

# A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

## Chapter 6

"Will he survive?"

Garrett Nordmark paused. Then, a rush of memories, belonging to his previous self, flooded his mind like a tidal wave:

"His" younger self knelt before a man's body, crying bitterly. Uncle Karen knelt beside, holding "him" tightly, reassuring, "Little Garrett, don't be afraid! Uncle will take care of you, won't let anyone bully you!"

"His" hands gripped a short wooden sword, swinging it fiercely. Uncle Karen held a sword opposite, voice stern, "Your stance is wrong! Again!"

"His" huddled in a small cabin, gnawing on hard-to-swallow black bread. Uncle Karen pushed the door open, dragging "him" away, "Little Garrett! Come to Uncle's house! Aunt Eileen has made stew!"

...that was Uncle Karen, who had cared for me after my father's death...

Garrett glanced at Uncle Karen's pale face, unable to speak for a moment. Subconsciously, he clasped his hands in front of his chest, assuming a posture akin to prayer or the gesture one makes before surgery to avoid recontamination:

"...I don't know," he murmured softly. "I don't know..."

The surgery was indeed completed. The patient, Uncle Karen, had temporarily escaped mortal danger. But this didn't mean smooth sailing; there were too many troubles ahead for the patient.

The wound was hastily stitched with plant fibers, no antibiotics, no blood transfusion. And without even washing his hands, he delved into the patient's liver...

Besides the healed liver, the entire operation, to Wu Zhou's eyes, was merely child's play. In their hospital, except for the most dangerous ruptured liver, the rest could be handled easily by a resident physician.

The post-operative risks weren't significant either. A few days of observation in the hospital, antibiotics to suppress infections, no need for an ICU to tidy up the aftermath.

But now, with just infection and blood loss, the patient's life hung by a thread.

Even if they survived these hurdles, there were potential complications like intestinal adhesions, intestinal obstructions, nausea, vomiting, hiccups, abdominal distension, urinary retention... a host of various complications...

Any of which, if luck wasn't on their side, could claim the patient's life.

And he... had no way.

No antibiotics, no drainage tubes, no X-rays, ultrasounds, CT scans, no lab tests, no targeted medications. If Uncle Karen really developed any complications, as a healer, he was powerless.

Seeing him hesitate, everyone present wore grim expressions. Raymond, Uncle Karen's nephew, especially anxious, stepped forward, reaching for Wu Zhou's shoulder:

"Don't you know? Little Garrett, can't you do anything?"

This pleading, anxious tone mirrored the relatives Wu Zhou often encountered in the emergency room. Garrett slowly shook his head:

"If I could, I'd want him to get better quickly—"

Before he could finish speaking, a pure white light shot from Garrett's clasped palms, straight into the patient's abdomen.

Under the radiance of the white light, the wound, just freshly stitched and usually requiring at least ten days to heal, rapidly started closing up.

"Wow——"

Gasps erupted. Freckled priest John shouted loudest, "Healing magic! It's healing magic! Garrett, can you perform healing magic?!"

Garrett: !!!

No!

Slow down a bit!

Please, just a little slower!

I haven't removed the stitches yetttttt!

He didn't have time to be astonished or happy that the patient was saved; he was already diving into the white light of the healing magic. Brandishing a short dagger in his right hand, he began picking at the protruding plant fibers with his left—

Remove the stitches! Remove them quickly while the wound just healed and the white light hasn't faded yet!

Leaving them there could risk infection since the stitches are taking up space!

Remove them, quickly, before the wound becomes solid. Not only to ease the patient's suffering, but the remnants of the healing magic might still offer some help...

Garrett focused, his hands working at their fastest. The right blade flicked, the left thumb and forefinger picked, hands coordinating so swiftly above the patient's abdomen—

The emergency department was always a place where one fought death. Stitching spleens, livers, blood vessels—all were rapid actions, wishing for an APM of 764. But he had never imagined that one day, removing stitches or the like, would demand such speed.

The tenth thread! Stitching on the right side of the rectus abdominis muscle, removed!

The eighteenth! Removed from the upper right abdomen!

The twenty-seventh! —Twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, thirtieth!

Done!

The white light gradually faded. Two wounds, one vertical and one oblique, disappeared completely, as if they had never existed. Not only that, the patient slowly opened his eyes and began attempting to sit up—

"Captain!"

"Captain, you're better!"

Several soldiers cheered and rushed forward. Garrett's soul flew, immediately lunging forward, arms wide, blocking them:

"Don't touch him! Lie down! Lie down!"

Damn it! The surface has healed, but who knows about the inside!

I've sewn three layers on the abdominal wall alone! The innermost fascia and the peritoneum inside— who knows if they've healed! If this sudden movement tears the incision—

Not to mention the injured rectus abdominis, the torn omentum I haven't sewn yet, everywhere is damaged. Whether they've healed, Wu Zhou had no clue, and in this wilderness, there's no MRI to check—

Even if it wasn't the wilderness, there's nowhere to go! He's traveled! He's traveled!

Pressing down, Uncle Karen, though entirely defenseless, collapsed back with a thud. He lay down, but his head lifted forcibly, staring straight, eyes full of shock:

"Little Garrett, you... you?"

Garrett's heart raced. Empathizing, anyone who suddenly sees a child they've watched grow up, suddenly slicing open flesh, sewing skin with a needle, would be shocked. But how could he explain?!

Ignore it?

Pretend ignorance?

This was Uncle Karen, who had cared for his former self after his father's death. Somehow, an explanation was necessary to reassure him!

Garrett's head buzzed as if embedded with a hard drive spinning at 7200 rotations per minute. Retrieving information, organizing data in haste, amidst the chaos, an abnormal piece of information, bold, highlighted, resolutely topped his mind:

Right, the white light that just shot from his palm, accelerating the healing process...

Exactly the same as the healing magic released by the young priest earlier!

Healing magic = divine magic = backed by a god = the god told him to do so!

The logic was flawless, perfect!

Garrett blurted out:

"Uncle Karen, don't worry. I—I received divine guidance!"

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