

A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

Chapter 10

Carriages, silk robes, silver bowls, and wine?

Will I have that luxury soon too?

Garrett Nordmark chuckled bitterly.

Am I pursuing a comfortable life by being a doctor?

Why did I root myself in the emergency department, starting as an intern, climbing to deputy director, working nights every three days, heart racing at the sound of an ambulance?

And in one of the poorest departments in the entire hospital. Let's not even talk about the meager salary that barely covers expenses.

Why didn't I pursue a better department? Or switch jobs?

Isn't orthopedics good?

Or oncology?

How about private hospitals?

Not to mention now...

What kind of comfort could this lousy otherworld offer?

First-class treatment? First-class train seats? Air conditioning? Smartphones?

Games, websites, platforms?

This place doesn't even have a proper flushing toilet!

He was about to make a joke to himself when he was interrupted. A piercing scream echoed in the hall as a peasant woman rushed in carrying a limp child, heading straight for the seat of the priest:

"Save him! —Please, save him!"

A patient!

Garrett dashed forward.

He was fast, but the seasoned warriors were faster. Big brother Raymond, archer Tom, spearman Vali—they dashed out ahead of him, one after the other, clearing the way.

By the time Garrett arrived, a crowd had already formed. The young priest stood there, hands clasped in front of his chest, chanting softly, as a pure white light descended silently over the child lying in the peasant woman's arms.

No response.

The seven or eight-year-old boy lay limp, showing no signs of improvement. As the white light descended, the child strained and gasped for air.

The harsh, hollow wheezing, clearly audible even through the crowd, reached Garrett's ears.

In an instant, a chill ran down Garrett's spine.

Wheezing! It was a wheezing sound! The sound was so loud, audible even through the crowd. The patient's condition must be dire!

He pushed through the crowd. Just as he peered in, he saw the boy's face turning purple, limbs flailing. With the movement of the child gasping for air, the skin above and below the collarbones and at the base of the neck concaved.

Retraction of the sternocleidomastoid, suprasternal, and intercostal spaces—all three signs were present!

Soft tissue retraction during inhalation!

Not to mention the unmistakable wheezing sound—it was an airway blockage, at least third-degree, no, judging by the child's condition, it was already a fourth-degree blockage!

The child was already starting to suffocate. Without effective treatment, he would die from lack of oxygen in a few minutes!

Healing magic had no effect, much to the surprise of the priest. He knelt down, carefully observing the struggling child, and began chanting again.

This time, the divine magic was different from before. Within the sparkling white light, there was a faint hint of blue water-like ripples, washing over the child back and forth. From head to toe and back again.

"It's a detoxification spell..."

Garrett heard someone nearby say.

But even the detoxification spell remained ineffective. The boy's struggles weakened, drenched in sweat. Even the wheezing sound grew fainter—

The child, whose airway was blocked, had lost the strength to breathe.

Garrett couldn't wait any longer.

Healing magic, detoxification spells, various divine spells—there were problems they couldn't solve. Or perhaps, the divine magic wielded by the priest in front of him couldn't solve these problems. In that case, it's up to me!

He snatched the child from the panicked peasant woman, laid him flat on his back on the ground, and quickly tore off his own shirt. Rolling it into a bundle,

he stuffed it behind the child's neck. Then, half-kneeling, he swiftly drew a dagger from the belt of the towering Raymond!

"What are you doing!"

"Little Garrett!"

"Stop him! —Stop him!"

Shouts erupted from all directions.

Without lifting his head, Garrett's left hand landed in the center of the boy's neck, slightly below, gently feeling around.

Ah, here's the thyroid cartilage, and here's the cricoid cartilage. Despite the child's smaller size and shorter neck, lacking an Adam's apple, it was just a matter of locating them, nothing he couldn't handle!

After parting his index and middle fingers, stabilizing the skin on both sides of the cricothyroid membrane, his right hand gripped the dagger, aiming downward vertically, and pierced it in!

"Ah—"

The peasant woman's scream and the fresh blood gushing from the child's neck erupted simultaneously.

Don't rush over, don't rush over—Garrett focused on the struggling child, feeling the sensation of the dagger penetrating. Don't rush over at this critical moment, just give me a second, really, I just need a second!

He exerted a little force. The dagger tip sank down, paused slightly, then a faint sense of emptiness spread to his hand—clearly, the dagger had pierced the cricothyroid membrane, reaching the airway. Without hesitation, Wu Zhou pulled out the dagger with a flick.

A hissing airflow emerged. Garrett relaxed his whole body: the cricothyrotomy was successful, the airway was open, the emergency treatment was a success!

This child, teetering on the edge of suffocation and death, had been pulled back by him.

As he relaxed, a flash of white light suddenly crossed his vision. Before he could make sense of it, a sharp pain struck his chest, and he involuntarily flew backward. Rolling several times, he tumbled from the platform, all the way down to the ground below.

It was an extremely embarrassing tumble. Not only were his shoulders, legs, elbows, and knees burning with pain, but he also lost one of his shoes. Garrett propped himself up, dazed, and saw the knight who had been sitting next to the priest, raising his sword, standing by the child, with one foot just withdrawn.

Did he... kick me down...?

About to inquire, Garrett glanced sideways and saw the priest bending down, murmuring softly. The pale blue priestly robe rippled in the candlelight, his clear eyes fixed on the child, entirely focused.

"Don't move!"

Garrett shouted. The priest paid no attention, his lips moving silently, a glimmer of white light ready to burst forth from his fingertips. Frantic, Garrett grabbed the shoe on the ground and hurled it with all his might.

"Crack!"

The shoe flew, missing the priest's robe. But the priest was alarmed, taking a step back, the white light at his fingertips fading out. The knight beside him

wore a furious expression, lifting the sheathed sword again, aiming it straight at Garrett:

"You!"

The knight's angry shout prompted the soldiers brought by the temple at the long table to jump up. These individuals were much stronger than city guards. With just a glance, Garrett found his arm twisted and forcefully pressed onto the ground.

The knight approached slowly. Unfazed by him, Garrett strained to extend his neck, shouting loudly

past the knight's legs toward the priest:

"Don't heal! Do you want the child to suffocate!"

"What did you say?"

"What did you say!"

Two voices, speaking differently. The priest was puzzled, the knight demanded angrily. Garrett strained to raise his head, shouting again:

"His airway is blocked! Cut a hole in his neck to help him breathe! If you heal that hole, won't he suffocate again!!!"

The priest hesitated. Bending down, he carefully observed the struggling child on the high platform. Seeing the child's complexion return from purple to normal, he muttered softly:

"That... makes sense. —Release him!"

Collection growth is so slow T_T