text to other knowledge, the students thought the teacher was right and the answer to the question should be option B.

Then, in the next class: "Students, the answer to the question I discussed last time was wrong. It should have been option D"

After a round of explanations, the crowd again found that it all made sense

This whole situation seemed quite amusing when Han Cheng thought about it.

What Han Cheng was doing with the Shi Tou now was quite similar.

With the premise of knowing the answer beforehand, one could always find some reasons to align with it.

Especially in matters where subjectivity was intense.

After setting October and November, the remaining five days were marked with question marks. These days were not good: either it was snowing or cloudy, there were no stars at night, nor was the moon visible, so the stones could only use question marks as placeholders.

According to the calendar he had created, which he wasn't sure was accurate, today was already the sixth day of the twelfth month.

Han Cheng thought so.

The calendar's appearance let him know what time it was now, giving him an inexplicable clarity.

As he thought this, a sudden thought made his heart tremble.

The year was almost over on the sixth day of the twelfth month, and New Year's was just around the corner.

New Year's!

That day was full of family reunions and joy everywhere; just thinking about it made people unable to help but yearn for its arrival.

Although many people complained that New Year's was losing its traditional flavor, there was always that anticipation deep down.

Especially now, not knowing whether he had traveled to prehistoric times, another dimension, or a "Primitive Human Protection Zone," Han Cheng, who was far from his original era, couldn't help but feel his heart racing as he realized that the year was coming to an end.

The New Year, a festival that made countless Chinese people yearn for it, willing to travel thousands of miles with bags full of things, standing in the aisle for a day and night to return home, was now fiercely impacting Han Cheng's heart, this wanderer away from the group.

Whether rich or poor, everyone went home for the New Year.

At home were aging parents, eagerly awaited children whom they hadn't seen for a year, roots of their own, and the charm that made them feel at peace.

That's why those who worked away from home rushed back like migrating birds. Even if they could only stay home for two days, they had to return from afar.

A steaming bowl of dumplings made by mother, a cup of tremblingly poured wine from father's hand, and the voices of children calling for their parents were all enough to wash away the hardships of the journey, making everything feel worthwhile.

All the ups and downs, joys and sorrows of working away from home would be washed away by this festival and place called "New Year" and "Home," rejuvenating tired souls and giving them the courage to face the hardships of life.

With a not-so-strong heart and not-so-solid shoulders, they would carry a relatively warm space where there was "New Year," "Home," parents, children, and the warmest vigil in the depths of their hearts and the firmest strength.

The sudden thought of the New Year flooding into his mind made Han Cheng's emotions uncontrollable, tears streaming down his face uncontrollably.

Shi Tou, seeing the Divine Child silently crying, immediately became confused, wondering if it was because its moon painting wasn't good enough or if it had asked too many questions.

The little primitive man, who didn't understand the Divine Child's mood, felt so uneasy and hesitant, timidly called out, "Divine Child"

Han Cheng tried to control his emotions, wiping away the tears on his face, closing his eyes tightly a few times, and squeezing out a smile, saying to Shi Tou, "It's nothing, I just got some wind in my eyes."

The Shi Tou, puzzled, touched its head. Was there wind just now?

It pondered in confusion.

Its heart also relaxed a bit. At least now it knew it wasn't the one who made the Divine Child cry.

But deep down, it still secretly thought that maybe it shouldn't ask the shaman so many questions in the future.

However, soon after, the uncomfortable feeling of holding back unanswered questions resurfaced in its mind, making it hesitant again.

This made the little primitive man's heart extremely conflicted.

Han Cheng calmed his emotions a bit, instructing the Shi Tou to continue drawing the moon in this way without stopping.

Shi Tou, which usually seemed a bit mischievous, nodded vigorously.



## Chapter 254: The Evil Nian

New Year!

This was the decision Han Cheng made after returning to his room and calming his mind a bit.

If he could produce pottery, salt, aquaculture, and farming, why couldn't he bring "New Year" here?

He would celebrate the New Year here since he cannot return to the past or experience the atmosphere of New Year celebrations in the future.

Besides Han Cheng's own unresolved emotions, holding such a festival could also subtly strengthen the ideological and cultural construction of the Green Sparrow Tribe, enhance the cultural identity and cohesion of the entire Green Sparrow Tribe, and even have a greater impact than the shaman's sacrifices.

After making this decision, Han Cheng went to talk to the shaman about it.

At this time, the Divine Child was looking at a ceramic plate with many moons carved on it.

Shi Tou occasionally made a few remarks, explaining the meaning of the carvings to the Divine Child.

Because Han Cheng had carefully explained the concepts of "year," "month," and "day" to the tribe when he talked about the Cowherd and Weaver Girl, the Divine Child already had a concept in mind.

Although not very clear, combined with the "moons" drawn by Shi Tou, it was still helpful. Slowly, those unclear areas in his mind became more evident.

Han Cheng asked Shi Tou to call the Eldest Senior Brother to discuss this matter.

Although he knew that the Eldest Senior Brother, as the leader, would not have any objections to this matter, Han Cheng still didn't want to bypass him. This man who led the Green Sparrow Tribe through difficult times deserved respect.

"New Year?"

The shaman repeated this new term he had just learned from the Divine Child, showing a thoughtful expression.

He didn't understand why the Divine Child suddenly mentioned this "New Year" thing, and couldn't figure out why he did so.

Shi Tou on the side, with their two shiny eyes, were rolling around, seemingly lost in thought.

The Eldest Senior Brother also remained silent, wearing a pensive expression.

