

Under Pressure
By
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Darren usually did well under pressure, but not today.

Sure, he'd been in situations that would have made some men's hair turn white, but this time, well, this time it was different.

He stared at the screwdriver. The two-tone plastic handle and the long metal shaft with the Phillips head point. It would be so easy to relieve that pressure.

So easy.

He tried desperately to think of something else, to center himself, to let the stress go, but with every thought his hand inched closer to the screwdriver.

What do I have to lose? he thought. I'm screwed anyway...