

“I want my tombstone to just say, ‘Not the right Bilohorivka,’” @KolejorzKretyn said.

Things were quiet in Bilohorivka, whichever Bilohorivka it was. The locals kept inside, filmed the soldiers from tarped-over windows, watched them steal washing machines. There were at least two battalions, maybe some higher echelons in the tractor yard. There was a distinctive water tower in the distance. She could use that. She found it, finally, close to 3:00 a.m. — a Bilohorivka in Mykolaivskyi Raion, maybe ten kilometers from another Bilohorivka, in Kherson. The yellow gate matched, as well as the trees along the alleyway, and the slanted window frames in the third house from the corner. In MS Paint she drew colored squares against the satellite imagery, painted a still from the video to match.

“Yeah, that’s it,” @WERWULF said. He said he was going to pass her coordinates to a contact in the Ukrainian Army. She reminded him of her rules.

“Listen,” he said. “If you can see it, the Ukrainians can see it. Fair’s fair. You’re just helping speed the process up, that’s all. If the Russians didn’t want to get killed they should have stayed in Russia.”

“Just not my coordinates,” she said. “I mean it. I don’t want that on my conscience.”

“We’ve all got a choice to make, @spaceystacey.”



She found the Project by accident, really. She was sleepy, a little bit stoned, stumbling down a Wikipedia hole after reading the news about the Russian buildup. What did she know about Russia or Ukraine, before then? Not much. She wound up on the page for Malayasia Airlines Flight 17—the one the Russians shot down in 2014, not the one that disappeared. It had been OSINT analysts, some from the Project itself, who had provided most of the evidence. They found the field the Russian surface-to-air missile came from, determined the model, the serial number, even traced the launcher in the background of social media photos all the way back to Rostov-on-Don.