

Apocalypse 587

Chapter 587 School For The Children

With her plate already full, Kisha decided to set these thoughts aside for now, focusing on more urgent matters.

Many of her ongoing missions were scheduled to conclude by the end of the day tomorrow, leaving her little time for anything else.

Determined to stay on top of things, Kisha began her rounds around the base, ensuring everything was running smoothly.

Meanwhile, Duke was far from idle. He took an active role in managing the base operations, easing Kisha's burden and allowing her to juggle her responsibilities more effectively.

Tristan had also returned to lend Duke his support, seamlessly falling back into their old dynamic from the days when Duke was standing at the very front and leading his business empire.

As the day came to a close, everyone was bustling with activity, finishing up their rounds before heading home to rest for the night, preparing for another busy day ahead.

Most of the work had already been taken care of, which gave Kisha a sense of relief as she made her way back to the villa.

Marcus and his grandchildren had already set the dinner table, and Duke was preparing to head home while the other Winters family members were also wrapping up their day.

Once they all gathered at the villa, they shared a meal together, consciously avoiding any discussions about base matters to keep the atmosphere light.

Instead, the conversation turned to funny and random stories from their workplaces, with Mrs. Winters doing most of the talking.

She often managed the kids, women, and elderly at the base, so her stories were filled with amusing tales from her interactions with the children.

Her anecdotes had everyone laughing, as the kids' innocent and adorable antics never failed to bring smiles to their faces.

"Do you think we should build a nursery, kindergarten, and a school for the kids?" Mrs. Winters suddenly asked, her voice thoughtful. She paused for a moment before continuing, her words carrying a weight of concern.

"We may be in the middle of a zombie apocalypse, and everything around us feels uncertain and dangerous, but we have so many children here at the base. Their education is just as important."

"They are the future—not only of this base but of humanity. Teaching them to be literate and knowledgeable will empower them to find their own strength. This will help us shape a better future for them."

"After all, we can't shoulder all the responsibilities forever, nor can we protect them in this shelter for the rest of their lives. They need to grow, to learn, and eventually stand on their own. And we can't let the wisdom of our generation die with us. Don't you agree?"

Everyone at the table fell silent, the gravity of Mrs. Winters' words settling over them. This was exactly why they usually avoided discussing base matters during meals—such conversations had a way of turning serious.

However, Kisha didn't mind. What Mrs. Winters said was undeniably true. They couldn't always focus solely on survival—on gathering supplies and fighting.

The children needed to learn, too. They couldn't just train all of them to be warriors; what about the other professions—engineers, chemists, doctors, and more?

It was easy to forget about their education in the midst of the constant struggle for survival, but Kisha realized that their future wasn't just about fighting.

Education was just as crucial. The children were the future of the base, and they needed to be equipped with knowledge that would help them thrive, no matter what the world had become.

"Mom, you're absolutely right. We've almost overlooked something so crucial," Kisha said with a thoughtful nod.

"As much as we focus on survival, the children need knowledge to expand their horizons and prepare for the future. By giving them a solid foundation, they'll be able to make meaningful contributions to the base and help the survivors in ways beyond just defense."

She paused, her mind racing with possibilities. "With the number of people we have here, it's hard to believe we don't have any teachers. And even if we don't, we have elders with diverse skills and knowledge who could take on apprentices. We can establish a school and teach the children general knowledge first—help them grow and find their place in the world before they specialize in anything specific profession."

Mrs. Winters nodded with enthusiasm. "I can take on the role of the kindergarten teacher, and I have several capable women in my department who could help teach the younger ones the basics. But beyond that, I want to reshape our education system to better fit our current reality."

"We should be teaching the children practical skills alongside traditional academics—things like survival tactics, welding, cooking, farming, and other hands-on skills they'll need to thrive."

"By the time they reach first grade, we can start helping them explore their interests and talents, guiding them toward future careers that will contribute to the community. This way, they won't just learn what we know—they'll be prepared to build the future themselves."

