

thinks that just as weeds somehow come back to life even if they are stepped on, they survived because their attitude and vitality to face hardships were persistent.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, thank you for saving me."

"How did you end up being trapped here?"

"I was originally a horseman." While trying to escape in my carriage, zombies were chased and trapped with my horse in the stable."

"Are you talking about the horse next to you?"

The mane stretches straight and a handsome horse is looking at him.

"Good boy. You must have had a hard time."

He pats the horse. The horse also began to cry, shaking like a tree, perhaps because it was too scared of zombies.

"What happened to the city?"

"It's ruined."

"Ah..."

"The kingdom of Gaules has disappeared."

"Now, let's get out of this city."

"I hid the carriage behind you."

Rajare takes a wagon with the horseman and heads to the place where the survivor's family and Balpiro are.

"Well, we're going to escape the city now. It's Solitude Village, and we're heading to the city with the highest probability of survivors. Now, put food and water in the wagon as much as possible, and go home and bring a pile of clothes and blankets."

The horseman and four family members go to their homes under the escort of Rajare. While Rajare fights zombies in the house and burns zombies, survivors board with the minimum amount of luggage they need. They understood that Rajare was a transformer and became accustomed to the appearance of his beast-like the people of the considerate village. In a way, they knew how to embrace and philanthropy people who had different appearances from them. He had the same heart as the Solitude people. Balpiro thought that God who saw such a heart gave them survival

as a gift in the hell of zombies.

"There's a small door in the north. I think we need to escape that way."

According to the horseman's instructions, the wagon moves north. Rajare's fist broke the side door. The carriage ran for about two days and moved to the village of Solitude. Balpiro sat next to the coachman in the carriage and guided him along the way. Rajare's ability was close, but he deliberately went slowly for horse fatigue and safety. Rajare took a rest in the wagon during the day and translated Balpiro's directions. At night, people were protected from zombies outside the wagon.

"Hey!"

Zombies fell helplessly into Rajare's fist. When zombies were piled up and set on fire, there was no campfire. Already, the wagon carrying the survivors began to reach the village of Solitude.

"Please, the village needs to be safe."

His prayers were right. Rumors spread that this village was the safest for zombies, and people began to flock. The village chief became the local lord as it was. They united around him and built a castle. It is smaller than the capital, but it has succeeded in building a huge castle. It was the only place where survivors of the zombie crisis in the country called Gaules gathered.

"Youngjoo, there's a carriage here all of course."

"Let's go out in person."

"No, it's dangerous."

"Then, only three guards follow me."

The chief, who is now a lord, went out to the gate and was greeted by a person in a carriage.

"Who are you?"

"We're survivors from the capital of Gaules. The kingdom of Gaules collapsed and came to exile in this city."

"Welcome. We welcome the survivors. Nobody knows this village. Who took you there?"

"A doctor during the day, a person who could turn into a rat at night, and a rat who accompanied him took me."

"They are Balpiro and Rajare who saved our city. "Where are those people?"

He said, "I was here until now...?"

The chief found them and quickly chased them, but they disappeared.

"I wanted to say thank you..."

Balpiro and Rajare entered the hometown of Blancbourg, where their journey began. Rajare's hometown has already been devastated and has become an isolated place where neither zombies nor people visit. Rajare cleaned the house and lay on the floor and did nothing for a month. The guilt of doing nothing to prevent the collapse of this country stabbed him in the heart.

"Rajare, wake up."

Now, no matter how much his only friend Balpiro whined, he didn't get up. He wanted to die. If it was unstoppable anyway, he deeply regretted why he chose the transformational path. He was now a demon, so he was destined not to die easily. The loneliness of having to continue to leave people was overwhelming.

"Being a transformer requires more than you think."

It was Rajare, who seemed to vaguely know what the witch's words meant now.

