

Dr. Player 18

Chapter 18

Then, an ugly middle-aged man sitting in the middle spoke to Raymond.

Try to fill in the heels.

It was a high-handed tone.

Is this Count Garrinson, whos in charge of this test?

Raymond noticed the identity of a middle-aged man.

Alright.

A candle-like light rose faintly. The judges laughed even more at the white light that seemed to be going to be extinguished at any moment.

Count Garrinson and the other judges laughed at him.

Im embarrassed to see this.

Isnt that much worse than an F grade? That can be stated to be a healing power even. Count Garrinson spoke in a sharp tone.

I dont think youre even qualified to take the promotion test. What are you thinking about taking the promotion test with that healing power? Is it funny to treat a patient? It was a touch of sadness in his tone as if pitying Raymond.

Another apprentice would have turned pale.

However, Raymond was not expressing a speck of anxiousness even.

I was expecting this. Raymond thought to himself.

Its a test interview.

So it was obvious that the attack would be focused on his healing power.

So Raymond had thought of an expected answer to how he would respond when this situation came.

The question is, how much convincingly I could present my argument.

I was fortunate to have the help of the heart of steel.

Otherwise, I would have been so nervous that I couldnt even bring it up properly.

I have to speak as coherently as possible.

Thinking so, Raymond breathed in.

To be honest, he was not a talker. Not even an eloquent speaker. What can he say so well when hes always been criticized all his life?

Calmly, his oratorical skills were average.

Thats why I prepared for this.

Raymond thought to himself.

Just in time, there was a skill that fits this situation in the market, so he bought it in advance.

I'll answer your question.

It was the moment when the story he had prepared came out.

A message came to his mind consequently.

[The skill Speech is manifested!]

[Speech]

Classification: Auxiliary Skills

Rating: Normal

Proficiency: D

You'll be able to talk better.

Synergizes with the heart of steel when serving the patients.

Raymond's voice became calm and firm without realizing it.

As soon as the examiners were startled, Raymond continued with a remarkable intensity and appeal to the speaker.

First, I'll answer the question of whether it's funny to treat a patient. It's not funny. How can you think of that as a therapist? A therapist who has watched a dying patient by his side at least once would not dare to even think of such an idea.

The examination room became quiet.

Raymond's voice was heavy while containing the sincerity of thinking about the patient.

The examiners could no longer laugh lightly at Raymond upon seeing his heartfelt appearance.

Count Garrison was also momentarily speechless before opening his mouth.

you know that your healing power is not qualified, right?

I know.

My heart is pounding.

Raymond's heart raced.

I couldn't believe that I was making such a proud and wonderful argument.

I'm too aware of my own shortcomings. So I tried even harder only to save my patients. As much as I lack, the more I tried so hard.

There was a moment of silence.

They were overwhelmed by Raymond's words.

Count Garrison frowned.

Count Garrison was going to give Raymond the lowest score in the interview by pressuring him but things were going unexpectedly.

It doesn't matter how hard you tried. The important thing is whether we can really save the patient or not.

It was a cold answer, but Raymond responded rather like this. You're right. I agree with the Count.

What kind of mind I have, how much I have tried, etc. is just a matter of my own. What's really important is the ability to save the patient! Knowing that well, I studied and tried to save the patient somehow.

The examiners asked while swallowing their saliva.

Is that the ancient art of medicine?

Yes.

Raymond looked around the examiners.

As Count Garrinson said, the only important thing for a therapist is to save the patient. So I thought the ability to actually save the patient was more important than healing grade. Knowing that, I tried and studied medicine to find a way to save my patients. Don't the examiners agree with me?

The examiners gave no answer to the question.

Because Raymond was not wrong.

Heals are meant to save the patients. To regard healing grades, which are merely a tool, as more important than his ability to treat actual patients is a complete overthrow.

The examiners who had been slapped by reality shut their mouths. The atmosphere at the examination site completely shifted toward Raymond.

Now they will no longer find fault with Raymond's healing power rating.

Of course, that didn't mean that the promotion test was over. The most important stage remained.

You're a good talker. Yes, the ability to actually treat patients is more important than the healing grade. But Lord Raymond, can you say that you have such ability?

Raymond looked silently at Count Garrinson.

It was a silly question.

I'm here to prove it.

Please let me know which patient I need to treat.

Count Garrinson's lips wriggled at Raymond's outspoken attitude.

We'll see. Will you still be able to make such a cheeky face after seeing a designated patient?

Go to the Alpin family on Lexington Street. The patient you're going to treat is there.

Alright.

Raymond bowed his head and turned his back.

Count Garrinson frowned at Raymond's back.

