

in a track suit shot him, twice, and he fell. In the thermals the blood was a spray of pixelated white, and then the drone banked away.

Barbara stuck her head up over the cubicle wall, and mouthed something silently.

“What?” Stacey shouted, alt-tabbing away from the footage. Barbara tapped her head and Stacey remembered to take off her headphones. For a moment the sound of automatic rifle fire spilled into the office before she could mash the mute.

“Whatcha working on?” Barbara said, smiling—her small, clipped, mean little smile.

Stacey muffled panic, shuffled some papers, said, “Oh, you know, just the new freight contract.”

“Sure,” Barbara said. “The new freight contract.”

“Pretty involved,” Stacey said.

“Pretty standard,” Barbara said. “You know, you seem distracted.” Somehow Barbara never blinked.

“Just have a lot to do,” Stacey said, and did not add *You snoopy bitch*.

“We’ve all got a lot to do,” Barbara said, and dropped back down.

Stacey worked for fifteen minutes—well, “worked,” clicking from spreadsheet to spreadsheet, typing a few words per minute, mostly staring dazed at the screen trying to decide which numbers were important. She tried to but could not precisely recall the threshold at which it was her job to specify a disentanglement of moral hazard. She surveyed her computer desktop for almost five minutes before she found the Waiver of Recourse: “For a vessel with a deadweight tonnage of no less than 15,000 DWT—”

The computer pinged, loud and echoing, in her headphones. “New footage of the 126th,” @ChuvaKurka said in the #UkraineWarMapping channel. “Supposedly from Bilohorivka.” She wasn’t sure if that was a joke or not; @ChuvaKurka had told her, earlier in the war, that there were a hundred Bilohorivkas, all across the country—the Ukrainian Springfield.

“Which Bilohorivka?!?!” Stacey typed.