It wasn't easy to make them understand the concept of "year" and what it represented. At least, it was more difficult than Han Cheng had thought.

Seeing that the three people most receptive to new things in the tribe had this kind of reaction, Han Cheng couldn't help but scratch his head.

It wasn't easy to promote the concept of New Year in the tribe.

How should he explain the concept of "year" to everyone?

Han Cheng pondered this with distress in his heart.

"The thing is"

Han Cheng opened his mouth again and paused slightly. When he saw the three pairs of eyes looking at him, he continued, "Deep in the mountains, a huge beast is living there. The beast's name is Nian"

After thinking for a while, Han Cheng suddenly remembered the tribe's fondness for stories, so he told the story of the "Nian" that had been passed down from who knows when with some modification.

The effect was surprisingly good. As soon as he started telling the story, the three people in the room were immediately captivated.

As Han Cheng talked about the terrifying Nian coming out of the deep mountains to attack the tribe, destroy their caves, and eat the tribe's people, the shaman's expression turned serious and panicked. He involuntarily stood up and blocked Han Cheng.

In urgency, the Eldest Senior Brother picked up a wooden stool and blocked the door, while Shi Tou, with a pale face, gritted his teeth and stood before Han Cheng. The shaman pulled him behind.

Han Cheng was moved yet somewhat amused. Could they not have such a big reaction whenever they heard a story?

Han Cheng helped the shaman back to the edge of the heated bed, pulled Shi Tou aside, and pulled the Eldest Senior Brother to let him put down the stool and sit back correctly. He said to the doubtful trio, "The Nian won't come now. It only visits the tribe on the last day of the year"

"We have walls, bows and arrows, and slingshots"

The most lively Shi Tou reacted, pulling a serious face and clenching his fists.

This was what the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother wanted to say.

The two looked at Han Cheng, expressing the same meaning as Shi Tou.

Han Cheng smiled inwardly. Not bad. They had a fighting spirit.

But on the surface, he shook his head solemnly. "No, the Nian is tough. Stone spears, bows, and arrows can't hurt it. Stone caves can collapse, and our walls are made of earth."

Upon hearing Han Cheng's words, the initially somewhat confident individuals became even more panicked.

Han Cheng was worried that they would react in the same excessive way as before, so he didn't dare pause for too long. He continued, "But the Nian fears loud noises and fire. As long as we light fires and set off firecrackers on the last night, it won't dare to come out"

After hearing Han Cheng's explanation, the three gradually relaxed.

While thinking about the evil Nian, they also considered how to deal with it.

"Divine Child, what are firecrackers?"

This was a good thing to deal with the Nian. It was necessary to clarify.

When Shi Tou asked this, Han Cheng was secretly stunned. The story wasn't modified enough; he mentioned firecrackers casually but forgot that there were no bamboo trees around the tribe.

What should he do now?

Seeing the Divine Child's reaction, the shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother felt something was wrong. It seemed that the Divine Child couldn't produce "firecrackers" to scare the Nian.

"Firecrackers make a loud noise after burning," Han Cheng explained.

"We don't have that nearby No but we have drums. The sound of drums is louder than that of firecrackers"

At this moment, Han Cheng couldn't help but praise his cleverness. He managed to smooth over such a flaw.

The three people's eyes lit up when they heard Han Cheng's words. Yes, they had drums!

The drums made by the Divine Child sounded like thunder when beaten!

They were all somewhat afraid of that sound, let alone the Nian, which was already afraid of noise!

They asked when the last day of the year would come. Han Cheng came to the ceramic plate carved with moons by Shi Tou, and with a piece of charcoal, he circled twenty-five black circles behind the last question mark drawn by the Black Baby this month and blackened the last circle. He told them that this was the last day of the year.

This was actually Han Cheng's guesswork. Shi Tou didn't carve enough moons to find a pattern, so he didn't know whether this month was a big month or a small month.

But a one-day margin of error didn't matter. After all, there wouldn't be a Nian coming. Han Cheng just wanted to use this as an excuse to introduce the concept of the New Year to the Green Sparrow Tribe in a more acceptable way.

With the highest meeting about the New Year over, Han Cheng, the shaman, and the Eldest Senior Brother gathered the tribe's people together. Following the successful example not long ago, they first told the story of the evil Nian, and then proposed ways to deal with it. Naturally, everyone agreed.

Chapter 256: Han Cheng, the fanatic of couplets

Under the canopy of sunlight, Han Cheng was utterly unaware of the subtle changes due to his gaze. If he had known, it was uncertain whether he would still have the courage and interest to reminisce about the past while facing the women of the tribe.

Fortunately, despite feeling somewhat moved by the words of the female tribeswoman, Star, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Li were hesitant to take action for the time being.

Thus, Han Cheng, the great Divine Child, who remained oblivious to these matters, was able to arrange the preparations for the upcoming New Year with a relatively relaxed and nostalgic mood, preparing for a celebration they had never experienced before.

In anticipation, time always seems to drag on slowly, causing impatience. Amidst the eager anticipation of the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, the footsteps of the New Year were finally drawing near.

On the twenty-fourth, houses were cleaned.

On the twenty-fifth, tofu was ground.

On the twenty-sixth, meat was cut.

On the twenty-seventh, a chicken was slaughtered.

On the twenty-eighth, paintings were pasted.

And so on

In the cold season, as the New Year approached, the Green Sparrow Tribe became increasingly lively and expectant. Although the days seemed normal on the surface, everyone could feel the difference in the air.

The feast on the twenty-third seemed much more sumptuous compared to previous nights. Following the meal, discussions about the New Year began to unfold, progressing step by step, like a bow being slowly drawn back, ready to unleash its energy.

