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She almost crashed the car, almost lost her life... the first time in a year, first time since she got her driving license and her car. It all happened so suddenly. She was coming off the roundabout and joining the motorway, she changed lanes, slowly, smoothly. She wanted to change lanes again, to go faster. The tractor in the front was a bit too slow, and there seemed to be no cars behind. She was changing lanes, slowly, smoothly... Suddenly there was a car in the right mirror, it was coming too fast. She was going faster than the tractor, and too close to it, the other car was closing in.

Sharp acceleration, sharp swing of the wheel to the right, the car was careening into the border of the motorway, sharp swing of the wheel into the left, the horrendous view of the tractor, still too close, sharp swing to right, the car behind is too close. Sharper acceleration, she shot past the tractor, swung into the left lane and straightened the car. Only then did she feel the adrenaline rush, her fast heartbeat and short breath. And the pulsing fear. Growling hungry fear.

Death was only a few steps away. She tried to breath deeper in order to calm down. A few more minutes and she'll reach another roundabout and not long after she will be at home where she can forget about all this, and about her bad morning at work.

Does it really take so little in order to see death up close?

Yes, it does.