

A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

Chapter 5

"Saline ready?"

Wu Zhou turned, spotting a rough, calloused hand holding a wooden bowl out to him. The warrior's hands were covered in old calluses, stubbornly harboring deep black stains in the nail crevices, impossible to wash away even with deliberate effort. The black-yellow thumb was still hooked on the rim of the bowl, nails deeply embedded in the water...

Wu Zhou felt his stomach churn at just one glance. But in this ramshackle place, finding something else to hold physiological saline?

No chance!

This thatched house, barrels so dirty you couldn't see their original color—aside from wooden bowls, there probably wasn't anything else! Wu Zhou took a sip of the saline, tasted it, and felt a river of sadness surge within.

In the wilderness without ready-made physiological saline, it's just pitiful.

Boiling water, mixing it with cold boiled water, adding salt right there and then! Trying to calculate how much salt to add on the spot!

He adjusted the concentration a bit, checked the temperature, thinking the concentration might be slightly off, but the temperature was more or less fine. As for the temperature being half a degree below 37 degrees, and the saline concentration deviating by 10%...

Can't worry about all that!

Add salt, add more salt, keep adding salt. Careful, Wu Zhou made them add salt three times before adjusting it to the desired concentration. Then, directing these rough-handed men, he cleaned the mouth of the water bag with strong liquor, lifted it, and poured it in—

From the upper abdomen to the lower abdomen, meticulously rinsing step by step. After the first round, gently holding the intestines, he continued to shout:

"Lift him up! One at the shoulders, one at the legs, one at the back!"

The redhead archer supported the injured person's shoulders.

The young man who had knelt by the injured, holding the intestines, lifted the injured's legs.

In a very contorted posture, the young priest—one hand on the brachial artery, the other on the posterior tibial artery—also let go under Wu Zhou's permission. Surgery, examination, cleansing, a series of procedures, and the bleeding on the injured's left arm and left leg had basically stopped. The light freckled person's compressing work on the wounds was done, now supporting the injured's spine.

"One, two, three, lift! Towards my side!"

Swoosh, the physiological saline used to rinse the abdominal cavity poured out.

Wu Zhou continued to shed tears.

No suction device, no drainage tube, nothing at all... Use a straw or a reed to suck and spit it out? Just the thought of those warriors with large yellow teeth, and the risk of not sucking well and spitting back into the abdominal cavity, made Wu Zhou think better of it.

Helpless, he could only resort to the simplest, most brutal method: after rinsing the abdominal cavity, lift the person and pour the water out.

The water was mostly drained, and Wu Zhou carefully checked one last time. Luckily, there were no places bleeding or, in Wu Zhou's usual terms—no active bleeding. Finally relieved, he straightened up slightly and reached out to the side:

"Suture!"

...No response.

No forceps, no needles, no smiling-eyed surgical nurse gently patting the instruments into his hand...

Wu Zhou: "....."

T_T

He should've gotten used to it long ago.

This isn't a hospital, nor an operating room. There's no assistant, second assistant, surgical nurse, circulating nurse around. Shouting 'suture', and not a single person around who understands what he means...

"Give... me... the... needle... and... thread!"

"Huh?... Oh!"

The freckled young priest jumped up, rustling, starting to search his pockets.

Wu Zhou's eyes brightened.

Originally, he thought, even though this thatched house was rundown, it should at least have a needle and thread. Who knew this freckled person actually had them? That's nice, the priest's status should have better things...

No, wait!

What's this junk!

A sewing needle, no, given its length and thickness, it's more like a quilting needle!

And it's bent!

Bent!

Bent while sewing clothes!

And this thread! This thread! Not asking for antibacterial thread or knotless thread, but this linen thread, so rough and bumpy, what's the deal?

Forget it... can't expect too much from this rundown place...

Wu Zhou tried to console himself and swiftly stitched the abdominal wall with the needle, moving as fast as possible. Stitching without absorbable thread, without silk thread, only with the most inferior linen thread—and the needle for sewing clothes! Straight!

Without forceps, without a curved needle, jabbing into the flesh with a sewing needle he held, only those who sew would truly understand the feeling...

He focused, held his breath, and patiently stitched layer by layer. Peritoneum, superficial fascia, skin, and subcutaneous tissue... meticulously completing three layers of suturing, tying the final knot, he collapsed backward, utterly exhausted.

"Bandage him up..."

Not even someone helping wipe his sweat.

Sadness.

No one wiping his sweat during the surgery, but at least there were people to take care of him after it. As Wu Zhou lay down, immediately five or six hands reached out to support him. The warriors, who had been made to hustle without a word, all rushed up, chattering:

"Little Garrett, you're amazing!"

"Little Garrett, when did you learn this?"

"Little Garrett..."

Wu Zhou:??

His exhausted brain turned and turned, finally fitting a memory into his mind. Yes, those people were calling him; his name was Garrett, Garrett Nordmark, a new recruit in the city guard...

Today, he was out of the city on patrol with the squad, escorting the priest—John, the freckled one—back home to visit family. The injured person he just treated was their squad leader, Uncle Karen, who had been taking care of him.

When Uncle Karen got injured, the one kneeling and holding the intestines was his nephew Raymond, the spearman; the red-haired archer, Tom; and the shield warrior, Vali, who had been sent off to boil water earlier—altogether, this formed the entire squad.

So... I've crossed over?

Sure enough, after working overtime like crazy in the emergency room, in the end, I've become a corpse...

Ah, endured through internships, endured through residency, never thought that, at the stage of a deputy chief physician, I'd still fall!

Wu Zhou silently wiped away a tear of bitterness. He glanced around at the gently rolling hills in the distance, the lush green grassland, the quaint thatched roof houses, his teammates with distinct Western features beside him. Finally, lowering his gaze, he mourned silently for himself for a second, murmuring to himself:

"From now on, I am Garrett..."

As Garrett lifted his gaze again, he saw a row of several warriors, oh, and a priest, all staring at him intently. Clearly, everyone was surprised and curious about how he suddenly became skilled at performing a surgery.

Garrett:

"....."

How do I explain this?

Can I tell them that I have this skill because of twelve years of primary and secondary education, seven years of undergrad and postgrad studies, and years of clinical practice from my previous life?!

If I dare say that, I'll... probably get burned at the stake...?

There's a priest on-site who witnessed everything and can report it to the church when he returns; I can't hide it even if I wanted to!

At the moment when he was envisioning the religious court and was about to imagine the ten tortures, a worried question interrupted his thoughts and saved him from the fire and water:

"Little Garrett... Captain, will he survive?"