On the twenty-fourth, under the orders of the Divine Child, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe began to take action.

They cleaned and wiped household utensils, and tidied up the courtyard.

The large cauldrons used for boiling soup in the Green Sparrow Tribe never stopped, constantly providing hot water for the people to clean things.

Once the rooms, courtyards, and utensils were cleaned, it was time to clean themselves.

Even Han Cheng's bathing frequency decreased with no bathhouse available and the weather turning colder.

However, unlike before, everyone, even those reluctant to bathe, had to bathe today. This was an order from the Divine Child, delivered very sternly.

The reason was that the new year symbolized a fresh start, and the dirt of the previous year shouldn't be carried over.

The atmosphere was filled with steam in a relatively small, humid area separated by wooden planks and animal hides.

In the large cauldron, after happily blowing a string of bubbles underwater, Han Cheng began to scrub away the dirt from his body and washed his long hair with his hands.

Once he lifted his head out of the hot water, he immediately felt the chill. Even though a small fire burned beneath the cauldron, reminiscent of boiling soup, it couldn't completely ward off the cold air.

They needed to find a way to build a dedicated bathing area. Bathing in such conditions was highly uncomfortable, explaining why the tribe disliked it when the weather turned cold.

As Han Cheng pondered this, he continued to scrub his body and hair.

With no soap or washcloths available, they could only use their hands to scrub.

Han Cheng could endure all of this, but what he couldn't stand the most was washing his hair with just water.

After washing with water, he always felt that his hair and scalp were still greasy, enough to drive a person crazy.

Han Cheng didn't expect to have shampoo or soap, but if there were a bag of laundry detergent in front of him, he would gratefully rub it into his hair. Even if his hair became dry and almost impossible to comb afterward, he would still accept it with pleasure.

However, even laundry detergent was a luxury; they could only use wood ash.

After cleaning his body, Han Cheng grabbed a handful of wood ash from the nearby jar and rubbed it into his hair.

Although using wood ash to wash hair is not very easy to clean completely, it could alleviate the greasy feeling to some extent.

Soap!

For a long time, every time Han Cheng bathed and washed his hair, he would chant these words several times.

After the journey following the beginning of spring, the most important thing was to confirm his thoughts and, secondly, to try to find some valuable things that the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't have but could benefit from. Soap was one of them.

After the twenty-fourth, the entire Green Sparrow Tribe felt rejuvenated.

Since the Green Sparrow Tribe didn't cultivate soybeans, they couldn't grind them into tofu on the twenty-fifth.

Han Cheng felt quite regretful about not being able to have this precious food, which was considered a delicacy during times of poverty.

Forget about Mapo tofu; having stinky tofu or skin fried and cut into shreds, which could be used for soup or stir-fry, was enough to make Han Cheng nostalgic.

Without tofu to grind, the women of the Green Sparrow Tribe were busy making new clothes, striving to ensure everyone had a new outfit before the New Year.

Meanwhile, the men were preparing firewood and drums to drive away the Nian beast.

As each day passed, the atmosphere thickened, and time stubbornly marched on. It was now the twenty-eighth.

After several days of clear weather, the sky became overcast again.

Han Cheng exhaled visible breath and brought over Mu Tou and Lame who had already made two-sided drums from wood in their spare time. He instructed them to cut several pieces of wood about one meter long and five to six centimeters in diameter.

Then, using a stone knife and wooden stick, they split these pieces of wood in half from the middle.

Lame followed his instructions, and the rest stood by, unwilling to leave, wanting to see what the Divine Child was preparing to do.

Han Cheng took a piece of tile and calculated the spacing. Then, on some yellow-brown wooden boards, he drew faint lines at the calculated intervals.

He then took a piece of charcoal and began to write on these spaces.

Everybody watched from the side, puzzled about the Divine Child's intentions.

The children who had gathered around, with their heads tilted, watched for a while and then, following Han Cheng's writing, slowly recited, "With each passing year, life is extended; with the arrival of spring, blessings fill the building."

After reciting it, they scratched their heads in confusion.

Their confusion stemmed from three points: First, within the Green Sparrow Tribe, besides the shaman, he was the best at understanding written words, yet he couldn't fully comprehend what the shaman had written this time.

He recognized all the characters, but when they were put together, he didn't know what they meant.

Second, the writing style differed from what the Divine Child usually taught; he was accustomed to writing horizontally from left to right. Why did the Divine Child write from top to bottom this time?

Third, he didn't understand the purpose of the Divine Child's creation.

"In the new year, let's welcome the surplus blessings; the festival is named Eternal Spring."

"As the sound of the drumskin bids farewell to the old year, let's replace the old symbols with new peaches."

With doubts, the children slowly read out what Han Cheng had written.

Han Cheng recalled the few couplets he remembered and wrote them down stroke by stroke.

The earliest known couplet is "In the new year, let's welcome the surplus blessings; the festival is named Eternal Spring," said to have been penned by Meng Chang, the last ruler of the Later Shu dynasty, during the Five Dynasties and Ten Kingdoms period after the end of the Tang dynasty.

Regarding Meng Chang, not many people know about him, but one of his consorts is quite famous. She is the Lady Huarui, for whom Meng Chang planted hibiscus flowers all over the capital.

After the fall of the state, when faced with Zhao's questioning about the country's ruin, she wrote a poem:

"The king's banner hangs atop the city walls,

But in the deep palace, how could I have known?

Fourteen thousand men all laid down their arms,

Yet not a single one was a man."

