

## SYSTEM: BUILD MY OWN TERRITORY

### Chapter 5: Truly Hungry

The sharpness of the Flint Axe is indeed limited.

It took almost an hour for Lynn to fell this 20-30 cm pine wood.

However, as he continued chopping, some knowledge about logging merged in Lynn's mind.

Lynn looked up and saw that the far eastern horizon was already bright.

After a short rest, he raised the Flint Axe and continued chopping.

[Collection Experience +1]

[Collection Experience +1]

...

One by one, the tall pine trees fell under the Flint Axe in Lynn's hand.

His skill level in [Collection] was slowly increasing.

By noon, Lynn stopped and walked back to the clearing.

The eight pine trees he had felled naturally fell in the direction Lynn had specifically designed.

The pine trees were over twenty meters tall, and after falling, they were less than ten meters from the clearing.

He could minimize the use of energy for other labor.

Returning to the fire pit, the snake meat in the Pottery Pot had been eaten.

Lynn picked up the Pottery Pot and went to the river, washed it clean, and filled it with river water, drinking it in big gulps.

The cool river water in his stomach made Lynn feel a lot more comfortable.

But without food, just drinking water could not hide the fact that he was hungry.

After filling the pottery pot, Lynn returned to the clearing and began to clear the branches from the pine trees.

One after another, the arm-thick branches were chopped off by Lynn.

After clearing the eight pine trees, Lynn dragged the branches to the clearing.

Building a wooden house immediately would take several days; it was unrealistic for Lynn to complete it by himself today.

With so many branches, he could first build a single-person shelter as a transition.

Lynn could hold on without resting for one night.

But if he didn't rest for several nights in a row, he felt he would exhaust himself again!

Holding a relatively thick branch, he inserted it into a previously dug pit as the basic support.

[Construction Experience +1]

Lynn inserted another branch into the pit in the same way.

[Construction Experience +1]

Some knowledge about building a single-person shelter gradually merged in Lynn's mind.

He didn't know how to build a shelter, but...

As he built it... it just came to him, didn't it?

Lynn tied the tops of these two thicker branches with grass rope, forming an inverted V-shape as the entrance, which was also the main load-bearing point.

He found two similarly thick branches and, at a forty-five-degree angle, inserted them into the ground behind the entrance.

Once more, he used grass rope to tie these two branches to the two thick branches at the entrance, forming a pagoda-shaped shelter frame.

[Construction Experience +1]

Without stopping.

Lynn inserted branches around the frame into the ground continuously, arranging them tightly to encircle the entire frame, then used grass rope to tie these branches...

He then layered a pile of straw from the bottom upwards, each layer overlapping with the other...

When Lynn laid another pile of straw inside the shelter, the shelter made of branches was finally completed.

The interior space of the shelter was about two meters long, one meter wide, and one meter high. Because of the dense arrangement and reinforcement with grass rope, it could effectively prevent wild animals from attacking.

The top of the shelter was layered with straw, which could also be used for windproofing.

A look of satisfaction flashed in Lynn's eyes; this was the result of his hard work!

After drinking a few mouthfuls of river water, Lynn walked again to the pine trees.

Building a wooden house required constructing a wall frame and roof frame, which required at least twenty logs.

He had cut eight in the morning, but it was still not enough.

The Flint Axe continuously chopped on the pine trees, making loud noises.

One pine tree after another fell.

At dusk, the somewhat exhausted Lynn finally stopped, with more than a dozen pine trees lying at his feet.

Cutting the pine trees in half could yield over thirty logs, enough to build a wooden house.

Holding the already chipped Flint Axe, Lynn prepared to return to the shelter when a gray-white suddenly dashed past in front of him.

His eyebrows shot up; ignoring his exhausted body, he quickly chased after it.

[Adult Rabbit]: Frightened, the meat is tender and juicy, rich in protein, containing small amounts of fat, etc.

The rabbit was extremely fast, probably startled by the sound of chopping pine trees, even trampling blindly in its panic.

Lynn, chasing from behind, couldn't catch up at all.

Just as he was about to give up, the rabbit leaped up and slammed against a tree stump.

The rabbit's body instantly rolled to the ground, its limbs frantically clawing at the soil...

It seemed to have fainted?

Without hesitation, Lynn grabbed the axe and struck the rabbit's head with the back of the axe, staining it crimson instantly.

The rabbit's movements gradually stopped, its abdomen stopped heaving, and finally vanished.

[Adult Rabbit]: Deceased, the meat is tender and juicy...

Picking up the rabbit from the ground, its weight felt substantial in his right hand.

This rabbit must weigh six or seven pounds!

With his current tools, he couldn't hunt prey, and lacking food, the rabbit came to him.

Lynn carried the rabbit to the riverbank.

Sitting on a stone by the river, he began to clean and skin the rabbit.

[Collection Experience +1]

He secured the rabbit on a relatively flat stone, cut it open from the hind leg joint with his Stone Knife...

Then used his fingers to slowly separate the skin from the muscle...

A complete rabbit skin appeared in Lynn's hand.

The entire process was smooth without a pause.

Lynn discovered that with the experience of skinning Viper before, skinning a rabbit posed no difficulty for him.

He disemboweled the rabbit, buried its intestines in the sand, and after cleaning the liver and heart, Lynn returned to the shelter.

Rabbit skin could be turned into fur gloves and hats for warmth.

But the processing was somewhat complicated, so he temporarily abandoned it.

The rabbit's liver and heart contained various nutrients, so Lynn wouldn't casually discard them.

As for the other organs, if he could make a fishhook and line, they might serve as bait.

The sky gradually darkened, with the howls of Wild Wolves echoing in the forest.

In front of the shelter.

Lynn sat on the grass, watching the Pottery Pot in which the rabbit was being stewed.

His stomach's growling was constantly audible underneath his clothes.

As night enveloped the sky, plunging the land into darkness, Lynn took down the Pottery Pot with the stewed rabbit.

Using a Stone Knife, he forked out the rabbit and started devouring it.

He was really starving!

He consumed half the rabbit and drank half the pot of fresh soup, his lips shining with oil, and belched comfortably as the feeling of helplessness in his body gradually dissipated.

Despite sweating a lot every day due to labor, the snake and rabbit meat he ate contained trace amounts of salt, preventing rampant fatigue.

Without resting, Lynn resumed making Flint Axes.

After a day of cutting logs, the made two Flint Axe edges were already worn out.

Snap!

Snap, snap!

Snap, snap, snap!

The sound of stone hitting stone echoed continuously in the wilderness.

Some wild animals, seeing the light from afar, were curious and tried to approach.

But upon hearing the loud noise, they hurriedly fled away...