

## Global Collapse

### #Chapter 1: I am an Unlucky Protagonist\_1 - Read Global Collapse Chapter 1: I am an Unlucky Protagonist\_1

*Chapter 1: Chapter 1: I am an Unlucky Protagonist\_1*

BANG BANG BANG BANG

...

BANG BANG—

It was the early morning of New Year's Day. A series of crashing sounds arose from the vicinity of the No.1 Inpatient Building—exactly eighteen of them.

After the eighteenth sound, people looked towards the ground and discovered eighteen flower pots, now shattered into pieces, littering the area beside the building.

The pots were smashed beyond repair, clearly having fallen from a high floor.

Strangely, the shattered flower pots formed a crooked line, at the end of which stood a young man in a white lab coat.

Gu Mian, male, twenty-two years old, was an intern surgeon at Lianhua Hospital. Everyone affectionately called him Dr. Gu.

Of course, he also had a more popular nickname—Tiansha Lonely Star.

Gu Mian came from Starting Point Orphanage. He was over 1.8 meters tall and possessed a handsome face that could easily charm wealthy older women. He should have been a flower of the motherland, destined for a bright future, but this flower was nearly ruined by his own uncanny luck.

He had experienced car accidents, explosions, shipwrecks, and food poisoning, among other mishaps. And these were just the minor incidents; there were even more outrageous ones. For example, there was the time eighteen flower pots fell onto his head, one after another.

Gu Mian brushed off his white coat, looked up at the eighteen flower pots that had failed to hit his head, and said, "Everyone, disperse. There's nothing to see here."

The surrounding pedestrians were clearly shocked by the eighteen shattered flower pots.

After a long moment, an old man finally spoke, his neck stiff with indignation, "How can you just let this go? This is attempted murder!"

Gu Mian sighed. If this counted as attempted murder, then every day of his life since birth had been a live re-enactment of "Jing Ke's Assassination of the King of Qin."

A train derailment, a twenty-eight-car pile-up, a natural gas leak, a gas explosion, a murderous landlord, lifting a little girl's skirt during nap time in kindergarten only to discover she had a penis... he had experienced all of it.

So, eighteen flower pots trying to smash his head wasn't too outrageous in comparison, right?

Gu Mian had just managed to calm the panicked pedestrians when, turning a corner, he unexpectedly encountered life's next assassination attempt.

He was already used to it, for he knew very well that an assassin lay in wait for him around every corner.

A van suddenly appeared in Gu Mian's line of sight, merely three meters away and heading straight for him.

It looked like the van wouldn't be able to brake in time.

If it were a normal person, they'd probably be scared stiff by now, perhaps even watching helplessly as they were sent flying.

But Gu Mian was not a normal person.

The intern doctor was seen skillfully leaping to the side, the van brushing past him as it went.

After driving about ten more meters, the dilapidated van barely managed to brake. A fatty tumbled out, clutching a large bag; he was presumably the driver.

Gu Mian dusted off his white coat, showing no intention of holding the Fatty responsible. He turned to enter the nearby inpatient building.

But though he didn't approach the Fatty, the Fatty himself scurried over.

"Hey... uh, young Doctor, wait a moment..."

The Fatty ran over, panting heavily, "Sorry, bro! My crappy van's brakes suddenly failed. Sorry if I scared you..."

He gasped for air as he looked up at Gu Mian.

Unexpectedly, the doctor who had just narrowly escaped a violent death wasn't fazed at all. He remained calm and composed, as if certain that had the van collided with him, the van would have been the one to 'die.' The Fatty's words caught in his throat; for a moment, he wasn't even sure if this was the person he had almost hit.

"It's fine," Gu Mian said, his hands tucked into his white coat pockets. "I wasn't scared."

*You don't need to tell me, I can see that for myself!* the Fatty roared internally.

"If there's nothing else, I'll head off," Gu Mian said. He still had to go back and write medical records.

"Wait, wait!" The Fatty behind him grabbed his arm. "Little bro, do you know which building the Neurosurgery Department is in? Some girl called saying the sink in the Neurosurgery office fell off. I'm here to fix it."

He gasped for breath several times as he spoke, evidently having rushed over.

Gu Mian stopped and glanced at him. "Coincidentally, I'm from Neurosurgery. I'll take you."

The Fatty grinned broadly. "That's perfect!"

