



By 11:15 Thursday, back in the office, she'd done about two minutes of work and spent the rest of her time sifting through Yandex maps of Makariv, updating the Project map of Russian positions. A red rectangle with an X through it—NATO symbology for dismounted infantry, she knew now, but would not have known two weeks earlier—with a little note, “Buran-30?” She studied the woods and creeks until her boss asked to see her.

“Stacey, what is Discord, and why did you install it on your work computer?” he said.

*Ah, shit*, she thought. She vaguely remembered humorless IT professionals, during her orientation, reminding them that company computers were company property, and they could be monitored at any time. She could not precisely recall but vaguely remembered contract clauses noting that her company time was not to be used watching people die in a war on the other side of the world. And of course, she thought, *Barbara, you fucking snitch*.

“It’s, uh...”

“It’s a gaming app, right? Sit down, please.”

Stacey sat. “Yes, it’s...people use it to talk about games. Other things too, but mostly games.”

“It’s chat rooms, basically?”

“Basically,” she said. “Organized by topics.”

“I used to game a lot,” he said. “Shooters, you know. *Battlefield*. *Call of Duty*. I don’t have time to keep up anymore.”

“Yeah,” Stacey said.

“What’s your favorite game?”

“Uh,” she said.

“You’re not in trouble,” he said.

“Oh,” she said. “I don’t really play games.”

Her boss was ten years older than he imagined himself, but he had always been generous to her. He had never scolded her or taken out his frustrations on her or flirted with her. His office was covered wall to wall in drawings of