

Lift

Monday, 10am, trading floor.

Eagles staring at their terminals, waiting for any profit window.

Pumped

Young. Eager. Able. Banks paying six-figures seeking the best.

War

A concerto of keystrokes. Buy. Sell. Swap.

Then a flash in the corner of their screens: the signal. And a stampede begins. Multiple queues crawl desperately around the desks, to secure as much as possible of anything.

The race is on.

Anguish

Free breakfast.

Crumbs, flakes, egg, warm fat besmirch their beards and pressed shirts.

To the losers only fruit and vegan porridge...