He followed Gu Mian into the No.1 Inpatient Building and they made their way to the elevator.

This large Fatty didn't look weak at all. In the bag he carried was an impact drill, about one and a half meters long, looking to be a hefty five kilograms or so.

The handle of the drill was wrapped in newspaper, presumably to keep it clean. It was hard to tell what era the newspaper was from; it was already starting to yellow.

Gu Mian could vaguely make out a large headline on it—

"Fire Breaks Out in Junior High Class at a Certain High School, Twenty-Nine Dead."

At this moment, the elevator arrived. Gu Mian stepped in, and the Fatty hurriedly followed.

The Neurosurgery Department was on the eighteenth floor. Gu Mian reached out and pressed the button for the 18th floor.

"Say, young man," the Fatty began, sizing up the person beside him in the elevator, now that they were alone. "You've got some impressive moves. Whoosh, and you just jumped aside. Looked pretty practiced."

"Of course," Gu Mian replied. "It's skill honed through daily accumulation."

"Huh?" The Fatty chuckled awkwardly, feeling like he couldn't quite follow

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The lights in the elevator suddenly went out, plunging the surroundings into darkness. Only the panel in front of him remained lit.

Words continued to pop up on it.

[Welcome to the Global Evolution Game. Detecting player information, please wait.]

[Detected that this is your first time playing this game. Please create a character.]

[Please enter your player nickname:]

Gu Mian paused. After much deliberation, he typed two defiant words into the nickname bar: "Daddy."

[Warning: This nickname is already taken.]

*Someone sure is quick...*

*Alright...*

"Gu Mian"

[Nickname successfully created. Player quality scan will now be conducted.]

[Scan complete. Player attributes recorded.]

[Please choose your initial outfit.]

Four sets of outfits popped up below.

[Grass Skirt] [Key Parts Pixelated] [Swimsuit] [Current Outfit]

*How flashy.*

Gu Mian looked at the swimsuit for a few seconds, then chose the last option.

"Current Outfit"

[Character creation successful. The beginner tutorial will begin soon. Please get ready—]

As if not wanting to waste any preparation time, another line of text appeared on the panel.

[All players have been pulled to the nearest ticket booth. After the beginner tutorial, players will be forcibly matched into an instance.]

*Seems like everyone has to go through this first instance, whether they want to or not.*

Then, a light suddenly glowed in the darkness.

The sudden brightness didn't sting his eyes, and he quickly glanced around.

Fatty was gone. He was alone.

He found himself in a small, dilapidated ticket booth; the words "Ticket Booth" were written in large characters on the wall.

It was called a ticket booth, but it seemed somewhat out of place.

A glass window split the small room into two spaces. It was much like the glass windows that separate customers and bank tellers—though, obviously, a bank's glass window was mainly to prevent robbers.

It was unclear what purpose the glass window in this ticket booth served, but it was likely also to deter robberies.

Large characters on the glass window read: "Ticket Counter."

The room contained a shabby wooden door and a worn-out long table, upon which sat a trident-shaped candelabrum.

The long table could probably seat around twenty people.

One end of the long table pointed towards a giant, crimson door. Carved upon it were two rather menacing door gods, inspiring a sense of awe and fear.

Outside, there appeared to be a familiar-looking street. It shouldn't be far from Lianhua Hospital.

A few more lines then appeared on the panel.

[After players obtain tickets at the ticket counter, they can enter the portal to be randomly matched into an instance.]

*Portal?*

Gu Mian glanced at the crimson door, guessing it was the aforementioned portal.

[Besides instances matched via ticket booths, a few special instances exist globally. These do not require ticket booth matching, can appear at any time, and are extremely difficult.]

[Instances include team-match and solo-match types. Team instances require a group ticket; solo instances require a solo ticket. Special items obtained within instances can be brought out.]

[Instance difficulty ranges from 1 to 10 stars. The higher the number, the greater the difficulty. Instance rewards are related to difficulty.]

[An instance can only accommodate one group of players at a time. If players remain within an instance, it will not accept another group.]

[Touch the 'Attributes' button to check your own attributes.]

After these lines scrolled past, the panel in front of Gu Mian changed.

It was no longer filled with text but now displayed a graphical interface.

There was a search box in the top-right corner.

The top-left corner displayed the time: Global Time 8:02. It seemed time had been synchronized.

