

## SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

### Chapter 13: Flint Shovel

Last night was Christmas Eve.

Lynn woke up early.

But Kuisi was even earlier.

Though the sky outside the cabin was still dim, Kuisi had already rekindled the flames in the hearth.

The pottery pot set on the fire was emitting a light steam.

Seeing Lynn sit up, Kuisi smiled, "Master Lynn, you're awake? Just in time for breakfast."

Looking at Kuisi's simple smile, Lynn was momentarily taken aback.

Is this what it feels like to be served?

Lynn responded and walked towards the fire.

After breakfast, Lynn took the two rabbit cages he made last night and walked out of the cabin.

Kuisi hesitated for a moment, then followed behind Lynn.

They arrived at the wasteland where they caught wild rabbits yesterday and searched for traces of rabbit activity.

Lynn placed the rabbit cages on the most noticeable grassy spots and added a few leftover sea buckthorn berries as bait before turning to leave.

After searching around the weedy wasteland, Lynn didn't see any sign of prey.

Perhaps in the forest, there would be larger prey, but at the thought of the wolf pack, Lynn decided against it.

With Kuisi beside him, Lynn collected some large pieces of flint, preparing to make a flint shovel to cultivate the wasteland.

Only by planting crops could they have a stable food source.

Although the cycle is rather lengthy.

Bang!

Bang bang!

Bang bang bang!

[Production Experience +1]

Lynn continuously hammered away at the pieces of flint.

With previous experience and knowledge in making flint tools, Lynn had noticeably improved.

After outlining the shovel's shape, he polished it, then inserted a wooden pole as thick as his arm into the pre-drilled hole.

Embedding a tenon into the end of the wooden pole, a flint shovel was completed!

[Simple Flint Shovel]: Can be used for digging, cultivating, weeding, loosening soil, etc., with limited sharpness.

Grasping the flint shovel in his hand, Lynn tried digging into the wasteland, the weight was just right.

He handed the Stone Knife to Kuisi and said, "To cultivate, we'll need to work together, you clear the weeds, and I'll do the cultivating."

Kuisi didn't hesitate, reaching for the Stone Knife, "Alright, Master Lynn."

Lynn responded, picked up the shovel, and walked toward the weed-free plot behind the cabin.

Kuisi didn't dawdle, starting from the edge of the weeds.

Gripping the ends of the flint shovel handle with both hands, Lynn raised it over his head, using his strength to heavily dig into the plot.

[Planting Experience +1]

The flint shovel was not like the iron hoe, on this somewhat hard wasteland, it only dug about six or seven centimeters into the soil.

He pushed the shovel handle forward with his right hand, flipping over a piece of yellow-brown soil.

A little planting knowledge surfaced in Lynn's mind.

Lynn didn't stop, altering his grip on the flint shovel and continued raising it, this time relying on the pulling power of his body.

[Planting Experience +1]

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[Planting] skill experience steadily increased, and Lynn's understanding of planting deepened.

The sharpness of the flint shovel was indeed limited, but enough to plant wheat.

The wasteland's soil was likely moister due to its proximity to the river, but its fertility was ordinary.

In such soil, simply scattering seeds and relying on the weather would likely lead to starvation.

Sowing over twenty pounds of wheat seeds per acre might yield only about twenty pounds of wheat if luck was bad.

Though not losing out, it was exhausting.

Perhaps even no harvest.

Only with favor from heaven might they harvest sixty or seventy pounds.

Lynn knew that if he wanted to plant wheat and increase its yield, he needed to reform his planting methods!

Even though Lynn had much knowledge about improving planting methods, he was still constrained by the current reality.

He lacked labor and tools.

...

The whole day, Lynn and Kuisi were spent on the wasteland.

With the efficiency of the flint shovel, he only managed to flip over the weed-cleared plot.

Kuisi, with her Two Levels of [Planting] skill, cleared weeds quickly.

Practice makes perfect.

By the end of the day, they had cleared nearly a hundred square meters of the weedy wasteland.

Until dusk.

Lynn told Kuisi they could head back.

Seeing Lynn walk toward the rabbit cage she placed in the morning, Kuisi followed curiously.

They arrived at the first rabbit cage, the cage had clearly shifted.

The door was shut, and the wooden frame of the cage had a bite mark.

A tuft of gray rabbit fur was caught on the wooden stick in the gap!

The rabbit cage had caught a wild rabbit, but it had escaped.

Kuisi's face was full of regret.

She obediently picked up the rabbit cage and followed Lynn.

This rabbit cage needed repairs before it could be used again.

Soon, Lynn and Kuisi reached the second rabbit cage.

As they approached, a gray-white figure was jumping continuously in the rabbit cage.

Perhaps sensing the approaching sound, its jumping frequency increased, trying to escape the cage.

Kuisi cautiously reminded Lynn, "Master Lynn!"

Lynn swiftly stepped to the rabbit cage, reached in, and grabbed the rabbit's ear.

He quickly took it out, and with the Stone Knife, he sliced across its neck.

Crimson blood flowed rapidly, Lynn let it fall onto the ground.

The rabbit twitched for a while before losing all signs of life.

Kuisi walked up with a smile, disregarding the blood on the rabbit as she picked it up.

"Master Lynn, so hunting can be done like this," she spoke with relief, "Looks like we won't go hungry tonight!"

Lynn looked at Kuisi, her face sweaty from clearing weeds, her hair disheveled.

Lynn said, "After such a tiring day, let's have more rabbit meat tonight."

Kuisi's smile widened, "Alright, Master Lynn."

With the flint shovel on his back, Lynn walked toward the cabin with Kuisi carrying the rabbit cage in one hand and the rabbit in the other.

The sunset, like scattered gold, fell upon them, stretching their shadows long.

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After days of labor, Lynn's body smelled unpleasant.

He washed up by the river and returned comfortably to the cabin.

Seated by the fire, Lynn warmed himself.

Though it's only March, both the river water and the temperature were still chilly.

Having cleaned the rabbit earlier, Kuisi was now seated by the hearth, cooking the rabbit in the pottery pot.

Lynn glanced at Kuisi, perhaps because she washed her face, she appeared much fairer.

She looked about fourteen or fifteen, with clear brows and eyes, simple and innocent.

Kuisi felt Lynn's gaze.

As if realizing something, she hurriedly smeared some pot ash on her face.

Lynn remained silent; he understood Kuisi's reasoning.

In this world where nobility reigns supreme, and ordinary people are disregarded, a young woman only survives by concealing herself in grime and squalor!