

## **The Woman in the Wheelchair: Janne Seletto**

It was Saturday night, and the moon must have been full. I was working the late shift in Emergency, in the old Royal North Shore building where there was lots of room for people to walk around.

Just before midnight thirty teenagers arrived, straight from a party. Someone had got hurt and the whole party moved to Emergency. They had an old video recorder and one of them was filming everything.

There was a skinny, spaced-out girl, who had been brought in by police for 'playing in the road with the traffic'. She was wandering around the waiting room, but she was fine until the woman in the wheelchair arrived.

This woman, who was hyperventilating, was pushed into Emergency by her boyfriend. The triage nurse diagnosed a panic attack and got her to start breathing into a brown paper bag.

As soon as that happened, the skinny girl went over and squatted down in front of the wheelchair. She looked the woman in the eye and said, 'That's the dress I was wearing when I died'.

I went back into the treatment room. When I came out the woman in the wheelchair was gone.