There were many buttons on the left side. From top to bottom, they were "Attributes," "Friends," "Leaderboard," and "Forum." Below them were some grayed-out buttons, which were apparently not yet active.

However, the most conspicuous part was the central area.

It was a large, indistinct gray area, showing only a few silhouettes and a line of text: "The world's first major event is coming soon. Stay tuned!"

For the moment, he ignored whatever this 'ghostly event' was and pressed the [Attributes] button on the left side of the panel.

A long list of attributes appeared before him, though they seemed a tad unusual.

[Name: Gu Mian]

[Gender: ???]

[Age: ???]

[Game ID: 1]

[Special Items: None]

[Game Coin: 0]

[Instances Cleared: 0]

Seeing the "???" after Gender, Gu Mian fell into deep thought.

Below these were four values: [Stamina], [Speed], [Strength], and [Spiritual Value]. Without exception, all were followed by "???"

*This peculiar ID, and these peculiar question marks.*

*I wonder if everyone in the world has such questionable genders.*

He looked further down and discovered another attribute.

[Faction: Chaos·Evil]

Gu Mian: "..."

*Earth seems to have teamed up with the developers of the instance game. How did they even copy the factions from an instance game?*

*And what's with this Chaos·Evil of mine?*

*Damn it! I'm clearly a kindhearted Doctor!*

At that moment, new text began to pop up on the screen before him.

[Leaderboard Feature will unlock after 10,000,000 instances are cleared worldwide.]

[Friend List Feature will unlock after 1,000,000,000 worldwide player deaths.]

[The Mall System will unlock after players worldwide have acquired a total of 1,000,000 Game Coins.]

Progress bars followed these lines, currently unmoving.

Below these were a few more lines:

[Profession System: Not yet unlocked (Unlock conditions unknown)]

[Players can summon this panel at any time (if you are still alive).]

[Instances may contain quest-type NPCs. Players cannot attack them but can attempt to interact.]

As this text finished scrolling, a smiling middle-aged man, who looked like a ticket seller, suddenly walked out from some corner.

Two lines of text hovered above his head:

"I am an NPC"

"Come hit me."

*The panel said they're unattackable, so it must be true. But that taunt is so damn annoying.*

Gu Mian rubbed his hands. *I can't suffer in silence. I'll feel better if I just give it a swing.*

Thinking this, he raised his hand. The NPC, as if used to this, continued to beam, confident that the player couldn't hit him.

Gu Mian's large palm descended. The NPC was still smiling brilliantly.

Unexpectedly—

SLAP!

THUD!

CRASH!

The NPC, who had been slapped, his head hitting the wall before he collapsed to the ground, let out an astonished, "What the fuck?"

Gu Mian, whose slapping hand throbbed with pain, also exclaimed in astonishment, "What the fuck!"

After being slapped, the NPC scrambled back behind the glass window, giving Gu Mian no chance for a second slap.

Gu Mian, in his white coat, rubbed his hands apologetically. "My apologies."

The man behind the glass, clutching his face, replied with a highly unnatural expression, "No... no problem..."

The beginner tutorial on Gu Mian's panel was nearing its end.

This time, he ignored the NPC, who was looking at him pitifully after being slapped, and dutifully turned back to the panel.

[The beginner tutorial is about to end. All players worldwide will be forcibly matched into an instance.]

[Please proceed to the ticket counter immediately to obtain your ticket. The game will officially begin in one minute.]

After reading these two lines, Gu Mian shifted his gaze to the NPC, who was hiding behind the glass window and observing him secretly.

The NPC, taking the hint, quickly stuck out a hand from a small, square hole at the bottom of the window, threw out a ticket, and immediately retracted his hand.

Gu Mian reached out and caught the ticket. Looking down, he saw a few lines of text:

{Instance Entry Ticket (Single Use)}

{Player: Gu Mian}

{Player ID: 1}

{Team Type: Solo}

{Issuer: Low-level Ticket Booth}

Gu Mian, looking at the ticket, asked, "Do these ticket booths only sell instance tickets?"

*Wouldn't that be a waste if they only sell instance tickets?*

"Of course not," replied the NPC, peeking his head out. "When the Mall System is unlocked, the game will establish some supermarkets worldwide. You will need a ticket from here to get in, though those won't be free."

*Such a swindler...*