

# A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

## Chapter 4

Following the standards of surgical scrubbing, Wu Zhou lathered his hands from fingertips to upper arms with clear water and soapberry, creating foam. Once finished, he cupped a strong liquor, meticulously rubbing his hands again.

While scrubbing, he sighed inwardly: no running water, no antiseptic hand wash, no iodine or chlorhexidine. Cutting down three rounds of scrubbing to two was risky; in an emergency room, even the nurses in the operating room would criticize him if they saw.

He wasn't sure if this liquor was strong enough—by its smell, it probably wasn't! Sterile gloves were out of the question; whether the patient would get an infection was left to fate...

Oh, and no antibiotics!

No sulfa, no penicillin, no various cephalosporins...

Using these bare hands to manipulate intestines, thinking about the risk of infection after closing the abdomen, sent shivers down Wu Zhou's spine.

This was an absolute gamble!

But if the intestines were damaged, it would be a massive problem. Once intestinal contents leaked out, peritonitis, sepsis, various complications, any of which could be fatal. In clinical practice, if the intestines weren't repaired before closing the abdomen, it would result in a medical accident, bringing severe condemnation to the gastrointestinal surgery department.

Choosing the lesser of two evils!

Wu Zhou held his breath and started manipulating the intestines from the duodenum, inch by inch. The bloody intestines slipped through his fingertips, and soon, a frantic vomiting sound echoed nearby:

"Ugh—"

The red-haired archer knelt on the ground, nearly burying his face in his own vomit. The young priest, pale-faced, tried hard not to look into the abdomen, lips tightly sealed, cheeks bulging. Then, with a thud like a water bucket dropping, the person fetching water also began to vomit.

Vomit all you want, get used to it. Wu Zhou silently lamented, but as he looked up and noticed the patient was awake, panic set in:

"You're awake!—Hold him down! Quickly, hold him down!"

Damn it, waking up mid-surgery!... No, there wasn't even "mid-surgery"; there had been no anesthesia from start to finish! And now the patient was awake!

Don't move!!!

Several soldiers, vomit at the corners of their mouths, rushed to restrain the person. Frightened, the patient exerted tremendous force, struggling against a loss of at least 500ml of blood. Three people almost couldn't hold him down. Wu Zhou held a piece of empty intestine in his left hand, a piece of ileum in his right hand, drenched in cold sweat:

"Don't move! Don't move—"

No anesthesia was truly terrifying... If only someone could knock the patient out...

That's a joke. If he were to cause an epidural hematoma, he wouldn't know how to treat it! Even explaining and comforting, it was hard to calm the patient down. Wu Zhou focused, examining the intestines inch by inch. Nothing,

nothing, no damage in the jejunum. Thank goodness! Next was the ileum, where it had slipped out earlier, the most dangerous part...

A 5cm-long laceration!

Thankfully found. If it hadn't been noticed and the intestine retracted directly...

Wu Zhou had already imagined a series of consequences: leakage of intestinal contents, suppuration, peritonitis, sepsis, until death. That's how it was in surgery; if something wasn't found and sutured, even a minor overlook... ha.

There were no conditions to suture the intestine now. Fortunately, he had something else.

Carefully, Wu Zhou inverted the bottle of mild wound treatment solution, dripping it onto the wound. One drop, two drops...

Focused, the narrow wound began visibly healing, almost like a time-lapse effect. One centimeter, two centimeters...

Stopped.

Wu Zhou uncorked and shook the bottle again. Another drop.

For heaven's sake, Buddha, and all the unknown gods who provide healing solutions in this world, this wound had to heal... No, the solution had to be enough!

Another centimeter.

Another drop...

Healed! Perfect!

Wu Zhou breathed a sigh of relief and continued the examination. Fortunately, the remaining part of the ileum, the cecum, and the colon further down

showed no damage. As for the rectum, it probably wouldn't be affected at such a low position, no need to manipulate it.

Rinse!

Close the abdomen!

Oh right, there's no 37-degree Celsius saline solution here, he had to make it himself...

"Is the water boiling?"

"Not yet..."

Look at this, it's just so challenging.

Helpless, he should be grateful for this ramshackle place, having the means to boil water and find some salt, right?

Wu Zhou took a deep breath, another, and a third. Holding both hands flat in front of his chest in an awkward posture, he waited eagerly until the water in the pot boiled. Then, he began live instructions, guiding his teammates on how to prepare the saline solution:

"Pour the boiling water into the cold water... Don't pour too much! Taste it... No, don't drink directly, pour some out, drink it when it's the same temperature as your mouth, neither hot nor cold.

Alright, now add the salt in! Not too much, a pile the size of the first joint of your thumb, crush it, throw it in, shake it!—Taste it again, it should taste salty but not bitter, come, let me taste again..."

"Why add salt?"

Finally recovering from the vomiting, the young priest's freckled face seemed a bit dimmer, but his eyes were still bright. Hearing him ask, Wu Zhou blurted out without thinking:

"Saline solution doesn't hurt when washing wounds."

"What solution?... Why doesn't it hurt?"

Wu Zhou: "..."

Oh no, he slipped up! People in this world don't know what a saline solution is!

And why it doesn't hurt? Does he need to give a live physiology class, from cell osmotic pressure to nerve conduction?

"Cough, a saline solution is just salt water like the saltiness of your blood... When your blood flows over your own wound, does it hurt much?"

"But salt is very expensive!"

Seriously? Salt is expensive?

Wu Zhou sweated profusely. In clinical practice, one of the most widely used items was saline solution. It was used for wound cleaning, flushing various catheters, and pre-closure rinses. Everyone simply poured it down without a second thought. And now, they're saying salt is expensive...

He turned and looked at the scattered stone walls, thatched roofs, the rickety house. Well, salt really was expensive here.

"Even if it's expensive, we have to use it! Using a diluted solution will lead to poor wound recovery!"

If using fresh water, the osmotic pressure would be too low, causing cells to die, leading to ion imbalances or something else...

These people haven't heard of cells and ions, have they?

The young priest seemed thoughtful. Suddenly, a loud cough sounded nearby: "Cough... Garrett, the saline is ready!"

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