

"Rajare, did you hear that?"

Rajare's dormitory door opens, and his best friend Jang enters.

"Jang, what news are you talking about?"

"They say our degree ceremony has been canceled.

"Is that true?" I didn't expect that."

Rajare Leubebrin was a graduate student of the Royal College of Medicine in Gaules. His homeland, Gaules, was a country that inherited the spirit of its ancestors during the Galian period. The brave chivalry spirit was widely known to other countries. Thanks to the vast plains gained from the Knights' War of Conquest, Gaules was one of the two strongest countries on the Eurur continent. Compared to other countries, the standard of living and technology was far more advanced. Medical knowledge is also the most cutting edge, and VIPs from various parts of Gaules and guests from foreign countries attended the graduation ceremony of the Royal College of Medicine. The reason was natural. It was to scout talented doctors. The graduation ceremony of the Royal College of Medicine was the most spectacular, including the conference of degrees from universities in Gaules. Rajare's regret was great because he thought it would proceed lightly this year due to circumstances. In particular, he was even more regrettable because he was scheduled to deliver a congratulatory speech as a representative of the graduate school. Rajare is a master compared to others, so he entered the Royal University at the age of 19, went to school every six months, and never missed a scholarship. So he was three years younger than other graduates who were 25 years old, 22 years old. His friend, Zhang, was 25 years old, and Rajare became close when he helped each other in his graduation year.

"Is it because of the epidemic?"

"Of course".

"That's very unfortunate." Jang, why don't we go to Bistro and have a cup of white wine while eating Filémignon? I'll pay for the food."

"Hey, it's time for everyone to be in pain. Is it okay for us to eat and talk?"

"Well, how is it? Isn't it Sunday?" Didn't the Bible also tell you to take a rest and enjoy your Sunday? Take a rest today and do your best from tomorrow."

"Do you have no sense at all?" Don't you feel any crying from the disease not only in Gaules, our country but also across the Eurur continent? Wake up, my friend. It's not time to eat and play. We have to start an apprenticeship for a month from tomorrow, so just sleep a lot and I'll go."

The friend leader closes the door and goes outside.

"By the way, you have to know that he's stuck in a tight spot. Well, since everyone hasn't contacted me, I'll have to enjoy tonight alone."

Rajare begins to dress while looking in the mirror. Rajare, 170cm (5 feet 5 inches) tall and weighing 63kg (138 pounds), had a very slender figure. He was the doctor with the strongest sense of fashion among doctors who knew how to dress nicely in any ragged clothes. His face is also handsome. He tended to grow his hair moderately. His head covered his ears and half his neck. He would sometimes forget other things when he was preoccupied with what he was going to do. So, as his hair grew long until it poked his eyes, he had a very short haircut. His eyebrows were as thick as they were made of coal. His straight eyebrows seemed to clearly show his upright and stubborn personality. His eyes were very big compared to others. His brown eyes shone with passion for medicine during his medical school days. His nose was high enough for Cleopatra to cry, and his neck was relatively thick, but it was all muscle, so I could see the veins in his neck. He was so popular that he dated numerous women while attending medical school.

"Let's get started".

Rajare heads to Bistro in his signature trench coat. Gauguin, the owner of Bistro, welcomes Rajare.

"Hello?"

"Welcome." It's been a long time since I saw you. Have you been doing okay?"

"Yes, I've been busy graduating from school lately."

"Congratulations on your graduation. What would you like to have today?"

"One Filémignon and one white wine."

"Oh, you spend a lot of money today".

"Yes, today I'm going to give some gifts to myself who've studied hard. "I like Filémignon so much, but I couldn't eat a lot because it was expensive."

"I see. Do you eat pickled radish with it?"

"No, I don't like turnips."

"Did you come here to study?"

"Yes, I'm from Blancbourg. I earn money by tutoring, but my parents used to send me pocket money every three months. "I worked hard and gave it to me, but I couldn't spend it carelessly, so I lived a frugal life."

"You're a good son."

"I want to hurry up and finish the apprenticeship and go down to Blancbourg to heal my hometown people."

"Okay. You studied hard, so you'll do well."

Food comes out while laughing and talking. First, drink a cup of white wine. Shake the wine glass once to check the freshness of the wine. It's white wine, so you can't see it well, but you can see some white stripes.

"The white wine is in good condition today."

He drinks white wine, the sweet scent of grapes, the pungent carbonation, and the bitter taste of soju that follows form a harmony. Originally, he was only going to drink a cup of white wine. However, as soon as he drank wine, the idea disappeared. It is a magical taste that you drink two cups in a row. He also tries Filémignon, which is served as a side dish. The end of the beef tenderloin is Filémignon. It is the softest and least tough part of beef and is a lot of steaks. The restaurant's secret steak sauce is demi-glaze with meat, and mesh potato and asparagus are served on the side. Rajare takes a bite of the meat and tries it. Meat that bursts into the mouth and chews softly melts in the mouth in an instant. He has tried Filémignon elsewhere, but there is no place to follow Filémignon in this house.