Meng Chang shares many similarities in experience and character with Li Yu, the Southern Tang monarch who wrote: "When Will the Spring Flowers and Autumn Moon End?" However, Meng Chang's poetry is not as well-known as Li Yu's, and this couplet is the most widely circulated one.

It is said that when he wrote this couplet, Zhao had already split his forces and sent Wang Quan'an and Cao Bin to attack Later Shu. In the same year that he wrote this couplet, Later Shu was defeated, and both he and Lady Huarui became captives.

But what's even more intriguing is that that same year, the highest-ranking official sent by the Great Song to handle affairs in Later Shu was named Lu Yuqing. Not long before that, Emperor Taizu of Song, Zhao's father, had designated his birthday as the Long Spring Festival

"You'll find out soon."

Han Cheng smiled and said to the curious stone that couldn't hold back its questions.

Then, he asked Lame to bring a rope and a stone knife and carved some grooves near the ends of the wooden couplets to tie them with ropes.

After doing all this, he instructed Shi Tou, Lame, and the others gathered around to carry the wooden couplets outside carefully, warning them not to smudge the characters on top.

After all, they were written with charcoal, not ink, and it was easy to smear if one wasn't careful.

A few small wooden stakes were hammered into the pillars on either side of the gate, and the pair of couplets, which were much larger than the other three, were hung on both sides of the gate by Han Cheng.

It was the pair of couplets that he had ingeniously changed the firecrackers to drums.

The unexpected move by the Divine Child quickly attracted many people from the Green Sparrow Tribe to come and see.

People pointed at the couplets and speculated about the Divine Child's intentions.

Some said it was to scare away the Nian beast, some said it was a charm, and some said it was to communicate with the heavenly gods

Han Cheng listened to the crowd's discussions without saying a word. He just stepped back four or five meters, smiled, and carefully examined the unique and somewhat crude couplets, satisfied.

His only regrets were that the characters were a bit ugly and that the wooden boards were not dyed red.

Another regret was that there was no way to get a door god. Otherwise, whether it was the red-faced Guan Yu, the black-faced Zhang Fei, or Qin Shubao holding a golden club and Yu Chigong holding a whip, if they were painted and pasted on the door, they would add a lot of splendor to the Green Sparrow Tribe's first New Year.

Han Cheng wanted to paint a few, but then he thought about his rather unimpressive abstract painting skills and gave up the idea. Otherwise, if the door gods of the Green Sparrow Tribe appeared, not only would they be able to ward off ghosts, but people would also avoid them like the plague just thinking about it was scary.

The other three doors were also each hung with couplets.

Not feeling satisfied yet, Han Cheng wrote two more pairs and hung them at the cave entrance and the deer pen gate.

He also made a short wooden sign with the words "Prosperity in the Trough" and hung it on the long trough where the deer often ate grass.

Looking at the many fawns the Deer Lord and his harem had produced over the past year, Han Cheng felt that this sign was most suitable for this location.

Even the rabbit pen, chicken pen, the place where the Green Sparrow Tribe often cooked, and the shaman's bed where he slept were not spared by the creative and unstoppable Divine Child. They were each hung with signs like "Prosperity of Livestock" and "Beware of Fire."

Even the newly made single-wooden canoes of the Green Sparrow Tribe, which had not yet been tested, were hung with signs saying "Travel a Thousand Miles During the Day, Eight Hundred Miles at Night," which could be quite crazy.

Although such single-wooden canoes couldn't even travel a hundred miles a day

Chapter 257: New Year's Eve Dinner

The shaman stood at the door, carefully examining the thing that appeared for the first time in the Green Sparrow Tribe right before his eyes, smiling.

He had already learned from the Divine Child that this was a way to pray for blessings and dispel disasters, to seek blessings from the heavenly gods using the words of the Divine Child. Indeed, this was an excellent method.

The second most influential shaman in the Green Sparrow Tribe, who had dedicated most of his life to communicating with the heavenly gods, looked at the distinctive couplets that adorned the entire tribe, revealing a pensive expression

After the Green Sparrow Tribe had made many preparations, the New Year finally arrived.

Han Cheng intentionally made the New Year celebrations grand and splendid, so for the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe celebrating the New Year for the first time, it was bound to be a memorable memory.

"Let's begin!"

With these words, Han Cheng lifted the lid covering the large cauldron, and white steam instantly filled the cavern, creating an atmosphere like a fairyland.

The rich aroma permeated the air as the mist spread, making people unable to resist swallowing saliva.

As the white mist dissipated slightly, the scene inside the large cauldron appeared faintly visible.



Instead of the meat soup the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe were accustomed to, five rectangular plates of equal size were inside.

There was a fish on each plate with many cuts made by relatively sharp bone knives.

Han Cheng pinched some finely chopped green onions from the side basin and sprinkled them lightly on the fish. Then, Tie Tou and the others, eagerly waiting on the side, brought out the five steamed fish and placed them in the cave, roughly outlining five circles.

Inside those five circles, some pottery bowls and plates were already placed.

Inside were dishes that were not commonly made, dishes that the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe could never get enough of stir-fried pork with vegetables, deep-fried meat chunks, scrambled eggs with wild onions, large plates of stir-fried salted meat, small plates of smoked meat, and stewed meat chunks.

Now, a plate of steamed fish was added to the mix.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who had never seen such a scene before, were already salivating at the sight of these delicious-looking dishes.

The children were slurping saliva, and every adult had also secretly swallowed countless mouthfuls of saliva.

However, these children were very disciplined. Even if they were starving and looked eagerly, none reached out to take any food.

