

"What should we do? We don't have money." "Can I give it to you later?"

"Without money, there is no medical treatment. Goodbye."

"Teacher, teacher..." Please, I beg you. "Please save my family."

"Get out of my way!"

The pain of people ringing behind the nervous door slamming was also difficult for Rajare. Those with money are being treated comfortably at the Royal Medical Center, should they die without being saved for lack of money?

"Senior, why can't I payback for the medical expenses?"

"Do you get money when you dig the ground?" And, those beggars only give excuses that don't work once they see each other, and eventually don't pay for medical treatment. It's because they're poor people with a beggar's grit. Rajare, you have to understand."

The envy for the senior turned into contempt in a moment. Rajare treated patients free of charge when he was not with his senior.

"Oh, the king treats you for free!"

Rajare even told a white lie like this. Even if patients were to receive medical treatment, there were nothing doctors could do. Doctors just fed powder containing painkillers. And I prayed that the patient's condition would improve. Rajare felt at a loss because he wondered what was different from the folk remedies they did. It was different from what he expected to save many people with his touch when he became a doctor.

The epidemic was named the Black Death after Rajare became a doctor. Symptoms are as follows. First, there is the Black Death of Garrett. After the incubation period of 2-6 days, symptoms such as chills, fever above 38 degrees, muscle pain, joint pain, and headache appear. Until then, it is similar to a cold, but pain occurs in the lymph nodes of the body after 24 hours. The lymphatic gland becomes three times larger than the average person, and it is difficult to touch or walk. The surrounding skin swells red. The plague is cured quickly with treatment, but in the case of District 15, many salmis died in two days due to poor medical expenses or poor recognition of symptoms. Alternatively, the disease showed symptoms of sepsis, and the blood of the blood coagulated, causing necrosis of the body and turned black. Finally, he also showed symptoms of pneumonia. The incubation period is usually 3 to 5 days and is accompanied by symptoms of sudden chills, fever, headache, and general helplessness. Respiratory symptoms such as fast breathing, difficulty breathing, cough, phlegm, and chest pain may occur, and symptoms such as keratosis, respiratory failure, cardiovascular failure, and despondency may occur from the second day of the disease. It

was difficult to recover without proper treatment within 24 hours. In any case, this disease was difficult to detect and could die in six hours.

"God, let me be a man of use in curing this disease."

Rajare prayed every day. But like Nietzsche's maxim, God died, his prayers were useless, and the epidemic only worsened. Today, Rajare went to work in Paris District 15.

"Do you remember me?"

A 15-year-old girl grabs Rajare's pants. Rajare discovered an epidemic in her mother yesterday and made every effort, including administering painkillers.

"Oh, yeah. I think I saw you yesterday." What's the matter?"

"My mother died last night."

"I see. I'm so sorry."

"Are you sure you're doctors?"

The girl's words stab Rajare in the chest like rain.

"I heard you did everything you could". But my mom died. Why is my mom dead? My mother died while working like a dog in this city. You took almost half of your mom's money for medical treatment. Why didn't you save your mom? Save my mom!"

The girl sheds tears and begins to pour out her sad feelings like a waterfall. Rajare finds it difficult to gauge how great her sadness is. He can't say anything, as if he had been hit on the head with a hammer.

"You crazy punk!"

A man comes out and smacks the girl on the cheek with his thick palm.

"They did their best. We didn't have enough prayers. Why did you take it out on someone so serious? Hurry up and apologize!"

"I don't know, I miss my mom."

Even the immature childbirth of a girl came to Rajare as a huge burden.

"I'm sorry. My child is too immature..." I'll apologize instead. Please forgive me."

"There wasn't much we could do either. May your wife rest in peace. In the name of the Father, the Holy See, and the Holy Spirit, Amen."

Rajare moves heavy steps. Looking around the street, you can hear wailing every 10 minutes. Because of illness, someone went up to heaven after a trip called life. He thinks about how precious this person is to others. Those who survived will live with the guilt of not protecting the person buried in one side of their chest. There will be days when you miss the person, both happy and sad days. Some will shed tears, some will try to turn a blind eye, others will collapse without enduring their sadness, and others will try to let their emotions flow. The shadow of sadness and pain swells over time. He tries to prevent it, but there is nothing he can do. Rajare feels helpless himself.

"Oh, the sulfur smell!"

Next to Paris District 15, there is a crematorium for burning bodies. Originally, it was a cemetery, but many people died from the epidemic, making it impossible to operate normally. So now hundreds of thousands of people are thrown into the pit and burned down. The smell of burning corpses made the air in the 15th district of the capital even more turbid. People who are vulnerable to cloudy air cough. But the problem is that coughing is an outpost symptom. In this village, you can hear this sound whenever you hear a cough.