"Wow, it's so delicious!"

"Thank you for enjoying the food." "This Filémignon was the last food of our Bistro."

"Is the restaurant closed?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"Why? Is something wrong?"

"Because of the epidemic, customers don't visit Bistro very often. So, I would like to close the bistro business and focus on the grocery store business that we run together. These days, as customers cook their food at home, the food in the grocery store is sold out in just two hours in the morning.

"That's too bad."

"We plan to open it again when things get better."

"Please open it again". "Thank you for the food."

The time is 9:30 p.m. Because of the epidemic, restaurants and bars should all be closed at this time. He misses the appearance of a noisy city even at midnight. The wind blowing on his collar was too chilly today. When I arrived home, it was 10 p.m. today. Rajare has to start anew as a doctor from tomorrow. He feels that he needs certain healing for himself today.

"I should do that today."

He takes out a single wooden bathtub in his dormitory, takes out the hot water, and puts his favorite chamomile and various herbs in it. Taking a full-body bath in warm water with herbs is a way for him to spend time alone. Once upon a time, Rajare went to the bathhouse and took a full-body bath, but after learning that it was cheaper to take a full-body bath at home than to go to the bathhouse. Take off your clothes and soak yourself in a hot bath.

"Oh, it's so cool".

Rajare's body becomes drowsy with the fragrant smell and warm warmth coming up from the bath. When he closes his eyes, he feels like he's floating in the sky. If it is too hot, your body may get burned, so take a bath while adjusting the temperature. He looks back on his hard-working life. And he is looking forward to seeing him wearing a doctor's gown from tomorrow.

"Rajare, a new disease of unknown cause is spreading throughout the Eurus continent!"

"I see. But our seniors are all over the Eurus continent, so it'll be fixed soon."

It was three months ago that he said this. At first, people thought of this disease as a simple cold.

"Did you hear that?" I heard an epidemic is going around these days.

"It's okay. Didn't the flu go around sometimes?" It'll be gone soon."

"But I'm still a little nervous..."

People thought of this epidemic as a disease that would heal quickly if they lay down and rested well. People lacked the concept of viruses. Whether there was an epidemic or not, they danced in the ballroom and maintained their form of life. However, the epidemic has been prolonged more than expected. As cases of people losing their lives due to illness began to become known, laughter disappeared from people's faces. There was also a disaster in which 700 people who attended the ballroom were confirmed to be infected at the same time. The Gaules monarchy banned all banquets and Sunday worship. The movement of people was also prohibited as much as possible. Rajare thought of this inconvenience as a temporary inconvenience caused by the lack of treatment. He hoped that if he worked with his seniors, he could solve this disease.

"God's Father, please help me fulfill my mission as a doctor".

Finishing the bath with prayer, Rajare lay in the dormitory bed and waited the next day.

"Hello, I'm Rajare, a new apprentice."

"Okay, nice to see you." I'm senior Jack. "Let's survive well."

Rajare's hope of serving as a doctor apprentice for a month in District 15, the capital of Gaules, turned into despair in one day. The situation was much worse than he thought. Everyone knew nothing about why this epidemic occurred, what symptoms it showed, and how to treat it.

"There's no cure, Jack."

"Yeah, Rajare. One thing is for sure, the epidemic spread less far away from the East. Why did our country trade with the less distant monkey cubs in the East to create this situation?"

Rajare had to work every day without having to feel happy about becoming a doctor. The beds at the Royal College of Medicine's affiliated hospitals were filled with severely ill infectious disease patients. The professors were overwhelmed just by taking care of the patients. Thus, the king of Gaules dispatched students who graduated from Royal Medical School to each district of the capital for round-trip treatment. In particular, District 15 was serious. This is because people who came up from rural areas to work in the capital built shacks and managed to save their lives. In particular, most of the people in the capital district 15 were unemployed as jobs were reduced due to the epidemic.

"Catch the thief".

There were two to three robbery cases every day. And one murder occurred every day. However, people who are busy making ends meet did not listen to other people's pain. They were busy trying to figure out what to take from others to make ends meet. In Rajare's view, people in the capital district 15 were not living a minimal human life. Their lives were no different from beasts. It was a bloody battle to fill one's hungry stomach and extend one's life for a day. The agony of why the alternative monarchy did not take care of these people hurt his head every night.

"Shouldn't we help them out?"

"When we get caught up in such an incident, we're the only ones tired. And we have a lot to do, so let's hurry up and go."

The guilt of not being able to help the poor surrounded Rajare. He did not become a doctor to do this. His mission to get the sick out of the disease was gradually collapsing in front of the wall of reality. And, his senior always asked for money from people who were treated.

"First of all, you have to pay the medical fee first. It's prepaid. 2,500 francs."