The wisest and most knowledgeable shaman, who had never seen such a scene before, looked at the delicious food like everyone else, discreetly swallowing saliva.

Fire One and Fire Two, the oldest members of the Green Sparrow Tribe, looked at the abundant food and felt like they were in a dream.

For as long as they could remember, hunger had always accompanied the heavy snow and cold.

Deaths due to freezing and starvation occurred every few years.

Winter was a hurdle that these people had to go through every year.

In their memories, winter always included the shadows of cold and hunger. However, this year, the Divine Child led everyone to build houses and have heated beds, so this winter wasn't cold.

The Divine Child had provided them with a lot of food, and this winter, not only did they not have to endure hunger, but they ate better than in the years when food was most abundant!

Just thinking about it was unbelievable.

Yet, this scene, which had never appeared in their dreams, now appeared vividly before their eyes.

The food was already plentiful, which was almost the sentiment of everyone except the children.

However, delicious food continued to be brought over continuously.

After the five plates of steamed fish were removed, the rake made of tree branches and ropes inside the large cauldron was removed, revealing another rake underneath.

Five pottery plates, also on this rake, were found, but instead of fish, they were five plates of steaming, smoke-emitting featherless chickens.

There must be "auspiciousness and abundance for the New Year," so these two dishes were indispensable.

This year, the Green Sparrow Tribe hatched three broods of chicks, with thirty-four chicks, three and a half of which died prematurely, leaving thirty-one chicks, including six roosters.

After several months, they had grown quite large, so it was natural for them, who neither laid eggs nor expected to breed, to end up in their current state.

Han Cheng specially made the large cauldron for steaming with Hei Wa before autumn, and there were two in total.

It was actually quite simple. You just needed to pinch out a circle of slightly protruding mud strips inside, thirty and sixty centimeters from the bottom of the cauldron, respectively.

After it was burned, things could be steamed on the protruding parts.

As people swallowed saliva, Han Cheng, feeling once again that there was plenty of food, said, "Let's begin" once more.

The lid of the other steaming cauldron next to it was also lifted, and white mist once again filled the air as five more plates appeared.

Inside the plates were rabbits that had been skinned and eviscerated.

After the rabbits were removed, five plates of plump, oily deer meat that had been steamed were left.

On the twenty-seventh day, a deer somehow injured its leg. It left after being lured out and treated to a meal of small greens outside the courtyard wall away from the deer pen.

However, unlike before, the tendons on the deer legs had been removed beforehand.

Cow tendons were temporarily unavailable, but deer tendons should suffice for making bowstrings.

After these plates of deer meat were brought out, one person served a bowl of millet porridge or deer milk cooked with small pieces of meat and greens, and finally, no more new food was brought out.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe did not realize that they had used the word "finally."

It was regrettable that there were no dumplings. This New Year would have been even more perfect if there were dumplings.

Thinking of this, Han Cheng felt regretful. All these things combined in his heart were not as good as a bowl of piping hot dumplings.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had no idea about their shaman's thoughts. They would surely be astonished at how precious and delicious dumplings were if they knew.

These delicious foods, which were already unimaginable to them, were still not as good as dumplings. The deliciousness of dumplings was truly beyond their imagination.

Under the gaze of everyone, Han Cheng, who had just finished cooking, sat down in the innermost circle next to the shaman.

Facing the main seat by the entrance, he gestured for the shaman to sit as if he were an elder.

"Please, everyone, take a seat," Han Cheng invited everyone.

The people seemed somewhat curious and not quite accustomed as they went to their pre-assigned seats, sitting on pieces of stone or thick wooden sticks set up beforehand.

Chapter 258: Eating together is not against the rules

This time, the meal in the Green Sparrow Tribe differed from before.

In the past, after the food was prepared, everyone had to wait, following the order of Divine Child, the Shaman, the Eldest Senior Brother to take their food in turn, and then eat.

But this time, five identical food portions were directly prepared and placed in five circles together.

Then everyone sat around together, holding their bowls and chopsticks, eating together.

Han Cheng suggested this way of eating. When he discussed it with the Shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother yesterday, they were initially not very agreeable, thinking that eating like this would affect the rules.

Of course, their original words weren't like this, but they expressed that idea.

This made Han Cheng nod secretly. Regardless of whether they had a specific concept of rules and etiquette, they had recognized the importance of rules. It just sounded a bit awkward.

At that moment, Han Cheng explained his thoughts to them and said that they would only eat like this at major festivals; usually, they would follow the previous method. The Shaman and the Eldest Senior Brother agreed after hearing this, but they still had some uncertainty in their hearts, especially the Shaman, who valued these things more than the Eldest Senior Brother.

The Shaman's anxious heart didn't settle until Han Cheng arranged the seating for the meal.

"Let's eat!"

Han Cheng knew what everyone was thinking, so he didn't waste time saying unnecessary words like "I have three points to talk about this time, each point divided into several major points and further subdivided into several minor points." Instead, seeing that everyone had already taken their seats according to the previous arrangement, he directly announced the meal's start.

Although eating together like this was entirely novel, the speed at which everyone started eating was not slow at all. With Han Cheng's command, the numerous chopsticks that had long been eagerly stretched towards the food in the middle, aiming for the targets the host had already set and returned fully loaded.

In an instant, the food placed there decreased visibly in quantity.

It was almost comparable to the speed at which some people ate in later generations at banquets.

Seeing this scene, Han Cheng couldn't help but smirk. He had indeed overestimated these guys' resistance when faced with delicious food.

