

People were silent when they saw Rajare shaking.

"What's important, Rajare?"

"What?"

"What's important about what's happening?" You're the same person as us anyway. Look at us. No one's the same. However, we are living a happy life by loving and sharing. Didn't you choose this path to philanthropy through the technology of medicine?"

"That's right."

"Why do we have to hide that we look different?" Just show us what you saw with confidence. Because we can accept the difference."

Rajare has never heard such a warm word. He thought he was different, so he had to hide unconditionally. However, they were wrong. These poor people also live while trying to coexist. Tears begin to flow as Rajare's frozen heart melts. Rajare crying over a huge body is cute. A woman pulls out a handkerchief to him.

"When you want to cry, cry as much as you want. So that I can endure it later."

Rajare pours out his sad heart through tears. Rajare feels a lot of gratitude to the villagers for taking care of him. He wants to do what he can somehow do for him.

"I want to protect them from diseases and zombies".

Rajare strengthens his determination.

Rajare asks the villagers to gather by the next morning. Rajare also introduces a mouse called Balpiro to the villagers.

"Oh, this mouse is so handsome".

"So cute!"

The villagers also welcome Balpiro cutely. They pat the Balpiro and give out cheese that rats like. Balpiro, who always grumbles whenever he comes to the village, is quiet. Balpiro, who hates humans, purely gives up his body here.

"These people are so nice." I feel like I'm getting nice, too."

While Balpiro rests among people, Rajare begins explaining. It explains what caused the Black Death and what zombie disease looked like. People were able to see the disease in a state of reason, breaking away from a state of ignorance that they had always suffered but knew nothing. At the

end of Rajare's lecture, people applaud.

"It was a lecture that opened my heart. Thank you!"

"Thank you for listening to me like this."

"We're rather thankful."

It was a village full of love with a word. This village, Solitude, was a village with the meaning of consideration. Of course, it was considered a virtue for people to try to be considerate and respectful of each other. At first, it was no different from other villages, but it is said that many things have changed as John's grandfather became the head of the village. John's grandfather said it was very unfortunate that people were not considerate.

"If we think of each other from the other's point of view, we won't fight."

John's grandfather is said to have practiced the spirit of consideration from himself. Others felt awkward at first, but as they practiced it, they learned how good the spirit of consideration and respect was. Since then, this village has become full of affection.

Rajare decides to make this village safe in a variety of ways. He thinks the reason why he traveled around Blancbourg is to help these villages.

"Zombies invade the village more than other places, right?"

"I think so."

"A lot of people must have left."

"Since zombies invaded, rumors have circulated that the village is dangerous. People from other villages came and took all the elderly. So the population has halved."

"There's a good way. I'm making a line of defense. You can cut down the surrounding trees and make a 2-meter-long fence."

"If it doesn't work, it's better to do barbed wire."

"There is a blacksmith in our village who knows how to make barbed wire."

"That's very good. What happened to the farming in the village?"

"The harvest is almost over!"

"It's very nice." Then let's do this. How many young people do we have now?

"Total of 10 people."

"Then let's do this, two people finish harvesting, and about four people help the blacksmith and weave barbed wire. Four people will bring logs to connect the barbed wire with me. Zombies will also suffer from barbed wire. If many zombies push the barbed wire at the same time, the barbed wire can fall. So you can connect the log and the barbed wire."

"How many days will it take?" "Wouldn't it take a month?"

Rajare shakes his head firmly.

"I don't think so."

"Then, how many months do you think it'll take?"

"A week is enough."

"A week"?

"It's possible because you accepted my different side."

People couldn't understand what the words meant at the time.

"Okay, shall we start today?"

People didn't understand what Rajare was saying at first. However, they soon learned what Rajare meant.

"Where is the forest?"

"It's about an hour's walk from the village to the west".

"Okay, I'll be back".

Rajare quickly turns into a mouse beast again. He sprints fast toward the forest. It looks like running in the eyes of others, but it felt like jogging to Rajare.

"Rajare, you're so fast today".

"Is that so? I feel lighter today".

After running for about 10 minutes, he sees huge trees in his eyes.

"Let's do our best".

Rajare relaxes his wrist lightly. Then, hit the base of the tree with a hand blade. Huge trees begin to shake.

"Oh, was it a little weak?" "I should try one more time."

Rajare kicks the tree once. The tree cannot withstand his power and is bent helplessly. In five minutes, Rajare succeeds in breaking six trees.

"Should I put it on my shoulder now?"

Rajare divides three trees each and runs toward the village with them on his shoulders. The size of a tree is difficult for six people to lift.

"You're here already?"

The four young men walking slowly toward the forest are surprised to see Rajare carrying six trees.

"I did it slowly".

Young people are astonished by Rajare's words that this speed is slow.

"Rajare had the power of Hercules!" "How do you lift such a thick tree?"

"I think so, too. You're incredible."

Rajare quickly brings trees to the village and puts them down. Six trees are so huge that they can build fences to block half of the village.

"I'll hurry up and go."

People are speechless by Rajare's tremendous power.

"You've been waiting for a long time, haven't you?"

Rajare greets people 750m away from the village.

"When did you get here?"

"I just came. Please sit on my shoulder because it's hard. I'll walk slowly. Hold tight."

People travel to the forest on Rajare's back. The world overlooking Rajare's shoulders looks too small. They were people who felt a little dizzy and interested.

"Wow, I'm so dizzy!" But it's fun!"

People go to the forest and start working.

"Can you cut at least one tree and bring it?"

"Of course! Don't worry."

Rajare uses his body to break five giant trees in an instant.

"How does he destroy trees that have lived for decades to hundreds of years?"

"It's interesting to me, too. Is he a god?"

"I'm going to go first."

Rajare quickly returns to the village with five trees. While other young men come by cutting down trees, he decides to cut down the trees small to build fences.

"Do you have a saw?"

"This saw is the largest, but it's too heavy for two people to carry."

However, this huge saw could be perfectly caught with one hand of Rajare.

"Should I cut it?"

It was Rajare, who finished building a fence in half a day. The remaining firewood surrounded the village and made a fire. Of course, he didn't forget to make a passage for people to pass by.

"If you make a fire like this, zombies won't come. Of course, when it rains, firewood will get wet and turn off. However, when the sunlight shines again, the trees dry up, so you can start a fire again. And zombies don't go around and hide when it's raining or wet, so you don't have to worry."

Rajare confirms that the wooden warehouse is empty.

"The wooden warehouse is empty." I'll have to go fill it up."

After half a day, it was Rajare, which cut down trees that people would use for a year and filled them in wooden warehouses.

"I owe you so much, Rajare".

"Of course, it's something I have to do."

At night, everyone could sleep comfortably because of the firewood Rajare put around the village. Zombies, who were snooping around the village, used to burn themselves in the burning fire. Rajare, who woke up the next day, quickly set up a wooden fence and helped weave barbed wire.

"Ouch!"

People were often stabbed in pointed places while weaving barbed wire. Whenever that happened, Rajare touched people's hands to help the wound recover quickly.

"Rajare's skills are always amazing".

For about three days, a barbed wire was formed to squeeze the village firmly. Rajare, who took a rest in the evening, voluntarily went on patrol at a vulnerable time from 1:00 to 3:00. If there was a zombie, he burned it. During Rajare's presence, no disease could invade this village of consideration.