

A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

Chapter 9

They had been patrolling outside the city for a day and a half, and it didn't seem appropriate to turn back now. Luckily, according to Garrett Nordmark's memories, there was a large farm about a dozen miles away. The group lifted the stretcher and continued forward. When they left the farmhouse, Garrett noticed something concerning—a shallow grave with most of the body exposed, hastily buried and torn apart by wild dogs.

They were ill-prepared and hurried, unable to address it then. After crossing a mountain ridge, they took a break to rest and drink water. Captain Karen propped himself up from the stretcher and asked, "Little Garrett, can I have some water?"

Garrett knew it would be this way. If it were the past, before and after abdominal surgery, he'd educate the patient and family on various aspects. But here, all normal procedures were disrupted, and it was only him rolling up his sleeves:

"No, you can't eat now! You can't drink either, even if you're thirsty!"

"When can I drink water then?"

Garrett remained silent. According to standard practice, after 2-3 days post-surgery, once the gastrointestinal tract resumes movement and gas is passed, one can start with liquids. However, the surgery just performed had not involved anesthesia throughout, and although the intestines were damaged, the healing potion applied had quickly rectified it.

So, how long until the gut starts moving again?

Surgery books, physiology, numerous academic papers. Guidelines from European and American societies for enteral and parenteral nutrition, each edition. Countless references flickered through Garrett's mind.

In front of him, Uncle Karen awaited with hopeful eyes, and the surrounding soldiers watched intently—

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

Under the midsummer afternoon sun, a drop of cold sweat quietly trickled down Garrett's spine.

In nearly a hundred years, nobody had performed a gut surgery without anesthesia. Without theories or experimental data, how could one judge the fasting period?

Use intuition?

He had to resort to the most primitive method! Gritting his teeth, Garrett knelt on one knee, hands on the ground, leaning in close:

"Uncle Karen, just hold on a bit longer, let me listen!"

He lifted the injured person's armor and clothes, turned his head, and pressed his ear against Captain Karen's abdomen. The pungent smell of sweat mixed with the metallic scent of blood hit Garrett's nose, and he almost fainted—oh, why didn't he have a stethoscope!

His 3M stethoscope he bought with a hefty sum! The hospital-provided Yuyue stethoscope! Even though its price was just a tenth of the 3M's and its clarity was a magnitude lower, it was better than having nothing! Yuyue, come to me! I won't look down on you again!

If not that, even a potato chip tube would do... Can't publish top-tier journals, but at least I could use it as a makeshift stethoscope!

On the first day in this world, tears streamed down Garrett's face countless times.

The sorrow was immense.

He had to suppress it while consoling the wounded: "Uncle Karen, don't worry. When your gut gurgles, that's when you can have some water..."

"What about food?"

"No, that's not possible! Really not possible! Hold on a bit more. Once you're better, I'll personally cook something tasty for you!"

"Little Garrett, are you trying to poison me?" Captain Karen burst into laughter.

Garrett remained silent. Don't look down on me! Just because the previous host couldn't cook doesn't mean I can't! I'll find a chance to prove myself! However, that chance wouldn't come now. Garrett held his breath, trying to listen, but couldn't hear the "gurgle gurgle" of the intestines. He stood up, panting heavily, and reassured the patient:

"Uncle Karen, you still can't drink water now. Hold on a bit longer, I reckon it'll be two or three days at most. If you're really thirsty, here, use this cloth to moisten your lips..."

After resting, they resumed their journey. Delayed by battle and healing, they arrived at the farm for the night, the sky already dark. Following the group out of the woods, they noticed the farmyard lit up brightly, an oddity compared to the humble surroundings.

"Strange, so many lights..."

Vali, the shield soldier leading, murmured. As they approached, they all realized the discrepancy—the opulent carriage parked in the farm's threshing ground, contrasting with the rustic environment.

A dark walnut carriage, adorned with daffodil-shaped silver ornaments on the sides and rear. At the center of the petals, a large sapphire gleamed brightly in the lamplight.

This was a carriage for the wealthy—not just the rich; judging by the crest, it belonged to nobility, right?

Garrett immediately steered the squad away. Young priest John, also of common birth, having just become a priest's apprentice, didn't want any unnecessary trouble with nobles. They followed the group, avoiding the main entrance, and remained silent.

The farm was quite sizable, composed of several buildings forming a low and irregular structure. A fence surrounded the houses, made of pointed wooden stakes planted closely together, emphasizing defense.

The squad circled around to the back gate along the outer edge of the fence. The owner came out and ushered them into the kitchen. The farm owner was once a captain in the city guard, familiar with Captain Karen. Seeing him injured, he was shocked and bombarded them with questions:

"How did this happen?"

"Oh, thank the heavens, he's alive! That's good! Eat something, we have guests today, and we've cooked mutton stew!"

"What? Still can't eat? Fine, the rest of you, eat more!"

The kitchen bustled with preparations for dinner. Garrett stood outside the door leading to the hall, discreetly peeking inside. The hall was long and wide but surprisingly low-ceilinged, disproportionate in height and area. The ground was compacted, tinged with grayish-white, likely a mixture of local lime and clay.

About a quarter of the inner space was raised into a platform, one step higher than the rest, with a table draped in a natural tablecloth. Another longer but shorter table extended from the center of the raised platform to the entrance, forming a T-shaped configuration. The lower table was rough, with boards barely planed, apparently for laborers and lower-class individuals.

This table arrangement was familiar to Garrett from past movies and documentaries: Oxford, Cambridge, those ancient colleges, and even in "Harry Potter"—they were set up similarly.

The main table had finished feasting. A young priest in his twenties leisurely sipped wine. There was an array of cutlery before the priest, and when Garrett peeked, he noticed the priest's light blue silk robe shimmering.

At the lower end, a knight sat, his armor gleaming, an unsheathed greatsword resting beside him. The table below was a mess, half of the escort soldiers had dispersed. A few youths wearing coarse hemp overcoats, resembling farmhands, were gobbling down their food.

"What are you gawking at?"

A hefty hand slapped Garrett's shoulder. He turned around, and Raymond, grinning mischievously, looked past him into the hall:

"Oh, it's a priest of the Spring Goddess. See, this is how respectable healers are treated—carriages, silk robes, silver bowls and plates, wine... Little Garrett, don't worry, you'll have that soon too!"