However, there was plenty of food prepared today. Opening a store didn't fear gluttons. Let's see how long you can maintain this speed.

Han Cheng, leisurely nibbling on a chicken wing, watched the scene unfold like a gust of wind sweeping away the clouds, thinking like this.

"Divine Child, eat."

Seeing Han Cheng only eating a wing without meat, the Eldest Senior Brother felt guilty and specially picked up a chopstick of plump meat and put it into Han Cheng's bowl.

In his opinion, this kind of food was the most flavorful.

Little did he know that this action caused Han Cheng's heart to twitch.

He does not like to eat fatty meat, whether in the past or now.

"Shaman, you eat."

After nodding to the Eldest Senior Brother with a smile, Han Cheng poured the very tender piece of steamed meat into the Shaman's bowl.

The Shaman's teeth were not good, so this kind of food was most to his liking.

As he felt moved by Divine Child's warm-hearted gesture and picked up the juicy piece of meat to put it in his mouth, he did not need to bite with his teeth; just a little suction was enough to melt it completely.

The Shaman squinted his eyes in enjoyment, savoring the unforgettable taste in his mouth while also marveling at the Divine Child's great power.

Not only was it about cooking food, but also about the arrangement of seats this time.

He initially thought that even if Divine Child had a feasible method, it couldn't solve the issue of everyone gathering together to eat in a way that adhered to the rules. But now, in the face of established facts, such thoughts had already been discarded.

The Shaman deeply understood that rules could still be observed even when eating together in a group.

For example, their group was situated in the innermost position of the cave.

In primitive tribes, the more prestigious individuals occupied positions closer to the center because it represented safety.

Those eating with them were also relatively prominent individuals within the tribe, such as Shang, the Second Senior Brother, Third Senior Brother, Heiwa, and Lame.

Within the same group, there were also rules, such as Divine Child, himself, and the Chief occupying the innermost positions.

The Shaman carefully savored this previously untasted delicious food, contemplating these matters, and the more he thought about it, the more he felt the subtlety.

Because this method not only differentiated the status of the individuals but also, due to eating together, invisibly brought people closer, making the tribe more united.

A balance was found between status, rules, and closeness, which were somewhat contradictory.

Of course, the Shaman couldn't think so clearly. He only vaguely felt some of these things and appreciated the benefits of this approach.

He wondered if they would eat in this entirely new way in the future.

From initial disagreement to half-hearted acceptance and then to complete agreement, the shaman's thoughts underwent a significant transformation after experiencing the benefits of this method firsthand.

Not many people in the Green Sparrow Tribe thought as deeply about these matters as he did. The vast majority of people were utterly intoxicated by the myriad of flavors and exceptional taste of the food, unable to extricate themselves.

They had initially thought that the dried millet rice they used to eat was delicious enough, but now, after tasting the food newly prepared by Divine Child, they realized how shallow their experiences were.

After the meal, most people in the Green Sparrow Tribe still rubbed their stomachs, savoring the dream-like food that Divine Child called the New Year's Eve dinner.

They couldn't help but wonder why they hadn't celebrated the New Year before.

Calling this meal the New Year's Eve dinner wasn't entirely accurate because it wasn't eaten at night but in the afternoon.

There were no electric lights at night, and many things were inconvenient. Also, tonight, another more lively and important activity was to be carried out: scaring away the New Year Monster!

After the sumptuous meal and a short rest, the men began to leave the cave one after another, preparing to scare away the New Year Nian, a task they had already done a lot of preparation for.

This included preparing firewood and checking the leather drums, among other tasks.

Some of the women stayed inside the cave to clean up the remnants.

The Green Sparrow Tribe, which never left any food behind, unexpectedly had a lot of leftovers this time. It wasn't that the food wasn't delicious, but there was just too much to finish.

The tribe had always cherished food a lot. One female primitive person carried a clean, washed pottery basin and poured the leftover delicious food into it to save it for later consumption.

Han Cheng was also busy marking several isolation areas in the courtyard, especially around the area where dry green grass and the deer shed were piled up. Fire couldn't be allowed near there, and if those two places caught fire, it would be big trouble.

Chapter 259: New Year's Eve night

As twilight gradually descended, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, having feasted, with hearts filled with excitement and anxious fear intertwined, entered the courtyard.

Many people couldn't help but look into the distance, imagining the terrifying beast named "Nian" that was emerging from the deep mountains and slowly making its way here.

After a whirlwind of complex emotions, a surge of angry determination rose.

This was their homeland; their lives had finally improved, and they wouldn't allow anything to disrupt it, not even the terrifying Nian!

"Ignite the fire!"

"Beat the drums!"

The Divine Child, standing at the forefront, finally issued such commands.

The two men, Fire One and Fire Two, who were already prepared, quickly ignited the pile of firewood with some charcoal left over from cooking.

As the fire lit up, Eldest Senior Brother, Second Senior Brother, and Shang tightened their drumsticks and struck down.

"Boom!"

A dull sound suddenly rang out, spreading in all directions like waves.

"Boom, boom, boom"

Then came a series of muffled thunders, echoing one after another in the glow of the flames.

The expulsion of Nian was actually a festive activity that officially kicked off under the illumination of the firelight and amidst the rumbling drumbeats.

The people of the Green Sparrow Tribe, who were determined to defend their tribe, were far from as relaxed as Han Cheng. They followed the methods taught by the Divine Child seriously, intimidating the ethereal Nian.

Han Cheng watched as the people, who were ready for battle, did all this with a fighting spirit. He smiled slightly. With the initial calendar in place, the Green Sparrow Tribe also began to have their festivals truly.