Raymond's imposing manner offended him.

A cheeky fellow.

Garrinson wanted to instill despair in his arrogant face.

Aren't you curious about the patient's disease?

What is it?

Count Garrinson spoke in a conciliatory tone.

It was as if he was telling him not to be scared after hearing it.

It's a bedsore.

Pressure ulcer?

As soon as the word spread, an infinite amount of heavy air fell on the test site.

Bedsore?!

To think that he had to treat such a difficult disease in the promotion test.

The examiners swallowed their salivas.

Not all examiners knew the name of the patient Raymond needed to treat.

Some examiners, who had not yet known the name of the disease, looked horrified.

If he is going to take the test and it'll be a bedsore, then he might as well just fail now.

How scary is a pressure ulcer?

It is a disease caused by the skin and tissue being crushed. It can only be slightly cured by using heals.

But for a while, it is a disease that decays and recoils and only worsens endlessly.

Wouldn't even a B+ class healer fail treating this patient?

But what caught them, even more, surprised is Raymond's reaction. He heard the terrible name of the disease called pressure ulcer, but there was no response.

Rather, he gave a strange distinct look.

bed sores?

Yes, I'm telling you in advance, it's absolutely impossible to change the test patient. If you fail to treat the patient, you fail on this test.

If I get to treat this patient, I'll pass, right?

what?

Count Garrinson looked at him wide-eyed.

Raymond didn't look desperate at all. It's more like he is welcoming the challenge.

He even questioned this as if he was checking.

It is really a pressure ulcer patient, right?

Yes.

If I manage to treat this patient, I will definitely pass?

Count Garrinson frowned.

Yes, if you treat the patient, you'll pass, but.

You can't do that!

It was the moment to say that, but Count Garrinson didn't do so.

Raymond bowed his head with great joy.

Yes, thank you! Then I'll go and treat the patient!

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The examiners looked blankly when they saw Raymond, who disappeared with excitement.

What is that? What is that?

They muttered in confusion.

Did he not know how difficult treating pressure ulcers is?

Why didn't he even try pulling his hair due to frustration?

They had no choice but to wonder all on their own.

Of course, Raymond knew what a pressure ulcer was.

He knows it in much more detail than anyone else on this continent. Certainly.

What a relief!

Raymond thought that Count Garrinson would flag when he heard it.

But Raymond meant it.

I was worried about which patients would be assigned to me. If it's bedsores, there's no need for me to worry.

If it was a pressure ulcer, it is possible to treat it with the skill of a novice resident!

In Earth, bedsores are often treated exclusively at the resident level.

But for one reason, this is not an easy disease to treat or heal. Apparently, even a B+ class senior healer failed.

But because I am doing this, it will surely work.

With that in mind, Raymond arrived at the patient's place.

This is the place.

When he opened the door and entered, a skinny old man was lying on the bed. The acrid smell pierced his nose almost instantly.

It doesn't smell good. I'm sorry.

Franc, the son of an old patient, said apologetically.

I heard your bathroom stinks. It sure does smell bad.

Raymond thought to himself.

What I knew as knowledge and what I actually felt were the difference between heaven and earth. An unpleasant feeling came in.

But Raymond didnt show his heart on the surface.

If he shows dislike, they will surely get hurt.

Its okay. Its only natural because of the disease. I think the patient seems to be suffering a lot because of this. Rather, Raymonds answer, who was worried about the patient, made an admiring face. So far, all the other therapists have frowned on them. I am going to be different,

Raymond asked then. Does your father not move at all?

Yes, its been a long time since. He had been lying down like that because of old age.

Raymond nodded.

It was a typical case of pressure ulcer patients.

Lets look at the wound.

The employee who followed him along guided him to the patients body.

Its somewhat in the hip area. To be exact, there was a big hole in the flesh of his tailbone!

It was a horrible sight to look at!

The exposed flesh was full of inflammation and turned dirty. Not to mention the yellow pus flowing out. There were parts that turned black because they rotted here and there already.

Hmmm.

Raymond swallowed his saliva.

The condition was worse than he thought.

It was hard to look at because of his stomach, but I held it in.

But its a relief. No bones have been exposed yet. Thats enough. Its level three. I can cure it with my skills.

If bones are exposed and infected, treatment becomes very difficult. There were times when bones had to be cut.

Fortunately, it didnt seem to be in such a worst condition.

With this grade, he can recover quickly if he takes good care of it.

Oh, what do you think? asked Fran, guardian, in a trembling voice.

Since the therapist who had been spooned so far failed, he seemed to be very worried.

It can be cured.

Really?! Is that true?!

Frans eyes grew wider by the second in disbelief.