Mr. Winters gazed at his wife with a soft, admiring smile, his eyes filled with warmth and respect. It was as though he were seeing her through the lens of their younger years, when her ideas and determination had first captured his heart.

He watched her now, as she continued to shine, bringing innovative solutions to better the base and its people.

Kisha, too, observed Mrs. Winters with renewed admiration. She had always known her mother-in-law to be a kind-hearted woman, but now she saw even more clearly the depth of her wisdom.

Mrs. Winters had always been active in charitable causes, particularly in providing education to remote, underserved areas, and her knowledge of the education system was extensive.

This reassured Kisha greatly—Mrs. Winters wasn't just proposing ideas; she had the expertise to make them happen.

Kisha felt a sense of peace knowing that her mother-in-law wasn't one to present a problem without having a solution in mind.

Mrs. Winters was the type to make things work, never relying on others to carry her burden, even though Mr. Winters, ever protective, would no doubt assist her in any way he could.

Mrs. Winters, however, was aware that her husband was just as busy—if not more so—and, though she knew he would help, she didn't want to place additional pressure on him.

Kisha appreciated Mrs. Winters' self-sufficiency and was confident that whatever she suggested would come to fruition, without being a burden on anyone.

"Alright, Mom, we'll leave this in your hands," Kisha said with a smile, her voice full of trust. "Just let us know if you need anything from us. If we come across any useful learning materials outside, we'll bring them back."

Duke, sitting beside Kisha, didn't speak but nodded in agreement, his eyes gleaming with quiet contentment.

Their family was united, supporting one another, and Duke found happiness simply in witnessing this harmony.

The conversation naturally turned toward the school for the children as they listened to Mrs. Winters' ideas, each family member offering suggestions to improve the plan.

It was a lively discussion, with everyone eager to contribute to something so important.

Fortunately, their base was located near the government office, and the nearby Department of Education held valuable learning materials that could be useful for their efforts.

Still, Kisha couldn't shake the thought of raiding a public library. The books there were treasures of centuries-old knowledge—knowledge that could help shape a better future for the children.

With the idea in mind, Kisha added it to her to-do list. She had always been fond of hoarding—whether it was food, weapons, or useful items, anything she could collect brought her satisfaction.

Shopping sprees were no longer an option to relieve stress, so she found comfort in hoarding instead. The thought of gathering supplies for the future made her smile contentedly.

Duke, watching her with a resigned smile, shook his head. He knew exactly what Kisha was planning, but deep down, he didn't mind.

If it made her happy, he was more than willing to help out. After all, a happy wife meant a peaceful home, and he would do whatever it took to support her.

After the meal, the family lingered in the living room, each engaged in their own activities—reading reports, having light conversations, and simply enjoying each other's company.

It was a quiet, comforting moment, one where they didn't need to speak much to feel reassured.

The presence of family was enough—a reminder that, no matter how challenging their work around the base or the responsibility of ensuring its safety, it was not a burden.

Rather, it was a shared commitment to protecting each other's well-being and happiness, something they would all do together, no matter the cost.

After some time, they each retired to their rooms to rest. Duke, settling into bed next to Kisha, couldn't resist pulling her closer, his mind drifting to thoughts of their future.

"Wifey, I'm really glad to see our base taking shape. It's so reassuring to see the people feeling peaceful, knowing that we're building something solid here," he said softly.

He inhaled deeply, the scent of her hair calming his mind and body. In this quiet moment, he felt a profound sense of contentment.

He imagined a future where they would raise their own family, where their children would run freely around the base, learning, exploring, and carving their own paths as they grew.

It was a future filled with hope and possibility, one he cherished deeply.

Though he had lost his fortune in the chaos of the apocalypse, Duke found himself with something far more precious—a woman he deeply loved, and perhaps, in time, a family of his own.

The thought of it brought a soft smile to his lips as he closed his eyes, a sense of peace settling over him.

"Mm." Kisha murmured, her voice soft as she, too, drifted into sleep beside him.