

# A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

## Chapter 7

God's Revelation?

Captain Karen's eyes lit up instantly.

The earlier healing spell had really boosted his spirits. Coupled with the excitement from the good news, his pale face, drained from blood loss, even bloomed with faint shades of red:

"God's Revelation? That's fantastic, young Garrett!"

Garrett felt a warmth in his heart. He understood why Uncle Karen was so thrilled: becoming a religious figure, even the most basic one, meant a leap in social standing for an ordinary soldier like his original self in the city guard. From a commoner, directly stepping into the middle class.

The most evident comparison? Look at their rough linen capes compared to the fine linen robes with small freckles.

Not to mention, gaining God's Revelation without going through the Church's teachings—

Saint! Chosen one! Favored by God!

A direct path to the skies lay right in front of them.

For others' good fortune, some in this world would be envious, some indifferent. But this Uncle Karen, genuinely happy for the owner of this body, the child he watched grow up...

Garrett's heart felt soft, warm, and he replied with a smile. However, his smile froze the next moment because, right after Uncle Karen's joy, he immediately asked:

"Which god?"

Garrett: "..."

Right, which god? By rights, his healing abilities should belong to the healing god. So, Shennong, Bian Que, Hua Tuo? None of them seemed quite right; all these figures had Western faces. Bringing a Chinese god here would seem odd!

Or Apollo? Asclepius?... Hippocrates?

No, this is a different realm, and there are native gods here... Which god would be easier to approach, who wouldn't strike me down if I invoke them without due reverence...

Time is short, the demand is high, which god should be blamed?

Waiting online, quite urgent...

The new version of Garrett Nordmark swiftly combed through the original host's memories. There were a few temples in Hartland City, a temple of the War God, a temple of the Spring Goddess, the god of nature... Wait, was there no temple for the god of nature?

As for the roles these gods played?

Which god had a better temperament?

What were the religious practitioners like?

Darn it, why can't I remember...

The only thing he felt was a throbbing ache in his head.

Garrett instinctively reached back, feeling a lump on the back of his head, a bit moist, like blood. His breath hitched suddenly, thumping wildly. Head injury!

Amnesia!

Right, before I passed out, what happened? Why can't I remember? Is this retrograde amnesia caused by a concussion?

Could there be bleeding in my brain? Will I pass out again after a day, three days, or maybe two weeks, experiencing headaches, nausea, vomiting, hemiplegia?

There's no CT scan in this darn place...

Calm down!!!

Garrett forced himself to stop spiraling. Since I've crossed over, I can't possibly be that unlucky. Not remembering is probably due to the memories not fully integrating, not a retrograde amnesia caused by head trauma!

Whoever crosses over would not be floored by the original host's injuries! Even if a bullet went through my skull, I'd heal, let alone a bump on my head!

Garrett struggled to reassure himself. He tightly shut his eyes, rapidly searching through the fragmented, yet-to-be fully merged memories. He wracked his brain, only to find snippets—

No way. Worshiping gods is something only the wealthy and idle can afford. The original host, a poor person, barely went to worship a couple of times a year.

Each time, standing in the bustling crowd outside the temple, trying to catch a glimpse of the priests' robes. Whether witnessing divine arts or not, that was left to chance...

No experiences like receiving healing or learning scriptures with religious figures from childhood to adulthood.

Oh right, in the center of Hartland City, there was a magnificent and towering Bright Temple taller than even the lord's mansion opposite. Now, the entire temple remained empty; its clergy was expelled three years ago...

There don't seem to be any other temples I recall. Alright, now it's down to three choices.

Let's rule out the War God first.

Garrett glanced nervously to the side. Now he remembered, the young priest John was from the temple of the War God; the shield embroidered on his robes was a simplified emblem of the War God's temple, specifically for junior priests.

Lying in front of one's subordinate felt like immense psychological pressure to Garrett.

Moreover, the God of War, well, sounded like a god of fighting and aggression, even their religious practitioners seemed confrontational. Can't afford to mess with them; if they find out I lied, the entire temple's priests with their warriors might just shred me into pieces?

Then, let's give up on the Spring Goddess. It sounds like a weak deity, incapable of significant power and destined to stay stagnant. No future by associating with her.

That leaves only the God of Nature!

Great, it feels like the religious role is extensive and has a high ceiling. In many web novels Garrett read in Wu Continent, the God of Nature seemed to be a major deity...

Garrett's gaze was resolute, without hesitation:

"The God of Nature!"

"The God of Nature..." Captain Karen's fiery gaze dimmed slightly. Around Wu Continent, Raymond, the archer Tom, the shield warrior Vali, along with the freckled young priest John, sighs of disappointment echoed one after another.

Garrett's heart skipped a beat. He knew this look all too well; in his past life, whenever he made a choice that wasn't as good, yet was his current limit, he'd see similar looks from others. From mentors, mothers, ex-girlfriends...

"Not continuing with your Ph.D.? Well, your family situation is indeed challenging... Then let it be like this!"

"Emergency department?... Staying at Province One Hospital is indeed challenging; if it's emergency, then emergency it is!"

"Going to aid in Africa for a year? Just to quickly become an associate director?... Fine, it's up to you!"

It seems like the God of Nature isn't the best choice...

Can I still change and say it's the God of War?

Or maybe the Spring Goddess?

He pondered for a moment and missed the opportunity to change his mind. After a moment of disappointment in Captain Karen's eyes, he immediately clasped his hands in front of his chest, murmuring in prayer: "Thank you for the grace of the God of Nature..."

"Thank you for the grace of the God of Nature!" Around Garrett, a group of warriors, regardless of their beliefs, echoed in prayer.

Even the freckled young priest bowed solemnly, showing respect to the God of Nature.

Garrett fell silent.

A word spoken is like a horse that's hard to retrieve.

I said it's the God of Nature, and I can't just switch—switch gods or people.

Setting the trap is satisfying for a moment, but filling it turns into a funeral pyre. He'd better think about how to continue dealing with the God of Nature, reaping benefits without being found out...

Just as he was thinking

this, the group finished their prayers, lifting their heads, their gazes fixated on him. Captain Karen's nephew, Raymond, took the lead in asking:

"Garrett, what do we do next? Do we continue forward?"

Garrett snapped out of it suddenly.

He swiftly looked around. Apart from Captain Karen, weakened and resting, the freckled youth minding his own business with the group, the others—Captain Karen's nephew Raymond, the archer Tom, the shield warrior Vali—all were eagerly waiting, hope evident in their eyes.

It seemed that whether to proceed or halt, to move forward or return, depended on his word.

This can't be happening...

This God's Revelation of mine, it's, it's fake!

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