

# A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

## Chapter 12

Tracheal intubation was something Garrett had done not just ten thousand times in his past life but around eight thousand times. In hospitals, only three departments did this often: anesthesia, otolaryngology, and the versatile emergency department.

For scheduled surgeries, it was easy—either the anesthesiologist would do it or they'd call in help from otolaryngology. But in emergencies, it was different. If a patient was choking and needed that tube in seconds, there was no time to wait for specialists to come down. The poor souls in the emergency department had to roll up their sleeves and do it themselves.

The issue was, Garrett had intubated in various ways: orally, nasally, through a cut in the trachea, and without cutting; using standard tubes, stainless steel reinforced ones, some even with an additional suction tube. But he had never used this.

A chicken bone.

Cut at both ends, slightly smoothed, with some suspect bone marrow, disinfection questionable...

Garrett thought, if he had a choice, he wouldn't use this thing instead of a tracheal tube. But well, when resources were scarce, a chicken bone as a substitute was better than nothing.

As he worked, he had to awkwardly explain to the priest:

"After the cricoidotomy... What's the cricoid? It's where I made the incision, not just anywhere on the neck, it's the safest spot...

After the incision, swiftly inserting a tube into the trachea to prevent the damaged cricoid cartilage from compressing and causing narrowing of the airway. What's the cricoid cartilage? Why is it damaged, why the airway narrowing? I don't have time to explain that now...

A child's airway is narrow, so the tube can't go too deep, or it'll end up in the esophagus, causing trouble..."

Blah, blah, blah.

If these were his students asking these basic questions, he'd surely kick them out—how did they even attend class without knowing this?

But these priests from another world were not expected to understand this. Plus, the situation demanded more attention. Garrett had to split his focus and try his best to explain.

He explained while he worked. No operating lights, no bright bulbs, just dim candlelight and torches—no one even held a mirror for reflection. Edison knew to use a mirror when saving his mom, or so the story goes...

Well, even if that was later claimed to be fabricated...

"Oh, then..."

"Don't speak! It's starting!"

The priest jumped at his stern tone, lips sealed tightly. Garrett lowered his head, aligning the chicken bone at the cricoid incision under the flickering light, stabilizing it, and gently pushing inward.

A slight resistance followed by a familiar sense of emptiness at his fingertips indicated that the makeshift tube—the chicken bone—had breached the incision and entered the child's throat.

A faint whistling airflow, immediately passing through the chicken bone in the child's throat, reached Garrett's ears.

Operation completed!

Next was... well, securing...

Oh no!

No adhesive!

Nothing to stick the chicken bone and keep it fixed on the child's neck, preventing movement!

What on earth could he use in this emergency...

On his first day in this alternate world, in his second emergency surgery, Garrett found himself in tears once again.

As it turned out, a doctor's imagination and creativity knew no bounds in saving lives. Garrett, facing the difficulty of having a chicken bone lodged in a child's throat for less than a second, immediately took action. He grabbed the child's hand and thrust it into the farm owner's:

"Uncle Edmond, hold onto him!"

He urged, grabbing the farmer's other hand, pressing it against the child's shoulder:

"Don't let him move! Not even an inch! Especially this tube on his neck, absolutely no movement!"

The bearded farmer tried his best, beckoning a few other men to hold the child down. The priest of the Spring Goddess, with bated breath, had been watching, only now daring to let out a sigh, hurriedly inquiring:

"So, is this good enough?"

"Not yet!"

Garrett grimaced. He gestured towards the child's throat, indicating the priest to look:

"See, the throat is still swollen. The child can't breathe properly yet—when the swelling goes down, then it's out of danger."

"Is that so?"

The priest bent down, trying hard to look, even coaxing the child to open his mouth. Unfortunately, the hall was too dim, and after staring for a while, he couldn't make out anything. Frustrated, he snapped his fingers:

A soft "pop" sound, and a flickering white light floated into the child's mouth.

"Ah!"

Garrett glanced over, immediately alarmed:

"Don't treat him yet! He can't be treated like this!"

"But, this is just an illumination spell..."

The priest shrank a bit under Garrett's scolding, feeling a bit unjustified. Sir Roman, the knight, gripped his sword, glaring at Garrett. Garrett hadn't noticed the knight's glare, leaning in beside the priest, continuously explaining:

"Look inside his throat... deep inside, it's all swollen, right? There's supposed to be a dark hole, but you can't see anything now. Even further down, it's swollen too, can't breathe in properly, almost choked just now. Hey, you're the priest of the Spring Goddess, control water flows, can you reduce the swelling?"

"What's reducing swelling?"

"Make these swollen areas release the water, don't let it block the throat."

"This..."

The priest was stumped. He furrowed his brows, pondering for a while, then shook his head:

"There's an attack spell that's close, high-level, drains the whole body's moisture, I'm far from that level. To draw out moisture from such a small area... I don't know, I'll pray and see if I can summon divine favor..."

He did just that. The young priest adjusted his posture, disregarding how his silk robe might gather dust on the ground, kneeling with both knees, hands clasped in front of his chest. Whispering chants one after another, finally, he lifted his head, sighing in failure:

"No. The Goddess didn't respond to me. ...What about you? Do you have a way?"

Eager eyes once again turned to Garrett.

Silence.

I wanted to skip the steps and go straight to the solution using divine magic. But, was it still not possible?

The limitations of divine magic were just too strong. If there's an existing solution, copy it directly; if there isn't, not even a hint of a solving method...

Fine, let modern medicine handle this!

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