

## **Apocalypse 519**

### Chapter 519 The Disaster Is Coming

Keith repeated the broadcast tirelessly, knowing that time was of the essence.

With the internet mostly inaccessible due to widespread power outages, many electronic devices—phones, computers, and even emergency systems—had likely stopped functioning.

For those few devices still operational, the lack of cellular networks or internet connectivity made communication nearly impossible.

Recognizing this, Keith, along with Eagle and Hawk, decided that radio frequencies were the best option.

They knew survivors in isolated camps or shelters might be scanning the airwaves, desperate for updates about the outside world.

Radio remained one of the few reliable means of communication, capable of reaching those who had no other way of staying informed.

Keith's voice carried unwavering determination as he repeated his warnings again and again, hoping it would reach as many people as possible before the storm struck.

The three of them worked tirelessly, trying to reach as many frequencies as possible.

They repeated the same warning message over and over, hoping it would break through the static and reach those in danger.

As Keith's voice grew hoarse from constant speaking, he switched positions with Hawk, who took over with equal urgency.

They didn't forget to emphasize the critical timeline of the incoming storm.

Knowing that people in different locations might not have seen the storm clouds yet, or might be experiencing different weather patterns, Keith avoided specifying an exact timeline.

Instead, he urged listeners to pay close attention to any changes in the sky or the environment around them—the shifting weather, the rising tides, or any signs of impending disaster.

The storm's approach was inevitable, but the timeline varied depending on location, and they could only hope the message would reach those in time.

In Port City, a group of survivors huddled together, desperately listening to the radio.

They had long been abandoned by the men who had either vanished or fled with the supplies, leaving behind the sick, elderly, and children.

The survivors believed they were left to fend for themselves, with no one to care for them in their vulnerable state.

But when they heard the broadcast warning about the incoming storm, doubt clouded their minds. Some thought the warning might be exaggerated or irrelevant to their situation.

Then, a voice broke through the tension.

"T-the sea is receding!" an elderly man shouted, his voice filled with alarm as he gazed out the window from the fourth floor of the building they had taken refuge in.

When the survivors heard the old man's shout, those still able to move staggered toward the window.

What had once been a scenic port, now lay eerily empty.

The water had receded so far that the sea floor was exposed, stretching out beyond what their eyes could fathom.

They could no longer see how far back the water had pulled, but the sight alone was enough to send a chill through their bones.

The warning from the radio wasn't some scare tactic or prank meant to cause panic—it was real, and the disaster was coming.

Even the birds flying above seemed unsettled, their usual calm replaced with erratic movements.

The mutated rats scurrying through the city's streets were fleeing, desperate to escape the coastal areas.

Even the zombies, usually so mindless and driven by hunger, seemed to sense the change.

They moved away from the city, shuffling slowly, as if instinctively avoiding the impending disaster.

"W-We need to leave!" someone croaked, desperation in their voice.

But how could they leave when their bodies were barely functional?

They hadn't eaten in days, and many had already succumbed to the brutal extremes of heat and cold from the past few days.

Their bodies, frail and weak, could barely move, let alone escape.

"H-Hu hu hu... We're going to die..." another person sobbed.

"It's because we're all cowards—too afraid to leave, too weak to fight for food—that we were abandoned," grumbled an elderly man, his eyes dull and empty. "Now look at us... we can't even move."

"Grandpa... will I die too?" A small child, barely more than skin and bones, whispered from the cold floor.

He stretched out a trembling hand toward the old man, his voice a faint murmur.

The elderly man turned and scanned the room. The place was filled with bedridden survivors—some too weak to speak, others barely clinging to life.

The children, their faces gaunt and hollow, could hardly move, their eyes filled with fear and uncertainty.

He gritted his teeth, a spark of defiance lighting in his eyes.

"No, we're not going to die here! Those who can still move, come with me. Let's get the vehicles ready and take the children first!" His voice was firm, filled with a determination he hadn't felt before.

In truth, he was once one of the most cowardly men around—someone who would rather chew on tree bark than venture outside for a supply run.

But now, his fear had brought them to this point.

They were dying, and the children and grandchildren were on the brink of perishing with them, all because they had refused to leave.

As the harsh reality set in, he realized this was their last chance.

If they stayed, they would die. If they ran, they might survive—he had nothing left to lose.

One by one, the others in the room understood what needed to be done.

Even as their bodies trembled with weakness, they pushed themselves to move.

They staggered toward the exit, their resolve growing with each step.

The zombies had begun to retreat from Port City, and for the first time in days, they saw an opportunity—however small.

It was now or never. With a final surge of effort, they gathered together, ready to flee.

Across various locations around the nation and the world, people who had received Keith's warning took it seriously.

They began closely monitoring the weather, focusing on the sky and, for those in coastal areas, the sea.

As the tide receded, the reality of the threat became undeniable. People immediately began moving inland, heading toward the mountains in an effort to escape.

However, they soon realized that they were not alone in their flight.

Mutated animals and zombies, also sensing the danger, were fleeing alongside them.

The sheer chaos of it all made the situation even more dangerous.

The truth of Keith's broadcast became clear—safety was no longer guaranteed. As more and more survivors ran for their lives, the roads became a battleground.

To reach safety, they would have to fight their way through the hordes, making the journey even more dangerous for everyone involved.

Driven by pure survival instinct, a surge of adrenaline coursed through their bodies.

Whether it was the body's limiter shutting down in the face of danger or sheer desperation taking over, the people who encountered zombie hordes or mutated animals became like wild beasts, fighting with everything they had to survive and escape.

Those quick-witted enough didn't hesitate to leave the safety of the skyscrapers.

They realized that, even if the towering buildings could withstand the tsunami's initial impact, they were not guaranteed survival.

The danger of being trapped in a flooded city without knowing when the water would recede made staying put a risky choice.

For those in more inland areas, even if they couldn't make it to the mountains, they gathered their supplies and moved to the highest buildings they could find, hoping to outlast the flash floods and mudslides.