

# DOOMSDAY SANCTUARY

## Chapter 7: Eschatology

The night passed again, the sun rose again, and the light shot into the room. The strong light made Di Ping open his eyes, bloodshots appeared in his eyes, and the whole night's hard work made him very tired.

Di Ping dared to fall asleep only after the smoke outlet was blocked at night. In the middle of the night, he didn't sleep well. His strength gave him a sense of security, but he didn't dare to lose his vigilance. The bedroom door was tightly blocked and he fell asleep. Shi was still holding a long sword.

When he came to the bathroom, Di Ping found that the water was stopped. Fortunately, he had already prepared. He took a lot of water from the house and took a glass of water. It was enough to brush and wash his face. He didn't dare to waste it too much; The body swung two sets of swords and got some food to solve the problem of eating in the morning.

"Why is it quiet today?" Di Ping, who had eaten and was resting, felt something less than before.

"Helicopter!" Then he realized that the propaganda helicopter is usually flying in the sky at this time, but today there is no "what happened?"

Di Ping hurriedly turned on the radio and listened to what was going on. He didn't expect that the radio station was reporting it; it turned out that there are many mutant birds in the sky today. There are sparrows bigger than wrinkles, and more flocks as big as hens. The helicopter was attacked as soon as it took off. Three of the five were damaged, and the other two would soon be scrapped after landing.

The voice of the announcer on the radio trembled, and the tone was even more anxious. Now the information is no longer available, the traffic to the outside world is gone, and the signal is lost. Now the only possibility to communicate is the radio. The whole city seems to have become an island. Surrounded by endless jungles, many people hear that their hearts are filled with despair. The only thing that is gratifying is that the government is still working hard; I don't know when the military will build a base and open up urban roads for rescue. This is what many people feel at this time. Thoughts.

Di Ping also feels that things may change drastically. The government has been somewhat powerless to do so. The weapons in the hands of the police cannot threaten mutant animals. As various animals continue to mutate, the situation may become more and more serious; In the voice of the officer, he felt that the government should have the thought of retreating after exhaustion of various methods.

This is the human mind. When the crisis comes, few people can give up everything for the sake of others; and the environment is constantly deteriorating, and no one knows what will happen afterwards. At this time, it is safest to join the army. This is a lot. Human thoughts, after all, as a weapon in the hands of a national violence machine, it is not a fire stick.

Di Ping can't manage these things either. He can't manage it now, let alone others. If you are a man, you can help the world. If you are poor, you can only take care of yourself. Di Ping has the heart and can't manage it, so let's exercise! Putting down the messy mind and starting today's exercise again, there was still more energy after practicing for ten sets, so five more sets were added before he stopped to rest in sweat.

Feeling almost recovered, Di Ping got up and wiped the sweat off his body, ready to read a book, because there was nothing else to do anyway.

"Beep..." At this moment, there was a soft knocking sound from outside the door.

The knock on the door seemed like thunder in the night sky, and the scared Di Ping almost jumped out. It took a long time to calm down the rapid heartbeat, and then he couldn't help but wonder who was so afraid of death. Now he came out chaotically, even though it has changed. The rat will retreat during the day, but the mutant dog hasn't run around yet, what if it runs into it?

"Beep..." There were a few soft knocks again.

Di Ping came to the door softly with a long sword in his hand, opened the cat's eyes and looked out, and saw two strange men standing outside, a 30-year-old man with short hair, square face, thick eyebrows, tall eyes, and a strong man. Baseball bat, a stubborn air; the other is a fat man, about 20 years old, looks absolutely more than 200 jins, about 1.8 meters tall, round face and short hair, small nose and small eyes, put together, always make people There was a sense of joy, and he was holding a steel bar that was more than one meter thick in his female finger; the fat man seemed to be nervous and looked around from time to time, with sweat on his brows.

"Who?" Di Ping looked for a while and asked in a low voice behind the door.

"Brother...brother, we are downstairs!" The fat man immediately rejoiced when someone answered in the room and hurriedly replied.

"What's the matter with you?" Di Ping asked softly while observing the movements of the two with cat eyes.

"Brother! We don't have any bad intentions, can we talk about things, can we open the door? It's too dangerous outside!" The fat man murmured anxiously, and looked left and right from time to time; the big man behind seemed to be a little anxious, and looked around vigilantly from time to time.

Di Ping took a look at it for a while and felt that the two of them didn't seem to be malicious. Now he was bold enough to open the sofa gently, slowly opening the door, and stepping back a few steps.

When the fat man saw the door opened, he squeezed in with a smile on his face. The big man squeezed in and closed the door. Only then did the two see Di Ping, who was carrying a shining cold sword, standing in the middle of the hall on guard. Staring at him, his face suddenly tightened, and the fat man hurriedly put his hand in the steel bar on the ground, spreading his hands flat to express his innocence.

"Brother, don't be nervous! We don't have any malicious intentions! I'm the third floor resident, my name is Chen Gang." The fat man wiped the sweat from his forehead and introduced anxiously, then turned his face to introduce the big man who followed "This is my brother Li Sheng"

"Hello!" The big man greeted Di Ping with a calm and strong voice.