"Rajare, you did your best as you could. To be honest, I don't really like hanging out with other people. I hate helping others, too. However, your willingness to save people in pain touched me. While traveling with you, I realized how precious it is to help others. You are the only thing that has changed me, Rajare. As you helped me change and saved me from crisis many times, now I want to help you. How can I help you, Rajare? Please wake up."

It was Balpiro, sighing and looking only at Rajare. He brought food for Rajare and took care of him hard. However, Rajare simply did not think of getting up from his abyss. One day, Rajare thought that nothing would have changed if he was in despair like this. Anyway, shouldn't the living person live? And, Rajare looked at him and thought that even Balpiro, who was in agony, could not wander anymore.

"Balpiro."

Balpiro was crying and tired of worrying about Rajare and fell asleep.

"Balpiro, I'm up".

Balpiro jumped up to Rajare's voice after almost a month.

"Rajare, is it you?"

"Yes, while lying down, I realized that if I dwell on the past, I won't come back." Balpiro, let's live in reality entirely. I've only been running forward, so I'm going to take a break."

From that day on, Balpiro and Rajare's peaceful life in Blancbourg began. In the morning, they picked fruits in the field and lay down and rested. In summer, Rajare played in the water with Balpiro in the valley.

"Spit some water. Rajare, I'm going to float away!"

If a cow was passing by in the field, they caught it and slaughtered it, and had a meat party for about 10 days.

"Filémignon is the best meat".

"I like sirloin, too."

On a clear autumn night, they also saw various constellations in the field.

"What do you call that star, Balpiro?"

"That star is called the North Star, and I used it to find my way."

They collected herbs themselves, drank tea, and soaked themselves in a bathtub, and played.

"Warm herbs are the best, right, Balpiro?"

They also played hide-and-seek with each other in abandoned houses. Rajare was mainly the tagger.

"Balpiro, hide for ten years."

Balpiro runs madly toward the rat hole.

"Balpiro, I'm looking for you."

Rajare searches through holes in the rat at home and catches Balpiro in 10 minutes.

"Oh, it's too easy. Balpiro?"

"There was only a rat hole to hide here, Rajare, I will never lose next time."

One day while playing like this, a person suddenly entered Blancbourg.

He was a mailman in Solicitte Village.

"Jang, how have you been?"

"Rajare and Balpiro, how have you been?" I'm now acting as an exploration crew to see if there are any survivors in other areas. Everyone in the village wants to see Rajare. Won't you come here?"

The two wanted to escape from their repeated monotonous daily lives.

"Okay, let's go to the village of Solitude."

The villagers welcomed Rajare and Balpiro.

"I heard Rajare was the first person to build this village. Thank you for closing the framework for us to live in."

"No, sir. Without the lord now, this village could not have prospered like this."

"What have I done, thanks to your help." "I'm so happy to be a lord and see you again."

"How are people these days, my lord?"

"You can call me whatever you want." Sometimes infected people come out, and in that case, inject the blood of the person who recovered from Rajare you into them and they recover."

"You put the blood of people who recovered from the syringe into the infected person, right?"

"That's right."

Here, Rajare saw one hope. No matter how much he tried to control the infected, there was a limit, but using this method, he seemed to be able to quickly. Rajare developed a new disease treatment and prevention method called a vaccine. There were some side effects because they put serum directly.

"Rajare, there are no doctors in our city. You come to my city as a doctor."

Rajare organized his life in Blancbourg and came to the village of consideration. In the village of consideration, he confirmed the value of his existence. People were kind to themselves and tried to make one more comfortable. He trained his juniors and treated people for a year. Balpiro also spread geography and fortune-telling to people in recognition of his ability. Balpiro and Rajare, who thought they had done their job in the caring village to some extent, decided to leave again. They don't know the cause of this zombie crisis, but it was because their purpose was to treat the people of the continent of Europa suffering from zombies until their last day.

"I'll always come back. Our village will never forget you."

Rajare started a new journey with Balpiro in his clothes pocket.