

# A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

## Chapter 1

Deputy Chief Wu Zhou from the Emergency Department woke up from unconsciousness, feeling someone patting him vigorously.

"Garrett, Garrett..."

The voice accompanied the relentless patting. Wu Zhou struggled to open his eyes, met with complete darkness. The person calling him didn't stop, patting in vain. Then, grabbing his shoulder, shaking him side to side:

"Garrett, wake up! How are you!"

Wu Zhou, pushed by the force, jerked his head, realizing he was facedown, his face seemingly buried in the ground. Taking a breath, he sensed the overwhelming smell of blood, earth, and some peculiar odor he couldn't place.

"Cough, cough, cough..."

He reflexively arched his back, coughing violently. Amidst the coughs, he raged inwardly:

Who positioned him like this? Don't they know an unconscious person shouldn't lie face down? Inhaling vomit can suffocate a person! They need to rehearse emergency procedures ten times!

No, make it twenty!

Wu Zhou's professional instincts kicked in, mentally reprimanding the unreliable nurses, interns, and resident doctors. After a tirade of thoughts, he

coughed so hard, tears welled up, and he lifted his head, looking around, utterly stunned.

Where's the operating light?

Where's the surgical table?

Where are the bustling doctors and nurses in their white gowns, rushing around the hospital?

The hospital itself?

The surgical building was gone, and the laminar flow operating room vanished. In its place stood a low, decrepit house with a stone wall, thatched roof, and mud-filled crevices. A low circular mound at the base of the wall held an empty patch of mud, with a few wilted weeds...

What on earth is this?

Wasn't I in the emergency department saving lives?!

Wu Zhou's head buzzed, his body weakened, nearly collapsing on the spot. He only remembered tirelessly working from 9 in the morning till 4 am, just after completing a major emergency surgery. Splenectomy, liver suturing, intestinal repairs - after finishing the hefty work with no signs of active bleeding, instructing the assistant to suture, the next thing he knew was darkness...

"Garrett, are you feeling better?"

Stiffly turning his head, Wu Zhou's pupils slowly adjusted. The person shaking him was a robust redhead with a prominent nose and deep-set eyes, the epitome of a Westerner. Clad in a tattered linen vest, his muscular arms protruded, holding a bow.

That vest, if you could call it clothing, seemed more like a rectangular piece of cloth folded and sewn with openings at the armpits, with loose threads all over, almost unrecognizable from dirt.

The only discernible feature was its incredibly sparse fabric, even inferior to the medical gauze in the operating room.

Wu Zhou glanced down at himself.

Same linen.

Same vest.

Same... well, his shoes seemed to expose more toes than the other guy's?

In an instant, Wu Zhou felt his head spin, almost fainting right there.

Why am I dumped here? I revived the casualties I rescued earlier! At least until I passed out, the vital signs were stable, the surgery was successful...

Take me back!

I need to join the major emergency rescue!

Unfortunately, no deity seemed to hear his prayers. The major emergency rescue did arrive - a string of sharp cries erupted ten steps away:

"Help—"

"Captain—Captain—"

"Bad—Intestines are out!"

Instantly, Wu Zhou forgot all his complaints. Just like every time he heard a distress call, without a second thought, he sprinted towards the voices:

"I'm here!"

But someone outran him—or rather, was closer. Wheezing, Wu Zhou halted halfway, seeing someone kneeling by the injured person, muttering something under their breath.

Then, a white light shot out from the clasped hands, directly onto the wounded person.

In the white light, the gaping wound visibly began to heal.

Wu Zhou slammed on the brakes!

What did I just witness?

"Time-lapse Photography Reveals How Wounds Heal?"

"The Influence of High-Energy Particle Rays on Wound Healing?"

What kind of healing occurs instantly with a beam of light?

Right, this thing is...

It's a healing spell!

Two sets of memories surged simultaneously. One belonged to Wu Zhou, from countless novels, games, and animations he'd seen before; the other, to the original occupant of this body. Nonetheless, both memories reached the same conclusion:

A healing spell, calling upon divine power to heal. Even the lowest level of healing spell could immediately mend minor wounds, while at the highest level, it could even revive the dead...

So, the one casting this healing spell is a priest?

Wu Zhou glanced quickly. Among them, the one praying on the ground was the best dressed:

A light brown linen robe reaching the ground in front and covering the shins at the back. The neckline and cuffs neatly trimmed, a deep brown thread outlining the shape of a shield in the center.

Hmmm...

Looks like a higher rank of spellcaster...

Wu Zhou silently quipped, shifting his focus to the injured. The wounded person was a sturdy man in his thirties or forties, with brown hair, brown eyes, and a scruffy beard. His gear seemed better, with at least a piece of leather armor, but it couldn't protect him. The armor had a gaping hole in the abdomen, gushing fresh blood, with intestines spilling out.

Comparatively, the bleeding on the arms and legs wasn't as severe.

The injured man leaned against a tree stump, half-conscious. A young man, somewhat resembling the injured person, knelt beside him, trembling, gazing at the wound with hopeful eyes—

That ghastly, unevenly torn, squirming, and retracting wound, seemingly ripped open by something, squirmed, shrank, closed, the blood flow gradually slowing...

Wu Zhou's eyes lit up. Healing spells in this world were indeed intriguing, with immediate effects! If only he had this healing spell assisting him during surgery...

Before he finished the thought, the white light... disappeared.

It only healed a small portion, leaving the abdominal wound with the intestines still exposed, now motionless.

Wu Zhou: "..."

Priest: "..."

The young man by the injured person's side instantly paled. Cupping the spilled intestines, he stared desperately at the priest for a moment, witnessing his efforts and chants, yet no light appeared from his hands. He couldn't hold back his shout:

"Keep going! Please, do it again! The captain's injury is severe!"

"I... I can't!" The priest, not much older than fifteen or sixteen, flushed red, almost on the verge of tears. Shouted at, his freckled face seemed to swell:

"I'm just an apprentice! I can't save him..."

The young man's gaze turned swiftly despondent. He lowered his head, hands shaking, trying to push the injured person's intestines back in—

"Don't move!"

Wu Zhou yelled. As the words escaped, he realized something was amiss: the language he spoke wasn't Chinese, nor English, nor any language he'd ever learned. Yet inexplicably,

he could speak it. Even the earlier commotion, a language unknown to him, was understood perfectly!

What's happening?

Wu Zhou was bewildered. However, upon glancing at the injured person, he pushed his bewildered thoughts aside: someone was hurt, and that signaled the emergency doctor to spring into action. Even if the sky fell, the ground collapsed, the sun exploded, or everyone crossed over, he had to complete the rescue and ensure the patient's safety first!

He continued to shout, "Don't push it back in! Is there a clean bowl?—No? Then hold it! Don't move!"

-----