As for how long it would take for the activity of expelling the Nian to transition from its current solemnity to something more ceremonial and entertaining, he had no idea.

When night fell, the chickens, who slept in the dark, were startled by the sound, clucking in contribution to this inexplicable revelry.

Compared to other nervous deer, the Deer Lord had to appear much calmer. It nudged the signboard that read "Thriving at the Trough" with its head and, with an elegant stride, walked from the deer shed to the deer pen.

Tilting its head to look at the group of puny bipeds who seemed mad, it entered a state of spectatorship.

After watching quietly for a while, feeling that their antics were just that, it snorted in boredom, took a leisurely step, and returned to the warmer deer shed

Under the urging of Divine Child Han, amidst the drumbeats and firelight, the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe began to dance around the bonfire, their steps wandering aimlessly.

The initially tense atmosphere gradually relaxed and became lively with the twisting of the dance.

As the night deepened, some children couldn't resist sleepiness and wanted to go to bed, but they were worried that if they fell asleep, Nian would come. At the same time, they were thinking about their new clothes, so they struggled to stay awake.

It wasn't until Han Cheng told them that the Nian wouldn't dare to approach as long as there was firelight and the sound of the drums. He also promised that when they woke up, new clothes would be waiting for them, and they went back to their rooms with hopeful anticipation to sleep.

Human energy is limited. After continuous jumping, more people felt tired.

Han Cheng brought out the Year, firstly because of his own sentiments and secondly because he wanted to make the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe lively and happy, which was most important.

So, seeing everyone tired, he said that the Nian had been frightened away, and from now on, they just needed to ensure the fire didn't go out and beat the drum now and then.

Despite Han Cheng's this, everybody did not let their guard down. This Nian is a ferocious beast after all.

After persisting for a while longer, they could not resist the exhaustion creeping upon them. Plus, with Han Cheng speaking up again, the people followed his previous instructions.

However, after stopping, Eldest Senior Brother repeatedly instructed the few people standing guard on the low wall to be vigilant. If anything seemed amiss, they were to sound the alarm immediately.

The three promised with hands on their chests, then widened their eyes, staring unblinkingly outside the courtyard walls.

Outside, there was a thick layer of snow, and even though it was a thirty-degree night, it wasn't so dark that one couldn't see one's hand in front of one's face.

Han Cheng watched this scene with a mixture of amusement and exasperation, wondering if he had made the story of the Nian too vivid.

After sitting around the fire for a while, Han Cheng called over the female primitive people responsible for making clothes. He had them bring out the finished clothes, distributing them first to the adults present.

Because of limited time, each person only received one piece of clothing, but for the Green Sparrow Tribe people who had never celebrated the New Year before, this was already enough to surprise them.

The clothing style was relatively modern, with a longer length overall for better warmth

Before production began, everyone's height was measured so that the clothes made would save fabric and fit better.

To avoid confusion, Han Cheng tied a wooden tag with each person's name carved on it to each garment during sewing.

According to the names, distribution was carried out, so there was no fear of mix-ups.

The children's clothes weren't as particular. There were only three sizes: large, medium, and small. And they were generally larger because they were growing. If the clothes were made to fit perfectly, they would soon become too small.

Although Han Cheng's clothes for them weren't made with the intention of "new for three years, patched for three years," they should at least last for a year or two.

The clothes for the underage individuals were taken back by their parents and placed by the heated beds.

Han Cheng, who hadn't grown up either, also received a new piece of clothing.

However, his clothing was slightly different from the others. Two slanted pockets were deliberately sewn on both sides of his garment.

Compared to gloves, Han Cheng preferred to stick his hands in his pockets. Not only were they convenient for warming his hands, but he could also put snacks like pine nuts inside.

The adults who received their clothes were all thrilled. Some couldn't wait to try them on for size.

After wearing them for a while, they reluctantly took them off, holding them carefully in their hands, eagerly awaiting the passing of the long night and the arrival of the New Year's new day.

When the time came, they could finally wear these comfortable new clothes.

Seeing these adults so fond of their new clothes, Han Cheng suddenly remembered the tradition of giving lucky money. He smiled afterward, realizing that there was no "money" yet. This was something he couldn't do anything about.

If there were banknotes available at this time, Han Cheng would snatch them up regardless of anything else and stuff them into his wallet!

He was tired of using things like dirt clods, leaves, and sticks to wipe his butt every day

#### Chapter 260: Green Sparrow Year 1

Winter nights always seem endless, and the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe rarely stay up late. Even if they need to stand guard at night, they do so in shifts, and staying up all night like this is very rare.

Therefore, by the time the latter half of the night arrived, many people had already nodded off.

Han Cheng was fine, partly because of his nostalgia for the New Year and partly because of his experience staying up late. For him, this level of wakefulness was just a minor inconvenience.

After a while, these exhausted Green Sparrow Tribe members finally followed Han Cheng's suggestion, and half of them went back to their rooms to sleep.

After sleeping for a while, they would then switch with the other half.



Although the shaman wanted to stay up all night, he couldn't resist the drowsiness and went back to sleep.

But Fire Two and Shi Tou, one old and one young, remained spirited.

Fire Two used to tend the fire at night in the Green Sparrow Tribe, so staying up late was a habit he developed long ago. He looked even more energetic at night than during the day.

As for Shi Tou, he had been spending a lot of time drawing the moon at night, gradually showing signs of becoming a night owl.

The drum would sound occasionally, and the fire in the pit never diminished because Fire Two would occasionally add firewood.

