

A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

Chapter 13

If it's modern medicine handling this, it naturally follows modern medical thinking. Garrett focused, carefully examining the child once more: the previous observations were accurate, facial swelling, visible rashes on the face and hands, likely allergies. He turned to the farmwoman holding the child, continuing his inquiries:

"Did the child eat any strange fruits? Or pluck any flowers? Where did the child play this afternoon?"

"How could he have played! Little Remy is sensible, helping around the house for two years now!"

Oops... My bad. Garrett wiped a bead of sweat. How did the original owner of this body spend their childhood? The current memories aren't fully connected yet; he couldn't recall immediately. But in his previous life, at seven or eight, he was surely in primary school! Carrying a little backpack, going to school every day, hadn't even begun thinking about blowing up schools!

However, Garrett knew well enough how mischievous seven or eight-year-olds could be. During his time in the emergency department, parents rushed in daily with children, injured or sick, reasons beyond human imagination sometimes. Sometimes adults couldn't imagine what a child's companions might know—

"Did any child work with him? Can we call them over to ask?"

Garrett patiently inquired. Before the farmwoman could respond, the farmer holding the child, Uncle Edmund, jumped in:

"Yes, yes! Two or three of them! —What are you waiting for, go call them!"

Someone dashed off immediately. Garrett furrowed his brow, continuing to ponder, calculating what other factors might contribute to the illness.

Meanwhile, a priest who had finished inspecting the child's throat, bored, chimed in:

"Why are you asking all this?"

Garrett: "....."

Identifying the source of the allergy!

Garrett bit his tongue, barely stopping the words at the tip of his tongue.

Allergy, a common term in his previous life, even non-medical professionals knew what it meant. But speaking it out in this unfamiliar realm...

Garrett was a hundred percent sure; this curious priest before him would dig deep. How would he explain if questioned?

—Hypersensitivity reaction, also known as an allergic reaction, refers to the abnormal adaptive immune response when the body is stimulated by certain antigens, causing physiological dysfunction or tissue cell damage?

Quite simple, very clear, just one sentence from the textbooks...

Explaining it properly could be deadly!

Not just in this realm; even in Garrett's previous life, asking a non-medical professional to explain "allergy," you could place 53 medical textbooks in front of them, they'd struggle flipping through for half an hour and then yell:

"Which book actually explains allergies?!"

Exactly, half an hour, couldn't even find which book covered allergies...

Thankfully, Garrett's previous life involved being an associate director in the emergency department, experienced in communicating with patients and their families. He carefully worded his response:

"I ask these questions to see if the child ate, drank, or touched something he couldn't tolerate."

"Poisoning?"

"Not poisoning..."

Brother, who just performed that detoxification spell? Wasn't it you?

After spending ages explaining and sweating buckets, finally clarifying the symptoms of "allergies." The playmates of the patient who played during the day were called in, a total of three, one barely ten, the youngest appearing around four or five. Garrett asked the same questions again, and sure enough, something different came up this time:

"It was salted fish! Hanging on the beam, I saw Remy took a piece!"

"You're lying! Our Remy is well-behaved, never steals food!"

The farmwoman jumped up like a protective mother beast, sharp and loud. Mother screaming, child running, man trying to stop them, chaos erupted in the hall, the volume hitting 120 decibels again.

Garrett was drenched in sweat. Amidst the noisy crowd, he shouted with all his might:

"Stop it, everyone! —Who will bring that salted fish here!"

As much as they suspected the salted fish, in the field of modern medicine, no doctor dared to diagnose without conducting an experiment. With a salted fish in his left hand and a bowl of water in his right, he inspected—

"What fish is this?"

Forgive him for knowing only how to eat, never buying or cooking. Cooked dishes presented before him, he could identify the fish, but a raw fish before him...

Impossible to recognize, he stepped back.

Thankfully, he didn't recognize it, but someone else did. The priest of the Spring Goddess stuck his head out, studied it with interest for a moment, and confidently concluded:

"It's cod. —Did this cause the trouble?"

Cod it was. Garrett nodded inwardly: People in this inland area rarely eat sea fish, an occasional indulgence leading to an allergy was ordinary. He smiled and nodded to the priest:

"I reckon it's quite probable. However, we need to confirm."

"How do we confirm? —Make the child eat it again?"

"....."

Garrett sweated profusely:

"His throat is swollen like this, even if you make him eat, he won't be able to swallow!"

"What should we do then?"

How to conduct the experiment, generations of doctors in his previous life had paved the way for future practitioners. Doctors didn't need to worry; suspecting an allergy, sending for a skin test would suffice.

The skin test, costing a few dollars, involved pricking the skin with two needles, one with the antigen and the other with a control solution, with results in half an hour. But now, at this moment...

For a skin test, you first needed the antigen!

Sterile, without obvious toxic side effects, with measured protein content—rows and rows of them were available in the lab; seemingly easy to obtain. But if the ready-made antigen products were unavailable, to extract from raw materials...

Garrett's previous life was in clinical practice, not pharmaceuticals. Yet, he had heard from pharmaceutical colleagues, conducting experiments for their projects, cutting fish meat, grinding it with liquid nitrogen, adding acetone to remove fat, stirring, settling, using a centrifuge...

After this whole process, it'd take days and nights, looking disheveled. As for how many drugs and instruments were needed in this process, that's another story.

In his previous life, seemingly ordinary conditions were supported by a powerful industrial force in the country. But in this realm, the only thing Garrett could be certain of was:

The only thing he could currently do was prepare the first step of the antigen preparation.

—Cut the fish meat, soak it in water...

That's it.

Then, directly move to the last step of the skin test.

"Get two needles! Bring another bowl of water!"

A drop of water mixed with fish meat and plain water on the child's left and right forearms, then a gentle prick with two needles through the droplets, breaking the skin but no bleeding. Garrett held his wrist, silently counting to 60, wiped off the droplets on the child's arms, then—

"What now?"

"Wait."

The nitpicking test in the skin test, Type I hypersensitivity—seafood allergy, nut allergy, paint allergy—observing the results 20 to 30 minutes after the antigen stimulus. The patient was

temporarily out of danger, the next steps in treatment awaited the test results, for now, all they could do... Was wait.

Left, right, sitting there, doing nothing.

Garrett: "....."

Seriously, if this takes half an hour, will no one send me off to eat?!
