

“I see Bilohorivkas in my dreams,” @ChuvaKurka said, and sent the link. Stacey set aside her work—you know, her real work—and watched the footage.

Whichever Bilohorivka it was, it showed three Russians leaning against a fence, breathing hard, the chitter and snap of a machine gun, shaky cam as one of them ran. He must have gotten hit because the camera tumbled, came to rest as in the background another soldier crashed into the weeds, and in a sudden, unnerving absence of violence, was still.

“Can you find it?” @ChuvaKurka said. “Not much to go on.”

“I’ll try,” Stacey said. She checked that Barbara was not snooping—no, she had her own headphones on, and seemed to be nodding along to music. Stacey sat down and clicked through the video frame by frame.

Stacey was not an intelligence analyst or a defense contractor. She wasn’t in the military and the job she was even now ignoring—maritime insurance underwriter—had nothing to do with war and little even to do with land. She had no particular connection to Ukraine, other than a desire for kinship with sufferers. Yet even so, she watched. She studied. She, perhaps, interacted with. Did she participate? She was never totally sure. But if she *did* participate, she participated in the war entirely online—through Discord, social media, maps, radios, chat rooms, smartphones. Screens and nothing more.

She watched the video again, and again. *Fences and roofs*, she remembered @ChuvaKurka telling her, when she was first learning geolocation—how to take an image, from anywhere in the world, read it for clues, and find out where it was. Geolocation: locate the geography. *Always start with fences and roofs*. She saw three houses in the video. Two had gray steel roofs, piebalded with moss. One was red beavertail tiles, green walnut husks spilling from uncleaned gutters. The fences were low, irregular brick, rusty tin, or whitewashed last century. So she knew: warm, so south, not far from the Black Sea. Odesa had had weather lately, so sunshine meant farther east. Poor but not destitute. Neither new nor old; built after 1960 but still decidedly Soviet. She pulled up her maps, satellite photos, Street View, and—still ignoring her real job,