They ate when it wasn't dark yet. Although they were quite full at the time, the food in their stomachs had almost been digested by now.

Han Cheng asked the Eldest Senior Brother, who insisted on staying awake, to fetch some meat and share it with the others who stayed behind. They used tree branches to skewer the meat and roasted it slowly by the fire, which was delightful.

This was the first time the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe had eaten supper, and it felt even more marvelous.

During these days of the New Year, they suddenly experienced many strange and unforgettable things they had never thought of before.

After eating a piece of roasted meat, Shi Tou carefully brought over the two clay tablets he had drawn and looked at them carefully in the firelight.

Now, he attached even more importance to these two clay tablets. Based on the moon he had drawn on them, the Divine Child could determine the days when the "Year" would come, and their tribe could prepare everything in advance.

During the long night, there was always something to discuss to pass the time. Han Cheng told a simple story, which astonished the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe. As they continued chatting, the topic shifted to the "Year" and "Month."

Influenced by the Divine Child, Shi Tou, who loved naming things, suddenly had the idea of giving the newly appeared "Year" a name.

Because this was the first year after the rough calendar had been established, he named this year "First Year" and then asked Han Cheng's opinion.

Shi Tou's method of naming the Year reminded Han Cheng that they needed to give a name to the Year. Otherwise, although they could distinguish the recent years using terms like "the year before last," "last year," and "this year," it would be easy to get confused once time passed.

"First Year" could have referred to this year, but it didn't sound very appealing.

With this in mind, Han Cheng suddenly had a playful idea. He smiled and said, "Let's call it Green Sparrow Third Year."

"Green Sparrow Third Year?"

Shi Tou repeated Han Cheng's words, his eyes shining excitedly, but soon he became puzzled again. "Green Sparrow" referred to their Green Sparrow Tribe, and naming the Year after their tribe was a good idea. Just by hearing it, one would know it was something from their Green Sparrow Tribe, much nicer than the "First Year" they had named.

However, this is only the first year since the "Year" appeared. Why did the Divine Child not call this year Green Sparrow One Year but Green Sparrow Three Years?

This left Shi Tou quite puzzled. He thought hard but couldn't figure out this confusing question, so he asked the Divine Child.

Han Cheng just smiled smugly without explaining.

This further puzzled Shi Tou, but he could only inwardly agonize over it and try to figure out the reasons himself.

Shi Tou's eyes suddenly lit up as he absentmindedly drew on the ground with a stick. After a while, he raised his voice and said excitedly, "I got it! When the Divine Child arrived, it was autumn. That year was Green Sparrow Year One, the previous year was Green Sparrow Year Two, and this year is Green Sparrow Year Three."

After speaking, he looked at Han Cheng expectantly.

Some of his thoughts had been spoken out loud. Even though Han Cheng had a thick skin, he couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed. Luckily, it was nighttime, the flames were flickering, and no one noticed his reaction.

Shi Tou, on the other hand, was ecstatic, feeling that naming the year this way was ingenious.

Their tribe underwent earth-shaking changes after the arrival of the Divine Child. Therefore, it was logical to consider the year of the Divine Child's arrival as the first year.

Shi Tou and others who gradually understood or didn't understand the situation thought it was an excellent idea to consider the year of the Divine Child's arrival as the first year.

Thus, the Green Sparrow Tribe's method of reckoning years was established. The Divine Child's arrival year was designated as Green Sparrow First Year, and so on, leading up to the current Green Sparrow Year Three.

Han Cheng proposed calling the first year Green Sparrow Element Year. He explained to Shi Tou and the others that "First" and "One" meant the same thing at this time.

They didn't understand why. They still needed to call the first year Green Sparrow First Year if they meant the same thing. Wouldn't it be simpler to call it Green Sparrow Year One?

Of course, they just thought about it in their minds.

Since the Divine Child said, it was Green Sparrow First Year, then Green Sparrow First Year it was.

The darkness before dawn gradually faded away, and dawn arrived as the sky began to lighten. The terrifying Nian still hadn't appeared, indicating that they had frightened it off. They had defeated the terrifying Nian!

The people couldn't help but cheer, and the drums thundered.

Those who were still sleeping were awakened by the drumming. Remembering it was the "New Year," they quickly got up.

When the children opened their eyes to see the new clothes beside the heated brick bed, they couldn't help but smile joyfully. The Divine Child was right. After sleeping, they woke up the next day with new clothes!

Eager to wear their new clothes, they ran out one by one, wishing every day could be New Year's Day.

Not only was there an abundance of delicious food but there were also new clothes to wear.

The adults also changed into their new clothes. Although they appeared more dignified than the children, their joy was no less.

In this atmosphere, Green Sparrow Three Year quietly passed away, and now they welcomed the brand new Green Sparrow Year Four.

Ordinary days immediately became different because of the appearance of the calendar and the year.

"Shaman, Happy New Year!"

Han Cheng greeted Shaman, who had also come out of his room wearing new clothes, with a bow and a smile.

Shaman felt awkward about the Divine Child's sudden strange behavior and words. After thinking for a moment, he roughly understood its meaning and awkwardly followed Han Cheng's example, bowing to him and saying, "Divine Child, Happy New Year!"

Imitating and learning are things people do consciously or unconsciously, especially towards those they respect.

After Han Cheng greeted the tribe's people with bows and New Year wishes, this novel greeting and blessing quickly spread throughout the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Soon, mutual bowing and New Year wishes filled the air.

Han Cheng's face was constantly smiling, especially when Shaman led the people in unevenly bowing to him and wishing him a Happy New Year. His smile became even more pronounced.