"There's an infectious disease patient here!"

Then people flock and stonk the patient who coughed.

"Why are you here when you're an infectious disease?"

"Devil's child, Satan's child."

Even if Rajare explains that people with weak bronchial tubes can cough because of the cloudy air, people do not listen. People just needed someone to relieve their stress. Rajare is astonished by those who have lost humanity. He thought he would be happy to become a doctor, but he spends the day walking on thin ice every day. Honestly, he seems to be of no use to religion. However, the opposite idea comes to mind that God would not have abandoned them. Rajare's prayer also changed like this.

"Please let me save at least one more person."

For Rajare, the current situation looks like a living hell. It was Rajare, who felt like walking in the eternal darkness where there was no way out.

In this way, two weeks have already passed. It was repeated to receive medical expenses, treat like voodoo, and feel people's pain. At first, his heart, which was madly sick, became calm even in the terrible sight over time. Rajare writes down the current situation and mails it to his biological parents. Rajare is slowly curious about Jang's news. On the eve of graduation, Jang, who fought with him, has yet to contact each other. Jang was apprenticed in the capital district 10 and Rajare in district

15, so we couldn't meet. In addition, a tight work schedule from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. also hindered their meeting.

"Since tomorrow is my day off, should I go meet Jang?" Certainly, the atmosphere right now is not an atmosphere to enjoy. I should think about what I didn't think about."

Rajare entered his dormitory with this thought. There was a telegram in the mailbox.

"Who in the world sent it?"

Telegrams were possible within Gaules' capital to spread the situation quickly, and other provinces had no choice but to rely on postmen. Rajare's hands trembled when he saw the telegram.

"I can't believe it"

Rajare ran madly to the house of the intestine. Even though it was about 3km away, it ran in five minutes. He rings the doorbell.

"Rajare?"

Mrs. Alice, Jang's mother, welcomes him.

Since the two are best friends, Rajare often went to his house.

"Hello, where's Jang?"

"He's quarantined on the second floor!"

Rajare quickly goes up to the second floor and opens the door to the room where Jang is located. Let's take a look at Jang's pulse. His heart rate is slowing down slowly. Suddenly, Jang has a crazy convulsion. Rajare first administers him with the sedatives he had. His eyes are out of focus, and his body is drooping like a soaked seaweed.

"What kind of disease is Rajare?"

"Fortunately, I don't think he's an epidemic. By the way, he seems to have overworked too much."

"How can my child get better?"

"He has already overworked his body's limits and his heart rate has already slowed down, so I think I have no choice but to pray to God."

"I'm already praying."

Jang's younger brother and Mrs. Alice's daughters sit reverently on their knees facing the cross and pray.

"What happened to Jang?"

Mrs. Alice sheds tears and explains what happened to Jang.

"My three daughters were sick the day Jang came home. Jang came in at 8 p.m. and cared for his daughters until midnight, woke up at 4 a.m., and treated them for another 4 hours. He was busy taking care of patients in District 10 from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m."

"Jang is very weak."

"He always told me not to worry because he's okay." "Oh, my son."

Suddenly, the calm Jang opens his eyes.

"Mom, I'm fine." I'll get better soon, so don't worry. You know that I love you always, right?

"Son, mom is fine, so get well soon." You don't have to be a doctor. Mom just wants you to be healthy."

"Mom, I have something to talk to Rajare. Can you leave for a moment?"

Mrs. Alice nodded, and Jang remained in the room alone with Rajare.

"Rajare, I'm sorry I said too much last time. There was also the following saying in the religion of Buddhism in the east. Live while fully enjoying this moment right now. I could have just gone with you and enjoyed it for a while. What kind of sense of mission was I burning with?"

Jang was originally interested in Buddhism. Even though he is dying, he is talking about Buddhist doctrines.

"It's okay Jang, that's possible." You can wake up again now."

Jang shakes his head quietly.

"I don't have strength in my body anymore." "Do you want to open the safe next to you?"

Rajare opens the safe. There is one mask in it.

"Will you wear a mask?"

Rajare tries on a mask. The mask has two round eyes, and the nose and mouth are completely blocked. The hole is open so that you can breathe indirectly through the lower part of the jaw.

"I think infectious diseases are transmitted through the respiratory tract."

"You're not an infectious disease."

"Anyway, this is my last gift to you. It's a gift for my family next to me, so when I die, please comfort