

Apocalypse 666

Chapter 666 Remaining Supply In The Village

Sparrow absentmindedly scooped spoonful after spoonful of food into his mouth, barely chewing before swallowing like a machine. The man who had brought him the food shook his head slightly before turning to leave. He headed back inside the village house and sat at the table to eat his own portion.

With so many people to feed, the canned goods Sparrow had taken from the shopping mart had been completely used up. The remaining rice from the earthen jar was carefully packed and stored inside a backpack for later use.

After their meal, the Winters' men took up positions around the perimeter, assigning themselves to keep watch. They kept the perimeter small to eliminate blind spots and ensure nothing could slip past their defenses. Meanwhile, they allowed the civilians—especially the children and the elderly—to rest undisturbed.

Unfortunately, true rest was impossible, as the night was bitterly cold—colder than the night before. Desperate for warmth, the civilians searched the village, going from house to house in hopes of finding usable blankets. However, their search ended in disappointment; most of the blankets had turned moldy and smelled musty, making them unusable.

Fortunately, Sparrow had also gathered some clothes from the shopping mart. Though limited, the adults prioritized giving them to the children to keep them warm. To fend off the cold, they decided to huddle together like penguins, using their combined body heat to stay warm. The children were placed at the center of the group, surrounded by the elderly, then the women, with the men forming the outermost layer as a shield against the cold.

The children and elderly were the most vulnerable to both cold and excessive heat, so the group placed the children at the center of the huddle, ensuring they were warm but not suffocated. The elderly sat

around them, followed by the women, while the men formed the outermost layer, bracing against the cold.

With no choice but to sleep sitting up, they curled their legs in front of them, pressing their backs against one another for warmth.

The men on the outer edge shivered from the biting cold, but the others shared whatever blankets they could find that only has little mold in it. Though a little moldy and musty, the blankets were still usable as shield, providing at least some relief from the freezing night.

Sparrow took only a short rest before waking up and sending half of the Winters' men to get some sleep. With his superior vision, he was more effective than the others at keeping watch—one Sparrow was worth at least half a team when it came to standing guard. No one objected to his decision, and they continued rotating shifts until everyone had managed to rest.

They had hoped that a little sleep would help them recover and shake off the strange fatigue they were feeling. However, to their disappointment, both Sparrow and the Winters' men realized that even after resting, the abnormal status lingered, refusing to fade.

By the time morning arrived, Sparrow and his team had taken turns resting, ensuring they remained alert.

The civilians also managed to get some sleep—though the night had been cold, it was still far better than the restless nights they had endured before, when fear for their lives kept them constantly on edge.

With Sparrow and his team watching over them, they finally felt safe enough to let their guard down and allow sleep to claim them.

As they stepped out of the largest house where they had huddled for warmth, the civilians stretched their stiff bodies, feeling a bit more refreshed despite the lingering exhaustion.

The foggy morning was so cold that every breath and word they spoke came out in visible puffs of mist. To keep them warm, the adults kept the children and elderly inside the house while the others ventured out in small groups to search the surrounding yards.

They checked the vegetable gardens for any remaining crops and looked for anything they might have missed the night before due to the darkness.

Sparrow allowed the civilians to explore but made sure they didn't wander too far. Meanwhile, some of the Winters' men kept a watchful eye on them, ensuring their safety and preventing any accidents.

The civilians crouched in front of the vegetable gardens, their expressions downcast as they shook their heads.

"The vegetables are all withered and dead..." someone murmured, disappointment evident in their voice.

"It must be because of the extreme shifts between heat and cold these past days," the leader said, also crouching down. "The crops couldn't survive such harsh conditions and ended up withering away."

He had been hopeful about finding food in the village. After all, he knew that while life in most villages was backward and often tough, food was rarely scarce—villagers typically maintained vegetable gardens in their yards and raised poultry in small coops.

However, with the realization that animals had begun mutating, they had never placed much hope in finding surviving livestock. As expected, either the animals had perished, or those that had mutated had broken free and escaped into the wilderness.

The vegetables had all perished, unable to withstand the extreme temperature fluctuations and the lack of regular watering. Strong winds had even uprooted some plants, leaving the garden in complete mess.

With a collective sigh of defeat, the group trudged back toward the house where they had spent the night. Their shoulders slumped, and their faces were grim, alternating between pale and ashen, reflecting their disappointment and growing concern.

"We used up most of the canned goods last night. I thought we'd be able to find some vegetables in the garden, so I wasn't too worried about food for today," one of the women said, halting in her tracks.

Frustration welled up inside her as she slapped her thigh, her eyes turning red. "But I completely forgot about the weather these past few days..."

She had promised the children last night that they would have breakfast again and wouldn't go hungry anymore. She couldn't bear to see them looking so defeated—so mature for their age, burdened by hardship.

When she saw their smiles of hope and excitement, she had been determined to make that promise come true. Eagerly, she had gone out with the others, ready to harvest whatever vegetables remained. But reality had been cruel—there was nothing left to gather.

The leader stepped forward and spoke with a steady voice. "We still have some rice left from last night. We can make porridge with it. And if I remember correctly, we still have one can of spam—we can add it to the porridge to make it more filling. Let's make do with what we have for now, and we'll figure out the rest later. We can always gather more supplies when we pass through other areas."

He was trying to lift their spirits, reminding them that their situation wasn't hopeless. With no zombies on the road at the moment, even they could go out and scavenge if needed. His words weren't just empty reassurance—his suggestion was realistic, and hope wasn't entirely lost.

The amount of rice they had set aside last night wasn't small, so they could make a thick, hearty porridge instead of the thin, watery one they were used to. It would be enough to fill their stomachs for the morning, giving them the energy they needed for the day ahead.