"Hello! Just call me Di Ping, what can you do? Let's talk!" Di Ping nodded in response to each other, but did not relax. He knew that in the last days, people's hearts are chaotic, and everything happens.

"Okay! It's like this, do you know that the government is going to retreat?" The fat man put down his sweaty hand and looked at Di Ping seriously.

"Really? Is the news reliable?" Di Ping was startled, but he didn't expect his guess to become true.

"Reliable and reliable! The news is from Wang Delin, the resident of 201 on the second floor!" The fat man replied repeatedly, as if seeing Di Pinyan not believing so much, he continued, "Big Brother Wang Delin is the No. 2 Secretary of the Provincial Government. This morning he passed the special The phone call to his brother requires him to rush to the provincial government

to gather before noon tomorrow. The government will organize a police breakout, saying that the military has secretly sent a team to respond."

"Do you want to go to the provincial government to follow the retreat?" Di Ping saw that the two of them seemed to come to him with this idea.

"Yes! Yes..." The fat man nodded in agreement with Di Ping's words.

"Then you are looking for me?" Di Ping asked tentatively, he already understood the intention of the two.

"Brother Di, we think there are more people and more powerful, so it is safer, so we want to gather more people to go to the provincial government! Do you want to go together!" The fat man looked forward to Di Ping with some expectation.

"How many people do you have now?" Di Ping was also a little moved. If these people are gone, there are not many people left in this building, and the danger of being here alone is even higher, even a person who shares the pressure. nothing.

"There are almost a hundred people! We are all gathering at Zhang Delin's house on the third floor. You can go down later, and discuss it together!" The fat man replied anxiously when he saw that there was a door.

"Okay! I'll go down in a while!" Di Ping thought for a while, and felt that he could give it a try. It is always safer if there are more people! So nodded.

"Great! Then Brother Di, we're looking for people on other floors, and we'll see on the third floor later." The fat man saw Di Ping promised not to stay longer, and enthusiastically stretched out his hand to shake Di Ping.

Di Ping didn't hesitate to stretch out his hand, and shook hands with the two of them. After a few words of politeness, the two of them left, and gently opened

the door, seeing that there was no movement outside, and went downstairs gently.

After watching the two people leave from the cat's eyes, Di Ping went back to the house. After thinking about it, he decided to go down and take a look. He changed into sportswear, put on sneakers, and thought about closing the sheath and holding the sword in his hand; Both Chen Gang and Li Sheng carried their weapons, and they were normal with their swords.

After waiting for more than ten minutes, I opened the door gently to check that there was no movement outside. Then I closed the door quietly and walked downstairs carefully along the stairs; the corridor was quiet, and it seemed safe. It's just that the bloodstains that appear from time to time prove the \*\*\*\* that happened here.

The journey went smoothly, and logically it should be safe. Didn't Chen Gang and Li Sheng come up safely just now?

On the third floor, the entrance of the stairs happened to be 301. Di Ping gently walked over and put his ears on the door to listen. Due to his body strengthening, his hearing is better than before, and he can clearly hear the depressing mess in the room. Speaking; thinking that Chen Gang and the two should not be lying to themselves, they stood up straight and buttoned the door lightly.

"Who" came a very low man's voice behind the door.

"I came to meet on the 8th floor!" Di Ping looked around and replied in a low voice.

The door was gently opened from the inside, and a white face of a middle-aged man appeared. He glanced at Di Ping and looked at the left and right warily, then motioned to Di Ping, "Come in!"

Di Ping walked into the room along the crack of the door, only to see that there were as many as 30 or 40 people gathered in this room, including men and women, mostly men; but fortunately, the house is big enough, and the hall is small enough. This crowd is not too crowded.

When Di Ping came in, everyone turned their gazes at him, and then they withdrew their gazes. A middle-aged man in his thirties in the middle stood up and signaled Di Ping to come in and talk. The middle-aged man was not tall. About 1.7 meters, the body is slightly fat, short hair and square face, wearing a casual half-sleeved white t-shirt, smiling on his face gives a sense of calm atmosphere, at first glance, I know that this is also a figure of the upper class.

This person did not despise Di Ping because he was young, and smiled and beckoned Di Ping to come and talk.

"Hello brother! My name is Wang Delin, you are welcome to join!" He saw Di Ping approaching, smiled and stretched out his hand to greet him in a low voice.

"Hello, Brother Lin! Di Ping, you just call me Xiao Di!" Di Ping is also a character in the society. It is not easy to hold it when others smile to meet him, so he also smiles to welcome him.

When Di Ping also found a place to sit, Chen Gang and Li Sheng were seen in the crowd. Chen Gang smiled and nodded to him. Li Sheng also nodded to him with no expression, Di Ping also returned. After the two smiled, they looked at Wang Delin in the center of the venue.

"Ahem..." At this time, Wang Delin in the center of the field coughed softly twice, attracting the attention of the audience, and then said, "I believe everyone knows the purpose of our gathering here, right?"