

# A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

## Chapter 8

Someone asked him what to do next.

A group of people awaited his decision.

Garrett glanced left and right, finally realizing one thing: his status had changed.

He was a healer, a spellcaster, one blessed by the god of nature. The position of a spellcaster had always been higher than that of a warrior, especially in the absence of the captain. It was natural for him to take the lead and make decisions for the group.

What? He was still a youth, inexperienced, clueless?

What was the blessing of the god of nature for? Couldn't they just infuse wisdom into him?

Garrett was at a loss. Not to mention that this "blessing" was false, a pretense. He had just crossed over, hadn't even integrated the memories of the original owner completely. Ask him whether to move forward or retreat?

He had no idea!

Amidst the expectant gazes of his teammates, Garrett began doubting life. The three questions of a soul transmigrator: Who am I? Where am I? What happened? He had only resolved the first one. As for the second and third questions, having just saved someone, could they give him some time to organize his memories...

Turns out, he didn't need to sort them out himself. Big brother Raymond hurriedly asked:

"Normally, we're part of the city guard and should complete a patrol before returning. But the captain got injured, and there's trouble here—"

His dark arm gestured outward. Garrett followed the arm's direction, observing the chaotic mud, splattered blood, the clear remnants of the recent fight. He blurted out:

"What just happened?"

"You don't know?!"

Raymond was astonished. Garrett inwardly cursed, oh no, immediately clutching his head:

"I... I have a headache..."

He didn't even need to feign this painful expression. Pressing slightly on the lump at the back of his head with his fingers, it immediately intensified, causing his facial features to scrunch up. Squatting down, he continued:

"I hit my head just now... I can't remember..."

Raymond rushed over to assist him. Curled up on the ground, eyes shut tight, Garrett's mind raced through fragmented memories, worsening his headache:

Their patrol reached a farmhouse after a day and a half. Before getting close, they noticed chaos outside: two wild dogs tearing at something. Captain Karen led the charge to scare off the dogs and investigate inside. Almost immediately, sounds of struggle and screams erupted. In moments, a dark figure bolted out of the house.

"Someone" attempted to intervene but was flung aside, hitting something, and blacking out.

"What... what injured the captain..."

Garrett struggled through the pain to ask. Raymond attempted to help him up, but seeing it was futile, he crouched next to Garrett and replied to his ear:

"We couldn't see clearly. It was too fast. All we know is it was a four-legged beast, black."

"Is that so..."

Garrett muttered. Others chimed in:

"Yeah, huge and ferocious. It's... this tall!" (gesturing)

"Like a cat?"

"Don't joke, cats aren't that big. Maybe a leopard? Black leopard?"

"It looked like a cat!"

"Yeah... that thing... scratched me..."

Even Captain Karen weakly spoke. Garrett nodded, still crouched, contemplating:

Maybe it was indeed a feline. Reflecting on the diagonal gash across Captain Karen's abdomen, he silently rejoiced. A feline would be better; the likelihood of rabies was smaller compared to the stray dogs they had driven away. There was no rabies vaccine in this otherworldly place. If infected, they'd have to rely on fate.

Moreover, since it was a wild animal, there was no need to pursue it. The priority was finding a place for the injured to rest.

Where to go?

Looking around, Garrett struggled to stand and headed towards a nearby thatched hut, wanting to check the conditions inside. Pushing open the door—a makeshift one with four sticks and a pile of twigs formed into a frame—he bent down and peeked inside. One glance and an immediate retreat:

Damn it!

I shouldn't have expected much from this kind of house!

Garrett's face scrunched up. The house was too short to enter standing upright, which he could overlook; it was narrow, less than 20 square feet, something he had mentally prepared for. But within this dilapidated hut, there wasn't even a bed!

In the center of the room, a circular pit was lined with stones on the muddy floor, emitting smoke as a newly lit fire crackled. Puffs of smoke intermittently rose, assaulting their faces and causing tears. Amidst the flickering flames, on the left against the wall, lay several hayforks, two sacks piled in a corner—one almost deflated, the other bulging. On the right, a raised platform of earth cluttered with sheepskins and burlap, presumably the owner's sleeping area.

This place for nursing injuries?

It might worsen rather than heal!

We need to leave!

Garrett retreated outside, taking a few deep breaths, calling out to his comrades:

"Lift the captain, we're leaving!"

"No need! I can walk on my own!"

Karen, the captain, wanted to struggle up upon hearing this. Garrett rushed over and held him down:

"Uncle Karen, lie down! Don't get up!"

"Bring that spear over! Make a makeshift stretcher with a stick, we'll carry him!"

Everyone pitched in. Being warriors, they had some idea of making a stretcher. A readily available spear was used, and a nearby small tree was cut down. Grass ropes were tied, creating a platform to carry the captain. His torn armor, ripped clothes hastily covered his body, and they started moving.

Garrett also tried to join the stretcher team. But before he could reach out, a red-haired archer named Tom pushed him away, carrying a spear in one hand and a stick in the other, turning his head to grin at him:

"Young Garrett, leave the heavy lifting to us; you just follow along!"

Garrett:...

I remember now! You were the one who knocked the original body down, causing them to hit a tree, and that's when I crossed over. If I hadn't reacted quickly and steadied myself, would I have transmigrated again!

However, his retorts had to be swallowed. The surrounding comrades laughed heartily, approving of the archer's actions:

"That's right, young Garrett, leave the heavy work to us!"

"You're a healer!"

"Tsk tsk, in a few days, we'll have to call you Lord Garrett!"

The spearman Raymond patted his shoulder, snatching his waist knife; the archer Tom and spearman formed the front and back of the stretcher, lifting it; shield warrior Vali grabbed Garrett's pack and slung it over his shoulder. By the time Garrett regained his senses, he was empty-handed, walking effortlessly in the center of the group. Without tasks or carrying anything, he just had to stay calm, following the team.

Garrett even wondered if he twisted his ankle now or declared himself unable to walk, would these warriors fashion a sling and carry him...

Is this how spellcasters are treated?

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