

Primitive 83

Chapter 83: Raise your hands

Han Cheng, who was feeding a bowl of soup to the woman with a broken belly, was surprised to hear the commotion.

That tribe must be desperate. They lost so many lives in yesterday's battle, yet they came back today.

Could it be, as described in novels, that after being defeated, the survivors, especially the older ones, brought reinforcements for revenge?

While thinking about this, he didn't dare to be negligent. He put down the pottery bowl in his hand, shouted twice into the cave, and then rushed outside.

Fu Jiang also ran. It had grown quite a bit, and with its four legs, it was much faster than Han Cheng.

However, Fu Jiang was considerate. To not make its master, who could only walk on two legs, feel inferior, it didn't completely unleash its speed but kept pace with Han Cheng.

People had already climbed onto the short walls. Each wall had stone spears, stones, and other weapons, making it convenient for people inside the tribe to pick them up and fight back at any time.

Because stone spears had a longer range and more killing power than stones, they were generally used first in battle. After exhausting the stone spears, they would resort to using stones.

Of course, these stone spears were not entirely made of stone; they had wooden shafts with sharp stones attached to the heads.

The Elder Senior Brother held a stone spear and stood on the short wall, revealing half of his body, squinting his eyes as he looked towards the direction of the river. There was indeed a group of people over there. They had crossed the river and covered about a quarter of the distance from the river to the wall.

Perhaps they had noticed the commotion in their tribe. Those people stopped and stayed in place, not coming any closer.

The Elder Senior Brother was puzzled. His confusion stemmed from the fact that there were too few enemies this time.

It wasn't due to arrogance but a deduction based on facts.

Yesterday, fifty people came to attack their tribe and were defeated, leaving in a sorry state. That damn tribe wanted to attack them again, and the number of people involved should be no less than yesterday.

However, now, only twelve people appeared in front of their tribe.

It was unrealistic to think they could attack their tribe with such few people.

The leader of the Pig Tribe also saw the commotion in the Green Sparrow Tribe. He looked at the many people who appeared in a short time behind that strangely shaped mountain wall and felt amazed by the strength of the tribe in front of him. He was also surprised by their quick reaction.

However, after this surprise, what he felt more was joy. His joy came from realizing he hadn't made a mistake finding the right place.

After a short pause, the leader of the Pig Tribe signaled the weak and frightened people behind him to continue walking towards that strange mountain wall.

The Elder Senior Brother squinted his eyes even more. Inside, there was a cold and stern expression.

He didn't expect that knowing they had been discovered and their tribe was ready for an attack, the other party would still approach. This was truly reckless.

The leader of the Pig Tribe knew that this friendly tribe mistook them for a vicious tribe coming to plunder. To avoid misunderstandings, when they were more than four hundred meters away from the strange mountain wall and the people holding weapons behind it, he got the rest of his tribe to stop.

He walked forward without a stone spear to express his goodwill.

The Green Sparrow Tribe, prepared for battle, had already sensed his goodwill. The Elder Senior brother ordered the people on the short walls not to attack, to let this person come closer and see what these people wanted today.

"%^%\$%^."

Pig Tribe's leader, standing about a hundred meters from the Green Sparrow Tribe, raised his hands to indicate that he had nothing with him. Then, in his tribe's language, he sincerely greeted the tribe before him.

Well, the act of raising hands to indicate surrender or something similar had started to appear in ancient times.

The Elder Senior Brother opened his squinted eyes. He had already recognized the newcomer, although the person looked disheveled.

"What are you here for?" He put down the spear in his hand, using the tribe's language instead of the divine language, accompanied by gestures.

The leader of the Pig Tribe, attracted by the Elder Senior Brother's voice, looked towards him. Due to the hat on the Elder Senior Brother's head, he didn't recognize him.

"I've come to borrow some food."

For the sake of readability, this is the author's translation of the dialogue in various tribal languages.

Although the leader of the Pig Tribe did not recognize the Elder Senior Brother due to his disheveled appearance, he answered loudly and used gestures as he approached. He still did not recognize the Elder Senior Brother, when he got closer.

"Why are you here?"

The Elder Senior Brother saw the leader of the Pig Tribe didn't recognize him. He thought about it and removed the hat on his head. It was then the leader of the Pig Tribe recognized him.

A joyful expression appeared on his face when he saw a familiar face. They continued the conversation in smoother language.

Due to the limited interactions between tribes, their languages were not mutually understandable. As a tribe leader with more contact with surrounding tribes, the leader of the Pig Tribe knew a bit more than an average person.

However, even so, after a lively and long exchange, the Elder Senior Brother understood the purpose of their visit.

In the past, the Elder Senior brother would have flatly refused because food was extremely precious for the tribe in the winter.

However, things were different now. They had abundant food, and hunger was not a concern.

Yet, the Elder Senior Brother did not immediately agree. After another round of conversation, he told the leader of the Pig Tribe that he couldn't make the decision alone. He needed to discuss it with the Shaman and Divine Child. The leader was asked to wait outside.

The leader of the Pig Tribe naturally agreed. He was already happy that this friendly neighboring tribe didn't immediately reject him.

He had interacted with this friendly neighboring tribe before and knew that, besides the leader, they also had a shaman, a wise person in the tribe. Unlike him, the tribe leader couldn't have absolute authority in his tribe.

Although curious about the appearance of a new figure they called the "divine child," the leader of the Pig Tribe didn't dwell on it. Right now, he was most eager for food.

"Food?" Han Cheng repeated this word after hearing about the situation from the Elder Senior brother. He looked thoughtful.