

GLOBAL COLLAPSE

Chapter 1: I am an Unlucky Protagonist_1

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BANG BANG BANG BANG

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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