

## **Apocalypse 144**

### Chapter 144 Inspection (Edited)

The moment the medics arrived, Kisha and the others were directed to enter the examination tent. Just like before, they were asked to remove their clothes so the medical team could thoroughly examine them for any signs of zombie bites or even minor scratches.

The exhaustion on the faces of the medical team was evident; they were as weary as the frontline soldiers, having tended to all those who had fought the previous night.

The medics also endured significant mental strain, as they bore the responsibility of ending the lives of soldiers who had been accidentally bitten or even scratched by zombies that breached the walls. This unique form of exhaustion dampened their spirits, leaving their eyes lifeless and dark.

Kisha understood this burden more than anyone else—the weight of responsibility and the guilt carried by those who had survived the ordeal and acted as grim reaper.

For those experiencing this for the first time, it was an immense burden to bear, but they had no choice but to carry on. Kisha herself had fallen into depression when she first faced this harsh reality, especially upon becoming a leader. The weight of the responsibility was overwhelming, as the deaths of many gnawed at her mental state.

The people's hatred and resentment were directed at her, as they saw it as the leader's duty to ensure their safety—a duty in which they felt she had failed. Their dissatisfaction and anger were all focused on her, as blaming her was the easiest way for them to cope.

But at this moment, Kisha couldn't summon any empathy for these people. She believed that this harshness was necessary for them to grow stronger for future struggles. Perhaps she had exhausted all her empathy in past experiences that had ended badly. Either way, she looked at these individuals with a cold, detached gaze as she awaited her turn to be called for inspection.

The girls in Clyde's group were timid and frightened because they had a few surface scratches from their escape from City D a few days ago. Despite the scratches being several days old, they felt no reassurance. They knew that everyone in the shelter was on edge after the zombie raid the previous night, which had resulted in numerous casualties.

True to her promise, Kisha remained vigilant throughout the inspection, ensuring that none of them were unfairly scrutinized due to exhaustion or fear. She was particularly attentive during Mrs. Winters' turn, fully aware that the medical team was less approachable now than when she and Duke first arrived at the shelter a few days ago.

Kisha's alertness was crucial in preventing any oversights during the inspections.

Just as she had feared, a girl with scratches resembling nail marks failed the inspection and was about to be executed. Kisha felt her eyebrow twitch in frustration; if this continued, not only would their population dwindle, but innocent people with the potential to awaken valuable abilities for humanity's survival might be lost.

Recognizing the urgency of the situation, Kisha knew she had to intervene. As the female medic began to drag the hysterically crying girl away, Kisha stepped forward and grabbed the girl's other hand, determined to prevent an unjust execution.

When Kisha grabbed the girl's arm, the medical team struggled in vain to pull her away, no matter how much force they applied. Frustrated, they considered calling for backup. "Miss, please let go! We can't

play camaraderie here—one mistake could cost thousands of lives!" the head female medic shouted through gritted teeth.

But Kisha didn't budge, letting the medic finish before speaking. "If you suspect this girl is infected, quarantine her for three days. If you continue killing indiscriminately, the human population will dwindle, and we'll still be fucked up," Kisha said with an indifferent expression. Her use of the word "indiscriminately" struck a nerve, hitting the medics hard like a speeding truck.

The idea of quarantine, something they hadn't considered in their aversion to taking risks, now seemed like a viable alternative, even though it had never crossed their minds during the chaos of last night's zombie raid.

Only now, when Kisha pointed it out, did they feel a knot forming in their throats. Their guilty consciences gnawed at their minds. Unlike in movies where scientists and doctors diligently quarantined individuals and searched for vaccines, these people were terrified for their lives.

They couldn't even entertain the idea of keeping a potentially infected person inside their sanctuary, their only safe haven.

It's only natural for humans to prioritize their own safety instinctively. Kisha's words hit them hard, igniting a surge of anger, frustration, and a myriad of other emotions. As medics, responsible for safeguarding everyone during inspections, they felt the heat of their failure acutely. Despite their efforts, they hadn't made any significant progress.

Their only recourse was inspecting the deceased, comparing them to the zombies, a task that offered little comfort or assurance.

Now, Kisha presented them with another option, one that seemed glaringly obvious in terms of handling an epidemic, but they weren't dealing with just any epidemic. They hadn't even unraveled the intricacies of the virus beyond understanding its transmission through bites and scratches.

In movies and novels, solutions often come swiftly, but in reality, extensive studies and laboratory trials are required, along with time for analysis and comparison. It had only been a week since the apocalypse began, yet they felt immense pressure to produce results while ensuring everyone's safety.

Even when they quarantined someone suspected of infection, it rarely made a difference—the outcome was almost always the same, with no cure available, they still had to kill the person. The likelihood that the girl they wanted to drag away had been scratched without noticing was slim, but standing near her was already a huge gamble.

Their exhaustion and the mounting deaths had clouded their judgment; they simply wanted the ordeal to end as quickly as possible.

Their burden was immense, particularly regarding the deaths of survivors. However, they found it difficult to confront this reality because doing so would only confirm their failure in safeguarding others. Instead, they viewed these deaths as the result of premature judgment, a consequence of being deemed beyond saving without exploring all potential avenues due to fear and aversion to risk.

They also grappled with the realization that their earlier approach might be perceived as heartless by fellow survivors, diminishing the trust placed in them and leaving them vulnerable to harsh criticism for their mistakes.

The medics standing before Kisha pursed their lips, their eyes clouded with mixed emotions. Some bore expressions of hatred and frustration, their thoughts already racing to the potential consequences they would inevitably face once this situation came to light.